

Reprieve

When darkness creeps across
the freshly cut grass of mother earth,
there is a purple haze
somewhere beneath the yellow star
that shows me bright light.

Her soul is in the rich land
feeding, clothing
cleansing all that she bore.

One twilight in my mortality
I will truly come to her,
be consumed by the nurturing bosom,
vitality returning to the ancient star
who is father love and life.



Tree Spirits and the Blessing Way