

Venus

When tensions rise and stress is near
I go out in the rain.
When my mind wants to gravitate
to shame and fear and pain.
I pray the sea foam cleanses me.
I call her by her name.
For if my peace of mind is stolen,
I'm the one to blame.

I'm not scared of thunderstorms
for it can purify.
But if I stand alone at night
I think I'll surely die.
Asking venus for a sign.
I surely did receive.
For ocean water is a spell
for those that can perceive.

And everyone around me
thinks that I'm the crazy one.
But I recall my power back
before the day is done.
I heard you like to mock the witch.
But you don't understand.
For I can close my eyes and make
a rain cloud on command.

My name means peal of the sea

I can hear the ocean when my mind is still.

I can find its treasures when my eyes are open;

an amethyst for your troubles...

a pearl for your patience...

a shell to admire—

as I have admired you.

When you reach your hand out to touch me,

I reach just as far.

And the salty ocean water hovers in the air—

just waiting to comfort you.

All you have to do is ask.

Seaside

If I can't find peace
toes deep,
sandy beach,
quiet retreat,
then where could it be?

Silently slurping lotus tea—
searching for serenity.
Moonlit sand,
joint in hand,
praying to the sacred land.

You and I—
we are the same.
With your roar, I feel your pain.
Crying out as birds go by.
You did not ask to be alive.

But yet, we live another day.
Gentle whispers plead to stay.
But if the moon did cease to pull,
and if the stars should end their lull,
then I would give up all of this—
and the earth my skull must kiss.

Blessed Be

Blessed be there came a time where I could sit and ponder.
Once upon a time I would allow my mind to wander.

And she would trip and fall—
dive head first off a cliff
and left my spirit in the dark;
Cold
Dead
Stiff.

But blessed be, there came a time when I learned I could thrive.
On back porch steps, cicadas sing and I learn to survive.

If I could travel to the past
and offer up a gift—
the magick spells that I would cast
the curses I would lift.

Moon in Scorpio

One bright morning,
that held the ability to balance delicately—
like a pure, white feather on the scales of fate.
The air was neither frigid nor stifling.
My heart neither elated nor melancholy.

While my internal state lay silent,
the thick forest housed an orchestra of songbirds.
Alongside them, the acrobatic performance of the hummingbirds and the butterflies leaping
amongst the marigold.

Bur hidden in the crescendo was a warning of what was to come.
While I was offering prayers to the planets above and the soil below,
Death was standing behind me.
The harsh buzzing of the flies swarming to rotting flesh shifted the soundtrack of the forest.

And what do you do in that moment?
When Lady Justice forces you to acknowledge Hades' role in the balancing act.

I'll tell you what I did.
I stood terrified for
one
two
three
four
five seconds,
and then I wandered away.

I went back to giving thanks to the Gods watching in the cumulus clouds and the earthworms
slithering in the ground.

One dark night,
that had the ability to end his life
like the brutal nature of a starving pack of wolves,
their actions were neither fair nor just.
My heart was nauseous and confused.

While my dying friend lay silent,
my body submerged into an ocean of sadness
like the red tide that washed over you.

And what do you do in that moment?
When a death so bold and so bitter falls into your lap.

I'll tell you what I did.
I wept for him for
one
two
three
four
five hours
then I cleaned up the blood.

I went back to giving thanks to the Gods watching in the cumulus clouds and the earthworms
slithering in the ground.