

Poetry Series

Lynn Anne Brown
- poems -



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Lynn Anne Brown(June 16,1959)

I am 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.



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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

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

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 Hell
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



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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



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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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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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

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

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



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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

Promises Of Spring

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

Lynn Anne Brown



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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



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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

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.



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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

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



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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

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



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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

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



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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



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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



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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

Pleased

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

Lynn Anne Brown



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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



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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



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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



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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

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

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

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



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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



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Zephyr

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

Lynn Anne Brown



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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

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



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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

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



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Khrysallis

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

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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

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

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
Placebos 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

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



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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

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



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

Ah but that is only for the need to know

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

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



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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

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

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 death's 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



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'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

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



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Content

In the moment
I am simply
Content to be

Lynn Anne Brown



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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



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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



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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 its 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

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
Too 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

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

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

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

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

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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

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



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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

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

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



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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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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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

Did You See That?

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

Lynn Anne Brown



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Just A Moment...

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

Lynn Anne Brown



PoemHunter.com

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

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

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

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

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

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



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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

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



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What helps us sleep

And set out

To try to understand it all.....

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

Between The Lines

The most Sacred Place I know
Is in between
The Lines

A Place
Where
Understanding Strolls

Lynn Anne Brown



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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



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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

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



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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

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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

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

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

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 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 and 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

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

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



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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



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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

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 it's 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

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

 PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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

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

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



PoemHunter.com

Electric Heart

Not a real fire
Still it warms me
As it remembers
What is wishes
That it was
As it echoes weakly
The roaring voice
And flickered light
Of it's 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

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