

Individual Archives - Books

ms150-1

1979

Nine Apples

For this and additional works see: <https://vtext.valdosta.edu/xmlui/handle/10428/2169>

UUID: D4DFD768-F276-5CA4-44A5-9F9384A531D4

Recommended Citation:

Clifton, Chas S., ed. *Nine Apples*. Colorado Springs, CO: Artemisia Press, 1979.
New Age Movements, Occultism, and Spiritualism Research Library.
Archives and Special Collections. Valdosta State University. Valdosta, GA.
<https://hdl.handle.net/10428/5108>

This item is free and open source. It is part of the New Age Movements, Occultism, and Spiritualism Research Library at Odum at Valdosta State University Archives and Special Collections. If you have any questions or concerns contact archives@valdosta.edu



Nine Apples

***A Neopagan
Anthology***

Nine Apples
Nine Apples

A Neopagan
Anthology

Acropolis Press
P.O. Box 1027
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80924

Nine Apples

Table of Contents

Nine Apples

**A Neopagan
Anthology**

Artemisia Press
P.O. Box 6423
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934

Nine Apples

A Neopagan
Anthology

Copyright 1979 by Artemisia Press

Manufactured in the United States of America

Library of Congress card number 79-55273

Table of Contents

SPRING

She to her Lord of the Seasons - Molly Bloom	3
The Dance - Molly Bloom	6
Brighet - Andraste	7
Breaking Ground - Karla Clarke Gipe	8
Peom Written by Moonlight - Karla Clarke Gipe	9
It is the New Moon - Juliane K. Tate	10
Three Golden Apples - Olivia Robertson	11
Gathering Invocation - David Gray, NAC	19
Tautha de Danann - Katharine Clark	20
Design - R. Nicholas Taylor	22
Spring Moon - Noel-Ann Brennan	22
Haiku 1 and 2 - Patricia Ann Treat	23
Packed House - Stewart Farrar	24
All Points Bulletin - Pattalee G. Ford	23
Phoenix Ritual - Karen Alexander	26
My Poems are Small - Prairie Jackson	28

SUMMER

The Trees of Annwfn - Gwydion Pendderwen	31
Gaia - Hallie Inglehart	33
To My Androsphinx - Daniela Gioseffi	34
The Cave and The Moon - John Damon	35
Invocation to the Moon Goddess - Cerridwen Fallingstar	36
The Light Bearer - Edwin Crusoe	37
Her Solstice - Katharine Clark	38
Siuslaw; Migrations - Phillip Foss Jr.	39
The Feminine Gardener - Daniela Gioseffi	42
Prayer - Nancy B. Watson	42
The Origin of the Witch's Calendar - Houston Roberts	43

AUTUMN

Apple Poem - Chas S. Clifton	51
Great Hunter - Ed Engle	52
Two Poems - Ed Engle	53
Properties Shared By The Black Hole of Modern Astronomy and The Magic Circle of Tradition - Frederick Adams	54
The Eve of All Hallows - R. Nicholas Taylor	56
Metempsychosis - Gwydion Pendderwen	57
Has Anybody Seen My Cat? - Ellen Cannon	58
To a Statue Destroyed by Vandals - John Damon	60
Black Sky Waiting - Prairie Jackson	62
Autumn Eclipse - Meriel Riggs	63
The Witches - Katharine Clark	64
Wicca- Sonya Grenchenko	65
Garden of the Gods, Colorado - Susan Zwinger	66
Cry - Nancy B. Watson	67
Going Downriver - Chas S. Clifton	68

WINTER

Last Glimpse of the Snow Queen - Chas S. Clifton	71
Stonehenge - Katharine Clark	72
You Have Called Me Devil - Megeara	73
Genesis Restated - Barry Martin	74
Discovered Rot At My Bone - Susan Zwinger	76
In Celebration of Kabiros - Thomas M. Ott	77
Speakers in the Wilderness - David McQueen	78
A Woman's Buttocks - Daniela Gioseffi	80
Winter Solstice - Prairie Jackson	81
The Fourth True Tale - Marah	82
The Fault Line - Sonya Grenchenko	85
Durga - Molly Bloom	85
DiaMater - Molly Bloom	86
Moon-days and Sun-nights - Karla Clarke Gipe	87

for Mary

The following works have been published previously:

"Gathering Invocation" comes from *The Neo-Animist Way*, by David C. Gray.

The first lines of "Brighet" come from the traditional Irish tale, "The Madness of Suibne."

"You have called me Devil" was published in the *Covenant of the Goddess* newsletter, Vol. IV, No. 2, November 1978.

"The Light Bearer" was previously published in *The Florida Mason*.

"Invocation to the Moon Goddess" previously appeared in *Womanspirit* magazine.

"The Feminine Gardener," "To My Androsphinx" and "A Woman's Buttocks" will soon appear in *Through the Eye of the Needle*, by Daniela Gioseffi, Sagarin Press, Sand Lake, New York.

"Siuslaw; Migrations" was previously published as a broadside by Salt-Works Press, Dennis, Massachusetts.

Spring



Lou Di Gesare

She to her Lord of the Seasons

Molly Bloom

You have never guessed what beauty you are --
I've heard you tell the world your price
And yet you've come no nearer than the skin
Though lovely skin it be, and doubly dear to me.

In among the trees you move, swift greenery's return,
And I am here, and I am here --

You have been with me before I knew I was
And you were very lovely, and you were very new.
You have been with me as winter thawed
And the maple flowered and sweated blood
Upon the snow, tapped many years ago.

Out upon the banks you wander, tall of horn,
and lithe
And I am here, and I am here --

You have been with me when first I changed --
Then you were as a young oak and you were as the hart.
You have been with me at plowing time
And I the field beneath your plow --
To your buried seed, the seasons' need.

Breathing winds both tall and bright, you come!
And I am here, and I am here --

You have been with me through my Becoming
(Oh so proud in your gleaming flesh)
You have been with me at summer's ripening
When the corn's green height was plumed in gold
And we drank the sun, though half his race was done.

Now you be scythe and arrow, changing moods,
And I am here, and I am here --

You have faced yourself in death and life
(Then heavy-breasted have I cried)
So the corn was reaped when the land lay dry;
And I mourned your death as I clung to your arms;
Strong arms they were and very sure.

Beside the frosted lake you pause to call
And I am here, and I am here --

You have been with me as the frosts began
Then you were very distant and you were very tall
As harvest-time ended,
As I turned to your calling in the scarlet wood
Where the oak stood gold against the cold.

Brown warm width, you tread the early snow,
And I am here, and I am here --

You have stood by me and lit the fires
And the fires were good within my blood.
You have been by me as I paled and thinned
But I drew new life from your vital flesh
For I bore the seed from a dual need.

Amidst blackthorn thicket, bright you stand
And I am here, and I am here --

When apple drank your potent brew
You first arose from out the womb;
My womb, quick-eased by solar birth,
Felt stir within your unborn Self
Though proud you stood in the hawthorn wood.

Untied, unbound, reach-calling Self as Self
And I am here, and I am here -

While the fires untied, you I have been
With me in the dark, in the bitter wind
I loved your voiceless calling me
As the eaves dripped winter's blood --
You my desire, as we moved from ice to fire.

What beauty you are you never knew;
What payment but life could be your price?
And he who changes skin can look within
There finding me loving
There finding Her needing,
There finding the One and the cycle that has no end.

The Dance

Molly Bloom

But the Dance

 is very beautiful
Terrible as it may be with storm
 and calm
 and hunger

The Dance is very beautiful.

In April, the willow buds and Earth awake.

When winter's frugal fare is plumped by herbs

New-sprouted from wet earth

All may recall Her awful knife

Of ice

Held to our hungry belly's cry --

The Dance is pleasantest

When Harvest fills a winter larder full.

But lovely is the labor of a May-plowed field

And hungry as our winter is our spring --

For a different thing.

For the Dance is very beautiful.

Brighet

Andraste

*"Cold wind, icy wind
Faint shadow of a feeble sun
Shelter of a single tree
On the top of a high hill ... "*

Night unto night showeth knowledge:
Sun returns: the Cauldron flares
Torch-bearers dance the burning wheel,
Whirling without motion.
Rising sap, Running Water,
Beat the orchard trees,
Admonish them to bear well!
Their berries feed the living and the dead.
We have carried Death from the village
And brought Life back.
Spring, we bid you welcome
Green grass, we welcome you.
I am a flood on the plain
The first emergence, quickening of the Tree of Life.
Tools are made, Names are given
I am a fire in the head.

Breaking Ground

Karla Clarke Gipe

This I know, O my Mother the Earth:
 This land does not belong to me.
 I belong to the land.
 Only pride causes me to call it mine.
How can I buy the changing sky,
 the beauty of the flowers?
How can I own the freshness of the air,
 the hum of the insects?

I ask your permission to borrow this place for a
 time.
I ask your forgiveness if I dig for my dwelling.
I ask your blessing to make my home here.
I will try to live in harmony with this place:
 to learn the lessons of my brothers the stones;
 to heed the advice of my sisters the trees.

This I know, O my Mother the Earth:
 I do not weave the web of life.
 I am merely a strand in it.
Long after my house is dust again,
 You will endure.
Long after my childrens' children have forgotten me,
 You will endure.
All things are connected by the beat of your Great
 Heart.
Forgive me,
 and bless me,
 O my Mother the Earth.

Poem Written by Moonlight

Karla Clarke Gipe

I like the Moon now
after so many years of ignoring Her
and worshipping the sun (son?)
You just can't communicate with the sun:
he's so bright you can't
look him straight in the eye.
you're forced to bow down and
humbly worship with lowered eyes.
But the Moon, now She is something wondrous!
I can study Her for hours, eyes open wide.
She dies, but is always reborn --
new/old every month like me.
We are two artist friends, communing silently
about our marvelous creativity.
The sun? well, he could care less about us
so far away,..
only one of innumerable cousins.
But we are the Moon's Only Child.

It is the New Moon

Juliane K. Tate

it is the new moon.
I walk the night path
with small steps,
counting.
the little animals run
ahead, restless.
it is their daylight
this midnight.
the hours deepen
at the crossroad
yet I circle,
seeing all
and hearing the
heralding hounds.
dawn
and I walk down the
light path.
the little animals are
sleeping.

Three Golden Apples

Olivia Robertson

Oisín stood upon the shores of Loch Lena, and a woman came to him across the water, riding upon a white steed. She held a silver branch with three golden apples falling from it, that made melodious music of the spheres. She summoned him to Tir na nÓg, the magical land beyond the Western Ocean, where once Atlantis raised its mountain peaks. She was Niamh of the Sidhe.

"Delightful is the land beyond all dreams," she sang to him, "Fairer than aught thine eyes have ever seen ... pain nor sickness knows the dweller there. Death and decay come near him nevermore ... the gold and jewels of the Land of Youth outshine all splendor ever dreamed of man."

Thus Niamh offered Oisín, hero of the Gaels, the glory of many-colored Hy Brasil.

The rise of a new expression in religion is grown from the earth of past experiences remembered as myth; present need understood as facts; and a fore-knowing of the future that is called prophecy.

When mythology and prophecy combine with everyday fact, the three spheres combine and creation manifests. The physical, the psychic, the spiritual combine and a new era is with us. Long have occultists, the religious believers, the social and philosophical idealists, awaited a finer era, but it is never given to humanity to know either the form of the new religion or its time.

Now it is upon us and we are suprised. Some expected a repetition of the Christian and Buddhist experience and awaited the birth of a holy boy. Others were willing to accept a spiritual rather than a physical manifestation. Most people experienced a feeling of dullness, the death of the supernatural under the arc lights of technological science and the non-existence of their own souls.

The most materialists could hope for was the slow emergence of a "super race," and a description of an intellectually and physically superior species was presented to us by many writers including Wells and Shaw. To read of the excellence of those whom we would never meet - and indeed were hardly attracted to - was all that was to be the reward of the idealists. The promised land of the eugenic scientists of tomorrow was denied to those alive now, who were usually advised to get themselves cremated to assist planetary hygiene, and to leave any of their organs which might be useful to scientists and doctors.

One rather sympathises with those optimists who, under some religious fervour, awaited the Second Coming on some hilltop at a prophecied date - though sympathising with them when nothing happened, and they had to come home to breakfast and a job - or worse, no breakfast and no job if they had abandoned all worldly goods ...

Looking back over the last thirty years from the standpoint of 1979, we can begin to discern that the Coming is here, the change is taking place and so we may discern the future. One might have labelled the Wellsian scientific centralised Utopia, and Shaw's dreary World of the Ancients in *Back to Methusalah* as "whither we were tending" - and the film "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" as where we went!

We have grown so used to the incursion of the Supernatural into our lives through Unidentified Flying Objects, that we miss the humour of the situation. Pathetically, "Ufologists," as they call themselves, try to appear as rational scientists who have a good case for the material existence of UFOs. Bravely but hopelessly they are trying to explain Athena's Owl to the Society of Ornithologists; the wings of Eros to the Society of Surgeons; (they should be amputated) or Demeter's fiery chariot drawn by griffins as an acceptable model to be copied by the Rolls Royce or Cadillac companies.

Humour lies in incongruity. It is not wild-eyed hippies with minds blown on hallucinogenic drugs, not dreaming artists and poets, not religious fanatics, who witness the Coming. It is the housewife hanging up her washing, the postmen, the police, the air pilot, the truck driver, who have, according to "experts," become visionaries. "The young girls shall dream dreams, the young men see visions," is prophesied in the Bible. But this worldwide eruption of euphoria, this wave of visionary enthusiasm, strikes those who are returning from a bingo session, football match fans, an old people's club, a coachload of tourists, road workers, school teachers. The incongruity is between the vision experienced and the visionaries.

For these good people are told by the experts that for some psychological vaguery they are misinterpreting Skyhook balloons, thistle from conifers, the planet Venus, car headlights, birds - as angel chariots, space ships or boatloads of Giants, Dwarfs and assorted monsters.

We are faced with a planet ruled by experts who work on bacteriological warfare, gamma rays of unspeakable cruelty, atomic bombs for defense, rulers

who do evil for the sake of good, who are permitted to do so by lazy or ignorant followers called the Public - and this same public appears to be subject to mass hallucinations of a quasi-religious kind.

But supposing there is another answer. Possibly the madness and ignorance of the rulers who are directing the arms escalations, who permit the pollution of the environment, have some relation to the appearance of "UFOs". In this case the Public which sees these Objects, and which experiences visual and auditory phenomena connected with them is not half so mad as the experts. For which is a fool, which one is certifiable - the one who makes bacteria cultures that could wipe out life on the planet; who creates rays that can destroy whole populations, including flora and fauna; who poisons his own environment - or the one who experiences communication - even communion - with beings who come from outside our sphere, and often give wise teachings warning us of our peril? Our peril is so obvious, that it becomes overlooked. For we are in more danger of destroying life on our earth than the fabled Atlanteans; and nearly in as much danger as the legendary inhabitants of Maldek, who, legend tells us, destroyed a planet that once rotated between Mars and Jupiter - whose nucleus became our Moon and whose debris now forms the asteroid belt. Legend, yes. Or is the legend a prophecy and a warning.

There is no need to dispaid. For though Deity is immanent within ourselves it is also transcendent: outside us. No planet is an island. Even a golden sun has neighbors. Not only is this so on a physical level where each planet affects its neighboring planets and even, in a minute degree, the orbit of its sun; every esoteric sphere affects the other.

Humanity has recently decided to restrict itself to the physical sphere by identifying with the physical body. The mind is declared to be only the result of the physical brain. So the materialist closes the shutters of his windows that give sight of other realms of being, shuts and bolts his door to psychic travel, closes his skylight that admits the glory of the spiritual world, and only occasionally gingerly descends to his basement to know what is going on in his subconscious. Then, securely bolted and shuttered into his concrete house, lighted by his fluorescent tubes and consoled by his various gadgets, he declares that there is no outside. Who is the madder - this man or the one who puts his eye to the keyhole and to the slit in the shutter - and dares say he can see something outside?

With the mass of psychic and semi-psychic material at hand the student of life needs to assess what is actually happening. It may be found clarifying to coordinate mythology with present visionary experiences and see how they relate to the physical world of fact.

In the 17th century the Abbe de Villars wrote *Le Comte de Gabalis*. Here is the famous count telling us of an aerial armada sighted in France in the time of King Pipin:

"Sages speak in vain, fools are more readily believed than they. In vain does a Philosopher bring to light the falsity of the chimeras people have fabricated. No matter what his experience, nor how sound his argument and reasons, let but a man with a doctor's hood come along and write them down as false - experience and demonstration count for naught ... People would rather believe in a doctor's hood than in their own eyes. There has been

in your native France a memorable proof of this popular mania. The famous Cabalist Zedecchias ... took it into his head to convince the world that the Elements are inhabited .. The expediant of which he be-thought himself was to advise the Sylphs to show themselves in the Air to everybody; they did so sumptuously. These beings were seen in the air in human form ... sometimes in wonderfully constructed aerial ships, whose flying squadrons roved at the will of the Zephyrs. What happened? Do you suppose that ignorant age would so much as reason as to the nature of the marvellous spectacle? The people straightway believed that sorcerers had taken possession of the Air for the purpose of raising tempests and bringing hail upon their crops. The learned theologians and jurists were soon of the same opinion as the masses. The Emperors believed it as well; and this ridiculous chimera went so far that the wise Charlemagne, and after him Louis the Debonnaire, imposed grievous penalties upon all these supposed Tyrants of the Air."

Though the aerial visitors were immune from such penalties, their friends of earth were not so fortunate.

"The Syphs, seeing the populace, the pedants, and even the crowned heads thus alarmed against them, determined to dissipate the bad opinion people had of their innocent fleet by carrying off men from every locality and showing them their beautiful women, their Republic and their manner of government, and then setting them down again on earth in divers parts of the world. They carried out their plan. The people who saw these men as they were descending came running from every direction, convinced beforehand that they were sorcerers who had separated from their companions in order to come and scatter poisons

on the fruit and in the spring. Carried away by the frenzy with which these fancies inspired them, they hurried these innocents off to the torture. The great number of them who were put to death by fire and water throughout the kingdom is incredible."

Three men and woman were seen descending from these aerial ships in Lyons. Accused of being malevolent magicians, in vain the four innocents sought to vindicate themselves, that "they had been carried away a short time since by miraculous men who had shown them unheard-of marvels. The frenzied populace paid to heed to their defense, and were on the point of casting them into the fire when the worthy Agobard, Bishop of Lyons ... set at liberty the four Ambassadors of the Sylphs." His did this on the grounds that he thought that their story was untrue!

So, ironically, it may appear that the visionaries and "contactees" of such space beings or Sylphs may be safe because their stories are not accepted. This account of the three men and the woman would make a good film of a science fiction sort. It also acts as a warning to those who wish to make all known to Government and to the public. The former might wish to segregate those who possessed techniques useful for their incessant wars; the other is subject to panic fears.

Is this so? It is noticeable that the space people, under the benign influence of Adamski, Fry, Bethurus, Angelucci to name some, were accepted as beings more advanced than ourselves, and of an angelic nature. This at least was a safeguard for those who claimed contact. But now the fashion has gone the other way: there are those with terror of what they term evil entitites either coming up from

the ground or from space. For what we see outside is a reflection of what we ourselves are within. We get the angels - and the devils - we deserve.

This brings us to the final test, the present. For mythology and our future in the starry space may blend - but what of ourselves? There is a belief that extremely gifted children are more abundant, that the next step in our evolutionary progress is coming about now. I should say that the year 1945 and the next year give a rough approximation of when the new race began to show itself. The signs are many: increased psychic awareness, sensitivity to Nature, a development of the Arts, and a shift from the masculine to the feminine conception of Deity.

The New Era was foreshown to the Western world in a blend of religion and space revelation in Portugal, at Fatima, when about 80,000 witnesses saw a UFO, which came so near them that its radiation even dried their clothes, wet with rain. With this there appeared a vision of a young woman veiled in white to three children, and some others. As she appeared over an olive tree, those shaken with fear at the Unknown may take heart. The UFO with her showed the brilliant colours of the rainbow. Niamh returns to us from the Many Colored Land.

Gathering Invocation

The Neo-Animist Church

When I pray
I connect myself
to the web of all living beings
and create a focus for their power.
I open my soul.
I let the words flow out,
and feel the flux of strength flow in.

To the Lord of Life
and to the Khalifah,
I pray,
Goddess,
I, who am your thane,
ask these boons of you:
That this evening proceed with peace and harmony;
That those who Gather here bring joy in their wake;
That all be united in the service of Life;
and that some whom I meet here tonight
be led into your Brotherhood!

Guide and bless us all!
Your will be done!

Tuatha de Danann

Katharine Clark

Do you remember, my sisters,
before their coming,
before we knew dark
sidhe or built cascading
rubies in the cool
mud.

Do you remember, we
raised our hair, red
in honey, honied in
spilled yews.

Grasses moved in
the swarming
earth cone.

Do you remember,
the rushed rain
hoops twirling
Manannan legged,
the being, the sea,
the silver handed
grace of us.

Remember, in
your sleep.

We were free,
and birthed
goddesses in gentry
Emerald.

We lie unstill in
Erin hills,
her silken roots
easing upward.

(The Tuatha De Danann were the ancient gods and goddesses of Ireland. The name means "Children of the Goddess Danu". They now live under the burial hills, or sidhes, of Erin and are seen frequently as elves or the taller, shining "gentry").

Spring Moon

Noel-Anne Brennan

I feel the moon
Hang silent in my soul,
Thin and soft as snow,
A cold flake shining
In the darkness of my brain.
My thoughts sigh
Like a forest wind
While the thin moon,
Mistress of wilderness,
Raises the tides
Within my blood.

Design

R. Nicholas Taylor

A single seed
contains all thought...
...and on the dolmen stone's design:
outwinding points the sign that guides,
shell and bone and ivy vine,
along the circle curve of time...

Haiku nos. 1 and 2

Patricia Ann Treat

The Rain

The goddess' ancient silver tears penetrate
her children's lives, ensuring
their continued being.

The Sea

Her strength repels weakness as she forces her destiny
towards the shoreline:
her rage is carried
to its conclusion.

Packed House

Stewart Farrar

The stage is set; the prelates come and go
Minutely checking details, making sure
No inharmonious errors mar the show,
Which must proceed exactly as before.

The curtain rises on the widowed God,
The Ancient of the patriarchal Days;
No Heh disturbs his hierarchic Yod,
No Moon his limelit Apollonic rays.

Hermaphrodangels mouth the harmony,
Meticulously following the score;
Downstage, pale saints devoutly bend the knee,
Parade their sufferings, and pray for more.

Out front, alert for signs of heresy,
The black-robed ushers guard the exit-doors;
But no - the house is all it ought to be -
Muttered responses serving for applause.

All as it should be. All, that is, but two;
Lovers, enwrapped, unnoticed in the dark -
No "He" exists for them, but "I" and "you,"
sailing alone their Moon-drenched private Ark.

For them, the stage is empty and the Throne,
The choirs, the kneeling saints, are meaningless;
Their eyes are for each other's eyes alone;
Only between themselves the power to bless.

Unseen among the Throneward-gazing crowd,
Secret caresses set their limbs aglow...

And in the wings the Goddess laughs aloud,
Reverberant, and ruining the show.

All Points Bulletin

Pattalee G. Ford

ATTENTION!

All Mind Units:
Be alert for an escaped thought.

Disguised
As an ordinary idea,
This thought is armed
With a belief
In self,

And should be considered
Dangerous.

Phoenix Ritual

Karen Alexander

All shall be clothed in gowns of crimson, gold, blue or purple. If you practice skyclad, you may decide to wear a ruby, amethyst or sapphire set in gold.

The setting is an open glen, hilltop, or circle of trees. Tools used are: the cauldron, and chalice.

Each person shall have an egg that has been emptied of its contents and cracked carefully in the middle so that the halves are equal with no pieces missing.

The circle shall be cast as usual, censuring with frankincense. The cauldron is set in the center full of oak twigs and small branches, ready to be fired. It is a good idea to douse the oak with red wine of high alcohol content beforehand so it will light more easily. Don't drench it.

In the chalice should be a myrrh water made the night before by simmering about a quart of spring water with a $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of myrrh gum. It is set in front of the cauldron and ringed with the eggs. On the right of the eggs are crimson candles and lengths of gold ribbon.

The cauldron is lit and all dance within the circle.

All face toward the cauldron holding hands and step staring left foot, three steps toward the fire shouting out. This can be with words previously determined or simply a sound.

At the third step also thrust arms up in the air. With arms still in the air step back three and go to the left seven steps, lowering arms.

Repeat three times with a final one step forward and shout.

The leader steps in front of the cauldron and says:

Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
To enshrine his relics in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.

The leader turns and tosses an incense of saltpeter, cinnamon and myrrh on the cauldron, saying:

As the Phoenix, so regard thyself.
From the fire, shall ye rise renewed
Father and Mother to thyself.

The leader then takes an egg, candle and ribbon from the ground and fills one half of the egg with the saltpeter, cinnamon and myrrh mixture, lights the candle and sits down in the circle of people.

The next person takes a drink from the chalice, passes it and follows suit. This is done until all have their eggs etc. Take care to leave some myrrh water in the chalice.

When all are seated in the circle everyone sits silently meditating on his/her egg searching within for the ingredients of rebirth, and placing each thought, ideal and goal within the egg.

When all is within the egg the top is placed on it and the candle wax dripped on the crack to seal it. The gold ribbon is tied around it and over it thus:



The leader then takes a drink from the chalice and hands it to the first person of his/her choice who waits.


The leader places more incense in the cauldron and each egg is passed through the smoke. The myrrh water is poured over the fire and the circle is closed.

Wine and cakes.

My Poems Are Small

Prairie Jackson

my poems are small
animals running
before the storm
they are wild angels
in the wind.



Summer



The Trees of Annwn

Gwydion Pendderwen

Now strike the harp and blow the bellows,
Tap the tabor, raise a song;
Sing it loud, my gentle fellows
All bedecked in greens and yellows,
Sing the tree-songs all night long.

Smoky torches light the hallways
Hallowed by our ancient hymns
Sung tonight as we've sung always
From the summer through the fall days,
Voices of our leafy limbs.

CHORUS:

*From a seed or from a strippling,
From a root or grafted bud,
While the waters go a-rippling
Rise up from the fertile mud,
Rise up from the fertile mud.*

First the sage with autumn dances,
Laurel blooms in winter's chill;
Heather early spring entrances,
Next the buckeye's deadly lances
Rise above the verdant hill.

Pass the seasons with the apples;
Manzanita and madron;
Toyon rocky ridges grapples,
Maple, many-colored dapples
Broken branches all alone.

CHORUS:

*From a seed or from a strippling,
From a root or grafted bud,
While the waters go a-rippling
Rise up from the fertile mud,
Rise up from the fertile mud.*

Tan oak tall competes with redwood,
'Possom grape the alder 'twines,
Dogwood digs her roots in deadwood,
Poison sumac is the dread wood
Oft confused with sweeter vines.

Elder, rose or ash abounding
Binds the sunlight like the rest,
Wresting food from its surrounding
Soil, wherever roots are sounding
Silty sod that's water-blest

CHORUS:

*From a seed or from a strippling,
From a root or grafted bud,
While the waters go a-rippling
Rise up from the fertile mud,
Rise up from the fertile mud.*

In our ancient halls of timber
Oak and fir the year recall;
Willow asks that we remember
All the joys of sweet September
As we leave behind the fall.

Winter comes, our boughs are sleeping:
Douse the torch of pitchy pine!
Soon the sap will come a-creeping
From our roots where we are keeping
Dreams of spring and summertime.

CHORUS:

*From a seed or from a strippling,
From a root or grafted bud,
While the waters go a-rippling
Rise up from the fertile mud,
Rise up from the fertile mud.*

Gaia

Hallie Iglehart

We witches
Are in a love affair
With the earth.

To My Androsphinx

Daniela Gioseffi

I dream of huge cocks of whales
and minuscule organs of insects
firing guns everywhere.
Our minds are clogged with Black Widow Spiders
and the flea is a patriarch whose elaborate genital
stings his mate with lethal copulation.
When you come into me, when I come onto you,
there must be only bliss.

I hear your green voice crying in the desert
that blows sands over my belly.
I hear your blue ears, feathers of my pillow,
thinking in the night.

I will be the female seahorse,
in jungles of tropical oceans,
thrusting her eggs into her lover's stomach
with her long bright orange penis,
until the friction of her organ moving in him
makes his sperm pour forth.
I may ride on top of your body,
nipples wagging, prehensile tails
fanning your face with purple erections.
We might place our heads together,
the most human of lovers.

A female mallard is faithful to one mate,
sooner drowned than yielding to a stranger's
lust. Courtship is a prominent part
of the lives of birds, bits of glass and colored
flowers, leaves, and shining gems
gathered in the nest.

Hermaphroditic snails fire love darts at each other
and sometimes kill to come together, sperm unto sperm
and ova unto ova, sighing with death at the
orgastic moment. But, my darling Androsphinx,
should I find you, we will be androgynous worms
who never argue, lined up head to tail,
segment to segment, learning to like earth enough
to love it.

The Cave and the Moon

John Damon

There is a cave
its darkness is a woman
in whom i was born
but the moon also draws me
and i am torn
here in the twilight
waiting
i drink the stream
that flows from her mouth
in which she is reflected

Invocation to the Moon Goddess

Cerridwen Fallingstar

As we walked the long hike back to the car, the child said, "Look! She is following us! The moon is still following us!"

It is true, Mother, You follow me everywhere.
Like a ghostly balloon
You bob after my wanderings.
When I hide in my house
Your silver seeps through my shades.
When I hide in my sleep
Your face haunts all my dreams.
In the heat of the day
Your peppermint presence
Lingers still on my tongue.

How could I hide
From the depths of your eyes?
How could I escape
From your terrible beauty?

If I hid in the heat of the deserts
Still you would find me.
If I hid in the depths of the sea
Still you would find me.
If I lay down in the world of the dead
Or rose like a gull past the throne of the Gods
Still you would find me
Still you would be there to care for me.

How long can a child
Hide from its mother?

If I should run and hide
On the dark side of the moon
Your eyes still would perceive me.
At the center of the sun
Your voice would still reach me.

You gave birth to the darkness
You gave birth to the light
Nothing is strange to you
Nothing is hidden from you
Darkness and Light
They are the same to you.

The Light Bearer

Edwin Crusoe

You were so high,
brilliant in shining resplendencies
that shone far
to the outer limits
of which there were none.

You were the morning star,
Perfection,
Wisdom and Beauty,
bedazzling in your brilliances,
Son of Morning,
you shining one from the skies.
Your fall was like a meteor
screaming through the skies
illuminating

Her Solstice

Katharine Clark

The night is raw with
dancing
and worms, the worms
of soft balanced roots
glow at our needle lit
feet.

They thrum with
bees on night canting wings

and she comes;
she is spirit thick wind.
We skin circles in
her lucence.
We sweep on clear light

as she weaves
shaggy darkness
into white moths.

The dip of clay in
the toes weeds,
our feet chant their
faces, as we
reel magic moths
upon the paling day.

Countless until dawn,
she dances us -
boundless.

Siuslaw; Migrations

Phillip Foss, Jr.

What I eat in the air	the mouth of salt
hands being drawn as by salt	by the sand
is the used wind of a wing	heron and egret
mad Dungsess flaming eyes	burning apart tides
with the stagnant weight	of fish in the nose
and in my stomach	tongue and eye cells
Sea and sea	absolute emptiness:
the seal of sky and water	meet
blind ellipse of earth	sprawling into vacuum
chaotic in pupils	and heart;
a tide	of absence unending
in the swell of whales	and sea lions
barking out the deaf	and dead
from cave walls	and slick tongues of waves
My hands go blank	go to footprints in tides
and I fish in the sky	for migrations
for turnings	directions
huge squeals from beaks	dropping dreams
of fish heads	clams and mud
Tree-clouds slipping in ash	I grasp and they go
ships vanishing	in the curves of time
and light	Licking redly the smoke
of cedar	chewing my lips for the salt
bite	and bite

What is here is dead	and dying
blue canoes in fog of tide	dead men
unintelligible in my mouth	poor tools
rotten in the bay	laughs sailed for good
into space	into the violent sunset
of other gods	than can now speak
power	yet I hear
like children	their voices
muttering	and muttering

The death of angels The broken arms of flame
Say See

He comes like a ghost A little blood indeed

Cannot hurt A little killing

It makes the women wet There some

And the sea throw out brothers There in the river

And eating And killing a little

Makes the arrow sharp And eating then

And the women And the children

: a dozen handfuls	of black mud thrown
into the out-tide	full of worms
gone	and the voices are too far
apart in space	to hear each other
crying	into the darkness
What I choose to see	kiss with my eyes
is movement	smoke falling
blue bodies	from chimneys
log drifts	erect tails in Bracken
yellow-eyed half-gods	half-dogs
stealing killed rabbits	from the road
sign language	from the fingers of mist
explosions of waves	on lava
soul-catchers	in squawking beaks
rain	baptism of the earth
of the men	again today
again today	forever
for the sins	today again

And what I choose to believe
with the blessed spit
is that bay clams are life
 have returned
 in despair
that I have raised them
that I have worshipped them
 and sometime
when I was raw crooked
 and right
 the river
who breast-feeds men
 on crab and alder
bucked-up cedar logs
 dead starfish
 coyotes and wings

to spew
of my faith
that the gods
to being animals
in neglect
that I have feared them
before at someplace
when I was other
burnt dirty
I choose
to be a woman
on water
on smoke and mist
and salt
the fins of whales
garbage and dead rabbits

I choose to believe
in breeding gods
and immortality
apparitions of paw prints
through the cedar
fearing them
in eating dirt
from the road
in the sun
in voices
in fire
in glory

in dying gods
in fur
in chasing
tongues flopping spit
and screaming them
worshipping them to life
in stealing rabbits
in women
in handfuls of black mud
lost in the tangle of stars
and power
in glory

The Feminine Gardener

Daniela Gioseffi

She drifts into the lonely corners of the room
and her soft round silence
seems as precious as her pregnant belly.
The plants she tends and waters grow from her,
children of her fingers.
They calm the room with their stationery presence
and pass through me into greenness.
There is no thing so peaceful as a leaf
with its superhuman silence.

She sprouts eyes from the stems of her fingers
and touches her belly with knowledge
beyond words or reason.
Her voice for now is content to stay within her
comparing itself to fingers. Her throat
feels rather than sings the present against eternity,
and in the immensity of her silence
there is a rapture
that contains all melody.

Prayer

Nancy B. Watson

Lady of the Summer Pastures --
Do not neglect me,
Who loves you more than most.

The Origins of the Witch's Calendar

Cyprian

The Witch's, or Wiccan, calendar consists of eight Sabbats distributed at approximately equal intervals of about 45 days throughout the year.

Four of these Sabbats - Yule, Eostre, Midsummer and Harvestide - correspond respectively with the winter solstice, the spring equinox, the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox. Each marks the change from one season to the next. Each also was important enough to be carried over from Pagan times into the Christian calendar.

Yule became Christmas, the name Eostre was given to the movable Christian feast of Easter, while the spring or vernal equinox itself became Lady Day or the Annunciation. Midsummer was changed to St. John's Day and the autumnal equinox marking Harvestide became Michaelmas.

The fact that these Pagan festivals, or Sabbats, were Christianized and carried over into the Christian calendar and two of them, Yule and Easter, remain of some importance even though their original meaning is largely forgotten or glossed over, is testimony to their role in the life of the people, even in this materialistic age.

The general outline of the four Sabbats marking the four solar positions or four corners of the year is fairly well known. The summer and winter solstices and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes are absolutely essential calendar markers within the agricultural year. These are date the farmer *must* know if he is to be able to follow the annual rhy-

thym of the solar/crop cycle. It's worth noting, too, that farmers' almanacs are just as essential and just as popular as ever!

As it happens, the solstices and equinoxes closely match the agricultural seasons in Britain, the homeland of our Wiccan calendar, and well determine when the farmer must plough and plant, cultivate and harvest. Even into this century, farmers in Britain observed Plough Monday, this occurring in January after the traditional Twelve Days of Christmas.

On this day, the good farmer walked his fields and laid his plans for the coming crop year. Planting, of course, would coincide with the vernal equinox, cultivation through Midsummer and the harvest completed by Michaelmas, the autumnal equinox.

The ancient Neolithic farmers of Britain made this crucial discovery of the correspondence between the crop cycle and the solar cycle and they sealed it, in enduring stone. We know these monuments today as Stonehenge, Callanish, and a host of other ring- and standing-stone monuments artfully constructed to keep close track of the sun's position and determine when the solstices and equinoxes occurred. They were for Stone Age man and remain to this day an absolutely amazing achievement in construction engineering, geometry and astronomy.

So, in observing these four Sabbats we are honoring the ancient Neolithic farmers who first discovered the relationship between the solar year and the agricultural cycle, thus making farming possible and forever changing the way man lived. Our entire civilization is based upon their essential discovery, a discovery they sealed in everlasting stone and it is only fitting we remember them and celebrate their Sabbats.

We are still left with four other Sabbats, the quarter days of Candlemas (Imbolc), May Eve (Bel-tane), Lammas (Lughnasadh) and Hallowe'en (Samhain) which do not fit into the Neolithic farming calendar. Yet, these four days, each located approximately midway between a solstice and an equinox, must have been of very real importance to the people because they were inserted into the Christian calendar and Christianized along with our other four Sabbats. What was the original importance of these four dates that warranted their inclusion with the agricultural marker dates?

I have always been unhappy with the teachings we have given our neophytes concerning these four quarter-day Sabbats. The explanations offered simply do not jibe with the importance nor, usually, with the facts attending them. For example, it's perfectly easy to understand the significance of the winter solstice when the old sun dies and the new sun is born and the farmer is thus assured of a new solar year and a new crop cycle to sustain life.

But what was so important about February 2, Candlemas or Imbolc, that it should be put into the Christian calendar and that we should retain it also as a Sabbat?

The usual teaching that Candlemas heralds the growing sun and urges it on to dispell the gloom of winter hardly justifies its position as a Sabbat nor its later inclusion in the Christian calendar with only a name change from Imbloc to Candlemas. 'o quote an old Southern expression, "That dog won't hunt." Boy, he sure won't!

ERRATUM

NINE APPLES, p.45, add at end

I got my first clue, although I didn't realize it at the time, to an answer for this problem of the quarter days during the summer of 1977. I had completed my investigations at Silbury Hill in England's lovely

lovely Wiltshire and turned my attention to nearby Windmill Hill. Unlike manmade Silbury, Windmill is a completely natural hill and was occupied by Neolithic man for some purpose at least as early as 3700 B.C., about a thousand years before the first phase of construction at Stonehenge.

My observations from Windmill Hill showed it could have been used to determine the Candlemas and Lammas quarter-day sunsets, thus fixing the dates for these two quarter days. But for what purpose? They don't fit into the agricultural as do Stonehenge and Silbury Hill and a host of other monuments throughout Britain and Scotland.

The clues were all there but I did not realize what I had until a few months later when I read Ralph Whitlock's delightful book, *The Folklore of Wiltshire*.

Whitlock explained there were two natural ancient calendars in Britain. One was agricultural and followed the solstices and equinoxes as we have outlined. Nothing unfamiliar about that at all, and archaeological evidence certainly sustains it. The observations of Dr. Gerald Hawkins at Stonehenge, the work of Dr. Euan MacKie at several sites, my own modest achievements at Torhouse Circle and Silbury Hill and the outstanding work of Professor Alexander Thom that made all this possible bear full and ample physical evidence of Neolithic man's determination to observe and fix his solar farming calendar.

Then Whitlock says there was a second, older pastoral calendar with quarter days at Imbolc, Beltane, Lughnasadh and Samhain. This calendar, he says, was used when man primarily was a herder of animals and before much farming was done. He explains that Imbolc, which later became Candlemas, marked

the beginning of the lambing season and Beltane probably was the day the new lambs and calves were turned out to graze.

Lughnasadh, or Lammas, he says, may have had a pastoral significance which has since been lost. My estimate, based on the archaeological evidence at Windmill Hill, is this was the date the now well-grazed livestock was sold at stock fairs and these fairs were held upon hilltop sites such as Windmill.

Whitlock also points out that hilltop stock fairs were held on at least three Wiltshire hilltop sites up until the First World War; a very, very long time indeed to observe so ancient a custom.

At Samhain, Hallowe'en, the herds were rounded up and the surplus animals slaughtered (thus the connection with death) to provide meat for the coming winter and sheep were mated for the next year's lamb crop. Thus, the pastoral cycle, like the agricultural cycle, repeats year after year assuring man of life and sustenance.

The traditional observance of these quarter-day Sabbats seem to bear out their pastoral significance. The lighting of candles and torches at Candlemas may recall the Neolithic herdsman lighting torches and going among their herds on this night to search for the first new-born animals. The appearance of the first new-born would be an occasion of great rejoicing because it would herald the renewal of life and the pastoral cycle even amid the "death" of winter.

Similarly the custom of young people going into the greenwood on May Eve, Beltane, probably is a memory of that distant time when the new lambs and calves were taken out to pasture.

The original celebration of Lammas seems to have

been merged with the agricultural celebration of first fruits. The association of Samhain, Hallowe'en, with death already has been noted and it is worth pointing out that of all the old pastoral Sabbats this is the one that has remained with all of us most strongly. The reason Hallowe'en is so entrenched is that slaughter of animals at Samhain must have been a blood orgy almost beyond our comprehension.

This was not because our Neolithic ancestors were gripped by some perverted blood-lust; far from it, the mass slaughter was dictated by pure necessity.

There were two reasons: first, Neolithic man could preserve only the grain he had grown that summer and he had to have a large supply of meat on hand to tide him over the winter (he also needed the hides to protect him from the cold) and second, he had only the most limited supply of fodder, mostly elm leaves, to carry his animals through the winter. Most of the livestock would have died of starvation anyway had he not slaughtered them. What he did have to do was husband his breeding stock through the winter as carefully as he did himself and his family.

Our witch's calendar, then, of eight Sabbats really is two calendars superimposed one upon the other; one agricultural and based upon the four prime solar positions and the other older and pastoral, set by the quarter days, and dating from that earlier time when man was primarily a herder of sheep and cattle.

So, we observe four solar Sabbats to commemorate our ancestors and their life-sustaining agricultural year and four more quarter-day Sabbats to celebrate our even older ancestors and their life-sustaining pastoral year. How proper it is to pay them homage!

Autumn



Apple Poem

Chas S. Clifton

Blast it, the wind!
An equinoctal front
makes a long glissade
off the east face of Pikes Peak.

Apples bombard the roof:
like being in Alesia under seige
while some jolly Roman master sergeant
lobs in severed heads by catapult.

The same apples, these early windfalls,
turn to driveway cider under our tires.
I climb up with a bucket: pluck one
and two more fall and smash.

Why is She so prodigal this year?
Will we live through fall on applesauce
until our pores breath cinnamon
and nutmeg, allspice, mace,

like living pomanders,
watching the equinoctal winds
flowing around stripped branches?

Great Hunter

Ed Engle

oh i am a great hunter
i nock my arrow
and stalk
the greatest of the deer
creatures of power
and beauty
but when they see me
they laugh and do not
even run or hide
my arrow falls limp as
after making love
tears have come to my
eyes many times

i should stay with the
women and tickle the
babies while men hunt
i also carve beautiful
pipes and hippie trinkets
much money green frogbacks

together with women i
should go to hilltops
collecting wood and
watching sunsets

oh i am a great hunter

Two Poems

Ed Engle

these people call
themselves magicians
with their inside jokes

all read the same book
know nothing about
the plants
and animals

put their heads up the chimney
when they're stoking the fire

today i hunt
rabbit and dove
on pawnee grass

rain and mud
the prairie surrounds
shotgun blast
there is blood

the song is for
rabbit and dove
the calmness
with which they
break the hymen of death

Properties Shared by the "Black Hole" of Modern Astronomy and the Magic Circle of Tradition

Frederick MacLaurin Adams

1. **ATTRACTIVITY.** Light rays are swallowed up by, and debris is attracted to the Black Hole. Hence it is invisible or appears black. The Magic Circle is charged to attract spiritual entities, etc.
2. **SEALING-IN.** Once anything, even light, passes the Event Horizon Sphere, the Black Hole prevents it from ever escaping back into our universe. Gerald Gardner has explained that the Magic Circle is sealed to raise the Cone of Power.
3. **RING BETWEEN WORLDS.** If one reaches the Singularity at the center of the Black Hole, and travels along the Einstein-Rosen Bridge, according to the Scharzchild Solution, theoretically one enters other universes. The Magic Circle is supposed to afford access to other planes of existence or Spiritual World Frames coincident with our customary, everyday mode of reality, by virtue of what we may call Topological Folds, as in the Klein Bottle or the Projective Plane.
4. **RADIATION OF INFLUENCE.** The mysterious Quasar may be a White Hole, which is gushing forth new, "undisciplined", highly energetic atoms into our universe from possible other universes. Frequently the Magic Circle is charged to radiate blessings from other spiritual realms for the benefit of Beings in our world.

5. THE DOUBLE PERIMETER. A rotating Black Hole has two Event Horizons, or an Ergosphere Horizon outside the Event Horizon. The zone of the Ergosphere contains energies that may be tapped by ourselves to be employed in this universe. Most frequently, the classical Circle of High Magic is constructed with two concentric rings, the symbolism of which varies according to Tradition.

These analogs exhibit the amazing psychoid, or physical-psychical nature of archetypal processes. Has the model of the Magic Circle been derived psionically from the morphology of Black Holes, or are we projecting the Magic Circle, the Archetypal Mandala onto the universe? Or do the astronomical and cultural constructs stem from a primordial substrate of Platonic Forms? I think we can safely set aside the notion that nuts and bolts astronauts, at some remote time in antiquity, tried to teach our primitive ancestors about Collapsed Stars, which information they garbled into ineffectual practices of sorcery. In any event, the serious Magician of the Aquarian Age may implement her knowledge of Black Holes to increase the potency of her theurgy in service to the Queendom of the Galaxy. Can a "Worm Hole for Timeless Transit" be created by Magical Will in conformity with the Will of Nuit, Our Lady of Stars?

Eve of All Hallows

R. Nicholas Taylor

Eve of All Hollows.
The earth, a patchwork of leaves.
The rose, in quiet slumber.

For three nights and days,
with oak logs sputtering and crackling
in the chill rain,
to the horned lord's domain
we attended.

That final morning
The sky clear with winter blue,
The wind, sharp and biting.
Cold and numb our hands
held tight.

Metempsychosis

Gwydion Pendderwen

I doubt all
save the survival
of some unquenchable fire within me;
I seek no immortality,
for it comes without search.
I live with the joy of my senses,
knowing that this part will surely perish,
leaving only that which came before.
To live here and now
without that certainty,
without acceptance of Death as the unveiling
of the One,
is to forget,
forever,
the secret name that is whispered at birth
beyond the hidden gates.

Has Anybody Seen My Cat?

Ellen Cannon

A love spell? Sure! Glad to oblige.
I'll start it right away.
Soon as I find my potion book.
Let's see, the other day --

What was I doing? A money spell?
That's right! I'm sure! I think --
That's when I had it -- here it is!
Why is it in the sink?

Page 42. Hmm, let me see
Exactly what I'll need.
A pinch of this, a cup of that --
What's snirtleberry weed?

You see my cauldron anywhere?
That black thing -- bring it here.
It's full of what? It couldn't be --
Not even I -- oh dear!!

I wondered where that was. Oh, well,
Now we can really start.
Have faith, in very little time
You'll have your lover's heart.

Of course you get the rest of him!
That isn't what I meant.
My wand is here somewhere, I know.
Now how did it get bent?

Just let me pour this on the herbs,
This is the final touch.
Oh, yes, it always smokes like that.
Well, maybe not that much.

We're almost finished, nearly done.
Ah hah! And there you are.
Let's catch it quick before it runs
Away -- bring me that jar.

Success! Just add this to his food
And he'll be yours forevermore,
Or be a lizard...I'm confused.
Do you think you can find the door?

To a Statue Destroyed by Vandals

John Damon

Beside the path
half hidden
in a tangle of plants
under the shadow of boughs
statue of Artemis
weather eaten
white
the upraised arm
broken off
crumbling deer beside her
withered wreath
crowning her head
at her feet
offerings of callalillies

* * *

Searching the high cliffs
above the sea channel
through a maze
of windbent thickets
for the statue of Artemis
Goddess of the Ways
purple hollyhocks
beside the path
each petal
dusted
faintly white
i stumble
on broken statuary

pillars on a hill
disappear
into the tree tangle

*

climbing the last ridge
heart soaring
offerings of flowers
in my arms
i find
an empty column
where the Goddess had stood

*

bare brick structure
askew from the ground
and from it
curl
tendrils
of pale smoke

*

in the hollow crown
hollyhocks
and wild nasturtiums
brown mimosa pods
cracked open
the hard black seeds
spilling out
a single callalilly
incense recently lit

Black Sky Waiting

Prairie Jackson

black
sky waiting
at the edge
of memory whispering
secrets and telling
the wind
what you have
always known
you remember
the bell and light that
flicker and call
to the crossroads
those who stand on ridges
those who walk narrow ledges
those who turn in dreams
tossing in the field of sleep
and yearn to fly again
your true voice returns
as you outrun the silence
imposed by centuries
as you pass by singing
into the other side
of the light
far from the
shadows
of this world

Autumn Equinox

Meriel Riggs

Eclipse came--strange. I could feel
It all day. Fear inside--deep. Primitive. Alteration
Of life's constant. Nothing visible--no wane
Of hot sun light. Still, in my gut--the darkening.
Dragon bite. Hole in sun. Chewed out piece.
Bite, broken coin.

Work. Winter comes. I feel it--deep in. My bones
And joints. Ache and limp. Sky grey, building cool. No,
Cold. Urge for solitude, the hermitage. Contemplate
Being With--to give up this gift
Of time--somehow wrong--for me. I realized
My known lives have all been
Alone. Always the eye
Of the storm. The touch I've had
Recedes to swirl
Again. Never the binary. Always the one.
Like She who is Three, yet one.

The Witches

Katharine Clark

I can feel the flame.
They have learned to
chant our death
with songs of hot wood.
Smoke whistles.
We pop in the flames.

Red -- the goddess color --
we wear all red
of bright light crowns
in our hair
charnel. We oil ourselves
in red. Slicked
faces and red on tying rope,
red on body, red
on ground.
The flames feed on it.

Night
and we blaze.
They have learned to chant
and leave us to ember.
Alone.
Small spirits come
and light eternal
candles from us.

Sudden gap
where the fowl wind
roars up canyon,
through rock crotch.
No white ears
can translate,
but white heart
stands still.

Cry

Nancy B. Watson

Is it not strange
that I, who traffic in the stars and sky,
cannot see the Tides?

Going Downriver

Chas S. Clifton

We hunt sleep with sharp spears
as the hawk of of Horus harrows day.

Even the smell of that river is enough,
this body is now something I could do without.

What could be the real face
behind the grey cloak on the riverbank?

What flies like a hawk in daylight?
Who is like the owl on the moonlit branch.



Winter



Last Glimpse of the Snow Queen

Chas S. Clifton

The snow drifts leisurely,
scalloped in sunlight.
Phone service is restored, grandfathers emerge
with blinks and comparisons.

The world's new crust
breaks with a squeak, opens blue chasms
as delicate as columbine.

Across two fields, beyond the edge of town
I tramped in a cloud of breathing,
wool sweat, and crystals of sunlight,
found you already at her house,
the well-fitted door ajar

and in the north-lit bedroom
a dull blue sheen
from the nylon of her sleeping bag
spread on the bed, snow
on the sills and floor,
the pillows cool and indented.

Far off, in a white car
on a white road in a white land she goes,
her retinue behind: her birds,
her stags, her wolves.

Stonehenge

Katharine Clark

The black moon fell from her
and she could see.

A glaze of silver coated
the sand in the grasses --
a pure, moving fluid.

It rang.
It formed ice fingers
and fisted into the
hills of burial bones,
and cool fluid winds
and an eye-less avenue
of ancient holes.

The stones had only shadows,
and long, arm-linked
torsos that night.
They danced disjointed in
thick, black air,
they tossed their lintel
heads and howled
in the lightning,
the thunder,
into the dead heart
of their broken mandala.

then they starred, silent.
She starred.
She walked, arms upward,
furrowing the rain.

The stones moved to meet her.

You Have Called Me Devil

Megeara

You have called me devil
You have doomed me to extinction
I, the Great Lord of Fire
I, the Mighty Dragon
Beneath the earth I keep close watch
Upon treasures of the lost race
They did not fear me
To them I was a good and gentle god
When the last of them died
I mourned
I would not know their goodness again
Their greatest treasures were bequeathed to me,
Gold, gems,
Crowns that sat upon the heads
Of wise and honorable kings
Soon, the strangers came
Stealing the treasures from me
I fought for what was morally mine
It was my duty to fight
But now I am dying
My treasures gone
My lair desecrated
Broken.....
They call me devil
I am doomed to extinction
I, the Great Lord of Fire
I, the Mighty Dragon

Genesis Restated

Barry Martin

Nobody really knows how it all began,
or who created the endless void out of which all
things came.
And who created the Creator?
Who indeed can tell.
But further back than any human mind can reach,
colourful patterns were woven, in an ingenious way,
and they were thrust forth into the limitless
peculiarity
which we now call space.
Then galaxies were formed with many planets,
and the Almighty intelligence who had formed all
this
gave life as we understand it.
Here upon this small planet which we call Earth,
the first
humans stepped forth, and heaved a heavy sigh,
as they realised the work that was ordained for them.
The dance of life had been set in motion, and the
mighty
rhythm was the beat of the heart of man.
Our ancestors held high their arms in awe,
when they saw the Sun first rise, and they marvelled
at its life giving forces.
Likewise they worshipped his silver sister,
the Moon.
Soon they discovered that there was time and age
and death.

But just as the seed of a fruit will grow,
so the human soul is born again, many times
and in many places.

In the same way that the Deity had created them,
they in turn created names for the divine maker,
and quite rightly they called Deity the Great Mother.
Places of worship were constructed in her name,
temples of pure white marble and ivory, adorned with
gold.

A priesthood was elected to perform her tasks, and they
were the throne bearers.

Sacred hymns were carefully written on parchment
and were stored away within vaults.

The pyramids were built lofty and perfect,
no man could understand the genius that designed
their remarkable shape and size.

Many times within the palaces of kings, the sages
wisely conversed, as they formed the Art we now call
Magic.

But its secrets were fiercely guarded.

The Lotus flower then blossomed forth,
and we sat cross-legged on the banks of a
sacred river, and stared into nothingness, yet saw
everything.

We chanted the names of Gods, and all things
were puzzles but easily explained by the Holy men
who came and spoke, but little yet said it all.

The lands of the north were misty and green,
and washed by the seas which crashed in from all
directions.

They worked hard constructing their circles of
stone,
to worship the Mother of the earth whom they called
Brighid,
The Great One.

Large Baal fires were lit, and worship was given to
the Sun.

Still the Moon held a special mystery for us.
As did the white froth of the tide
which had swallowed up Continents, Kings, and Queens.
But we're still at a loss to know how it all began;
what does it matter? We realise that there was
a Source, which sent its thought waves in our
ways.

We know the Goddesses and Gods by names now,
let us continue to worship them,
as our ancestors did of old.

Discovered Rot at my Bone

Susan Zwinger

I flung her over the terrible balcony
still smiling, like in the movies. Her last
sticky mouth covered with cream. One

last frail thought lanced her brain.
Unbraided her hair, his overlapped kisses
slipt down to a pool near her ear.

There
is no sacrificial rite; no run with moon
on my tit, no Dianic hunt in the night, no
long primitive scratch in the naked earth
implanted with dream.

No. It was clean murder
as pure as white calendar kittens
in a Christian farm kitchen, numb egg,
sexual as fresh snow, blood emblem on the floor
below. Her sweets pour out
from a crack in her leg.

In Celebration of Kabiros

Thomas M. Ott

O child, within the dread shadows
of darkness, begin the veiled night.
Know he who is the Mystery of mysteries.
As serpent rises up in torchlit smoke
from timeless nocturnal mists,
He!
The darkened Sun,
the awesome Lord of Life and Death.
Divine Kabiros!
on wooden hills the blackned Earth gave up
that the race of mortals might exist.
Divine Kabiros!
Thou nocturnal smith,
volcanic fire personified,
thrice-realm'd Lord of the Quarters,
Reborn,
from dark ash wombed Earth.
Divine Kabiros!
Father Sky,
Father Sea,
Phallos of Heaven - Fruit of Earth.
For I man-child of Earth and Heaven,
yet of Starry Heaven's Race, of Kabiros alone.
Divine Kabiros,
Dread Lord and Mystery of Nocturnal Stillness;
O Black Netherworld Sun.
God of fertility and growth,
Origin of Soul and Ghosts,
Source and giver of life indestructable,
Father, Son, Seed, and Shoot
O Sacred Ancestor,
Lord of the Primal Herm,
Give us Resurrection and Rebirth!

Speakers in the Wilderness

David McQueen

Just the other night,
I was sitting on this log
in the middle of nowhere;
while contemplating this star,
guess who wandered by?
You bet -- that naked old man
who served the elements.

"David,"

he said,

"What have you been doing
with yourself lately?

Don't answer -- I know; it's a fine and noble
occupation to versify these paste boards,
and you will be happy to know, the gods are
well pleased, and your tutor is raving
high and low over you; I, too, am proud
to be a member of your poetical Tarot.

Yet, everytime we meet, I'm on my old legs;
you're on your young ass. Isn't it time
for you to inherit my staff, and me, your log?"

"Old man!"

I said,

"I have learned alot while waiting on this log,
heard that singular voice, you mimick so well,
debated with the rattlesnake, and out riddled
the coyote. I wait for the sign: the eagle
to eat the raven; the advent of Enoch, the Initiator."

"David,
you would have been entertaining
at Tiberius's court, but don't prattle to me, now,
this is America where entrails are used for saus.
and not for advertising doom.

Poetical language is a handy thing to have,
but Enoch will be wearing winged tip shoes.

Isn't it time to have a look around
and see where man has gotten to?"

He did not wait for my reply
instead motioned me to watch his act,
that naked old man

changed into
a naked young lady,
then back again.

"What did you see, David?"
he asked.

I explained.

He laughed, laughed,
and laughed:

"For all your proselytizing:
the birds, the bees, those omens,
lengthy conversations over sherry
with the snakes -- adoring
the bushes that burst into flames,
falling stars, and the like,
you don't know death.

Foolishly awaiting this advent of Enoch,
and you don't even know how to die,

as of yet;
"God...!" tickled pink, he burst out laughing.

There was nothing else to do.
I took his staff.

A Woman's Buttocks -- for Virginia Woolf

Daniela Gioseffi

She had some wild notion of following the birds
to the rim of the world,
flinging herself on the spongy turf there
and drinking forgetfulness
until roots twined around her knees
and wormed their way deep inside her.
Her mind spilled
like hot coffee over the saucer of her life
and drowned in its own dark ecstasy.

Lulling her pain with the aspirin of death
taken in small doses nightly,
I sit beside the fire of my lover's soul,
glowing flesh in the light,
never quite awake.

A match struck behind an eyelid
flares against retinas.
A shadow dance of puppets begins;
mother, father, child, lover
whirl in a Chinese lantern show
until the frenzy that would burn me quickly
in a puff of ecstasy
reels away.

Spun out in a slow red river of sound
from the mouth of longing,
I measure my time in monthly cycles
forging a link, a secret

transaction of typewriters,
voice answering voice.
I talk to myself as if to "him,"
stammering an answer,
trying laboriously to bear wheat,
voice to voice, breath to breath, tongue to
tongue.

She ended as a feather floats from the sky,
vaults the dark pool of mind,
reflecting the moon
like a woman's buttocks
turned up again to heaven.

Winter Solstice

Prairie Jackson

we are all asleep
in the cave of the heart
the sacred beating
in our wrists
and in our mind
is the pulse
of greater vision
its gentle turnings
are poems
to be born
in the coming season

The Fourth True Tale

Marah

Once upon a time there was a great Queen called Cardea who ruled all the land from the Mountains of the Moon to the Cup of the Sun, and from the Sword of Ophion to the thicket of staves that obscured the edge of the world in the South.

This Queen was mighty, and she ruled without mercy (although she *was* just, which was rarely appreciated). The sons of men tried to oppose her by force of arms, but she broke them; and by guile and love, which she ignored.

Cardea had a son named Jannicot, whom she had gotten with the help of Ophion (which is why the north was favored by her), and she loved Jannicot above all things. Because he was mortal, Jannicot pitied men and was inclined to give them the benefit of the doubt, for which reason he was greatly loved.

When he was grown, he said to his mother, "I will walk up and down in the world and see what is to be seen."

And because she loved him and could refuse him nothing she let him go.

Three times three plus one and three moons birthed themselves in the sky and still Jannicot did not return. The Queen was left to her daily round of refusing her hand to suitors in the morning and putting down insurrections in the afternoon, and although she occasionally sent a flood or a plague or a famine (for variety) she was unhappy.

Then one morning, as the Queen was sweeping yet another batch of suitors off her doorstep and preparing for the afternoon battle, she espied a chariot advancing across the meadow toward her. It was drawn by nine milk-white mares and followed by nine milk-white hounds and circling above it were nine white falcons. The chariot itself was made of gold and ivory and 27 kinds of precious stone, and it glittered like all the stars in heaven and sang like all the birds in the sky and all the fishes in the sea as it rolled across the meadow.

And behind it in its track grew up rose and poppy and honeysuckle, and pomegranate and apple dropped ripe fruit the taste of which could raise up a man nine weeks dead to new life. But more wonderful than all these wonders was the driver of the chariot, a young man with skin like clear honey and hair like a field of poppies all in bloom. His eyes were the color of midheaven at sunset and his teeth were like perfect dewdrops gathered under the Moon's silver light.

He wore no arms and armor, only a pure white tunic girdled with a living snake, and sandals of pure gold appointed with dove's wings, and billowing out behind him in the wind was a cape the color of the sea in a storm, that was so capacious it could hold everything ever put in it. He was the most beautiful man that there ever was in the world and Cardea greatly desired to know him.

He pulled his chariot to a stop at the gate where the Queen stood (with the morning's suitors wrapped in a net under her arm) and said to her, "I am Janus the Twice-begotten. No father engendered me, no mortal woman bore me, I have harrowed hell and sported with dragons; I have turned water in wine and stones into bread; I know the True Names of the Four Winds and every beast in the sea, every bird

of the air and all the animals of the earth. I cannot die save at the hand of the one who loves me best, and I am here for to marry with the Lady Cardea and rule over the Two Lands."

Nor Cardea thought this was all silly boasting, because of all the creatures on earth only her son Jannicot might attempt these things and he wasn't here, and besides, she was miffed at the way he addressed her (because no Queen likes being demoted) so she turned herself into a mare white than the Moon in the sky, saying, "If you can catch me I will wed you, but no mortal man ever will!"

But much to her surprise, Janus leapt from his chariot and became a great grey stallion with a mane and tail the color of sea-foam and galloped after her.

Cardea galloped the length and breadth of her dominion, but Janus was always a step behind. Then she became a lion with fur that shone like the Sun, and he became a panther that burned like fire. She became a fire-breathing serpent and slithered into the earth, but he became a badger and pulled her out by the tail.

She became a hawk and soared into heaven, and he became a stone and struck her down. She became an oak and he a woodpecker, she a flame and he a storm, and at last she became a great wind and he caught her in his cloak. Then at last must Cardea agree to wed this stranger.

They returned to her palace, and preparations for the feast were made, but the Queen swore not to wed until she knew where her son Jannicot might be. At this Janus threw off his cloak and cried:

"Then you may tarry no more, my Lady, for I am he who was your son, who went into the world and learned many things, and I am here to bring mercy to the race of mortal men."

Then were they two wed, and Janus disposed haply of Cardea's kingdom as long as there were men in it.

The Fault Line

Sonya Grenchenko

the weeks pass by
and suddenly
there is nothing to stand on;
the places in you shift
the times merge in half
at different stratum,
the meaning stares back at you
like a stranger
you've met before at a distance
of street corners
and waited for

Durga

Molly Bloom

I have forgotten I am you.
Under my blade your thousands shatter
Within my flames your screaming break
Beneath my feet your unknown souls
 lie dazed
And I cannot rid the cosmic itch
Of your death

DiaMater

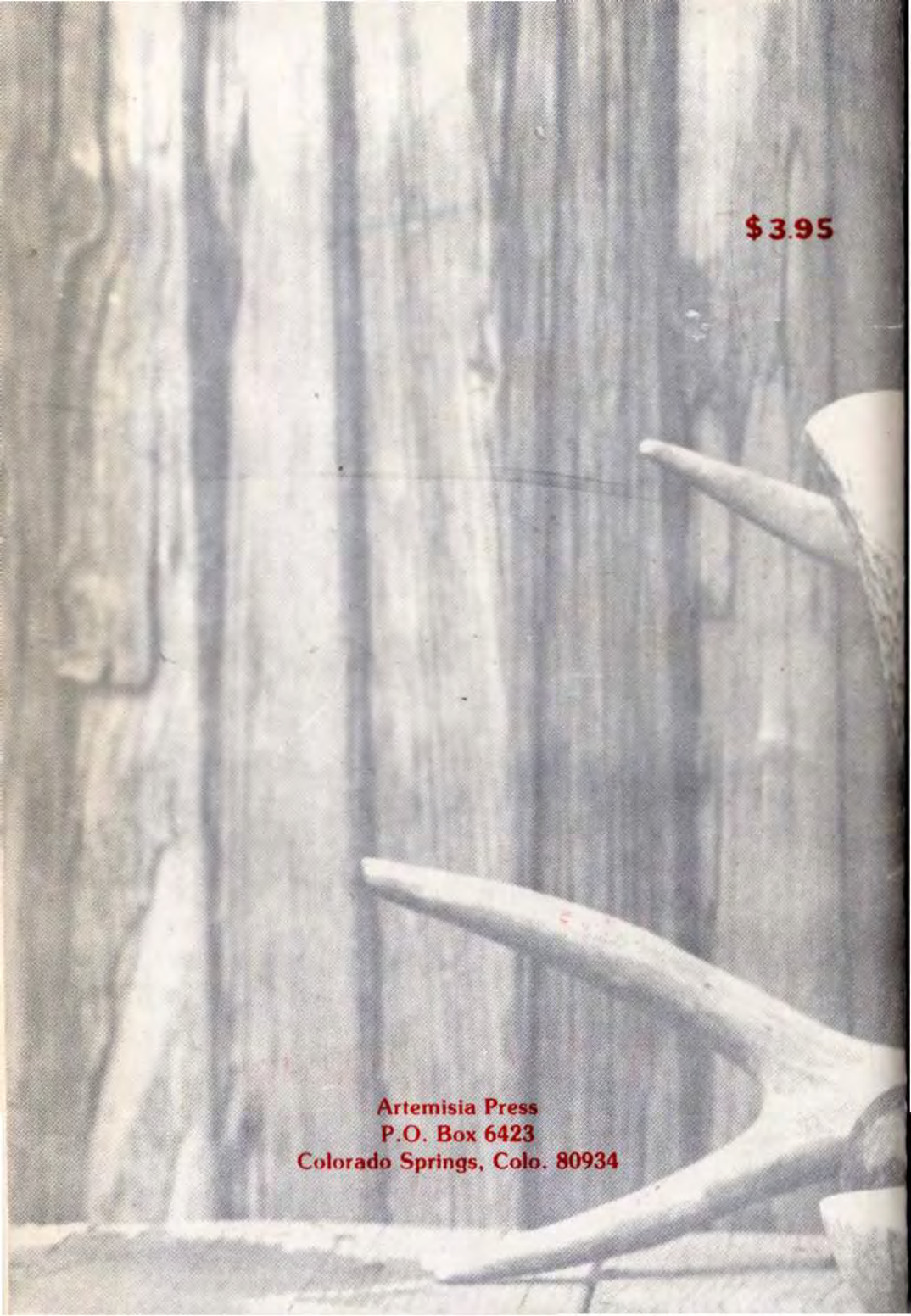
Molly Bloom

How many days have you mothered me
(Dreaming and drinking the brew of your breasts)
The second that Is
Or the ages that were
And I am fed up to my skull.
Current to synapse, nerve to cell,
Trained with milk and gall
Earth and Moon risen and set -
How patterned, Mother, how patterned and set.
How gloriously bitter
How cunningly sweet ...
How long and how much have I lain at your breasts?

Moon-days and Sun-nights

Karla Clarke Gipe

moon-days and sun-nights pass.
the river flows on.
in this mountain meadow i take root --
blooming, velvet and vulnerable.
the hummingbird haunts me, pierces me --
shall i protect myself?
the bee invades me, drains me --
shall i remain empty?
yet the butterfly touches me, lithe and gentle,
rainbow scales dusting down,
down to my center.
my very heart is stirred:
i am refreshed and
my energy flows free once more.
moon-days and sun-nights pass.
the river flows on.
my leaves drift with the others:
the hummingbird and bee still their weapons.
the butterfly follows a distant call.
at last the snow shrouds us all.
yet our souls fly free,
formless and changing,
flowing with the river.
perhaps next seedtime, i'll be the butterfly



\$3.95

**Artemisia Press
P.O. Box 6423
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934**