

## *Forgotten Dark*

Ponderous implications  
lumber forth from our *forgotten dark*  
Violet-gray slumber twitches,  
as if the sleeping souls of All the earth  
gathered close to weep  
Here, to weep.

The night blooming primrose wakes once  
and then no more  
The circle of Women draws us ever close,  
as the fire's blaze a glee:

*Conjure names from life's oblivion,  
thrown up into the smoke –  
Sing such clear vibrations of their time & toil.  
Embrace these secrets with things possible...*

Though we nod even deeper than we dream,  
as this age of Man spits blood  
upon the cracked and cracking earth.

Gray to ash these elders almost passed  
Words chewed by fearful deeds digested  
sow deep their steady drench of ectoplasm,  
though furrows turned again will ask:  
What stirs hope with this tacit truth  
or shapes such sweet soil believed?  
Dare to question also: *whose banquet for this is brewed?*

Long last – We are beckoned to head the table  
Plead: *please of us*  
Shake our lethargy with – *some wisdom*  
Here, where we All oblige this lament.

Guardians rise-up within us –  
Angels of unanticipated elasticity bestow courage,  
as overwhelming knives set the meal against our throat.  
Repetition bangs with metal egos  
Clots the nurturing feminine within –  
Will this hesitancy become our silence?  
Indecision runs ruts more intractable than understood  
All debts passed on, wither wills for another  
as the sum of each grasp, thrusts out....  
for Season's wholeness, to be tilled again –

Solace in this... *forgiveness of the loss*  
*as for our cry-being lost.*