

Finding Goddess - Crete October 2009



*Sisters! Come to Tylissos in the fall,
when the mornings are cool, and
the sun still burns at noon.*

*We will sit under the portico,
where the stones are cool
and the hills roll out before us.*

*We will eat ripe pomegranates,
comb each other's hair,
and watch the olive trees
turn silver in the wind.*

***We will share the sacred bath,
pour honey and wine on the altar,
and pray to Her to bless the harvest:
the fruit of Her holy womb.***

***The vines shall be heavy with wine,
and the presses will flow with oil,
so that we may anoint one another
and become one with the Goddess—here
in Tylissos, in the fall.***

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The Road Up Mount Ida



The road up Mount Ida winds in coils above the Nidan Plain.

*It looks down on where it has been,
and upward-- wondering where it will end.*

*The stones keep it company on its journey,
but give no answers or directions.*

*The clouds dance by the sun, herded like sheep by the wind,
Or hang heavy and dark, making a mystery of
the mountain peak and the way ahead,
inviting and daring us to approach the Idean Cave,
hidden high on the stone bosom of the Goddess.*



They say Zeus was born there.

***If he was, it was that sacred place that made him God,
and not he that made the place holy.***

***For She has been there a million years speaking with the rocks
in Her native tongue--their language is One.***

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