

Invisible Liturgies

Birch Vigil (midsummer eve).

I gaze,
long time.

Little Silver and Polypore my field of sensing.

Birth and Death in synergy
for Life regeneration.

My loom's lineage at my back,
I tend my womanly hearth.

Two Spirit branches reach.

1) BIRCH

A hush
of tiny tinkling silver bells
they manifest in subtle sway.
Smaller zones make up this whole,
this constant choreography.

2) POLYPORE

Time magnifies
A continuum
of
random interchange
between
slow
slowing
glowing
and
shady
fading

filling.

3) SYNERGY

Spiralling from toes to crown you blanket me with verdant leaves

underside silver

overside dark

waxing and waning

lunar phasing

Two Spirit branches reach

silver slivers

electric swimmers

raised left zone

lowered right

mirror to a hand held healing streaming

This luminescent dance in the dark

and within your aura

little silver stars

so close,

and rapid,

these

silver slivers

electric swimmers,

that they

foreground

glinting night sky infinity.

A mirror to hands holding healing streaming

This luminescent dance in the dark

silver bells
sway subtly
Smaller zones,
Tiny tinkling
this constant choreography
of hush
this random continuum.

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This threshold that bridges us says
“KEEP MOVING!”
(with bodymind pliancy
with heart, mind, body and spirit
with this constant choreia.)

Sun up Solstice birth.

after long time non time
then

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Vixen’s voice is visceral
Blackbird is bound in reverberating the nightsong liturgies
And
with focus and purpose
From the point of rising to the point of sinking
Heron,
flying,
foretells the path of expansive daylight ahead
When
Green fountains spiral from root through crown