

Pearl of the Sky

By Chris Regan

Soft blue satin lays around the grandmother of the earth, as her hair blows in the wind. Storm comes and whips her long hair that flows about the trees, making them move in the wind, but up above this storm she is there hanging waiting for the all clear to shine above this land called earth.

Night draped in black satin, as in ages past her sister the moon gives light in the darkness. Her follower of long ago danced in her light with fire blazing. But now the new ones the sleepers dance as in ages forgotten thanking the earth mother, her consort, and all here sisters for the gift of life.

The Gods show us there love in little ways, sky of blue and white with the sun shining in all its brilliance heating the cold winter days. Wind cooling summer days for our comfort.

These are the gifts of the earths rebirth the small things that are forgotten in daily life, gifts of the earth, birds of the air, animals of the land and sea, those that work to give us these things. The love that blooms under their light between a man and woman, then the child that comes from that joining.