

Sandalwood Song Mantra

tendrils of pain
tendrils of light
tendrils of joy
filament fire

lean into pain
lean into light
lean into joy
ignite what aches

breath is incense
cells strung on cells
rising like flame
drifting like smoke

soul consumes sight
sight consumes soul
inner eye wakes
and knows the dark

not as a fear
but as a friend
colors hidden
but not smothered

spin into song
let keening leap
into lilting
make hymn of hurt

close your dry eyes
and gaze within
let storm clouds wash
salt tracks away

sorrows folded
like paper swans
and burned to ash:
sacred fragrance

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