

At Their Table

Alghazanth

By earth, by water, by air and fire,
by spirit most pure I fling open the door.
By word, by gesture, by songs that they inspire,
by will most sound I call them forth.

Where three roads lead and eight winds part
stands our church beyond time and place.
With hooves for feet and flames for heart
around the same fount of power we pace.

There is no higher honour than to sup at their table,
no greater gift than this chalice we share.
The feet that stomp the grave of my own Abel
shall move to the rythm of a lifelong prayer.

Bright Moon Lover,
make this body writhe.
Black Moon Mother,
with your blood wash my eye.

The wisdom of the dead I raise from the halls beneath,
and the radiance of the stars I draw down.
I speak the spells of old and echo each future deed,
and bind them all in the eternal Now.

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