

## **Lunar Eve!**

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 – an audience it stands!

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 the wisdom in understanding - the Goddess rides the skies!

By

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