

Travellers

From home,
Woman, mother, feeling in the life inside
Life sanctified, set off with man and beast
Beneath the story-telling sky and ride
To place unknown.

To Earth,
I am, Creator, tasting with the milk and hay
First milk of pain, embrace the journey
Of a thousand ages in a day
To mortal birth.

From fields,
Watchers, shepherds, hearing in transcendent song
Transcendent story, leave your flocks
And find the trail and fly along
To kneel.

From the East,
Seekers, magi, seeing there in ancient light
Ancient wisdom, strike along the path
And precious, aromatic gifts submit
To senses' feast.

From whence,
Travellers all, perceiving in the yearly turn
A turn of tide, now rest, draw breath and find
That this which gives us life and light is burned
In sense.