

The Sword

"Maiden, Mother & Crone"

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The maiden sitting by her pool
Was first to hear my pleas
As she gazed into the water
She recited these words to me:

Walk not down that road
I can not tell you where it goes
Ask me no more questions
Some things you weren't meant to know

The mother toiling in the fields
Her apron full of seeds
She dropped them to the earth
As she recited these words to me:

Walk not down that road
I can not tell you where it goes
Ask me no more questions
Some things you weren't meant to know

The greater mysteries
Cannot be shown
Divided by three
They are the maiden, the mother, the crone

Finally I found the crone
Walking through the trees
She looked in my eyes
And she recited these words to me:

Go before the maiden
Fall down to your knees
Should you win her favor
She may tell you what she sees

The harvest is reaped
Seeds are sown
Multiplied by three
She is the maiden, the mother, the crone

