

Songs of an Ordinary Priestess

I.

YOU come to me on the winds
of late afternoon. From the East
you stir the waters of my inland sea.

Your breath, a warm breeze
whispering enchantments
along my neck, down my spine --

Finally, I can Breathe, Aphrodite!
The beat of your heart
is in my own. Divine lover,

the boat rocks deep
between your wet thighs
blessed are these waves

That devour me...One
after another they come
pulling me into the infinite

undulating vagina of your
E-motions. I would build
a shrine to each disclosure!

O Goddess, take me into
your moody secretions; fill my mouth
with late summer's golden

rivers and the cries of geese
landing on your belly, your
glistening belly...wild geese

on your rippling blue belly...

II.

Full moon behind a veil of clouds –
Take off your silk kimono
and come to me now, Izanami!

You with your boat of heaven
sailing infinity. My body is your
firmament – shape me!

My breasts are wet clay
in your hands. I sing your name
into the night.

Let me be the serpent you call
To dance between your legs...
Let me be the flowing earth

that forms into the two islands
you lick the tips of with heaven's
long wet tongue.

For you the volcano rises,
the earth finds her form and rumbles
in response...all things come

Alive as you birth the sun and moon.
Let me be the one to heal
your powerful burnt womb.

Leave behind the mythos of other eras;
Leave behind blame and shame.
Give virgin birth to the dragon of change...

O Izanami, I will ride your sacred
dragon – Come! Come through
storm to the waiting seed of me!

Take me up into your womb!
Come feel my mouth
at the gates of heaven!

III.

Naked. Naked on this brown
bed where you taunt me
again, Aphrodite, All

night the hail and thunder
of your desire All night
the flashing bolt

of your quick tongue. Oh
skillful lover you spread me
wide. Rivers overflow. All night

Your touch is this pelting rain
covering my lined face, my old
lips, my healers warm hands,

My poor weary shoulders. You
arch your back and a gush
falls from exploding clouds!

The sky comes in my mouth.
Inspiration, divine expectation –
I am more than ready

to venerate your power. O my
Goddess of a thousand
names -- mother, sister, lover
I feel your coming as if it were
a galloping white horse
and I the only rider.

IV.

You come to me on the first
rays of sun. With light
you finger my breasts awake.

Each chakra opens: a morning
glory before the touch
of your pink heat.

Your warm breath flows
over my breasts blowing
away all mists and veils –

pink tongue, divine lover
you open me wide, bite
my willowy neck: You are

a honey striped tiger and I am
wet as morning grasses
thick with a milky dew.

The sun is in your mouth.
You roll it along my back.
Your bite burns; I squirm

Turn to face you and you
become the bird singing

outside my window.

O divine shape-shifter I fly
to you and we play among flowers
tall grasses sweet with dew...

And web...shadow kisses
the full moon left behind
for a weasel to find.

V.

When you slide down
the river bank I am deep mud
and the hole you slip into –

Over and over again. I will rise
to dance with your sacred power:
snake, tigre, dragon, hummingbird...

Fill your throat with my nectar.
I will make a temple of myself
for you to enter: a flower,

a Lotus. Divine Countenance
of perfect fidelity, Mistress of art,
mother of lesser Gods, I saw

your humming color, the dazzling
ray of your life-giving orgasm
before I drew my first breath

And there between worlds I cried
YES, just to feel your life in me, to be
seeded with your creative infinity.

Before you my breath rises and falls –
Attachment and pain become illusion;
Before you walls of self doubt shatter,

the love of creation is born:
Shakti to Shiva, Psyche to Eros,
Diana to her ordinary Priestess

Izanami to the heart of me
I arch in prayer, I come
faithful as your earthen altar.