Lunar Eve
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Following the ritual of my chosen pathway I wander on my way,
Rolling the rubber through a mist of droplets giving of its display.
Following the rise and fall of the byway the clouds they swirl and swell,
Moulding their forms in billowing circles the weaving of a spell.

The cry of the buzzard ushers my welcome as I settle down to rest,
I take my position in the name of the earth, so truly I am blessed.
I see your silhouette as I close my eyes and I feel you hold my hands,
I feel the warmth and glow of your spirit like a circle in the sand.

Settled in the centre I calm my breath and I can see your eyes,
Your guardian spirit delays its reception lighting up the skies.
With three flames dancing round a single focus we soak up lunar eve,
Raising the chalice in the flow of mead behold the vision to believe.

Climbing the hill for a view of the spectacle to tantalise us all,
Peeping and twinkling through holes in the cloud cover answering the call.
At the height of the eclipse the oracle offers a word to the wise,
Sharing a wisdom with understanding the Goddess rides the skies.

Mylo Hawk Elderin

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