# Generations (Forest Temple)

## Jillian Aversa

Generations
byÂ Jillian Aversa

Deep in the brume of juniper and fernÂ
A moon overhead and stones at my feetÂ
I walked through a veil of cypress and birchÂ
And came to a surface painted with leavesÂ

Voiceless, a child appeared in the brushÂ
And smiled with a hush, all dusty and tannedÂ
And before I could speak, she ran to my sideÂ
And knelt with a flow'r she placed in my handÂ

Dancing, singing, voices ringingÂ
Rising, falling, giving, beingÂ
Waiting, growing, teaching, knowingÂ
Waxing, waning, ebbing, flowingÂ

Faces gaze upon meÂ
Ageless figures some aliveÂ

Deep in the brume of juniper and fernÂ
A moon overhead and stones at my feetÂ
I walked through a veil of cypress and birchÂ
And came to a surface painted with leavesÂ

Voiceless, a mother came with her childÂ
And smiled with a hush, all rosy and tannedÂ
And before I could speak, she walked to my sideÂ
And knelt with a key she placed in my handÂ

Without a soundÂ
They mouthed the words of mysteryÂ
And I knew no translationÂ
For the history they gave to meÂ

Deep in the brume of juniper and fernÂ
A moon overhead and stones at my feetÂ
I walked through a veil of cypress and birchÂ

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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