Mythography

Homage to Truman Lowe

As the story
comes into being

and the song
in its own shadow

informed by crowbranch
of earth its spirit
and the flow of river

dancing through the rain
of the body of Old Ones

for woven into the forest
is the three-rayed star
poised above the fire

its eyes awakening
the tracks of memory

the mystery gathering
in the bundle
where a world is born

the snare
the breathways of Time

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Red Moon

For Peter B. Jones

Who is the soul
who will come with me
following the one horn
of the moon?

I will speak to you
of great loneliness
within the stars
of the vessel

They are the eyes
of dark matter
for the blood
of the journey

Until such time
as the tear
becomes pure
and silent

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