

# OUT OF THE FLAMES

A Devotional Anthology for  
the Queer Divine



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## Illustrations

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the Fellowship of the Phoenix.



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For our Seekers, where ever they be.  
For the Eight-fold Queer God, the Phoenix, and the  
numerous and numinous spirits of the Labyrinth.

Tous Kya Te.



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# Editor's Note

In 2017 the Brotherhood of the Phoenix became the Fellowship of the Phoenix, and as such we felt that this book could use some edits. We've added some art, fixed a few typos, and updated some language to reflect our change in name and purpose.

We hope that you enjoy this small anthology, and we look forward to producing more in the future.

Ta kya te (my heart is open to you),

George Marshall

Editor



# Introduction

The Fellowship of the Phoenix is a living tradition, a group of neo-pagans that was founded on the core concept that an institution that does not change with its population ceases to be relevant.

This work is a testament to that concept, as well as to another core concept of our Order: “Find the Divine within your own experience.” As such none of the following works are considered canon or any sort of gospel. Rather, they are private words of devotion that a few of our members have decided to share.

We hope that you take from this some understanding of the private nature of our practice, and also a sense of commonality amongst belief. The Divine may be approached from different directions and in different ways, but they are still the same divinities.

May you find inspiration and some bit of truth in these words, for yourself and your path. Raise your voice in praise of the Divine and find blessing as you walk the Labyrinth.

Out of the flames, into the light.

The Fellowship of the Phoenix



## Prayer of the Phoenix

Mighty Phoenix I adore thee.

Grant me the power to transform myself and the world  
around me.

I breath in your light and touch the flames.

I exhale of my love, and fan the flames.

I am changed and I change.

I am healed and I heal.

Blessed are the flames of transformation,  
to which I open my heart.

## The Phoenix and the World

In the beginning there were Gods and there was Fire and there was Water. Back in those times there was not much else - all was darker than ever you could imagine, and those that walked the darkness were more real and terrible than anything you could fathom. Every fire now burning and river now rushing are but shadows and memories of the forces that they were, before they spent themselves, before the universe was truly born.

Fire, in particular, was a tricky force. He ate of the darkness and became ever brighter - but his heart is of naught but fire and passion - and so he would occasionally flare or spark in ways that were new. At that time new things were uncommon - No one had thought of time, and the gods had existed as long as they knew.

But as I said, Fire was a trickster. He had lately been dreaming of flight, of wings and the ever known ecstasy of birth and of being born. And so one day he did something truly unexpected - Fire gave birth.

There was a flash in the world, a burst of flame and light that was born of Fire - and sank deeply into Water with a burst of steam and lost heat. A thin layer of ash came from water then and floated between then like a grey cloud in the empty universe, a shadow defined by Fire and playing hazily on Water.

It's impossible to say if time passed or if birth was instantaneous. As I said, there was no time at the beginning of the universe, so who could tell if there was a second or a lifetime of ash and dust?

There was a flash, and then there came a thin plume of smoke from the ash, and the smoke turned to spark, and the spark turned to flame. In an instant it was a conflagration, and the universe was silent. In the next instant there was a fierce cry such that you could never imagine, and from the flames there was a head, and folded wings, and sharp talons.

The Phoenix burst whole and new from the dust, birthed by Fire and born of ash on water. The sound of the Phoenix filled every corner of the universe, into the deepest of space and the farthest of time. The great Bird's song inspired the darkness and the depth and more was created.

From that single sweet note spun stars and moons, entire galaxies born of flame-wreathed song. The echoes of the Phoenix-cry built up the ground and the mountains, the valleys and plains formed from the shaking. There was now Earth, light, and sound.

And when the Phoenix opened its wings there spilled out the seas, rivers, and falls. Stars spun wildly with planets and the world was given form. As the Phoenix moved and spun in its own dance of life so did the infant universe follow, and thus did the stars and worlds begin to orbit and revolve, Space and Time found each other and danced.

The Firebird breathed again and called again, and from that sound came air and came life, the winds and the clouds and the scurryings of feet on the ground's hard surface. There was now Water and Air, Time and Life.

And when the Phoenix closed its wings there came another darkness, one that allowed for sight and for mystery. Things far off could be seen, both in space and in time. The moon and stars were viewed for the first time against the blackened sky, still bright and fierce in their presence and independence.

As that darkness fell the Phoenix breathed again and cried again, and in this call was comfort and love and knowledge of the world. That cry rang through the hearts and souls of all things living and they were better for it. The creatures and peoples of the world cried out in response, the combined notes a single song of love and awe. Hearing this, the Phoenix shed a single tear, and this was the first blessing. There was now night and day, love and blessing.

And still the Phoenix is with us, and still the Phoenix beats its wings and moves with us. From him do we get day and night and the movement of the heavens. The cry of the Phoenix still echoes through the world and in our hearts.

Ta kya te.

## Hymn for Terra and Sol

*Exhortation!*

Sing of the cosmic lovers.  
Exalt and Cry out!  
Dance the spiral to their union.

Sing to Sol, the great emanation.  
Oh font of life, sweet cherished star,  
Come upon us in radiant joy;  
Embellish our lives with your mystery,  
Let the ever-expanding light of your  
divine reach ennoble us,  
wee lanterns hung upon the eddies of  
you and your many cousins.

*Revere!*

Dance down the eager staff.  
Revel and Rejoice!  
Sing to sleep the still point.



Dance to Terra, the deep attractor.  
Sweet yearning field, oh field of light,  
Laid upon the plane of your skin;  
Arouse within us your mystery,  
Let the drawing down of life's breath  
hang upon our eager bodies,  
wee bowls of salt, floating along  
the current of your grace.

*Holy!*

Stir the cauldron of our flesh.

*Union!*

Walk the world in our knowledge

Darkest Light and Brightest Depth!  
Yearning for each other  
across the space between heartbeats.

## The Birth of the Divine Youth

One day, long ago, the Sun was rising. He was feeling stronger, brighter, returning as he was from the slumbering winter. The Sea was wide, and warming with the rising sun.

This day of all days, when the Sun rose over the horizon, over the ample and fertile flesh of the Sea, they joined in a way they never had before. His burning rays moved into her so quickly, and her white-crested breakers rose higher than ever to greet him.

There was a flash in the world when the Sun rose that day, the Sea washed in golden light. The brightness passed as soon as it had come, and all was as it was before, save for the small spot of light still playing on one of the Sea's crests. The light did not fade, but formed, and in just moments there was a squalling babe cradled in the waves, with a brightness and a spark still shining from his open eyes.

Both the Sun and the Sea were quite certain that this Boy was the most beautiful of His kind ever born, with His shining eyes and high brow. They named Him then in their own

tongues. It is not something that we can voice, of course, being made of neither light nor roaring water. But so it goes.

The Youth's Divine parents loved Him more than anything and tried to keep Him close. The Sea nursed Him; He suckled on Her loamy waves and drank of the brine as if it were ewe's milk mixed with honey. The Sun caressed his face and kept him warm.

They kept hold of the Boy for six days and six nights. On the seventh morning the Sun looked down and said to the Sea, "We cannot keep our darling Son here with us. He has feet - not wings or fins - and must be taken to land. Eventually He will eat more than loam and brine and then where will we be?"

The Sea did not cry - what tears could the Lady produce, though she be already made with all the salted waters of the world? She did cry out, however, from her very depths. Every creature of the world knew her pain. She also know the truth of it and asked the Sun, "But where would we send Him? What out in the world could match His beauty, His brilliance?"

Said the Boy's father, "I have another son, after a fashion. He is as bright as I and our child can live in his nest. Gold it is - gold straw and gold leaf, piled high and as soft as anything. He will be safe there, and they can take care of each other as Brothers ought."

The Boy's mother agreed haltingly. The Sun called a Rainbow to him, and the Sea kissed her Boy with foamy white lips. With one final, warm touch to the sweet cheek of his son, the father sent him away to be reared by the boy's brother, the Phoenix.

The great bird cried out in delight at the sight of the wondrous Youth. His love in that moment was as great as anything, and so excited was he that he grew brighter than even his golden nest. The boy, carried by rainbow and laid down gently on the golden thatch, looked at the fire-bird with shining eyes. The Phoenix, bursting with delight at the new life in His nest, tucked a wing about the boy, and together they slept.



## Call of the Divine Youth

I am mischief and I am the stars,  
The spark in your eye and the cry of joy.

I am innocence!  
Unadulterated love marveling at the world.

I am laughter; the purpose of a game.  
I am the change; all things are new!  
Reborn with every waking moment.

You are the laughter,  
The Child, the muse.  
Get your head in the air,  
Get your feet off the ground,  
Allow yourself a daydream.

Through touch, through sound,  
Through taste, smell, and sight,  
Experience the world around you.

Most of all experience me.  
Feel me in your soul.

I am Wonder, the glories of youth,  
And I live on through you.

## Rising to the Next Adventure

Exploration needs no blank map,  
no journey risked across the wild.  
Begin by risking breath and speak  
what never could be said before.

*I slept among the ancient souls.  
Destruction made me fear her gift.  
Stagnation conquered the world.  
Security caused my restraint.*

Within us, what is scared to move?  
What realm would we never perceive?  
Where do we dare never to go?  
Orient your compass thereto.

*I woke among the sleeping souls.  
Destruction gave me her power.  
Stagnation has had his reign.  
Security, no longer safe.*



When we cease following the known,  
and inward turn to mystery,  
when we act other than we have—  
what discovery will we make?

*I emerged from the captive souls.  
Destruction broke the iron gate.  
Stagnation yielded to life.  
My freedom is security.*

We bear the gift of two tongues' kiss:  
eternal light and mortal clay  
provide us this singular chance  
to find our rising joy in life.

## Prayer for the Explorer

Son of Light and Time  
and Walker of the Way,  
I pray of thee my footsteps  
are brave and right today.

And when my footfalls trespass  
upon ill fated roads,  
I pray please give me courage  
to take up shadowed loads.

Son of Light and Time,  
Explorer of this Life  
I pray you show me new roads  
Away from pain and strife.

And when my journey takes me  
where cowards fear to tread,  
I pray thee give me new hope  
that truth's not as I dread.

Your Courage is of many things  
of hopes and dreams and fears,  
And your courage draws us onward  
down pathways and through years.



I call to you Explorer,  
    Son of Light and Time;  
Hear my words and know their sound  
    please answer this short rhyme.

Come Explorer, walk with me  
    In sun and shade and night.  
Give me Courage, Sight, and Will,  
    and show my heart the light.

## Seeking the Lover

1

As though he were myth, we speculate:

What music will he like? How will he dress? Concerns far weightier than household idiosyncrasies of whether he says "Excuse me" when he burps or stacks comics on the good table.

Some imagine him as wrought iron; others think him delicately carved from willow;  
others believe him ceramic, earth-toned.

We who intimately know our cracks dream he will solder us whole, and wait.

2

Our stories become dyed with tragedy:

Watching some slut abscond with him in spite of our flirtations.

Improbable encounters at airports we'll never see again.

Offering him everything until he stops answering calls.

Searching every bed, scouring the Internet, arriving on time,  
only to uncover rude disinterest.

Our stories compete. Whoever brings forth the heart most  
broken wins.

### 3

Why does he give up when we reject him?

Why doesn't he kiss us enough?

Why does he love too much or too briefly or too clumsily?

Why are his sheets dirty? Why does he need dandruff sham-  
poo?

Is he merely myth?

### 4

I dream he joins with me at dinner. He brings exquisite wine  
and all I offer is my mug:

broken-handled, dirt-colored. "This is unworthy," I com-  
plain as he pours.

With both hands he lifts the chipped rim to his mouth,  
drinks, then presses to my lips. The wine is rich with sacra-  
mental spice, the taste of tongues.

"This belongs to one I love," he says resting in my palms the  
mug's worn weight. "Please tend it."

I wake to inward heat simmering. In the mirror I see his face,  
glazed over my own.

## Song of the Lover

You come to me in the night,  
Dark eyes burning into my soul.  
Come to me, you say  
And I will show you things,  
That in your deepest fantasies  
You haven't begun to desire.

Your smile is infectious,  
And soon my eyes are gleaming.  
Reflecting the light that burns  
Around you, strong and comforting.  
I know that I am safe.  
And whatever life may bring  
With you at my side I will stand tall.

Life is meant to be enjoyed,  
Pleasures of the flesh as well as the spirit.  
And so you draw me down,  
Into the dark alley.  
Your lips slide against mine.  
Your chest pressed against my flesh.  
Our hearts and breath melting into one.  
Your hard cock throbbing against my leg.  
Drawing me without resistance.

Suddenly you spin me round  
Bend me over and take me.

My world explodes in a sea of light.  
I have become Shakti, the Great Mother.  
And you are my Shiva, riding Kundalini  
higher and higher, till we reach Nirvana.  
Becoming one I see  
That I am Thee and Thou art me.

As time begins again and we descend.  
With a start I find that I am now Shiva.  
And I must find Shakti.  
The cycle to begin again.  
Fire spinning up and falling down.

Come to me, I say, I will show you things,  
That in your deepest fantasies  
You haven't begun to desire.

**For I am Desire!**  
**I am Passion! And I am Need!**  
**I am the flaming fires of new found love.**  
**And the quiet flickering flame of a long established relationship.**

**I can be cruel and hard.**  
**And yet I am also soft and gentle.**  
**I am He who opens hearts.**  
**To reach true states of ta kye te.**  
**I stand open and unshielded**  
**Saying this is what I am, take me as I am.**  
**For I am intimacy,**  
**And above all else I am connection.**  
**Through me you can build community.**

**Perhaps you know me by a different name.**  
**I have been called Eros, Freyr, Min, and Adonis.**  
**I am all of these and so much more.**  
**I am the Lover!**

## Call of the Healer

Hear me, find me,  
In heart and in hand, for

I hold the body throughout all sickness,  
I lift the body in health.

I am compassion, your tears and your joy;  
I am the herbs in the cup.

I live in touch, in joining, in being.  
I live in land and in sea.

I cradle your hands as they touch  
And they soothe;  
I carry the breath that you give.

I am the lodge and the steam and the bark,  
I am your blood and your bones.

I give you warmth in the night of the body,  
I give you all of my names.

Wortcunner, call me.  
Curer, call me.  
Mender, Teacher, Healer, call me.

To you I gift healing, both power and being.

Do give me connection and  
I give you life.

## Snake, on the Healer

Listen to the story  
of a sun-warmed Snake,  
Writhing serpentine Prince of Midsummer.

As Noon's wind whispered to me from one side,  
he sang into the other.

He sang soft of a God,  
Queer and bright,  
shining beyond the dreams of any star or pyre.

"Listen," said he,  
"I can tell of a beautiful God,  
brightest flame of His kin.

"He is of many names,  
a love of men and  
ruler at Summer's Height.

"Invoke Him and be glad,  
as the serpent on the sun-kissed stone.

"He has loved as you have loved,  
and lost, as well.

"Sorrow not for him! As He does not sorrow,  
but loves.

“Love as strong in the heart as  
the largest hearth,  
through Him becomes compassion,  
becomes care and cure.

“His is a love that is large enough to  
break free of the heart,  
turning connection into vehicle rather than  
destination.

“Love great enough to Heal,  
that is His gift.  
Though Him, heal yourself,  
heal others.”



## Words of the Warrior

You ask for challenge  
I stand before you and speak the truth  
I am the mirror to show you the way  
Your strength is a weakness  
You fear the anger, fear the pain  
Know that these are but tools  
And each can be used to heal or harm  
But to be used they must be tamed  
Tamed, not broken  
For what use is a broken tool  
It is worthless, and worse a danger to the user  
So tame the anger, hone the violence  
Give voice to the fear, shape to the pain  
Bind their strength to your will

I stand before and speak the truth  
I am the mirror to show you the way  
My weakness is a strength  
For I take all into me  
And bend as the willow in the wind  
And yet I do not break  
I have learned the uses of my tools  
Vulnerability and resilience are a few  
But they too are tools

And so must be honed  
Else they grow weak and brittle

I stand before you and speak the truth  
I am the mirror to show you the way  
I am the cauldron of life  
And Transformation is my goal  
But without the violence and anger  
There is no fuel to stoke the fire  
No pain or fear to mold and shape anew  
And so if I am a mirror  
You too are my reflection  
And your challenge echoes in my own.



## The Warrior in the Labyrinth

Long ago, when the world was yet new and important things still being decided, one of the gods of Queer people was deep in thought. His mind was ill at ease, as he had yet to find a suitable gift for the people that he cared for. He sat down at the base of the Phoenix's spire and called the giant bird down.

The Warrior caressed the great wing of the flaming bird, never worried of flame or smoke. He said to the Phoenix: "Brother, I seek an answer. I desire a gift that I may give to our people, a gift that should cause them to see my face in a mirror when they gaze at it, that will give them some quality to help with the difficult paths they face."

The Phoenix didn't answer straight away, but instead looked to the play of sunlight and shadow on the side of his golden perch, the gleam and spark of gold amongst the dark. He saw shadows deepen and twist, gathering from them his own ornithological auguries. When he spoke it was with a tone rarely heard by the man-shaped God, his song deeper and laced with shades of prescience. "You will walk a winding path towards a darkness and a fire. There will be a trade, and then our people may find Strength."

The Benu Bird lifted a wing, pointing towards the West. "Find the Night's Labyrinth and walk it. The center holds an answer for you and for our Children." Thanks were expressed and the Warrior set off immediately, sword in hand.

A Labyrinth is a path unto itself, but first the way must be found, and the Warrior has his own way of finding things. The god followed the setting sun, hunting it as a lion stalks its prey. When the sun disappeared behind the night the Warrior rested, when it dawned He tracked it further, following it, hiding behind hill or wood when he had to. Seven days passed as he slowly caught up to it.

On the seventh morning he was so close to the dawn that his sight was filled with nothing but a golden light. He did not shout but leapt quickly toward his goal, and suddenly found himself just past the twilight, staring at the entrance to the Labyrinth, stone walls standing nearly twice as tall as him, the path quickly lost to curving.

He quieted himself and renewed his grip on his sword. Stepping forward he knelt quickly and paid respect to the spirits of the path, the wisps and wights that sometimes travel that way. Standing, he turned to his left and began to walk. Back and forth, always turning, curving, twisting. He had walked this path before but could never know exactly where it led.

The winding grew tighter, as if passing through the final channel towards birth or death. There was a final turn and a push at the edges of being, and then darkness. The center of this Labyrinth was pitched in shadow. The Warrior, ever steadfast, quieted himself and heard a shuffling in the dark, a heavy breath.

From quiet he heard the movement and acted - his sword swung, jarred on something hard and dense. Again and again he swung, neither opponent gaining an advantage.

Slowly his vision became clearer and he saw his attacker - a huge dark silhouette, a perfect match to his own form. The Warrior's shadow was solid, and fierce, and fighting with a ferocity the Warrior had rarely encountered.

How long this continued, we'll never know, gods being as near to tireless as we can imagine. But there is logic in godhood, and the Warrior did not feel like he was meeting the challenge posed him. The Warrior stepped back and His shadow paused in its charging.

All that could be heard was the deep breathing of the fighters. Decision made, the Warrior laid down his sword and held out a hand to the great guardian before him. The shadow knelt slowly, took the hand for just the barest pause, and then grasped the sword. With a roar that could be heard at the dawn and beyond, he thrust the sword into the earth before him.

The Warrior's sword burst into flame and there was a fire in the Labyrinth. The fire illuminated the darkness and the shadow was gone, transformed. The god left behind stared into the fire and saw many things. He saw the different shapes that a sword can take and he saw the binding force needed to wield it, deep within the fire.

He moved his hand into the fire - It did not burn. Grasping a seed of flame he turned and left the Labyrinth as he had come, moving in ever widening circles, and leaving into the rising sun. The world was bright, though the Warrior's flame was brightest of all, banishing all shadow. The world was nothing but light.

Out of the fire He pulled Strength, and brought it back to us.

## Song to the Androgyne

You stand in challenge,  
And push the boundaries.  
Embrace wholeness, you say to me.  
You must experience both male and female.  
To rise above and be reborn.

You stand before me. Moving back and forth.  
Dancing between light and shadow.  
One moment I can see your face,  
And the next all is blurred.  
Your presence reminds me  
That nothing stands exactly as it seems.

Two made one, and one made two.  
The swirling dance comes upon me.  
The push of opposites that pull me higher.  
Your secret whispered in my ear.  
Find strength in weakness  
And acknowledge the weakness of strengths.

I cannot deny the truth. Your very presence  
Makes me uncomfortable.  
You stand outside and remind me  
That there is more than meets the eye.

We dance and spin, faster and faster.  
Swirling together in an endless spiral.  
A perfect dance, the two made one.  
Till suddenly I am alone.  
For I am Thee and Thou are me.

Now I am the One made of two.  
Both sides in equal parts.  
Male and female,  
Weakness and strength,  
Light and dark.

Embrace wholeness, I say  
You must experience both male and female.  
To rise above and be reborn.

**I stand alone for I transcend the boundaries.  
I am Male, and I am Female.  
I am both and I am neither.  
Polarities embodies, not two but One!**

**I stand apart for Nature say I cannot be.  
Yet here I stand, a penis and vagina in one body.  
Rejected by community, I must make my own.  
And so I call to you  
For I understand the art of balance.  
Without which true ta kye te is not possible.  
I am Ze who bridges the gap of the sexes.  
I am Mother.  
I am Father.**

Perhaps you know me by a different name.  
I have been called Hermaphroditus, Ardhanari, Hapi,  
Baphomet.  
I am all of these and I am so much more.

**I am the Androgyne!**

## Words of the Androgyne

Look on me! terrible, beautiful, homely, whole!  
I am the ungendered and all-gendered champion of balance.

I am the Androgyne, but be not fooled.  
I am not male and female.

I am the Balance, but be not fooled.  
I am not this, or that.  
I am not binary, not split in two, never two things joined.

I am not *broken*.

I am whole, and in pieces.  
I am multitudinous, limitless, vast.

I am the Queer rainbow.

Watch me, the wheel, balanced on its center.  
Oh! Sacred Spiral of Existence,  
spinning and dancing around the Staff of Life.

Remember me!

I am the pansexual, asexual,  
profaned minister of our people.

I am wild, I am mad, I am radical.

Love me, and find Balance,  
spinning and dancing.

## Prayer to the Shaman

Walker of the wild gates, I sing to you.  
Light my eyes with sacred sight  
and show my feet the way.  
Help me hear what's never said  
and know what truth I may.  
Bless me guide and guardian  
with open eyes and flight.



## Song of the Shaman

A whisper in the dark. Your presence by my side.

Walk the worlds, you say to me,  
And I will show you secrets vast.  
The key you hold within your grasp,  
Know thyself and you will know all.

The shadows wrapped around you.  
Like a cloak, pinpricks of light,  
Stars shine in your hair.  
“I have been to the edge  
And seen, will you walk with me?”

Fearful of what lies ahead  
I know that you will never let me fall.  
We must begin at the beginning .  
And suddenly I am a child again,  
Sitting at my father’s knee.

Pain! There is no other word.  
You push into my mind,  
Delving deeper than I have ever dared to go.  
Pulling me apart piece by piece.  
I am no longer a person, no longer a man.  
I am a collection of parts that once fit together.  
Till there is only one spark left.  
And understanding dawns— I am Thee and Thou art me.

I smile to myself,  
If one can smile without a mouth.  
My spark begins to spin,  
Pulling myself back together.  
Choosing who and what I am  
Who and what I will become.

Walk the worlds, I say  
And I will show you secrets vast.  
The key you hold within your grasp,  
Know thyself and you will know all.

**I am the Walker!**  
**All paths stand open to me.**  
**My branches reach unto the stars themselves,**  
**And yet my roots run just as deeply into the earth.**

I have been to the edge,  
And I can give you that key.  
But you must be willing to face your greatest fear,  
Your cherished dream and worst nightmare.  
For I am also all of these.  
I have achieved gnosis.  
And I am He who stands across the threshold.  
Mediator of the spirit world.  
That we may achieve ta kya te with all life.  
I am the Bridge.  
I am the Teacher.  
And I am the Guide.  
Through me you can touch the gods.

Perhaps you know me by a different name.  
I have been called Baron Samedi, Gwydion, Wepawet.  
I am all of these and so much more.  
I am the Shaman!

## Prayer for the Elder

Simple teacher, I pray of thee.

Wisdom from Wonder,  
Love from Courage,  
Strength from Healing,  
Gnosis from Balance,  
and Wonder from Wisdom.

Teach me to see from where I come,  
and to learn of where I go.

Silent memory, I pray of thee.

Your legacy left so slowly still,  
amidst the sleeping guardians.  
A journey joined and formed of will,  
where querents call your name.

Teach me to speak **when** words are well,  
and voice winter words when still.

Wild spirit, I pray of thee.

As a mighty horned beast,  
rutting in the wood;  
Lay yourself in Cauldrons feast  
your wisdom to be shared.

A birth in wonder waiting there,  
for sacrifice complete

## Call to the Elder

Speak now to me, Elder,  
with the collected Wisdom of our tribe.

Divine King of Gods and Men,  
where have you walked?  
What steps have you taken,  
through light and through dark,  
to lead you here to my altar?

Holy lover of men,  
who have you loved, or lost?

Count me among those, loved and led, I pray.

Sacred Hermit, hide no longer.  
As I have loved many men, and many lovers,  
and many Brothers, so do I love you.

Virile Lord of the Oldest Forests,  
speak to me of your rule,  
of the times dark and bright.

Eldest Minister to the radical and defiant,  
show me your wounds.  
What battles have you fought,  
through years passed?

Speak now to me,  
Elder and elders, God and men.  
Show me my reflection when  
I look into your eyes.

