

Thunderbird

Your path is the lightening that sears overhead
You walk through the thunder that others may dread
Around you in silence the eye of the storm
Then relentlessly forward, apart from you torn

The thunderbird beckons you join him on high
To join in his freedom, the power that is high
Tumultuous clouds are his world, of a sort
But to join in his action your thoughts has he caught

To bring about change for mankind is his lot
The skies are his theatre and weather his plot
The colours are raging, the winds in a fray
Here's your saddle and bridle, now go there and play!

Let the sparks from your fingertips fly – make them dance
Now scream forth your thunder from deep in your trance
Speak freely your passion as emotions fall, glad
Each raindrop a gift and you are mightily clad

Now the landscape breathes deeply from under your wings
The hunger is satisfied as birds start to sing
This cleansing is over, these parts fresh and new
But Thunderbird rumbles, ever more work to do

By

Rhiannon Moon Webweaver