

It is the Equinox

The moon is half way, waxing as evening creeps in

The air is cool, as the sun hits all things from the North West

Shadows covering the opposing sides

I feel so alive when I pay close attention to the light

The earth holding onto its last beams as I too yearn to chase it

The suns blaze, so brilliant and yet I feel the inside of my soul start to quiet

The source is going to rest and I am too reflecting on this years work, the harvest is here

Space narrows, yet still glistening on the line of tall grass as it ever so lightly teeters with the movement of the air

The moon brightens as the light is escaping and coolness has a chill, a crispness

What did our ancestors gaze upon as the season change occurred

Was the grass green, leaves starting to fade to vibrance

Was there leaves crunching and crickets

All of a sudden I am overwhelmed with a sadness, deep from long ago, uncertain if it is linked to our humanity

The tall grass is still shining, in a smaller line now, the seeds are still falling from the cotton wood tree and the hawk still crying out over head

The life force is still strong, adapting and chasing the light

The eternal flow marches on

As the moon deepens and the sun is gone, yellow light begins to highlight its crescent edges

The night sky comes alive, in the twilight, tiny specs emerge, timely with gleam

Peaceful quiet accompanies the stillness as all settles

I feel it in my chest, this peace, wash over me as the moon bathes all in her view

Dark shadows darken as she shines brighter yellow

The Earth is calling for Gratitude

I weep in immense admiration, the source of life entwines my soul with every breath there is connection to peace, harmony and wisdom- by Elyssa Allen

