

WINDS OF FIVE SACRED POEMS

**She breathes winds of Revolution
when she speaks**

She is Wild Wombyn
Wise Sage
Ancient Seer
Alchemist
Dreamweaver

Dancing life tapestries of experience

She is wind
whispering wisdom in the breeze

She is Truth
Reflected in the skies
Clearly seen

She is mamma bear
who comes to snuggle you to sleep
She is Kali
who comes to eat your fears and illuminate your dreams

She is sweet medicine
Yet sour
If taken with resistance

She is your reflection
in the stillness of the lake
She is force
to propel the waters to wake

She is roots of the mother
bloodline of ancestors
She is the fire to light the hearth
guide you back home
to you

She is Wild Wombyn
She is Earth Mother

Are you willing to commune with her heart, soil, and soul?

She is all pervading
ever changing
continuous in blossoming

Soaring known - unknown realms

Her waters may grace you calm
steady
Or be a torrential downpour upon all you believed yourself to be

Her voice may be
Calm
Clear
Collect

-

Howling ferociously
Exposing that which hides beneath shaded trees of falsity

She will weave prayers in your hair
invite you into sweet surrender

Her seduction may shake you to your bones
leaving you open and vulnerable

She may be laughing one moment
shedding tears the next
Expressing a myriad ways of being
wildly creative and free
Uninhibited by who is around her

Can you let go of control without trying to confine or tame her?

Can you honor her in her every
Expression
Form
Shape

She is Wild Wombyn
She is Earth Mother

Who listens to the callings of the wind

Whose heart is whole
whos rivers flow abundantly
within compassion

Allow her healing to wash upon you as rain
Allow her healing to fill your heart
give you strength

Are you willing to surrender the mind, beckon forth with heart, and walk with the wild
to grow?

Ghost wombyn
Chants
Seven sacred songs
Weaving worlds

Reindeer antlers clanking

Her very presence has you weeping
At thoughts you never said
Kept deep down

Reindeer antlers clanking

Awaken
Spirits within
Earth is calling for healing

Reindeer antlers clanking

Invoking healing
Masks wash away
In waters gates

Things to which we attach
Decease
Skeletons hang

Initiation

Ghost wombyn
Weaves earth bones into a stronger artful form

Reindeer antlers clanking

Life
Death
Rebirth

Is fear the master?

In thigh deep waters

Plunge into the womb of existence

Peace in spaces between

Waves curl overhead

Everlasting serenity

Strength of a mountain

Blame or praise

Cannot shake the natural state

Centered

Within the whole world moving

Running rivers

Tranquility

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Heart is heavy
Pen in her hand
She is mighty
She is worthy
She writes stories of her story
Weaving words within the fluidity of thoughts in her mind
Enlivening ancient ways through paper and pen

She navigates inner landscapes
Future
Past
Present
Collide

As she rewrites wounds from ancestral ties
Into a woven blanket of strength for the next seven generations

She is living
Breathing
Story
She is speaking wombyn

She is keeper of sacred secrets
Unveiling herstory
Her body
Mind
Soul
Align

As a harmonic harpoon
Piercing realms of Truth
Flowing as the waters way
In Earth rythms
Her thoughts seamlessly tap into the sixth dimension

Walking strong
In spirit realms
Rising from the underworlds some call hell

Weaving balance of life beauty and pain
Orchestrating symphonies
Of art as
Living
Breathing
Story

Through her hands she writes revolutionary declarations
Wisley Choosing the thoughts she contributes to the collective mind

One by one

She weakens the knees of oppressors
Lays down patriarchal ways
Dissolves demons

Invites the world to
Touch her
Move her
Guide her
Heart

To rewrite this story
Of people, planet, all livings demolition
Into a story of resilient healing
All standing stronger now
All speaking now
All thriving equally now
Into her sacred scroll of Earth living poetry

