

# Ritual

*by* Mary Diamond

The sun steadily slinks  
toward the Earth's extremest end

Pearlescent pastels paint the clouds  
which float while weary winds contend

The dusk draws dimmer  
silent stars start showing light

Dark chases the cheery glow from it's charge  
and the Earth is immersed in the infinite night

The creatures come creeping  
from many a marvelous dreamscape

Good children of Goddesses, Gods and men  
All are safe under sweet Nyx's star-sprinkled cape

The woman wanders wistfully  
toward the towering oak trees

Her secret circle sways in time  
a powerful priestess, she praises the breeze

A storm suddenly stirs  
darkening the stars with a deafening din

The thunder fills her thoughts with fire  
Her vitae vibrates through virtuous skin

The magic madly mounts

shrieking voices shout strong and sure

Rains come running down reverent hands  
all their hopes harbored in heavenly Her

The dance draws deeper  
whirling witches weaving rhymes

The fire spits fierce in the falling rain  
soon the spell will spill from secret times

The power peaks perfectly  
the leader sends it swift to work

It knows the night's necropolis  
quickly, quietly it quests -berzerk

The ritual readily runs down  
energy emptied from every pore

The tired interlopers take thankful respite  
Their bare bodies done but hearts ready for more

The group grasps gaily  
at each others opening arms

Together they take the traditional meal  
and speak of new knowledge but never past charms

The friends flee the forest  
with many a merry and mischievous glance

The clearing is cleaned of the coven's convention  
until again they determine a deed for to dance

