

I Bless the Rose

I bless the rose in this ecstatic dawn,
miraculous bold bearing forth of beauty.

I bless the rose,
healing well of feminine wisdom,
from which I rise this morning.

I bless the rose,
fountain of forgotten stories,
saturating the air with visions.

I bless the trees,
opulent guardians,
nourishing birds and gathered to witness freedom.

I bless the birds,
lifting their songs from cradles of stars,
to spill gems upon all listening hearts.

I bless the children who we have saved from endless rooms of grey,
laughing with the fairies.

I bless the boys and girls,
dreaming among the flowers with their paints.

I bless the woman I am in this moment,
I bless the Goddess I am for eternity.

I bless the dawn calling me to dance,
I bless my body calling the dawn.

I bless the people whose steps I hear,
as I spiral in the rose-filled air.

I bless the people who are not sleeping,
the people walking towards me,
on a garden path laid down by the universe,
exploring their intuitions, ignited by their souls,
listening to the sound of the rose,
the sound of hearts breaking through earth,
the flowing of waters, the messaging of birds.

We do not gather here in this garden to save or to be saved.
But to be the women and men we are in this moment,
and the Goddesses and Gods we are for eternity.
We gather to open our hearts to each other,
to the all of each other, as to the dawn.

I bless our courage,
before we have felt the risen sun upon our skin,
before we begin to live in this garden,
before we say to each other,
Hello,
I've missed you,
with voice or eyes or hand.
I bless the rose between us,
in this ecstatic dawn.

Aja Dematerra