

She Speaks

(this poem is from my book, 'Of Secrets, Nature and Cats', ©2006)

I am the winding, starry stairway
That leads finally to the heart,
Guided by the night's orb'd moon
To let the spirit start.

I am the swaying of the branches
For my voice's within the wind
To call the Seekers to me,
Dance of Fire to begin.

My hair is the air of midnight,
My face mid the stars' silven glints
As I watch the liquid movements
Of the Dance with magick hints.

I shall curse attempts to force me
To bear against my will –
And they shall wander ever nameless
Though they seek the faerie hill.

But, I shall Dance with those
Who offer their service at my Well;
Who can draw the water from its Source –
My secrets I shall tell.

I am the Raven of the Terror –
Night dream's images of dread.
Yet, I am birth midst all its pain
As I weave the sacred thread.

I am Dawn of every crystal day
As the Lord climbs in the sky –
And I am Eve of every dusk,
The grey mantle or' where He lies.

I shall come to those who search
Beneath the shadow of my tree –
Who know the answer of the oaks
And the riddle of the sea.

Yet, weep my golden children
For my touch shall not come long –

I am the passing of the raindrops
And the voices in the song.

And unless my song's repeated
And a joy sought every day;
My green silk hills shall vanish
In a sea of molten spray.

So, dance the Dance of Fire
And raise the Life Force Whip
That I may join your laughter
And from your chalice sip.

And you shall see my star-lit eyes
As they sparkle in the wine –
For I am all of Nature
And the Soul of Humankind.