

Silver Music

When the air blows cold
Like low and fervent whispers
From the hollow of oaks,
And the sky stares stark and white –
We hear the chill of music
As the snows begin to drift.

Silver music,
Small bells that summon magick
As the shadow of antlers fall
Across the snow
In the hard, clear blue of night.

No fire warms enough
As the great breath of the stag
Echoes in our ears.

Magick goes now, clean and true –
Arrow straight.
And the return is swift, accurate
And often deadly.

The crystal images of snow and ice
Shatter in the music –
The music that rides within the wind,
Rides wild and high.
Following the Hunt
Following the hoof prints
Crescent shaped in the snow.

Chilling, silver music,
A shimmer rides within wild and high.
The shadow of antlers falls
Across our barren souls,
His breathe in our ears.

But with each breath He fills
We slowly rise to follow the crescent shaped hoof prints.
The silver music of our lives,
The silver magick clean and true
Wherein lies the Great Magick of Deep Winter.