

Poetry Series

**Lynn Anne Brown**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Lynn Anne Brown(June 16,1959)

I a Tribal Pagan Writer, Poet and Creative and Spiritual Explorer, dedicated to finding and celebrating the Best in myself and others through community building and the Practice of Kindness.

# A Fading Dream

The Days are Lengthening  
The Calendar has been checked off  
The News announced  
That Spring had come  
Yet Winter Stays  
Refusing  
To pull the blankets back  
What have you been dreaming?  
My Lady  
That has kept you  
Abed so long  
Is it a nightmare  
You can't escape  
Or a promise  
You hold tight  
While we remember  
How much  
We want you back  
How much we need you  
How much you need us  
To Grow up  
And to care for you  
As you have cared for us  
To remember  
That you are our mother  
Our progenitor  
And that without you  
We are nothing more  
Than a fading  
Dream  
Of what  
Could have been

Lynn Anne Brown

# Act Of Faith

Envisioning  
Our own Reality  
We make up the Rules  
Then do our best to live by them  
We take up the Rules  
Because they work for us  
They keep us safe  
They help us communicate  
If I can make this great thing alone  
Imagine what we could make with others  
Like ourselves  
Who Spent so Many Years  
Just learning, to read and write  
This Common Tongue  
I think of  
as  
Elven English  
And I'd like my friends  
I'd like my clan  
I'd like my tribe  
To join me in the making  
Of a basic guide  
To our Language  
This idea arose  
From More than 45 years  
Of trying to work out  
That thing I hold so sacred  
The Place from which the Magic's Born  
I thought that I could do it  
And I did  
And so it worked  
Well sometimes  
Anyway  
Enough  
That it Made  
The Journey Worth it.  
Even if I would never do  
Some things again  
Trust me

I've never liked  
Having to walk among the wounded  
Or being wounded for myself  
Though I've known both  
And Survived  
To Talk about it.  
To Write about it.  
To Think about it.  
To Imagine way to...

Living for me  
Is an act of Faith  
An agreement between  
My Body, Heart and Mind  
To Make the Best  
Taking what each one had to offer  
And responding to each ones needs  
Making Peace with one another

Lynn Anne Brown

# All Or Nothing?

I remember  
Just for a moment  
Long Ago  
I thought  
I heard  
Someone Say  
!!! I want everything! !!

And I wasn't sure  
If that voice  
Came from Myself  
Or Someone Else  
So I tried it on a Moment  
And almost Made a Mess of it  
I couldn't figure out where to put it all

Not long after Another Voice said  
!!! I want Nothing! !!

And so I tried it on  
And before long  
I was Cold  
And Hungry  
And Thirsty  
And I had no place to sleep

!!! I want only what I need! !!  
Declared the voice that came in next  
And as I wrapped it round me  
I could feel the Warmth arrive  
My hunger Wane  
My Thirst was Sated  
And I had a place to Sleep

The next voice says  
!! I Want More! !!  
Remember the moment  
I had everything  
I wrapped myself

A little tighter  
In what I had  
Then I took a look around  
I think that is also  
When I learned to listen

I heard it say

Somethings were in abundance  
I was welcome to them  
Others were scarce  
Hard to Get  
And I'd have  
To Ask  
Before  
I could use them  
And still others  
Were there  
Because  
They Were Needed  
And they are not mine  
To Speak for

And I answered  
That it sounded Good  
And asked if I could Enter

Lynn Anne Brown

## Also Known As Being Irish

I'm a Tree Elf  
Well more accurately  
A Human Tree Elf  
But since I'm in this form  
The Human Part is pretty obvious  
It's the rest  
That could use  
A little explaining  
And a little understanding  
Of the Irish Spirit  
That winds every bit of Life  
Into a ball of Yarns  
To be told Later  
On Winter Nights  
By the Fire

A Tree was planted  
The Day that I was born  
In a stand of Oak  
Kept sacred and Apart  
By an Inheritor of the Arts  
Who once called himself  
A Copenhager  
When asked  
What his religion was  
By those who would have held  
Catholic against him  
Yet being Irish Themselves  
Were entertained  
By a story he wound  
Just for them

Or was it  
Was there something  
To his tale  
Of an offspring church  
Established by his Grandfather  
Or so it went  
Where it's Priests

Rode a circuit  
Round  
Between the Places  
They were Welcomed  
Bringing everything  
They owned  
In cargo bags  
Carried by  
A trusty Horse

They said  
He could talk to horses  
And horses talked to him  
Telling him what  
They needed  
In exchange  
For that Trust  
And he would honour that.

He was also known for finding water  
And being a cattle rancher  
And knowing how to build a house  
And loosing the fingers on his right hand  
When he helped to build the Church in Town  
And serving as Reeve, (it's kind of like mayor)  
Of a Small Ontario County  
Unchallenged for more than 30 years  
Who as Justice of the Peace  
Would after his own night of drinking  
Pass by the local Jail  
To make sure the drunks had been released  
So that they could drag their hangovers to work with them  
As they suffered through their morning chores  
"Punishment enough" he'd muse laughingly

For being discreet in his dealings  
With those who faced troubles  
For sitting in the back pew  
When his rank entitled him to take the front  
For settling the lingering tension that still held between  
The Orange and the Green.  
For believing that local folk

Know best how to govern themselves  
For sleeping sitting up, though sometimes it seemed  
He didn't sleep at all...  
This Guardian  
Who Celebrated  
Simply being Irish

Who through his words  
And the way he lived his life  
Inspired an a desire to understand  
How to make things work  
So they worked for everyone

Tall Order Yes  
But much easier  
When you get to work  
With other Elves  
Because...  
Because well...  
When given the Opportunity  
We Helper Elves like making things  
And if we can  
We like to make things Good.  
Because we like to live the Good Life, when we can  
Which makes the work, worth Celebrating

Lynn Anne Brown

# Balance

As we enter into the Dark half of the year  
Celebrating that fleeting moment  
When night and day  
Carry equal weight  
Let us celebrate  
Appreciate  
The gifts of Summer  
That will sustain us  
Feed us  
Keep us warm  
As we face the long cold night  
And remember as we gather  
The last of Harvest  
That inside each fruit, nut and head of grain  
Lies the promise, the understanding  
That the sun will come again  
To awaken the seed  
Which lies beneath the ground  
Resting soundly  
Until the sun regains the strength  
To lift it up again

Lynn Anne Brown

# Balancing Act

The first day of Spring  
The Vernal Equinox  
Ostara  
And a host  
Of other Names  
Are used to describe  
This time when Night and Day  
Carry Equal Weight  
Reminding me  
Of the Balance Point  
The fulcrum  
On the Scales  
Of Justice and Trade  
That determines  
What we have  
What we need

It's been  
A long cold Winter  
A despite the evidence  
Of our recordings  
Of passing time  
It feels like one  
That never wants to end  
To give way to Summer  
And it's promises  
Of Renewal  
And life giving strength

And as we look into our pantries  
And at our heating bills  
And try to calculate  
How much we have  
To make it through to when  
The Promise is fulfilled  
It's easy  
To be discouraged  
To give up hope

But then that's  
What memory if for  
To remind us  
That we've survived  
And how we survived before  
By sharing generously  
When we are strong  
And accepting help  
When were not  
And by learning  
To limp along together  
When were neither  
One or the other

And we are reminded  
Then most of all  
Of the Strength  
Of that almost hidden  
Power  
We built  
When we chose  
To place our faith  
In one another  
To create community  
To agree that we  
Are greater  
Than the sum  
Of our parts  
And draw upon  
The energy we've shared  
When those Nights  
While getting shorter  
Still feel too long  
And so today  
I celebrate  
The folk  
Who share  
That special strength  
In the knowledge  
That some day  
Soon  
The Returning Sun

Will help to heal  
Our Wounds  
And our sense  
Of Sense of Balance  
Has Returned

Lynn Anne Brown

# Be Kind

The only thing I ever really feared was going Mad  
Losing that part of me I called myself  
My Elf  
I had seen it happen  
I'd nursed my mother through hers  
And Well, it wasn't something, that  
was not fun.  
I was too small for it.  
And it often over powered me.  
And when my brother died  
April 24th,1973  
I was left to do it by myself  
To cope with this netherworld  
Between hope and reality  
And Somehow  
With the help  
I often  
Didn't understand  
Yet trusted all the same  
I learned how stumble  
Though Insanity  
It's what happens  
When the Treeborn break  
Some part of us goes missing  
Until a God\* comes along  
And helps to make things better  
Asking only that you do the same  
When e'er you can  
And somehow  
It got me through  
Damaged yes,  
Deeply Scarred  
And Often Hurting  
I was a wounded Healer  
Someone who wanted  
To learn how to fix it  
To help make it better  
To find a place where I might heal  
Where I might find my kin again

Because little did I know  
That I had gone Mad  
That I'd taken all I could  
Without that route to Sanity  
That some Condemn as Fantasy  
But I consider making room  
For a new reality  
I Joined Parc  
Parkdale Activity and Recreation Center  
A Place that welcomed all the wounded  
To Uphold the Motto of the Place  
Be Kind it said and we did our Very Best

Lynn Anne Brown

# Because I'M Alive

Because I don't have more pain than I can handle  
Because I have enough to eat  
And because I can afford to eat the things I like  
Because I have a safe place to sleep  
And because that place is somewhere I don't mind being  
Because the landlord fixed the roof and installed my screen door and dealt with  
some other trouble that make it a good place to continue being  
Because, I have clothing adequate to my needs  
And because at least some of it is really nice  
Because I get to live near open water  
And Because I have Tree for a Neighbour  
Because I learned to use the Internet to help  
Find what I was looking for  
Because in doing so I found my Tribe, My Community  
Because I've run out of wind before I ran out Things  
To Be Thankful for.  
This is why I Give Thanks  
On this day  
As well as every other.  
Thanks all  
Thanks for making Life  
A Little Better

Lynn Anne Brown

# Beloved Ones

Divine Folk  
Of Myth and Mystery  
Who Grace Humankind  
With their Wisdom and Guidance  
I ask in this time of need  
That you grant us the vision  
To see beyond ourselves  
And into the realms  
Of eternity  
To open our  
Minds, Hearts, and Bodies  
To the Spirit of Possibility  
So we may grow beyond  
Our seeming limitations  
Into the knowledge  
Of how  
To Keep the Peace

Lynn Anne Brown

# Between The Lines

The most Sacred Place I know  
Is in between  
The Lines

A Place  
Where  
Understanding Strolls

Lynn Anne Brown

# Between Words And Wisdom

Sometimes I find the no matter how I play with them; coax, coddle or struggle to make them understandable, I find that words often fall short in the their ability to make my meaning truly known.

And I know it's not the fault of words themselves. They provide a vast array of symbols from which to weave my songs and stories and to record those brief but wondrous glimpses I have have into worlds beyond the veil.

I want to able to write of magic, the kind that is fuelled by the love of beauty and whose purpose is to sustain and promote it.

I want to say that beauty is a composite of all the things that make life worth living.

That beauty lies in being well fed, well clothed, well housed, well taken care of.

That it can be found in anything if one can find the time to look.

That nothing feels better than the warmth that accompanies a smile that reaches up into the eyes and down into the heart, no matter whether it be given or received.

I want to talk about the incredible sense of belonging that occurs when these heartfelt smiles are shared.

I want to talk about the blessings that they bring.

I want to talk about how they can make even the most frightened child feel safe.

I want to talk about how truly frightened the child in me really is, without being dismissed as weak or stupid or worse, enticing someone to play on those fears.

I want to use my words to help create a place where children of all ages can play safely without fear of ridicule and bullying.

I want them to help me find ways to heal the wounds that make make so many flinch at the thought of trusting one another.

I want them to remind me of things I already know about how to do this and also of the things I still need to learn.

I want to learn to resist using them just to make a point.

I want to get better at turning them into invitations to explore the wonder and beauty to found both within and without.

I want to learn how to bridge the gap between Words and Wisdom so that I can enjoy my love of both.

I want the power to create and promote the beauty which Wisdom so much adores.

I want to remember how to be Beautiful in the eyes of Wisdom.

I want to remember Beauty itself.

This is what I want to do with Words. So now I need to ask you, Words; Do you want to do join me in doing this?

Hmmmmmmmm.....I think maybe, I already have the answer.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Beyond The Veil

Warriors, Protectors, Guardians! ! !  
Ladies and Lords  
Of the Elder Race  
Queens, Kings and Heroes  
Sage, Mage and Elder Wit  
Are Welcome here  
Goddesses and Gods  
Ancient Spirits  
And Fairy Folk  
Abound  
For those  
Whose Hearts are Open  
And whose Minds  
Are Flexible  
Are Welcome Here  
At this celebration  
Of Life and Death  
The Veil is Opening  
You get a glimpse  
Beyond the Curtain  
Enough to Know  
What you wanted  
To take with you  
When you go

Today  
We a gathered here  
Because we know  
The Land  
Has Welcomed Us  
It is glad  
That we chose  
To become  
Her Keepers  
She knows  
That we will do our best  
To help take care of her  
And one another

She want us  
To understand  
The reasons  
That we are her for  
The opportunity  
To help shape  
Reality  
She wants  
To get along  
With human beings  
She likes to hear us sing  
But she doesn't really like  
The fighting and the Arguments  
And so we promised not to fight  
Unless we had to  
And so we keep the peace  
Unless our boundaries are threatened  
As we blend the best  
Of Past and Present  
Into a place  
That we like living  
And she likes living with us

And we are Northerners  
Our Winters lie deep and heavy on us  
Prepare or die  
Whispers Boreas  
As he whistles in the Fall  
Are we ready yet  
For the long nights  
Sleep

And to the Bear  
We answer yes  
We've gathered a lot this year  
And with each others help  
We have gathered more  
Than we could have gathered  
On our own  
And for that  
We come to celebrate  
With the land

And one another

Am I ready yet  
To see the face behind the veil  
To know what I am destined for  
Or am I content  
To take  
Journey  
As it comes  
All I truly know  
Is that I like to see  
The signs along the road  
Easier to read the story  
As it goes  
Than jumping  
To the end

And when the curtain parts  
I see a mirror  
I see a thousand mirrors  
And in them a thousand more  
And still a thousand more in them  
Each reflecting one another  
Into infinity  
Beyond the measure  
I can count  
And I know  
I've seen  
The best in all of them  
And they have seen  
The best in me  
And I know  
That I'll live up to it  
Because, I have faith in me  
And those who gather round me  
That we will make the best  
Of what we have

And when the curtain closes  
And the mirrors fade  
Back to sun and stars and moons  
Land and sea and sky

To woman, man and child  
We remember  
Just a little bit more  
Of who we want to be  
And how we really are

Lynn Anne Brown

# Breathing Together

We were together at the beginning  
We will be together at the end  
And we will be together  
When it all begins again  
You helped me into life  
And I helped you into death  
So we could turn the wheel once more  
When it was time to take a breath

And we've walked the places in between  
Through the moonlight and the mists  
You've have shared your stories  
Of the way this world could be  
Of how we can make happen  
If we have the will to see  
It is in how we live our lives  
That we learn to shape the tree  
And I will help you into life  
And you will me help into death  
As we turn the wheel once more  
So the world can catch her breath

You've taught me while my body  
Is a precious passing thing  
That it is through love and wisdom  
That another it will bring  
That through or children's children  
We will once again be born  
Into a world of our own making  
So let's not build it out of scorn  
And you will help me into life  
And I will help you into death  
So we can turn the wheel once more  
With a song of joy upon our breath

We were together at the beginning  
We will be together at the end  
And we will be together

When this song begins again  
As we dance the dance of life  
And we sing in praise of death  
For between each new beginning  
We know that life must take a breath

Lynn Anne Brown

# Brrrrrr...

Cold wind swept morning  
Small islands of snow  
Grip pavement  
Holding solidly  
As gusts  
Racing wildly  
From sea to tree  
Wear at the edges  
'Til they soon  
Resemble  
Leopard Spots.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Building Bridges

The only Oath I've ever made

Was to make the best of what I had  
And to learn to use it Well  
And not to put it to the Test  
Unless  
It was necessary

I didn't have a lot  
But I had enough  
To understand  
What was  
Said around me  
And I knew  
How to Read  
And How to Write  
And Sometimes How to Draw  
And Even Sometimes How to Paint  
I Dance When the Music Moves Me  
And I sleep when the Song is sweet  
And when it turns to Noise that calls for Action  
I do my best to be alert  
I've learned how to do some mending  
And I've learned how to do some fending  
And I've learned to do some thinking  
For Myself  
And sometimes  
I've Got to do these things  
With others  
Whether by  
Reading the Same Book  
Or Watching the same TV Show  
And when I am lucky  
Getting to Spend Time  
In Real Life

The Internet  
I have noticed  
Provides an interesting Bridge

Between All these things and more  
It gives us an Opportunity to Meet  
Before we meet

The languages we learned  
To speak before  
Informs  
The way we do things now  
And how we'd like to do them in the future

Lynn Anne Brown

# Cloud Gazing

I see images in clouds  
And in the patterns on floors and walls  
Cracks in sidewalks, tell me stories  
And Gardens sing out ancient songs  
And In a tangle of knotted strings  
I find mystery waiting there

Lynn Anne Brown

# Content

In the moment  
I am simply  
Content to be

Lynn Anne Brown

# Dancing On My Heartbreak

Patterns form like memories  
Painted on the sand  
Momentary Visions  
I cannot understand

Memories of Stories  
I once understood  
Pass before me eyes  
Like some twisted Robin Hood

Dancing on my Heartbreak  
They shout out with Glee  
All you have to do is  
Give up your liberty.

You can join our chorus  
Any time you choose  
Self respect and freedom  
Are all you have to lose

The scripts already written  
The Words are all set down  
All that we require  
Is you let your spirit drown

With promises of power  
And false security  
They tried to seduce me  
Into conformity

But when I tried to follow  
The route that they had lain  
My heart cried out in anger  
My body bowed in pain

The way was much too narrow  
And the road was much too straight  
And the punished me severely  
If I tried to deviate

They whipped at my emotions  
With their snickers and their sneers  
Attacking my ideas  
Manipulating fears

There's only one truth they'd say  
And you must it well  
'Cause if you don't accept it  
You're gonna go to hell

They looked at me in horror  
When I became aware  
And asked them how they'd send me  
When I'm already there

They told me I was crazy  
I must be quite insane  
Accusing me of being  
Both arrogant and vain

They told me that I needed help  
That I was just confused  
That I was being selfish  
I wasn't being used

And when I started asking  
Why they kept me in a bind  
All I got was rhetoric  
Placebo's for my mind

And I wanted to believe them  
I wanted to remain  
I wanted to be in their  
Good graces once again

And though I tried to please them  
In everything I did  
My soul cried out for freedom  
No it would not be hid

So now, Dancing on my Heart Break

I shout out with Glee  
You can keep your chorus  
I'll take my liberty.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Dancing Us Awake

So my cosmic friend  
Should we go dancing  
Along the spirals in the night  
I've been waiting to hear you sing  
For quite a while  
The first string  
Plucked  
So long ago  
A reverberation  
An Echo Memory  
Of  
Life  
Of Light  
Of Everything  
Too much to hold  
Alone  
The song  
Contains a Melody  
So rich in its exuberance  
That every voice is heard  
Though its madness  
To listen for too long  
Without  
Turning down the Volume  
Then I hear it  
That first note  
High and Clear  
The Whistle  
That does not  
Hurt the ear  
Then another voice  
A Deep resounding one  
It greeted me  
With  
Welcome  
To all who  
Honour Hospitality  
And so the Overture  
Begins

Just as I find a seat  
And a Good Place to Listen  
And now I can hear the many voices  
So many voices  
Joined Together  
In the Creation  
Of a Harmony  
A Way of Peace  
A Place to Rest my Dreams  
And build on them  
Then you draw me into dance  
Rising from my chair  
I join you  
In the starlit sky  
As we fly  
Freely  
Secure in Knowledge  
Of the Ground Below  
And those who hold it steady

Lynn Anne Brown

# Daughter Of The Oak

Every time I rise I need to reach a little wider  
Spread my roots down deep into the rich ripe soil  
I take my gift, what I've gathered in the Sunlight  
I Protect my roots and the ones for whom they toil  
Every thing I make, I try to make a little better  
Every word I write, I write that the best that I can  
Every song I sing, I come to sing a little free-er  
Every time I play, I remember who I am

I am a Daughter of the Oak  
I am a Sister of the Stone  
I am a Keeper of the Well  
I am a shaker of the Bone

Lynn Anne Brown

# Daymare

I have a mare  
Who brings me dreams  
Some at night  
And some it seems  
Into the bright  
White light  
Of everyday  
Scenes  
We ride  
Through the mists  
And across  
The Great Sea  
To an Isle  
Where the Wise  
Are thought  
To be free  
To Listen  
To the stories  
Of many a tree  
Who sacrificed limbs  
So the sage  
Could be fed  
On the Words  
That they need  
To awake  
From their bed  
The hope  
That lies waiting  
Inside of the head  
That one day  
We'll learn  
To take  
What we see  
And join it together  
With who  
We want to be

Lynn Anne Brown

# Did You See That?

Worker Bee  
Carefully Gathering  
What is Needed  
For the Future  
To Survive

Lynn Anne Brown

# Dragon Song

Spirit of the Fire  
Keeper, of the Hearth  
Which warms Earth  
And Heals  
The broken Heart  
I call upon you  
To stir the embers  
To raise your flame  
As a beacon for all  
Who have struggled  
Through Winter winds  
And Sky High Snows  
To reach the Place  
Where Loved Ones Gather  
Join together as Kith and Kin  
As we celebrate  
The coming of the Spring  
And the healing light we'll share  
When we dance upon the Green  
Though till then we'll hold a spark  
Deep and safe within  
The Hearthfire that we've built  
Of candles and of Dreams  
To keep us warm within  
That Safe and Sacred  
Place  
That needs  
For you  
To roar loud  
And rise again

Lynn Anne Brown

# Electric Heart

Not a real fire  
Still it warms me  
As it remembers  
What it wishes  
That it was  
As it echoes weakly  
The roaring voice  
And flickered light  
Of its progenitor  
Making promises  
Of it will have to do  
Until the real thing  
Comes along  
And while  
You wait  
I'll listen to  
You wind the tales  
That only a true Hearth  
Can bring to life  
Even still  
We can sing  
And learn a dance  
Rehearsing the Magic  
In this shadow of Reality  
Until next  
The tribe shall gather  
To set the spark  
Remembered

Lynn Anne Brown

# Elven Magic

I like Elven Magic  
It's an invitation  
To Entertain  
Imagination  
And to see  
What we can make of it.  
What wonders we can awaken  
When given room to play  
In the knowledge  
That our elders  
Our grown up selves  
Have promised  
To keep us safe along the way  
We're creating Worlds  
And are given trust  
As we visit others  
We honour the understanding  
The one that we hammered out  
Over years and late night hours  
Lit softly by dancing light  
Be it candle  
Hearthfire  
Or the Fire  
In the Head  
We Kindled it  
Until the Beacon Grew  
And the kin grew nearer  
As they followed many Paths  
To a Place that I'd call Paradise  
And I look on early Maps  
And Dwellings  
The rough sketches  
Of what I hoped  
And I'm not disappointed  
In fact I'm more than pleased  
When I see others  
Drawing them as well  
Because I get Idea's  
in exchange

for what I give  
And a Knowing  
That I am part  
Of the Great Sharing  
The Feast Stones  
As we gather  
Our resources  
To make this Place  
A Home.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Everyday Exceptions

Needing a break  
I saunter toward the washroom  
And as I pass my backdoor  
My attention is caught  
By a Serenade  
Of Whistles, Clicks and caws  
And as curiosity demands  
I go see  
What the fuss is all about  
And so stepping onto my porch  
I search intensely  
For the source  
Till I see a small bird  
Perched high  
In the bare limbed maple  
And listen as it sings  
The sun to bed  
As I watch the last  
Of the Royal Blue Evening  
Pull on the Dark Cloak  
Of a moonless  
Night  
Then shivering  
From April's Damp  
Turn back inside  
Holding  
The last note  
Brightly in my mind  
As I continue  
Toward the toilet  
And end the  
Rather ordinary journey  
That brought me here

Lynn Anne Brown

# Feather And Stone

Science and Intuition  
Knowledge and Wit  
Together we two  
Can learn how to knit  
From the scraps  
And the pieces  
Of what we've  
Torn apart  
How to join  
Back together  
A Deep  
Broken Heart  
As we light  
Up the Night  
With Torches  
And Brands  
Trading fear  
For Compassion  
The Can'ts  
For the Cans

What we can do  
When we stand  
Close together  
Is strong as a stone  
And Light as a feather

For arguments sake  
Let's say the work  
Has been done  
To get us to where  
The song can be sung  
Of co-operative hearts  
Who will plant  
Now the seed  
Of the things  
That we want  
And the things  
That we need

Into  
The deep rich soil  
Of the long waiting earth  
Whose been listening  
To the tales  
We told  
As we searched  
Of a time  
When our wisdom  
Would grow and make worth  
The labour and pain  
It took to give birth  
To a race  
Of new Gods  
Who with laughter  
And Mirth  
Will build  
A new bridge  
Between the Heavens  
And Earth

One  
That we'll freely  
Learn how to share  
With those  
Who've been heavily  
Burdened with care  
As we lighten the load  
And shape a new art  
That will satisfy both  
The mind and the heart  
And give us a place  
To make a fresh start

Lynn Anne Brown

# First

First I Said the Beads  
Then I Held the Cup  
Then I built the Fire  
That would start  
This whole thing up

Lynn Anne Brown

# Footfalls

The wind tears by  
Grabbing hair and cloaks  
Pushing and pulling  
As we make our way  
Down lonely paths  
Through Ancient Woods  
Carefully choosing thoughts  
And footfalls  
As we approach the clearing  
Where....

They say an elder spirit  
A Ghostly fossil  
Still haunts this place  
With memory  
Soft regrets  
And half remembered  
Stories

She stands still  
Amidst the fury  
Silent beneath the Veil  
A faint grey light  
At the centre of the storm  
Quietly commanding  
She calls us home

As we draw closer  
The winds grow  
And dances the leaves  
Into a spiral of Infinity  
Raising wonder  
As we draw  
Closer still

Passing  
The wall of leaves  
We enter the eye

Joining hands and minds  
As we greet  
The Lady  
Mystery

So!  
She asks  
As she begins  
To lift the veil  
Are you ready  
To meet your destiny.

And for a moment  
We wonder why  
We were so afraid  
To look into  
That Mirror

Lynn Anne Brown

# For All Who Fell

For all who fell we take a stand  
Use all the skill at our command  
To keep the peace for which they fought  
To honour those in deed and thought  
Who gave their lives so we might see  
A time when all knew liberty  
And while it seems so far away  
This is the thing for which I pray  
That one day we may celebrate  
The ending of unreasoned hate  
Inviting those whose lives have paid  
For all the progress we have made  
And while I wait that day to come  
I'll remember what was won  
And do my best to help employ  
The Freedom that I now enjoy  
To help the ones who've yet to see  
How wonderful our lives can be  
When Peace holds hands with Liberty

Lynn Anne Brown

# From Whole Cloth

Helper Elves, Angels and the Fay  
Come in all sorts of shapes and sizes  
Some as big and wide as tree's  
Some as softly in the world  
As the Fluff on Dandelions  
Some are really Clever  
Some take a while get it  
Some know it  
But don't know  
There is a Word  
Though they keep Using it  
Some build with wood  
Some with iron  
Some cloth  
Some weaving words  
Out of whole cloth as they say  
But then It makes me wonder  
Where they found it  
Some share the stories widely  
Voices trained to carry stories  
Across the Mountains  
And through  
The Plains  
Some have ears  
So long they begin  
To look like extra arms  
Others sit tiny and petite  
Rounded even, no point at all  
Most fall somewhere in between  
Though all of us are listeners  
Ears perked for tales  
And Myths  
And Stories  
To Map  
Our understanding  
Of this Reality  
Strange Place  
It is at that  
So noisy most times

As one sound overlaps the other  
Until it's not a wonder, that most humans  
Are half deaf to reason  
As reason rarely has the room  
To be well heard  
Except for when we choose to  
Choose to share the wisdom that we gather  
When we put the knowledge that each one has  
Into the Common pot, into the stew of things  
Our resources grow beyond our best imaginings  
Into something more...  
That something that we keep looking for  
Those who understand what it is  
To celebrate a Joyful Peace  
While remaining willing to Defend it

Lynn Anne Brown

# Get Serious

And the elf in the wall  
Laughed at call  
When I said  
Get Serious

And it Seriously Laughed  
And it Seriously Cried  
And it Seriously Danced  
And it Seriously Sighed

As it Sang back  
Let's get Serious  
I was there where you lived  
I was there when you died  
I was there when you laughed  
I was there when you cried

Get Serious, Lets Get's Serious  
Serious Laughter and Serious Pride  
Serious Strength from the Love of our Tribe  
Serious Joy from the songs that we Sing  
Serious hope from the comfort we bring  
Serious trust from oaths that we keep  
Serious Love for the ones that we greet  
Serious Dreams from which we can pull  
Serious Magic on which we can build

So, Let Get Serious, Get Serious  
(Echo out)

Lynn Anne Brown

# Getting Home

The road was rough  
The landscape had been torn apart  
Demons were howling at the Doors  
Winds were tearing at the edges  
Fires burned fiercely in ragged eyes  
Stones cracked beneath their heat  
And waters boiled angrily in response  
And the Trees were crying out  
And the People, The People fled  
And We Knew we had the Power  
The Terrifying Ability  
To Destroy  
As we imagined  
The worst of our intentions  
Running Wild  
Strength without Restraint  
Is Terrifying  
Who needs Horror  
When you're taught in School  
That they just figured out  
How to blow up the world  
And in that moment  
Either the World  
Or I  
Went Mad  
Maybe Both  
As we reached out  
In Gestures of  
Mutual Survival  
We would not  
Let them split  
Our world  
In Half  
As we learned  
To live between  
The either or's  
Of regaining sanity  
Learning the how's and why's  
Of Keeping Life Worthwhile

And Sometimes I really wondered  
When dire predictions said  
We wouldn't even make it  
to 1999  
And if we did  
We wouldn't like  
Where we had gotten  
And while I can't speak  
For anyone one else  
While times were often hard  
In the end it got me hear  
Within earshot  
Of those  
With whom  
I want to Listen  
And that has made Surviving  
The Long Cold Night Worthwhile.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Getting On With It...

I am a Pacifist  
Someone who believes  
That world will thrive better  
Once folk stop bickering  
Over who is in Control  
And get on with it.

And to my consternation  
I've also discovered

I am a warrior  
Someone who knows  
The world thrives better  
When the bullies, the abusers  
Are not allowed to take Control  
And so I get on with it.

And so today I celebrate Peace  
In an understanding  
That while it sometimes seems  
An overwhelming  
Contradiction  
I owe this opportunity  
To those who  
Fought  
For Peace  
So we All  
Could  
Get on with it

Lynn Anne Brown

# Great Minds

Great Minds think alike  
Is one of those cliches  
That drive me crazy  
Because the one thing  
I've discovered  
Is Great Minds  
Rarely  
Think Alike  
at all  
Though  
What we have  
In common  
Is Greater still than that  
It is a desire to communicate  
A desire to understand  
One another

Lynn Anne Brown

# Great Tree

Great Tree

Ancient and full of Story  
How many have sat beneath your boughs  
Seeking wisdom or Seeking solace  
Pouring out their tales to you  
As they lean back  
Knowing you'll support them  
Knowing you'll hold their heart  
Knowing.....  
I like best, to visit you  
When you sit beside a lake  
And offer rest, beneath  
A sometimes too hot sun  
Filtering it's life bringing rays  
So I can gather them  
Without being overpowered

I like feeling your embrace  
As I reach out towards the waters  
Knowing that you'll hold me  
Even if the wave of memory  
Becomes too strong  
And I begin to falter  
I know, I will not drown in it  
As long as we've  
Encountered it  
Together

I like knowing  
That you reach deep  
Into the earth below  
Drawing up from it  
It's life shaping powers  
And that you will share the secret  
With those who listen carefully

And I am pleased to say  
I know your voice  
That I can hear it

Even when I stand far away  
From our favourite meeting place  
And no matter where I am  
I can greet you  
In every tree I meet  
And remember I am your flower

Lynn Anne Brown

# Growing Fast

We Drum, We Flute, We Pluck on Strings  
We Dance, We Sing, of special things  
We call the Spirits, Gods and Fay  
And ask will they come out to play  
And when they answer bright and true  
The magic grows in me and you

Lynn Anne Brown

# Holy Metaphor

Sometimes I'm asked  
If I believe  
The Gods are real  
Or are they  
Only  
Metaphor  
And I want to scream  
Denounce the lie  
Proclaim  
That Holy Metaphor  
Will no longer be denied

Then quietly  
It whispers  
In my ear

Remember dear  
I am  
The bridge  
That spans  
Between  
The Measure  
And the Means

I am  
What words alone  
Cannot convey

I am the pulse  
The breath  
The very body  
Of That  
Which  
Though  
Not seen  
Holds sway  
Over everything

I am the slender thread

That when caught upon a need  
Pulls backs the veil  
To reveal.....

Ah but that is only for the need to know

Lynn Anne Brown

# Homecoming

Flute, Leaf and Drum  
Sing quietly together  
Electric Drill  
And squeaking door  
Snippets of words  
Caught between  
The Moments  
When words  
No longer matter  
Laughter  
Punctuates  
Was the  
Supposed to be  
A comma here  
A short stop  
A flicker of inflection  
Before the Tempo Change

Listen

As someone  
Climbs the stair  
Enthusiastic  
In the moment  
Rising  
Then settling  
Languidly  
Into a prayer  
Of Observation

A story  
Will soon be told  
Of how we brought  
Ourselves Together  
Of how we led  
Each other  
Home

Lynn Anne Brown

# Howling

Howling and Roaring  
Picking up the Sea  
As it searches  
For chinks  
In the Armour  
Of our Weather Proof  
Existence  
The Wind Pierces  
Well built Defenses  
To Drive Away  
Complacency

Lynn Anne Brown

# Humanist Vs. Theist

I wish you kids would stop bickering  
Science can't prove the gods don't exist  
And Art can't prove they do  
But we do exist  
Or at least I do  
And Despite some Philosopher's  
Or was that just my Ego overblown's  
Attempt to convince me  
That every one of you  
Is my creation  
Something  
I've dreamed up  
Out of whole cloth  
And while that power  
Might be possible  
I'll leave it  
For the Universe  
To Ponder  
For more than that  
Lies beyond my Ken

So I believe in you  
Because well I've spent  
Years  
Gathering the Stories  
Listening, Reading, Watching, Contemplating  
Asking, Telling, Writing, Testing,  
Adapting, Trying them Again  
Consulting Experts  
Well you've got the Picture  
Fifty Five of them to be exact  
I realize  
That I can only read  
A small part of the story  
So it makes no sense that I'm writing it as well.  
Well at least not the whole of it.  
It would seem that I have collaborators  
And that's where You come in

The other

Science gives me scope  
Art makes me kind  
And being human  
Makes me hopeful  
That I can satisfy  
The Both

Because  
Living 'Neath the Bridge  
I find the Stomping  
And the Yelling  
Sometimes  
Get's kinda loud  
Which tends to happen when your human  
And since I have to listen  
Though sometimes I go Deaf  
I rather hear the Drummers  
Than the Guns

Lynn Anne Brown

# I May Sound Mad

I may sound Mad  
But if I am  
It's the happiest insanity  
I have ever known  
And I've known many

I've walked dark places  
Sometimes  
With only a Glimmer  
To light the Way  
As it fed my imaginings  
With Possibility and Wonder

I've heard the Siren Song  
That called me home  
And I've followed it  
Round many a winding  
And curving road

And sometimes I lost faith awhile  
In my ability to find the place  
Where I could be the Good  
The God  
I wanted to see in others

But even in Despair  
I knew something was going on  
I could feel the current  
I could hear our voices grow  
I could understand the Language  
I could see the Magic  
Weave our need  
Into something  
Beautiful

I gathered all my pain  
And made an offering  
I asked a boon  
And promised I would give it back

When I understood, what I was doing

And in an act of Faith  
I choose to be an Elf  
To remember who I was  
To remember who I am  
To remember who I will be

And so I began to learn the Language  
And met others along the way  
Who worked to build the Trust  
The Tribe  
The understanding  
That we could be Gods  
For one another

That we could be Good  
For One Another

That we were the Good Folk  
That we'd all been looking for  
And that in Gatherings  
We bring our Best to Life  
In honour of one another

And I celebrate the Fact  
That in a world where trust  
Is hard to come by  
I know that when I enter  
Through the Gate  
And Pass the Guardian  
Confirmed the Rules  
That we've agreed upon  
That I've entered  
As I heard  
A wise one say  
A Fiercely Protected Place  
Where I get to be my Elf

And If that is my insanity  
I am more than happy  
I went Mad

Because by going there  
I found home.

Lynn Anne Brown

# I Remember.....

I remember.....

I remember Love and Light and Laughter.

I remember Dreaming this Together.

I remember Dancing it into Life.

I remember what we can be.

I remember our Deity.

I remember We.

I remember Me.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Interpreter

I am a descendant of the Gods  
And ultimately a part of the one  
From whom all life emerged  
The Great mother  
The seed of all existence  
Is within me  
Within us all  
And I've been called  
To help nurture that seed  
To join my elder  
Brothers and Sisters  
In helping to shape  
This World  
Into a place  
Worthy of our Divinity  
In our youth  
We've were given  
A place of great Beauty  
Our mother  
Became for us  
a place  
With fertile lands  
Flowing waters  
and blue skies  
She brought forth  
Plants and Animals  
Trees and Mountains  
And all sorts of wonders  
For us to explore  
And she shared with us  
A consciousness of Love  
And an ability  
To understand  
Some  
of the Workings  
Of her Mysteries  
She invited us to share  
the making of a place  
Where all life would be honoured

She made us so we would need  
To depend on one another  
So that life need to feed on life  
In order to continue  
To Thrive  
To remain one with her  
And while she  
Not because she was cruel  
But because we are all part  
Of the circle of Regeneration  
Birth and Rebirth  
And while she offers us  
All that we can eat  
She also reminds us  
That we too  
Will eventually become the food  
Rejoining her in the soil  
To consumed  
So the next round of life  
May emerge from her bones  
And she instilled in us  
Intelligence  
And the knowledge  
The we are part of this great cycle  
So that we could help her  
In her becoming  
Because she is growing still  
Through the lights  
And accomplishments  
Of all her children  
And all she asks  
Is that we take no more  
Than what is needed  
In the journey  
To our own becoming  
And to treat  
With honour  
And respect  
All things  
That play  
A part in it.  
And as for me

Though once I thought  
It would be priest  
The part she's asked  
I play  
Is interpreter

Lynn Anne Brown

# Irish Catholic Witch?

'Irish Catholic Witch? ' you say.

'Yes' I answer.

'Sort of a Fairy God Mother,  
As best as I can figure out.  
Though I'm more a Fairy Elf  
A kind of Helper  
When People Treat me Nice  
I like to be Around  
And See what I Can Do  
And if There is something  
I can offer'

'Interesting....' you say.

'And how did you come to that? '

'Not Hard'

I answer

'I was born to an Irish Mother  
And her Maiden Name Was Murphy  
As she often reminded us  
When she was about to tell a story  
And this was how I was schooled  
In the ways of Old.'

What learned you there?

'I learned a story was a Sacred Thing  
Something to be listened to  
With Care  
Something to be told again  
With Honour

I also learned  
the Horror  
Of a Story  
If it turns Ugly

For I have been

And I have seen  
What Happens  
When Words  
Get Torn to Pieces.

And I learned  
I had a Gift  
For Putting  
Them  
Back Together  
Again  
But truly understanding it  
That wouldn't come  
Till  
Later.

Through my Mother  
I knew My Grandfather  
Black Kelts  
He'd Say  
And he spelt it with a K  
And he Told Me  
It was Important  
That I Knew  
That that was the Way  
He Spelled it.

I still don't know  
The Significance  
But it was Something  
He wanted Remembered  
And So I Remember It

Lynn Anne Brown

# Just A Moment...

Softly Falling  
A blanket to Quiet  
The Thundering Sounds  
Of the Everyday Madness  
Chasing Life

Lynn Anne Brown

# Khrysalis

I am a poet  
It's how I understand myself  
And those around  
I think in Metaphors  
In Comparisons

This is like that  
Or not like that  
Or something like that  
But not quite

I am an agreement  
Between  
Body  
Heart  
And Mind  
To make Room  
To Hold my Spirit  
My Immortal Self

My Body Likes the Strength  
My Spirit brings to it  
My Heart Likes  
The Kindness  
That it earns  
My mind  
Likes  
The  
Companionship

Two Minds  
One Spirit  
Many Souls

I knit together things  
I could never understand  
If I had to understand  
Them in their entirety

My Brain is big  
But it takes a whole  
Universe  
For all these wonders  
To exist

And I've been  
Given  
All the Keys  
And I've been  
Given them  
In trust  
I can open all the Doors  
Or shut them if I Must  
But normally  
I prefer to Knock  
Before Entering  
Because  
Some Folk Keep Secret  
Things to Dangerous to Share  
Unless  
The Danger  
That we face  
Is Greater  
Than the one we keep

And I can shift my shape  
If only just a little bit  
I understand  
Both the  
Khrysallis  
and the Spirit  
It Protects

Lynn Anne Brown

# Lady Of The Lake

A cup of tea  
A pint of beer  
A carafe of coffee in the morning  
A piece of cake  
Some home made soup  
And bread  
Freshly taken from the oven  
A place to sit  
A plate and bowl  
A cup in which to keep the waters  
A Roof Above  
Warm Clothes to Wrap us up in  
And Good Friends  
All Gathered Here  
Upon this Long Night  
To help keep the Hearthfire Burning

The first thing the Mendicant learns  
Is how to step lightly in the Dark  
To test her footing before landing solidly  
To see with other senses  
To hear the other voices  
The ones that come from deep within  
To sing harmony with the ones  
That others bring  
The Hearthfire Burns

When I first met her  
My Ladies Veil was blue and white  
She said she was a special kind of nurse  
One who cared for abandoned children  
And she would care for me  
As I learned how to care  
For the wounds  
To hard, To heal myself

A Gentle soul  
Who would wrap me  
In her Arms

When things got tough  
When things got much bigger  
Than I could handle by myself  
Even though I be twilight Born  
And could channel my hands into my Heart  
When I got tired she'd come to me  
And in her mercy I could rest  
That Lady who came  
The Day I called  
And Graciously calling back  
Till the day I could really hear her  
And I learned the Way of the Waters  
And took my Role as Lady of the Lake  
Mara, Maria, Mary, a Land bound Lake  
To enclose the Merlin Tree within

Lynn Anne Brown

# Life Is Good

I have much to learn  
I have much to cherish  
I have much to be grateful for  
Life is Good

Lynn Anne Brown

# Like Hearted

Often  
When being invited to a Pagan,  
Or Earth centred event  
I hear the term like minded people  
And while I understand  
The sense the words are getting at  
I keep thinking there has got to be  
A better way of saying it  
Because  
While the Folk I love  
Seem to Share a Heart  
One of the things  
I value most  
About their input  
Is it's diversity  
Especially having the Opportunity  
To experience the Diverse  
And interesting ways  
My Loved ones think  
And to have the opportunity  
To explore  
Beyond the limits  
Of my own consciousness  
Something that couldn't happen  
If we all thought the same  
So while I suspect  
Like Hearted  
Is not going to start  
Replacing  
Like Minded  
Anytime soon  
That how I  
Choose  
To interpret it

Lynn Anne Brown

# Listen

In the name of our mothers, our fathers  
Our sisters, our brothers  
Husbands and wives  
Friends and Lovers  
The Children we've had  
And children we foster  
The one who came before us  
And the ones who'll come on after  
I call upon the Spirit of Peace  
To teach us  
How  
To Listen  
To One Another

Lynn Anne Brown

# Marking Time

I like the marks Time's made on my body and my face  
They talk about a journey and not about a race  
Some things I learned quite quickly  
Other things came slow  
Some remain a mystery  
Others I'll come to know  
They've been the places I have been  
And done the things that I have done  
And when the story's all been written  
I pray that it is Wisdom I have won  
Because no other prize shinea brighter  
In the Moonlight or the Sun

Lynn Anne Brown

# Meeting Nan

I'm really liking this year so far  
Which is good, because well,  
Last year sucked  
Big Time  
A not in a good way

It drained energy  
I really didn't have to spare  
And weighed like a brick  
Well into Summer  
I didn't even  
Hear the stir  
Till nearly Lughnasadh

But then  
After  
Many, Many Passes  
I finally  
Looked into that Mirror  
And realized  
The monsters there  
Had all been tamed  
But not declawed  
They'd never  
Leave me  
Defenseless

However  
I met the promise  
That kept the promise  
That what I put in  
Is what I'd get out  
No More  
No Less  
Just That  
And that was  
Good with me  
Cause I didn't want  
For Much

Good Places to Go  
Good Folk to be With  
Those who cared  
For each others  
Well being

How could I help?  
What creature of  
Of my imaginings  
Could I offer  
To populate  
The World  
Our Magic's  
Wrought  
And suddenly  
Nan Appeared  
And I understood  
Next Time  
Someone  
Need to Talk  
To Remind Them  
That I need a Chair

However An Hour  
Listening to the Sorrows  
Of an Imp  
Who slowed Down  
Just long enough  
To Watch  
The  
Sun Rise  
Because he had  
To come make sure  
That it was  
Me  
Standing  
By the Triple  
Cedars  
in the center  
of our Park  
Was worth the Advil

And call to my Herbalist

Love Nan

Lynn Anne Brown

# Memento

A single feather drops  
A memento of our time in flight  
I gather it  
Hold it alight  
Blow gently on it  
Then tuck it in my hat

Lynn Anne Brown

# Midwife

I nurse a feeling  
One that kept me going  
For some Dark Nights  
Through some Dark Seasons  
Across the Eclipse of Years  
Where even the Moon  
Could not reach  
That even still  
A fire burned  
A light shone  
Just  
Just beyond  
My reach  
And so I kept  
Stretching it, till  
One day I'd found  
I'd exceeded it  
And my Dream was  
Coming True  
I'd found a People  
I'd found a Place  
Where folk really meant it  
When they said  
Our rules are few  
And we do our best to keep them  
And when we can't, the story will be good

Because we want to learn to like each other  
Though sometimes our first impressions aren't the best  
Or if they are they are hiding only hollow suits of flesh  
And we move on before....  
Before....

But then in the corner of the Dark  
A faint Grey Light Awakens  
As first the Moon  
And then the Sun  
Make their appearances  
One to say Good Night

And one to say Good Morrow

Each with a quite different...  
Yes quite different points of view  
And as we dance between them  
We shared many a thought or few  
Exchanging furtive glances  
As we passed along the way  
We weren't yet sure  
Where we were going  
Sometime even  
Not sure of where  
We were

Still we plowed through ancient tomes  
And learned the stories as we could  
Of Places we could live Nobly  
As Lord or Lady would

Because I like courtly  
When court is being held  
But otherwise I'd rather be  
An attendant at the fire

Because, well I never build one  
I can keep one strong and fair  
or let it burn to ember  
For a place to bake the bread  
Raise it up again for boiling  
Even higher for to fry

Collecting Greenwoods for the Turnings  
And the sticks to roast the food  
And deadwood for the stock  
Of easy access fuel  
Thanking woodsmen  
As they slip by  
With larger log or two  
And if someone  
Has a cookpot  
And another has a stone  
I'll be tending fire

With a Story and a Poem  
And together we will greet you  
When our souls start nearing home.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Midwinter Child

Ahhh.....

Tis midwinter now  
The Nights grown long  
And Days been disappearing  
As winter folds it's arms around  
To take us in her cold embraces  
We mourn the passing of the light  
and grieve the loss of sunlit kisses

And so we gather  
Kith and Kin  
To light the fires  
And share in feasting  
To tell the tales  
Of the ancient ones  
Who danced with light  
Brought into being  
The Sacred Child  
The New Born Sun  
Whose light we see  
In Bright reflection  
In the joy filled hearts  
And happy faces  
Of those who joined  
In Celebration

So, High and Proud  
We raise our glasses  
And sing out praises  
Lads and Lasses  
For the Child  
Now reborn  
Whose Love and Light  
Will soon awaken  
That which now  
Is gently sleeping  
Deep beneath  
The snow dressed ground

All Hail the New Born Sun!  
Whose Journey Now has just begun!

Lynn Anne Brown

# Minding Self

Winter comes  
Roaring loudly  
Greying skies  
And cooling winds  
As it shoos  
The last leaves  
Off  
So The Tree  
Can concentrate  
As it reaches  
Even deeper  
Into  
Earth  
To mind itself

Lynn Anne Brown

# Mirror Mirror

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall  
Who's the fairest of them all  
I really do not understand  
Why you will not answer me  
I've given you a thousand rings  
I've dressed up in pretty things  
I've told you Who I'd like to be  
Why won't you answer me

I looked into the mirror  
And asked her where she'd gone  
Why have you deserted me  
And left me for so long  
She answered with a question  
Don't you know where you have been  
A place where my reflection  
Would have driven you insane

Hold that glass a little higher  
While I balance on this wire  
Show me to the other end  
A place where heart and soul can mend  
It's time to write this song again  
Where do you think I should begin  
Was it the words or melody  
I'd buried 'neath my dignity

Lynn Anne Brown

# Mmd

Sometimes I suffer from MMD  
Multiple Muse Disorder

Should I draw or paint  
Write poetry or prose  
Just let the sun fall on my face  
Or join folk as we clean the grove  
Dance to a music that not all hear  
Or catch it's strains  
In an echoed word

Will I find a way?

To paint my mind  
So shades of light  
And dark can find  
A voice to speak  
Their common will

Perhaps one day  
I'll learn to say  
The things I get  
To hear today

But till then  
I'll listen well  
Whenever the muses  
Weave their spell

Lynn Anne Brown

# Moonlit Grace

Wide armed and open handed  
A moonlit smile up your face  
You invite the hurt and wounded  
To heal in your embrace

Lynn Anne Brown

# Morning Kiss

Early morning sun  
Sitting just below the horizon  
It's light creeping over the edge  
Turning night to twilight  
As it say's hello  
And goodbye  
To the waning  
Half Moon  
That patiently  
Awaits it's touch  
So they can kiss  
And spend a moment  
Before they part

Lynn Anne Brown

# My Mythic Identity

When I think on myself as elf  
It's as a magical amalgamation  
Of all the Good Things  
That I've Gathered  
Along the Road  
That led me Home  
With an understanding  
Of the Language  
In which the Maps  
Were Hidden

Until

We could stop  
And safely read them  
Once again

And we hid them  
In some strange off putting places  
Like the words we kept as slang  
And others that were given undue reverence  
We carved pieces into Cathedrals  
Slipped others into Histories  
Often, maybe not quite as we intended  
Though workable for the clever elven child  
Who says, hey wait, I remember this  
Sort of...

But then gets lost again  
Inside the great and thunderous noise  
of unrealistic expectations

To rebuild the world anew  
We need the best of every generation  
For every thinking creature  
To join in  
Making  
Our Magic  
Our Imaginations Work

By Helping Build  
A Place  
We'd Really Like to Be  
And Watching it become something  
Even More

Lynn Anne Brown

# Nine Words

Three sacred songs the poet knows  
One for Sorrow, One for Joy, One for Rest.  
Each song three cords it braids  
Into still another song or three  
Until their textures  
Are being woven  
Into Tapestry  
Nine Notes  
Now I am given  
To touch up

And each begins  
A different Journey  
Takes me a different  
Place or so

Nine Sacred Words  
are born again  
each time  
we get  
Together

When we the Sacred  
Join together  
We are Strong

We bring back into the Words  
That needs remembering  
To Soothe  
To Celebrate  
To Sleep

They are the voice  
Of that  
Which we cannot always see  
But want to still remember

What makes us sad  
What makes us happy

What helps us sleep

And set out

To try to understand it all.....

Lynn Anne Brown

# No Quarrel

Hear the thunder rolling in  
The skies will speak  
The Greys still hold the Blues  
And a symphony begins  
Light and Colour  
Fade and shift  
The Drummer  
Changes Feet  
The Wind Whistles  
And the Rafters Rattle  
As The River Runs a Little Higher  
So far the Banks are Holding  
Our Beat is Steady  
Our Dance Responds  
In Kind

Lynn Anne Brown

# On A Loom Of Wood

I've been winding through the days  
Weaving words to sing your praise  
On a loom of Wood  
Everything is Good  
You turn the warp into the strings  
Of the harp whose magic brings  
The Raven and the Dove  
To sing a song of love  
And soon the wind is whistling  
It recalls the ancient tune  
That is written in the heart  
Of ones who read the rune

The Story is unfolding  
It has much to much to say  
To be captured by a single voice  
Or to be sung in just one day  
So I will keep returning  
Building on what I may know  
Inviting others with me  
So together we may grow

By land and sea and sky and fire  
We Join the raise our glasses higher  
To Toast the wisdom we have won  
While walking neath the moon and sun  
We've shared our dreams, 'Long life's hard road  
And you've been there to share the load  
You've shown us things along the way  
Reminded us to dance and play  
That in your laughter, we would find  
Your sacred heart, our peace of mind

So when we dance and we sing  
Our offerings to you we bring  
Of love and light and joy and praise  
Of all the hope you've helped to raise  
Of all the Dreams you've made to be  
Of all the possibility

Our Bodies, hearts and minds and souls  
Reach out, receive your sacred coals  
To hold inside a piece of you  
A gift of love to hold us true  
Till we can light the fire again  
And share once more the sacred ken  
Of the lessons have learned this day  
And the blessings that have come our way

Lynn Anne Brown

# Once Broken

They say once broken  
The warrior can never be repaired

And I say Bullshit!  
It's the lie  
That will kill the World  
For we have never been at peace  
Not since the moment  
We Learned  
We had the Power of Life and Death  
And now we are responsible for how we used it.

The thing about calling Odin Father  
And knowing Dagda is another name that I may call him  
And when he came to earth for me they called him Bob  
Not ever, ever, Robert, that would be my brother's name  
Though he could not hold it long enough to learn the Law

And so I learned it for him  
Not completely  
But enough to get along  
Enough never to offend him  
And so he held the door for me  
Watching Silently  
As I wandered  
Lost  
And Broken

I saw his shadow  
In everything I thought was good  
And sure enough, that silver seal, held fast  
And I kept the promise  
To look for good everywhere I went  
And then to bring it to the gathering

And so I did  
Sort of Sometimes when I could  
Between the thises that the that's  
And the other things that would distract

Like work, and giving birth and sometimes dying  
And I'd take a breath  
And listen to his stories

Often his words were few  
Like take as much as you can carry  
Other times he'd warn, that's still too heavy yet  
So when the Lady asks the Satyr and his buddy with the Buddha belly  
To light her torch for her, and for all the others  
I was glad the trickster likes me  
Especially when he warns  
Don't light that cigarette  
We're doing Science here

And Dad pats me on the back and say's child  
I see you still have that golden horseshoe up your ass  
And I say, yes

So I stand back, and watch the revelry  
And laugh quietly to myself  
As I watch a billy goat  
And the baby elephant  
Dance together  
Generously libating fuel  
Until they make the grand discovery  
That the funnels upside down  
Though by then  
They were flammable themselves  
Still torches needed to be set  
And there wasn't time to wash it off  
And so I followed  
Lighting each wick as the torch was set  
Pleased to return the favour

When we gathered to the fire  
I saw a wise one had brought a chair  
And I too would need a place to sit  
If I were to able to continue  
And so I asked the helper elf  
And smiling she found another of her kin  
And gladly he danced one down from the house for me  
And I was able to stay for the ritual

And words were said, And blessings made,  
And the techno mage, sent a song out to the heavens  
To tell the Universe  
That we are here,  
That we are tribe  
And that we stand together

And even those who'd rolled their pennies  
And ate peanut butter sandwiches for a week to afford the travel, agreed  
That this alone was worth the price  
And everything else was gravy  
But what a gravy we would make  
If that was beast we would render into sauce.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Peeking In

The sky begins to lighten  
Pink, purple, gold  
And songbirds  
Call  
To tell  
That sun has risen  
As it peeks over  
My neighbour's roof

Lynn Anne Brown

# Phantom Dancing

Love and Hugs and Phantom Dancing  
Fairy Bells and People Laughing  
Berries, Fruits and other sweets  
Home made gifts and other treats  
Let us share in all these things  
And see what blessings, nature brings  
She likes to join us in our Play  
A joyful noise, will make her Day

Lynn Anne Brown

# Pleased

Bright Sunshine  
Invited me  
To take a walk  
And now I'm pleased

Lynn Anne Brown

# Promises Of Spring

Early morning sun  
Kisses the evergreen  
Which blushes  
At the promise  
Of Spring

Lynn Anne Brown

# Raise It Up!

I hear the drum call  
I hear her call my name  
I hear the drum call  
I hear him say

Will you dance for me?  
Will you dance for me?  
Will you dance for me?

And I say  
And I say  
And I say

You must raise the fire for me  
You must raise the fire  
You must raise it up for me  
So I can reach a little higher

And you say  
And you say  
And you say

You must raise me up with you  
You must take the fire  
You must raise it up for me  
So I can reach a little higher

And we say  
And we say  
And we say

I will raise up with you  
We can take a little fire  
You will raise it up with me  
So we can reach a little higher

We will raise it up  
We will raise it up  
To our hearts desire

We will raise it up

We will sing old songs  
We will raise it up

We will praise old gods  
We will raise it up

We'll raise our horns  
And we'll raise our cups  
We'll raise our glasses  
And our Mugs

To toast the ones  
Who've walked  
This path before

We will raise it up.....

Lynn Anne Brown

# Seriously Nuts

I just received a message that said,  
'you're seriously nuts.'  
To which I answered,  
'Yes I Am'  
And on reflection I find  
I'm quite comfortable  
In my insanity  
I've spent a long time in it  
I know both it boundaries  
And it's expanses  
I understand  
It's tenuous  
Relationship  
With  
Reality  
and the necessity  
To Check In With It  
I know my Body is  
Always Happier  
When I remember to....

Lynn Anne Brown

# Sleeping In

The morning is quiet and still  
The birds  
Whose song  
Usually awakens me  
Still sleep themselves

I hope the fireworks  
Did not frighten them away

My neighbours show  
Went long and loud  
Still my neighbour trees  
The screen between me  
And my human ones  
Feels quite serene

And the apple  
Still dressed  
In her veil of blossoms  
Reassures me  
That everything's  
All right

Ah there....  
I here one now  
I guess they just slept in

Lynn Anne Brown

# Sometimes I Wait

Moments  
Are counting me  
Wondering  
What  
I will do with them  
Will I count them back  
Or Will hold them  
In suspension  
Until  
The time  
Get's nearer  
Nearer to what  
It asks  
I say  
I do not know  
Though it grows nearer  
It grows nearer

Sometimes I'm afraid  
Because the moment's close at hand  
Sometime I curse  
Because it isn't coming fast enough

Sometimes I wait

Lynn Anne Brown

# Sowilo

My back to the East  
My Desk before me  
I Finger my keyboard  
As I trace the threads  
of lingering memories  
Fragments we spun  
Into an electric web  
We wove  
To help us gather  
Our collective  
Consciousness  
As I try  
To unwind the  
Meaning  
Of Both  
Modern  
And Ancient  
Runes

As dusk approaches  
The sun beams brightly  
Through  
The narrow window  
Of a door shut tight  
Against the winter winds  
As it descends slowly  
Toward the roof line  
Of that place  
Across the way

Glaring Fiercely  
It consumes my sight  
As it hits me  
Between the eyes  
And the Screen  
That sits quietly  
Before me  
No longer seems  
To shine as bright

And for just  
A passing moment  
I think  
I should move a bit  
Adjust myself  
So I can continue  
Reading  
The Passage  
It so boldly  
Interrupts

But then  
I think  
Well maybe  
It's time I took  
A Break  
And leaning back  
I close my eyes  
As it warms  
My brow  
Teasing out  
The lessons  
Of the day  
As it's bright  
Memory  
Dances  
Large and red  
Against the Darkened  
Field inside my mind

Slowly  
This vision  
Fades and shifts  
First into a flame  
That feeds the Hearth  
Then to an ember  
That that  
Has the will  
To know again  
To grow again  
If carefully

Contained  
Then to  
The  
Three Cut  
Rune  
With which  
The Northmen  
Spell  
Her Name

Lynn Anne Brown

# Spinning Dreams

I am a pattern  
Woven from many dreams  
A thread spun from ancient stories  
The spindle turns again  
And I am stretched  
And pulled  
As I gather  
in the new  
To marry with the old  
Strengthening both  
In the moment  
Of Joining  
My name is Possibility

Lynn Anne Brown

# Spirit Of The Hearth

I am  
I am, The Spirit of the Fire  
I am  
I am, The Spirit of the Fire  
The Spirit of the Fire  
In everything  
I am  
I am, The Spirit of the Fire  
The Spirit in the Fire  
Of Every Tree  
I am  
I am the Spirit of the Tree  
The Spirit of the Tree  
That greets our need  
I am  
I am the Spirit of the Need  
The Spirit of the Need  
To which we Heed  
We are  
We are the Spirits Of the Hearth  
The Spirits of Hearth  
That keeps the Spark  
We are  
We are the Keepers of the Fire  
The Keepers of Fire  
Who lend a hand  
We who  
We who lend a hand  
Lend a hand  
When we're called upon  
We who lend a hand  
Lend a hand  
Cause that how we run  
We who've leant a hand  
Leant a hand  
Since time begun  
We are The Spirit of the Fire  
The Spirit of the Fire  
In Every thing

We are  
The Hearts that sing  
The Hearts sing  
For every good thing  
We are the Hearts that sing  
The Praises of the Tribe  
The Praises of the Tribe  
The Praises of the Tribe

Lynn Anne Brown

# Starting In The Middle

'The problem with starting in the middle'  
my companion observed sleepily,  
'is that sometimes  
I have no idea  
of the direction  
in which  
we are  
going'

Lynn Anne Brown

# Stormy Mornings

Sometimes  
I just wake up  
And there is another Day to face  
In a body that has already  
Known it's better days  
And I wonder why the Hel  
I keep returning

Being Human  
Isn't the easiest  
Of things

It involves being mortal  
It involves caring that we are  
It involves deciding  
What to be  
Remembered for

And I for one  
Would like to be remembered  
As one of the generation  
That learned to keep the peace  
Between the land  
And it's people

It really doesn't ask for much  
To take only what we need  
To give back what we can  
And to pick up after ourselves

And it's days like these  
I realize  
That I must still  
Have some picking up  
To do  
Before I leave

Lynn Anne Brown

# Summer Lights

Soft and Sad

The saxophone sings  
Of long lonely nights  
Half forgotten things  
That dwell in the tears  
That memory wrings

Lynn Anne Brown

# Survivor

I am a Survivor  
I've paid my dues  
And more  
Because  
I want to be  
Part of Humanity  
When it gets together  
To make the best of what  
It's got  
It's taken  
More than thirty years  
To heal  
The wounds  
That ten years brought  
And finally it took surgery  
To remove the part  
That the body  
Itself  
Could not  
And I honour  
The Science and Study  
Of those  
Who made it possible  
For the Surgeon  
And his team  
To bring me back  
From beyond deaths door  
Eleven units of packed blood cells  
Between February and September  
I fed on Blood  
For nearly half a year  
Because  
Otherwise  
I would be dead  
Then the surgery itself  
Well two actually  
The first one  
They had to cancel  
Because

'Well, it just didn't  
Look that big on the sonogram'  
When I asked afterwards  
I was told  
The surgery took nine hours  
That the fibroid was the size of two rugby balls put together  
And my best friend shared she had a vision  
In which a part of me had gone  
Also confiding  
That she wasn't sure which part it was  
And that she hoped it wasn't  
The part she liked  
Because Wounded Trust  
A Damaged Heart  
And a Depleted Body  
Are very hard to deal with  
And she dealt with quite a bit  
As she helped me to a place  
Where I could deal with it myself  
And I was happy  
And she was happy for me  
When I finally got there  
Some seven years  
From the place  
That we got started  
And now she is onto  
A different place  
And I am happy for her  
Though I miss her from time to time  
And for the four years  
I've been in a place  
Where my soul  
Has begun to grow again  
And my trust has healed  
And my heart is stronger  
And my body isn't as weak  
As it once was  
And occasionally  
It feels strong  
And so I celebrate  
The people  
Who helped

To save my life

Thank you

I believe

That it's all been worth it.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Sweet Harvest

The days of Autumn pass  
The first harvest  
And the second  
Have been gathered  
And the third is yet to come  
First the berries and the grain  
Then the fruits  
And soon the flesh  
And I begin moving slower  
As I count the stores, the stories  
That will keep me through the winter  
As I settle into the time  
Of contemplation  
This year the table may be lean  
The weather was eccentric  
But my heart is rich with joy  
My mind with possibilities  
And my bodies grown  
In strength  
But most of all  
I've found  
The family  
That I'd been looking for  
Wise men and women  
Who've discovered  
That what we have in common  
The things we share  
Are just as important  
As that we keep to ourselves  
And that in the strength  
Of our diversity  
Is the power  
To build  
Community  
So now  
As I prepare for sleep  
I know  
I will dream  
Of Harmony

As each voice I hear  
Becomes  
A note  
In  
The sacred  
Lullaby

Lynn Anne Brown

# Sweet Zephyr

Sweet Zephyr plays his harp today  
He softly sings along the way  
To tell a tale both old and new  
To add a verse as he comes through  
He plucks his notes, both hot and cold  
He dreams you love, both brave and bold  
He says beloved, never fear  
When e'er you call I will be near  
And once again I'll bring the rain  
To help you grow and ease your pain  
And hold you, as you bring that seed to birth  
That marries father sky to mother earth

Lynn Anne Brown

# Taking Bearings

I've died three times

Once in giving birth  
Once in Sordid circumstances  
Once when my womb went bad

And each time the veil got thinner  
It got harder to know which side I was walking on  
Disoriented, I stopped and took my bearings  
Got out my torch, my book, my keys  
And set out on a Journey

The last time was just over five years ago  
This time knowing  
It was going to be a choice  
And so I bargained with my life  
I asked, no I demanded  
From all the Gods  
The Universe itself  
That it Take me  
Or Make it better  
I was angry then  
Yet never more full of faith  
That if I lived things would get better  
And if I died, then maybe next time round  
And things have gotten better  
And they keep getting better every day  
As I find folk who share a belief  
In the value of taking human form  
And Celebrate it by making the most of it.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Taking Flight

Today I can feel my wings spread  
As my left and right sides  
Come into balance

And in the centre is me  
My body  
My heart  
My mind  
My soul  
The core of my being

The self  
From which these  
feathered appendages  
Extend

And as I  
Bring myself together  
In the middle  
To bridge knowledge  
And inspiration  
Experience  
And possibility  
The hidden  
And the foreseen

Joining past  
Present  
And future  
Together  
In a dance  
Of celebration  
I can feel my spirit lighten  
Pulling my body up to join it  
And I know that soon we will take flight

Lynn Anne Brown

# The Gambler

My Dad was a Travelling Man  
So much so that even when he settled down  
Promised Mum that he'd be home at nights  
Knew she couldn't make it through them  
Without someone to hold on tight  
He Drove Truck for a living  
It let him be his own boss  
He said it was because  
He was allergic to formen  
That when they hovered  
Hanging over his shoulder  
He'd break out in anger  
Which he punctuated  
By telling me  
That  
He turned in  
His last resignation  
With his fist.

And so he drove  
And he liked to drive  
No one bothered him  
As long as he got things done  
And he got things done  
Because that is what you did  
And he'd expect no less of someone else

He held honour more important than rank  
Character more important than clothes  
And a Person's Word to be their net worth  
To him a promise was as good as an oath  
A handshake was as good as a signature  
And a coffee, dinner, or a piece of pie  
Maybe a tank of gas  
Was all he'd ever asked for  
When kith and kin  
Would ask him  
What he wanted for his help

He taught me  
How to navigate my world  
To read a map, To read a Perly's Guide  
To load the first things last  
To trace a route back to the beginning  
To take my bearings when I'm lost  
He taught me how to tell when someone lied  
And how to know when they spoke truthfully  
And a little about how to respond to each

He taught me poker  
How to Bluff and Read a Bluff  
That changing up my Tells  
Could work as well as the stoic face  
And to read the odds not just the people  
Only to bet what you afford to lose  
And that if people are playing fairly  
Eventually is every one is dealt  
A Real Good Hand  
As well as some really bad ones  
And Jacks over nines  
Was worth betting on

How taught me how to wait  
When it was wise  
And how to move fast  
When it was needed  
And how to fish  
Without caring  
If you ever caught a bite  
And how celebrate the times you did.

Sometimes we'd have fish and beans for breakfast  
At other times we'd be digging through the cooler  
For the wieners we brought just in case  
Because freedom needs a backup plan

He taught me how to tend a fire  
To make it grow when needed  
To keep it small when heeded  
To stir the embers into ash  
As it dies down

And to keep  
Some water round  
Just in case  
Oh yes, and how to stomp  
And why boots work than bare feet  
When it comes to kicking coals  
And why it's good to choose  
A strong and steady  
Stick  
Before you even start

And he taught me  
To defend myself  
Well actually  
The story went  
'Here's what you do,  
if an attacker has you cornered.'  
Just a few moves really  
Three in all  
Some things he'd picked up in the army  
A little hand to hand  
That I'd later be told  
Was Martial Arts

My Daughters Father  
A mistake I don't explain  
And a sometimes  
Martial Artist  
Trained to Brown  
In some underground Garage  
Turned wide eyed and bright  
The day he thought to show me  
What to do if there was ever trouble

And so after escaping every hold  
He tried to put on me  
(I did a lot of wrestling with my brother)  
And putting it down  
'To the fact'  
That he'd held back  
Because if he hadn't...

That's when he decided  
To get a gist of what I already knew  
And so I showed him what my dad showed me  
And on seeing it said horsely  
He taught you how to kill  
And all I thought  
Was  
That he'd trusted me  
Not to know it  
Until I needed to.

Lynn Anne Brown

# The Grey

The air is damp and my body's aching  
The sky, a grey and colourless wash  
That softens everything  
With a touch  
Of I can't see so well  
Through my human eye  
As I watch the raindrops  
Paint momentary images  
Soon to pass  
On the windowpanes  
Of my reality  
And so I take  
A couple Advil  
And some sinus meds  
And reflect of what the weather  
Has been saying  
As the cold deep snows  
Begin to melt away  
Beneath the soft caress  
Of it's gentler self  
And I smile happily  
As I remember  
That this grey curtain  
Will soon rise  
Revealing Summer  
As she calls on us  
To keep the promises  
We we made  
When the nights grew long  
And we feared, perhaps  
That this time  
She didn't want to wake  
She didn't want to make  
Her way back home  
To care for the children  
Who had forgotten  
The meaning of Gratitude  
And so while my body aches  
And my joints

Twinge loudly in response  
I am thankful  
That it means  
She hasn't  
Given up on us  
And that we have  
Another chance  
To show  
How much  
We care for her

Lynn Anne Brown

# The Moon Is Laughing

The Moon is Laughing  
All the folk who love her  
Have been coming out today  
To Ask  
How can we help you  
And I heard her Whisper  
In response  
Remember  
And I'll be strong

Lynn Anne Brown

# The Sacred And The Strange

We can make a difference  
We can make a change  
We can touch the heart of  
The sacred and the strange

Time for new beginnings  
Time for the hate to end  
All we need to know  
Is the message we will send

When a hearts been torn wide open  
And it crys out in the night  
All it asks us is for company  
Until the morning light

And we can hear thunder  
And we can hear the rain  
And we can hear the pleading  
Of the ones who writhe in pain

And maybe we can heal them  
And maybe we can not  
Still we can hold their hearts and hands  
Till the battle has been fought

And while the years have slowly healed us  
And we know this to be true  
Sometime were faced with challenges  
Where we don't know what to do

Still we can make a difference  
We can make a change  
We can touch the heart of  
The sacred and the strange

Make a place for new beginnings  
Build a home where hate can end  
Set a fire for the message  
That our hearts and hand will send

To the hearts that torn wide open  
And to ones that may not mend  
That we will hold there hearts and hands  
Come what may, until end

Because we can make a difference  
We can make a a change  
Each time we touch the heart of  
The sacred and the strange

Lynn Anne Brown

# Through Other Eyes

What I've learned throughout the years  
And why I'm still willing to keep on learning.

I've learned to speak a language  
That helps me understand  
What it is to be both  
Human and Immortal  
Or at least infinite  
Even if I can only count  
Those boundless numbers  
In fractions of the time  
That I've been given here

Is this a dress rehearsal  
A stage that we are setting  
For the days we may come back  
Arriving before the bones have broke  
And our teeth start going bad  
And our memory is fading  
And our our eyes start looking sad

Well maybe I will come again  
And maybe I will not  
And maybe the next line  
Will be writ to someone else

But if Love can be my Legacy  
Kindness be my Kin  
I'll gladly take the moment  
The moment I am in  
And divide it any way I can  
To Greet infinity

And if that means  
I listen  
Far more than I will speak  
Its because I write it down now  
The things I want to keep  
So if in a quiet moment

My memory is weak  
I have a place to go to  
To remind me what to remember  
If there ever comes a need

So unless there is a reason  
Unless there is a need  
The Raven has Retired  
And I'll be living with my Tree  
Down by the waters edge  
A place where I can see  
As far as the eye can wander  
While it's light's inside of me

Because I hold it in the darkness  
To show from where I come  
A place that without it  
My mind would come undone  
As I Journeyed through some places  
That rarely got the Sun

Sometimes it got really cold  
The Places we survived  
Sometimes It got really hot  
To hot to feel alive  
So along the way we learned  
To make the best of everything  
And to celebrate the tree  
Both because it fed the fire  
And because slowed the wind  
And because it gave us shade  
When sun was getting grim  
It promised to give us shelter  
If we'd only treat it good  
And so we made a promise  
To do the best we could  
To take only when we need it  
And take the fallen first  
Then have mercy  
On the ones  
Whose suffering is worst  
And when we light out fires

To watch out what we do  
Make sure were only burning  
What were intending to

When'ere we've shared a dreaming  
And the story felt right and true  
Another seed was planted  
And we'd see what we could do  
With the things that we had gathered  
On the way as we went through  
From the place we started looking  
To the place were getting to

And it doesn't give me answers  
Only better Quests  
To guide me  
As I go

Lynn Anne Brown

# Through The Weather

The wind howls in carrying the light powdered snows  
In dancing whorls  
That shape and reshape themselves  
As they go  
The sky is white before me  
Then sun peeks through  
And says what a pretty dance  
Come look and see  
And it's too cold  
For walking very far  
So I look out the window  
Turn the heat up just a bit  
And wish I could light a real fire  
But for now a candle will have to do  
As I snuggle into a throw  
And am grateful  
That I have shelter and stores enough  
To take me through the weather

Lynn Anne Brown

# Tired Of Pointing Fingers

I'm tired of pointing fingers  
And having fingers pointed at me  
About what we didn't do  
And what we couldn't see

I'd rather write invitations  
And accept those that come my way  
To understand the meaning  
Behind the things for which we pray

For beyond our reach alone  
Lies the things that we will need  
If we are to build the understanding  
That will help us to succeed

As we lift ourselves from hatred  
Hoplessness and poverty  
To reach the shining place  
Where each voice  
Rings proud and free

As we learn to sing together  
Of the things we need to see  
Before we can claim the prize  
Called Truth and Liberty

Lynn Anne Brown

# Toward Sunset

I was born toward sunset  
One near midsummer day  
And as I walked through the night  
I learned how to pray  
From the moonlight  
I heard  
That It's never too dark  
To feel the pull of it's love  
When I'd sit still and hark  
To the messages carried  
By Many a Voice  
To exercise Kindness  
Is still my best choice  
For while the path that I've walked  
Has not always been clear  
The Kin that I've chosen  
Helped me overcome fear  
And through them I've learned  
To be part of the Tribe  
And still to feel free  
To hear what I hear  
And see what I see  
And as the sun rises slowly  
To greet the new day  
I'm glad I've found friends  
With whom I can play  
As we pick up the pieces  
That were lost 'long the way  
I Thank you for hearing  
What I need to say  
As I celebrate being  
With family today

Lynn Anne Brown

# Visitor's Guide

A key in one hand  
A book in the other  
The torch I carried in  
Now firmly planted  
Sheds light  
on them

The Book is getting heavier  
Each passing stroke  
Makes it harder  
To hold onto  
And as I wonder  
If I can hold onto it  
A pedestal  
Appears before me  
A place to rest my book  
On and Alter strong enough  
To Hold it up  
And in it's place  
Before me  
Sits a Keyboard

I see you have a mighty pen!  
A voice observes

Yes  
I answer  
It lets me write with light  
And when I am Good at it  
It helps me bring those things to life

What things?

The things I want to keep  
The things I found along the way  
The things that I'm still looking for  
The things that have helped me make my way  
The things that helped me find the Good in it

In what?

In Life

In the Living of it

In the suffering it took

To learn what I would

Treasure

That

I Value Most

And in the

Pleasure

Of learning

How to Make it Work

So you want to write another

How to book?

Snickers yet another voice

I have a challenger

Yes

I answer

I guess that's what this is

Another How to book

A kind of Visitors

Guide

To making the most

Out of being Human for a while

So what are you going to call it this time?

teases the challenger

'A Fairy Guide to Living Well while Being Human'

Or something Lame Like that

Sneers the apposing voice

As it drips it's poison Into battles past

I smile

at it

and it begins to back away

And before it turns to leave

It bows to me

And says

Well you can keep it

And I answer it  
I Will

It seems you have a Title for the Book  
The observer notes  
somewhere on the corner of a page

It seems I still Have  
Yet another one  
To Consider  
Before

Before What?  
Still another voice chimes in  
It sounds kinder  
Than the Challenger  
Though just as Intimidating  
It demands an Answer

Before.....  
I have to think on this a moment  
Before I can begin.....  
Begin to really understand it

Understand What?

That what I really want is to Write the best of myself into being so that the next time that I visit I won't have to spend as much time tripping over the things that didn't work the next time round.

Lynn Anne Brown

# Wakening

Though still buried deep within her frosty bed  
Her Blankets laid deep and high above her head  
I could feel her stir beneath the gaze  
Of her lovers warm and tempting praise

Still lying in the place where dreams are worn  
Healing the wounds made by hate and scorn  
His soothing touch reminds her of when  
Their love was celebrated in the hearts of men

And soon she'll rise and try again  
To waken the wisdom that we knew then  
Before we began to practice that dark art  
That wounds her body and breaks her heart

Reminding us that we can learn  
To cherish the the love we didn't earn  
By treating her with truth and grace  
As we wait for her to turn her face.

Lynn Anne Brown

# We Are Tribe!

We are Tribe!  
We said  
Declared!  
The words resound inside my heart  
An echo of the ancient horn  
The sound that called me home  
Marked the way  
And bade me welcome  
When the time of wandering  
Had neared it's end

We are Tribe!  
Such power in these words  
An act of faith  
To believe in one another  
To trust each others will  
To know  
We will stand together  
In the face of  
Adversity

We are Tribe!  
Such solace in these words  
To know that we are not alone  
That Kith and Kin have gathered  
Once Again  
To celebrate our strength  
To encourage one another  
To find their power  
In the knowledge  
That as each  
One grows  
The whole  
Becomes the more  
The thing that we've  
Been searching for  
We are Tribe!  
A Thing of Wonder  
A Gathering of Wisdom

And Experience  
Good Will  
And the desire  
To be for one another  
That which we search for in ourselves

We are Tribe!  
We are Tribe!  
We are Tribe!

Each time I hear these words repeated  
Each time I feel these words affirmed  
I hear echoed deep inside

Welcome  
Welcome Home

We are Tribe!

Chi Megwetch,  
We are Tribe!

Bí Beannaithe,  
We Are Tribe!

Ásáheill!  
We Are Tribe!

Namaste  
We are Tribe

We are Tribe!  
We are Blessed.

We are Tribe! ! !

Lynn Anne Brown

# We Are Tribe! Another Muse

We are Tribe!  
This means so much to me.  
We are Tribe!  
What does it mean to me?  
We are Tribe!  
We have chosen one another.  
We are Tribe!  
I feel at home here.  
We are Tribe!  
I know my Kin here.  
We are Tribe!  
I see myself here.  
We are Tribe!  
I know my heart here.  
We are Tribe!  
I know I'm safe here.  
We are Tribe!  
I find my strength here.  
We are Tribe!  
We have chosen,  
We are Tribe!  
To Stand Together  
We are Tribe!  
We make a place here.  
We are Tribe!  
We keep the peace here.  
We are Tribe!  
We work together.  
We are Tribe!  
To make it better.  
We are Tribe!  
Than when we got here.  
We are Tribe!  
Chi Megwetch,  
We are Tribe!  
We are Thankful.  
We Are Tribe!  
Bí Beannaithe,  
We are Tribe

We are Blessed.  
We are Tribe! ! !

Lynn Anne Brown

# What I Conceive

Walking down this road so long  
It helps to sing that ancient song  
From whence it came, I do not know  
It moves me fast, It moves me slow  
It takes the lead, It follows still  
It says I am a child of will  
It dreams me when I am not there  
It grieves me when I can not care  
It shines a light when I'm too dark  
It offers shade to make my mark  
It holds me up when I am down  
It shows me where I hid my crown  
It says I am not make believe  
It says I am what I conceive

Lynn Anne Brown

# What If?

To my fellow Elves  
You'll know who you are  
Because you smiled to yourselves  
When I recognized  
You inside myself  
And myself inside of you  
In our recognition  
Of our own  
Magical  
Beginnings

That we imagined  
Ourselves into being  
The moment we said  
What if?

And as with many 'What if's? '  
The knowledge of that magic  
Was often born in time of greatest need  
We'd learn to get along or to destroy ourselves  
Until we began to see  
The me inside of you  
And the you inside of me  
And the amazing we  
That comes  
When we play nice together

And for me me  
What if?  
A leaning toward the creative  
And a desire to help  
And yes to be helped  
Has been the guiding Light  
Of a journey  
That has  
Taken, well  
Let's see now  
I started this when I was Seven  
Nearly Fifty years

That began with  
A Question?  
To Goddess wearing other clothes  
Who helped in a time of withering need  
If there was anything I could do for her  
And knowing I had already began  
Leaning toward the healing arts  
I wanted to be a nurse  
When I grew up  
To tend to the wounded  
To help folk heal or pass  
According to their need  
To ease the suffering, to mute the pain

Most Elves  
If not all  
Are Empaths  
We feel our way  
Through life  
And when we feel pain  
We want to make it go away  
To see if we can help  
To make things better  
To come up  
With a solution

Now left to own devices  
This can get quite interesting  
Though maybe sometimes not worthy  
of a Re-run  
Though interesting stories  
And fair warnings get wrapped up  
In those tales  
Do you remember the time that...?  
Yeah, won't do that again...  
When said discreetly  
Near someone  
Contemplating  
Nearly  
The same thing  
It you've ever  
Watched an Elven

Parent  
Tell of  
The time they  
Almost Drowned  
Because they didn't listen  
When someone said  
Don't go out beyond the markers  
You'll get my drift  
And if you've done it for yourself  
You'll know that it's a clever way  
To give advice  
Without resorting to giving orders  
Though when it comes to safety  
We're not adverse

Telling me  
To stop right now  
Before bomb goes off  
Explanations Later  
Is fine with me  
If I trust  
The one who's speaking  
Because well...  
Sometimes  
I just miss things  
And so I appreciate  
The Help

Though  
In a world  
That makes  
The small seem smaller  
And the Large seem monstrous  
We're often overwhelmed  
by Folk  
Who want to keep us prisoner  
Look at how folk think they can  
Treat the Leprechaun  
Hold him hostage  
Until he gives them  
His pot of Gold

And they wonder  
Why sometimes we're unfriendly  
Well sorry folk, despite the common delusion  
The desire to help does not translate  
Into the desire to be a slave  
And no we're not inferior  
Just because...

Just because, some one is looking  
for an excuse...

Because it doesn't matter  
The colour of our skin, or hair, or eyes  
How tall or short we are  
Muscled or Frail  
Who we choose to Love  
Or how we choose to do it  
Who and if we worship  
And how we go about it  
Except by consideration  
Of the first Law  
Of Healing

To do no Harm  
Which in it's inverse  
Also means to accept no Harm  
To not allow it's presence in our lives

And that is when the warrior steps in...  
And one thing that I've discovered  
Is that she's as fierce as my elf is gentle  
And it's something I'm learning to appreciate.

Lynn Anne Brown

# When Odin Laughed

The Human  
Who gave host to him  
Just Raised and eyebrow  
As he gave that look  
You know the one  
That clearly say's  
'You haven't got it yet  
Then smiled  
Knowing  
Sometime soon...

But Odin Laughed  
Laughed, loud and clear  
Laughed so loud  
He spilt his beer  
The day I said  
'As a person  
of Peace  
I've never quite  
understood  
Why I'm always  
In the company  
Of warriors.

Then he winked  
His saturn eye  
Let me think  
On it a while  
On the stories  
That I tell  
Of how I got to here  
From Hel  
I'd followed those  
Who been before  
And marked a path  
That led back home

In Rune and Word  
In Rite and Rede

I've kept the promise  
That I made

To Listen Well  
And Speak the Truth  
To learn the Words  
And signs and ways  
To Gather Lore  
Help build a place  
Where we can figure  
Out the rules  
And turn them  
Into mending tools  
To heal the rift  
That stands between  
That which is  
And isn't seen

Lynn Anne Brown

# Zephyr

I Stretch my Wings  
To ride the Wind  
That Leaves  
The Land of Sorrows

Lynn Anne Brown