

Generations (Forest Temple)

Jillian Aversa

Generations
by Jillian Aversa

Deep in the brume of juniper and fern
A moon overhead and stones at my feet
I walked through a veil of cypress and birch
And came to a surface painted with leaves

Voiceless, a child appeared in the brush
And smiled with a hush, all dusty and tanned
And before I could speak, she ran to my side
And knelt with a flow'r she placed in my hand

Dancing, singing, voices ringing
Rising, falling, giving, being
Waiting, growing, teaching, knowing
Waxing, waning, ebbing, flowing

Faces gaze upon me
Ageless figures some alive

Deep in the brume of juniper and fern
A moon overhead and stones at my feet
I walked through a veil of cypress and birch
And came to a surface painted with leaves

Voiceless, a mother came with her child
And smiled with a hush, all rosy and tanned
And before I could speak, she walked to my side
And knelt with a key she placed in my hand

Without a sound
They mouthed the words of mystery
And I knew no translation
For the history they gave to me

Deep in the brume of juniper and fern
A moon overhead and stones at my feet
I walked through a veil of cypress and birch

And came to a surface painted with leavesÂ

Voiceless, a crone appeared in the brushÂ
And smiled with a hush, all twisted and tannedÂ
And before I could speak, she fell at my sideÂ
And lifted a tome she placed in my hand

Lyrics Submitted by Jamir

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