

Concentric Mantra

climb the temple steps with me
I am the temple
and the priest

a mountain heart cracks within
my hands are rivers
voice a pool

drop a stone and hear ripples
swelling into song
where birds hush

journey is sanctuary
haven of seekers
hope afoot

enter with me the holy
of holies, barefoot,
bare-headed

our sacred scriptures written
in the DNA
of our cells

universes glittering
under dirty nails
and salt tears

children of the beginning
and progenitors
of the end

on a bed of wild roses
and thorns we make love
and shun death

as the poor mythology
to which heretics
cling as faith

we trust in light that travels
and eternities
freed from flesh

the galaxy is our bridge
arcing between us –
hold my hand

together we climb these steps
you are my temple
and my priest

Cassondra Windwalker