

Cosmic

The spear that flew through the sky,
Iron searing its way earthward,
Force like lightning epiphany,
My mouth opens in awe.

Power gathering at the root,
Drinking deeply so my hungry limbs
Reach upwards,
I am a tree well planted.

I have an open heart,
A bowl ready to receive divine blessings,
I can contain so much
I overflow and receive again.

What is this crown I wear?
What is this eye which sees the unseen?
Violet aura of attainment,
Keen awareness grows.

Whose are these hands I have?
Through me, the power flows.
The gods must work through me,
Rendering creation's fulfillment.

I have the voice,
I have this moment,
Full of possibility,
It is my choice.

How shall I choose?
Reason and devotion strengthen mind and heart,
Connecting that which is within to that which is beyond.
I am one flame amid a galaxy.

Joan Ann Lansberry, 2-18-2012

Note:

*The "metal which came forth from Seth", which opens the mouth, is "bj3 - meteoric iron"
(Source, Ann Macy Roth "**Opening of the Mouth Ceremony**")*