

## **Bright Eyed Lady of the Highlands**

I stand on the brink of my reality.  
A bright-eyed woman of the highlands  
beckons from beyond.  
Her presence births seedlings  
of possibilitrees in my heart.

A startling, radiant dawn  
fractures my midnight.  
Long submerged,  
forgotten radiance awakens.  
Reaching, remembering, regaining  
what once was  
and shall be.

She calls me.  
She is me.  
She invites me into a garden  
of fertile soils  
enchanted seeds  
of possibilitrees.

Self-care, self-knowledge the seedlings,  
an expanding, expressive, exciting life  
the sweet fruit.  
Liquid love pours forth from Creator  
nurturing this promise  
of a new garden of eden.

A womoon re-membering her sacred self,  
excavating herself, from lifetimes  
of enforced forgetting.

No time to look back, take back,  
only moving forward,  
as a consecrated midwife  
of my own birth  
as a roaring bear dancer,  
a soaring eagle dancer,  
a dreaming dolphin dancing  
with Creator's drumbeat in my heart.

-- We've got to get ourselves back to the garden.