

A Shamanic Presence

The Spirit of the Shaman

To the world of spirit we wander
Laughing, seeking, praying
Forever we
Desire to see the wonders, the secrets, the
Dangers

To the other world we call
Learning, yearning, asking
Following the lessons of those before
Darkness found in light, a light to be found in the
Dark, mysteries to unfold

To the way of the shaman we walk towards
Lighting the way to see
Feeling in the
Dark to thick
Discovering the knowledge of the unknown

Coyote

This modern world is strange
People bustling about
Rushing from one place
To another
Such easy prey for mischief
The opportunities delight me
How easy it is to trick
How silly humans have become
How ignorant they are of us spirits

But I can not help but worry
For this world has become quite different
How will these humans survive?
The water is no longer clean
The prey is not healthy
My Wolf cousins and
Wild Cat cousins are not here
Why have they driven them all away?
Why have they taken them from nature?
Why don't they see how
much harm this has caused?

I worry
For though I am a trickster
And delight in the mayhem I cause
I do not wish harm on people
Nor do I wish to see
The first people hurt as
They have been
I have been a trickster
And I have been a creator
Making things to survive
To help, to thrive
For all living creatures
Including human kind

Elements

Fire

Burning, licking tongues
Lash at my hands
The heat searing the skin
The hairs on my arms are singed
The skin blackens, charred and brittle
A fury burns inside
Eating away at the hurt, pain, confusion
More fuel to burn,
To destroy all in its path
Breaking down the trees
For more tinder
Consuming all that it can

Earth

A heavy weight rests upon me
Crushing its weight on my shoulders
Barely able to hold up the world
This task that has been laid upon me
I toil each day to keep balance
Struggle each second to stand
But all the while I keep going
This cycle will stay to the end

Water

A soothing stream through my heart
The trickles music to me ears
I feel my body ease into its
cool, gentle waves
The soft flow caressing each hurt away
Carrying them further and further
Washing everything away
Sometimes the current is soft
Gently easing the cares away
Others it is harsh
A flood, raging torrent
Bashing at the banks
Threatening to break loose
Gathering all around it
And sweeping it away
Leaving behind rubble,
Twigs, and dirt in its wake
The remnants of what it could
Not clean away

Air

Whispering in
Care free
Thoughts
The Playful
chattering
of beaks
I move through
Sky and
Dance under
Wings
And sway
Through the
Water of all things

Howl

Howl to the moon
for the world that we see
Howl to the blue jays
in the juniper tree

Howl in the day
joyous as we sing
Howl through the night
for the sorrows it can bring

Howl with abandon
no regrets to be heard
Howl to the relinquished
that giving up is absurd

Howl for the pack
who run beside you tonight
Howl back at your allies
to know all is alright

Jaguar Night

The night is hot, a heavy moisture on the air. Night birds sing their chorus as the moon rises overhead. The hunter prowls on legs of four. The man takes jaguar form. His sleek fur black as a night of no stars. His claws like an assassin's blade. Muscles bunch, crouching form creeping through the undergrowth. Stalking the intruder who dared cross into his territory. The intruder moves with quiet precision, a knowledge of the forest in his step. The jaguar follows with jaws parted, tasting the scent of his enemy. The cat's breathing is quick and shallow, a telling sign of his nervousness.

Glancing back the jaguar worries. Back towards his camp where his injured mate lies, alone, unprotected, vulnerable. He is resolved to keep her safe, determined to expel the intruder at all costs, for he is a threat in his territory. The jaguar crouches to strike. The man before him unawares, unknowing, unguarded. The night colored cat springs, a scream echoes in the night. The man grapples with the big cat, holding him off by an inch. All seems lost for the man, when a snug grin splits his face.

Knife in hand he cuts at the jaguar, driving him back to his doom. A net from above crashes down, pinning the big cat, trapping him. Blade like claws made useless, the jaguar struggles desperate. He can't fall like this, must get back, must protect his mate. Exhausted the night cat goes limp. All fight in him almost drained. The intruders approach, cruel weapons to carve skin from muscle in hand. The night grows late. The mate in camp weak, and all around intruders close in for the kill. The jaguar screams a warning cry. His last desperate attempt to protect. The forest grows silent. Nature holds it's breath, one last silent vigil for the death throes of the jaguar. A knife raises above his, blade gleaming with his blood in the moonlight. Reflecting, flashing as it comes down, cruel faces grinning in triumph.

The jaguar man wakes with a start, his body cold with sweat. The night birds are singing, the moon high overhead. An arm he wraps around his mate, draws her close for comfort. The worry plain on his face. Her breathing is soft and even, her body healthy and whole. The wounds, only in her mind.