

# Invocation for Strength

## The Soft Pink Truth

Isis, the rainbow of sapphire mysteries  
You are the calling I hear from the wind in my bones  
O mother of life begotten from your womb of light  
We rise now out of the masculine death that is Jehovah's enslavement In the fullness of sweet woman's blood  
and faerie rage Our touch blossoms like the tides of earth we are strong  
to come again  
I believe in the goddess, the movement for life  
Formed by our generalist, brightening for our powerless  
and suckling our struggle By the rose in my chakras I tap the androgyne With you, our love is revolt  
With you, we are each atoms of significance Diana, my lover of Amazons  
My Triumph of faggot witches  
Feed us the lunar nectar.  
Between poems and tears Between silence.....and celebrations  
And guide us to destroy the machinery that alienates us  
Then shall our captors parasite upon themselves O, Kali, the source, the destroyer, the return  
In Pain's dignity, your face is behind our faces  
We are strong to come again

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