

Sacred glade

by Craig Murray

Sacred glade,
the spirits of the past linger here,
whispering voices of dry leaves and
grass that twists about the ankle.
I found her here, chained to stone,
her feet turning to clay, hair to ash and still she laughed.
You, she said,
her voice melodic and light as wind through gauze.
You have surrounded yourself with the dead,
called them to dance,
taken their empty sockets and thought truth lay there
but listen to me.
Rising, glorious, her chains abandoned
she looked down at me and spoke.
I breathe life and plant flowers in those places,
I sing and shells are gathered
by wild eyed children running in the surf.
Once I felt nothing but here in these times
I will teach our hearts to soar with majestic contemplation.