

Divine Light

I stand a totem to the times, by my side hang the feathers of game long since passed. Around my eyes the rings of my tree speak to the ebb and flow of the memorable storms and droughts. Each figure I extend above a guardian from lives before, carved long before the idea of me came to be. On their backs I was carried through each new landscape we were chosen to protect. At my feet the wolf could be felt howling at the moon each time it extended to it's highest stage, and I could feel the scorned breath from the beast as it's bright beacon in the sky would wane to nothing only to come back again... Each lunar cycle a fresh mark against my back, what looks like a whole bed of fur is the thousands of lunar dances we have sat in watch of.

With every new placement the maker brings hope that it may be our home, may be the place we flow into and our wooden frames spill out with the lives of flesh we left behind. But here we sit each time unready to accept our blood filled forms ...

The totem of the wolf, held in place by it's love for the river it remembers flowing at it's feet. The waters now just a few lines dug into the chapped wood, she sits in wait for a flow of water like she remembers. Above me the raven carries the sky, tricked by the owl into the form of a totem to escape it's one-time fate of injured wing. Now the raven feels the safety of permanence and would not leave us away from the safety of it's outstretched wing.

Outside my reach the totem stretches far beyond, I hear their songs but within my task of standing firm I can only just make out their spirits call.

I stand in doubt of ever feeling the flame that held me for so long, for the wind died down one wild storm and the flame left with it, carried away through the droplets of rain, reduced to ash our love left in vain. I then did not know the promise it needed, was more than words but an assurance I could handle her gentle dance with grace. I felt lost without her warm glow.

Today I hold strong, in one hand the careful nest of the natural world waiting for a single tinder, my lungs hold the air needed to attract flame with baited breath, my arms carved of the words I wished to tell the fire I kept, each syllable a prayer for change, a promise of a truth learned. By my heart is carried a memory, of the perfect dance the flame persists.

If one day the maker awards us forgotten beings we shall come forth ready for the task of our meaning played true. Not unlike the night I must explain that released me from my weathered form. A full moon shown bright in the night, as the winter snow melted, it filled the twisting creeks with the songs we grew up on. I could feel the change happening in the wolf, it's coat once splintered I now could feel the warmth of it's fur between my toes. Above me the raven held tight but I could feel his shifting gait as the winds pulled it's wings taut and he remembered how healed he was. Finally I was approached by the most amazing being. Of the woods approached a man but made of the flora and fauna surrounding. With a whisper I remembered... that light I held always, the flame never died. With that I joined the nest of dry herbs and the spark in the eyes of the raven and let out my held breath with patience and strength, too hard and we all would stay in our solid forms... slowly what came to be

shocked and amazed us all, the spark turned to flame and the herbs cleared the air of any not ready to see. The flame danced before me in my arms and climbed into my heart where I kept all of the words I had saved for so long for its ears.

In a flash the flames shot along the corners and valleys of our forms twisting and curing our curse... the raven flew to the greatest heights clutching the full moon and holding it's place as the sky keeper. The wolf dashed towards the stream lapping at it's subtle truth.

As the other creatures made their descent away from this holy land to find their truths I felt an amazing presence. I stood gazing at the most beautiful of light, emitted from the glow of the flame. We shared our stories and at every chance I reminded her of my love, the fire showed me her dance and told me she also never forgot the ways we lit up the night together. As a protector of the flame I promise to always hold her in the light, to keep my word of assuring she lasts for all the years. The maker smiles deeply... seeing her plan come to fruit like only a god could her world is relit by the love of the animals that keep it. Here I sit with my flame, and each full moon I bow to the truths exposed. I thank my chance that came back, as man I carry my light and show it the love it always deserves.