

SISTER NEAR!

by Sari

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Sisters near!
Come hither,
I am the wee voice over here!
I have come with a tale to tell
Of a band of sisters near
Who came to be anointed
In grove and green,
By meadow clear
And spangled sunlight sheen.

They came sisters all,
Caravaning down a serpentine road.
It curved and swerved
With stops and yields,
The road
Bent by black arrows
Painted on yellow fields,
Showing the way,
Showing the way,
Showing the way home.

The Shakti women came!
From the East
And from the West!
From the South
And from the North
They came;
Each a votress of the Goddess Order!

They came over hill and dale
Over park over pale,
Over wind over wire,
They came from the fire.

They did come from everywhere,
And from everywhere,
They came to hear
The Mother dance Her wringlets
Through the whistling wind.

Others came too
To watch over
And assist.
They came from above
And below
And all the points between.

One was the fearless leader
To guide these sisters through,
For some were knowing
And some were new.

And six were of Clubs!
And six of Diamonds!
Four were of Spades!
And one brought a great Heart
For all to see,
With her one Heart now
Complete they would be.

They came from the hustle,
From the drowning vibrations,
From the man-made emanations,
From the push and the quill
From the rush and the swill!

They came to the meadow,
And to the wood,
To the babble
And the bubble,
To the rusby brook.
Her stream,
Like their dream,
Sang Her sweet song.
She kept time with their play
And with their prayers
All night long.

They tented the sky
With circles of cloth,
They pitched them high
And pitched them low,
With a lean-too here
And a lantern there,
Round the pyramid they did go.

It was busy
And it was bright.
Mother wrapped
Her warming light
Around them as they toiled.
It was all ready
And it was right!

Anticipation was high,
All set the provisions,
Questions were running,
All had been envisioned,
Everything met and meant
For this their farewell event.

Their fearless leader came
With a smiling face,
To say be at ease,
Let it flow,
All will pass with grace.
Be at ease,
Let it go,
Be at ease my little birds
And you will know.

Circles of stone
Carefully prepared,
One for their laughter
And one for their prayers.
All knew the sacred
Fire would be burning
Some time of this night,
To what experience
Was far from their sight.

It was time now to venture
Out on their own,
They were told by their leader
They must go alone.

Mother furnished a tree
With a palm,
And one sat in it
All very calm.
One hugged a baby trunk
All the way round,
Another found solace
By laying flat on the ground.
One sister knelt on her knees,
While another lay nestled
Under the voluptuous Goddess trees.

One went searched through the brush,
Another through brier,
One through a rush,
The other through fire.
They did wonder everywhere!

One even did battle
With a bovine's ear.
He was horned
And gave such a fright
Saying...(snort)
You don't belong here
Amongst the cow dung
Clare...(snort-snort)
But rather with themssss
Over there!

There were holes to be dug,
And anger to be rung,
Fingernails to be filled
With the rich black earth.

There were worms to be found
And roots to dig round,
In the ground
All around.

There were sorrows spiraling down
Upon the ground
They did pound,
Into this hole,
This vault of remember-ance,

There was sweat
And tears to water it deep.
Mother would take it all to keep,
This viscera
This vomit
This piss!
Here I deposit it
Without remiss.

And there was a piercing
It fell upon the air,
Her shrieking screams
Vaulted up,
I know not from where.

Amongst the trees
All held their breath,
Knelt down upon their knees,
And though she was
Deep in the wood alone,
They heard her turn

And gaze at them,
They saw her tears
All felt her moan,
They knew her sorrow
As their own.

To the six directions
They called for a blessing,
For sanctuary,
For a place apart
And yet within each others heart.

So, they sat upon the ground
Then lay their bodies down,
With Her plush breast
Beneath their heads,
They listened
For Her heart beating,
Her dulcid and harmonious voice
Breathing,
Through the leaves
Leaping,
A lullaby
Singing,
Lullaby lullaby,
And some fell
Sleeping.

The creepy-crawlies walked
Though their hair,
A white bird looked on
From the back
Of an old brown mare,
Spiders dropped in
To make webbing alteration,
And snakes came piercing,
To see who was ready
For transformation.

She said,
Do you hear that sound?
The bees are swarming
All around.
Some say it is the toning
Of the etheric plane.

Do you hear that sound?
The alligators calling,
Chanting your name,
With you child
playing a mating game?

Do you hear that sound?
A little black and gold puss
Sniffing around,
And here be an ant,
And there be a mole,
All came to look into her hole.

This grave
This pit
This crypt
This sepulcher,
Embraced their sorrow,
Indulged their pain.

And now there were offerings
To be made;
And seeds
To be planted,
For the leader said,
Mother would take it all.
She will take
The excretions,
And the seed of new life,
She will take
All of your strife.

The holes where covered
So no one could see,
This spot was just to let be.

And as the drum
Began drumming,
Calling them home,
I heard one whisper my way,
"She calls and we come,
The Goddess Mother
Is Her name!
She walks ahead
She is calling me
Calling me home"

By the Grandmother Moon
They eat with ravenous might,
Then came circles
Of dancing and delight.

They looked into a fire,
They leaned across a table
And told tall tales
Of love and desire,

They crowned one another
With hearts and pigtailed of flight,
And the woods rang with joyfulness
All through the night.

As she looked around the fire
And peered about the table,
She remembered what she thought
As they chose from
Strands she brought.

"These beads were made
For you my sisters,
These beads were made
With loving care,
These beads were made
For you to wear,
To each bead
I said a prayer.
These beads were made
For you to remember
Together we faired."

Fire bright,
Fire night,
Sacred fire white!
Masked and dark,
The dance of the Shadows,
Each one in turn,
Under the pale moon light.

How very fierce!
How very fright!
To see your Shadows dance tonight.
Some beat their drums
With chanting it began,
Rattles pulsated in a trembling hand.

The fire is burning,
The fire is burning,
Soon we will be free,
Come and dance with me,
Soon he will be free.

The first owl swooped
Madly from her rest
To hear the Shadow's music.
With each heart bare,
With every tear,
Watch the burning
Of the untouchable there.
The flames came burning
Up through the eyes sparkling,
The masks went flying,
Embers animated in flight.

They sat in a circle,
They sang a lovely tune,
The wild flowers kept nodding,
And the dawn came soon.

They sat around a fire,
They heard the lonely loon,
The Bob-White kept calling,
And the dawn came soon.

There the sisters slept,
In the meadow underneath the moon,
And the crickets kept singing,
For the dawn came soon.

Morning lark ray,
Each turning to the dawning,
Giving thankfulness for the morning,
To the six directions they prayed.

And with the woof of the heron's wing,
Each in her turn was cleansed,
Each in her time prepared.

The red cloth was laid
The sage was lit,
Bowls of herbs and ash
And a meaningful bit,
With crystals of light,
Now, into a healing bag
The string was drawn tight.

She held the medicine to her heart,
And a rush swirled around its beating.
I came to whisper in her ear,
Ah! That is the Mother's voice you hear,
The voice of the Goddess's love at last
She will look into your heart
Calling you,
Seeking you,
Showing you, the way home.

Now it was very near the close
And one read her vision
Like magic she uncovered a gift of feathers
And as she spoke an apparition appeared

I could see the bird, the woodpecker,
So proudly perched,
Plucking out her feathers,
Numbering them out,
For the appropriate count;

Six for the Clubs,
Six for the Diamonds,
Four for the Spades,
And one for a splendid Heart!

There must be just enough,
So my sisters will know,
The creatures have been
Sent by the Mother,
With these feathered tokens in hand,
This to remember,
And to write upon the sand.

The feathers came falling
From the tree tops with care,
And were gathered by one anointed so fair,
As she offered
Each chose one for her hat,
Or one for her hair,
A sweet striped feather,
Like a wand to bless this unity
to complete this solemnity.

Spirit, surely seeing all,
Moved one sister to bring her "Dartmouth"
As a reward,
For one so brave and bold,
Who gave them all fits of uproarious
And healing laughter,
Impaling their hearts to mend,
A story by a Taurian sister
And her "bully" friend.

And her words were remembered
That this was her year,
And to the day of her birth,
All came to celebrate
Her good cheer.

Then through the breathless hush
And a far off rush,
A herald wing
Came whisperings,
Of goodbye.

In solitude they stood,
Thinking too soon,
"If we could only stay till
The next day's moon,
If we only could...
Chanting too soon, stay...
To return
To that other place,
Too soon back to the race,
Back to the wall,
Fare you well
Fare you well my sisters all."

"Look around,
Rehearse what you see,
The wood,
The leaf,
The meadow and me.
All the things your eyes have kissed
Now once you have it by rote,
Rehearse your song,
Every note,
Now hand in hand be off with grace"

As they drove they sang and blessed this place.
"And for this we give thanks!"

Come hither,
I must also say fare thee well!
We hope you lived our story
We hope you knew our tale.
Just a little ditty,
It seems to me,
For your amusement and
For our Her-story.

And when you need a sister near
I heard Her say,
Just do this my dear!
"Come to my body
And push the grass apart
And lay your fingers upon My heart!"

Ah How!