

Woodland

"Nightblossom"

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Kiss the petals when the stars all bloom,
Dance the spiral and jump the broom,
Climb the gyre through the darkened storm,
By the crescent's horns the night is born.

And as I walked that lonely stair,
And rode the sky on a starry mare,
A great white owl rose in the sky
And dreamed the flight of lullabies.

Grandmother gazing from the stars,
With shadowy eyes and silvery hair,
Becoming a newborn child,
Gazing down in the midnight air.

Spiraling down int eh nighttime sky...

And there within the halos' nest,
The tattered wings of ravens nest
The woven twig and threat and thorn
The twinkling eyes of the moonlit faun.

And as I climbed that lonely tower.
There within the midnight hour,
The piping of the hillside breeze
The orchestra of windy trees.

Old one gazing from the stars
Wrinkles of wisdom and lines of grace.
Suddenly the world grows calm,
When you show your newborn face.

Spiraling down in the nighttime sky...

The drifting smoke of our vigil fires,
Rises through the rainbow crown.
The movement of the dance inspires,
A vision spiraling to the ground,
And as I wandered lost in awe,
Without a worry or a fright
The loneliness was here no more.

As silver wings filled the night.

The mirror in the indigo,
Soft as sand and white as snow.
Newborn eyes young and bright
Grace the elder face of night.

Spiraling down in the nighttime sky...

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