

Circles of Women

Circles of women surround me.
they brush sorrows
off my shoulders
like dust
and sprinkle moon water
on my face
so that I may wake to dreams
of my own designs.

Our circle is a round mouth
laced in red lipstick
and laughter.
Half moon smiles spill out
candle light, sage smoke
copal.

We speak heart-beat
to each others
unique palpitations
small vibrations
gather as one.

We remember
the bruised
broken faces
that reside in our fears.

We sort out futility
from power
and piece together new truths
from the discarded fabric
of old pain.

We see the greatest lies
intermingled
with the highest truths

We hold flesh
to moonlight
and hear
the muffled sounds
of wounds healing.

We utter the sacred songs
written into the hands
of the four directions.

A circle of small moons spinning
into a smoking vortex
we invoke La Diosa.
A hallow throat opens
and swallows us.

We are the entrails of mother earth.
Fires lap at our heels
winds howl like restless coyotas.
Rivers of sweat roll down our stomachs
Our feet root
in a mulch of earth and bones.
Dis-ease pushes out of
wounded hearts and weary bodies
into the loving earth.
We heal, we heal, we heal.
We are planted in a mixture
of earth and bone and memory.

We tell our stories
sing our songs
bless and cleanse
and invoke.

*Spirit of the East
place of new beginnings
your winds brush our faces.
Carry our prayers
to the universe
Bring us wisdom
on your wings.*

*Spirit of the South
we invoke your vitality
ignite our red-flame passion
fuel our desire
for justice and love.*

*Spirit of the West
slack our thirst
for knowledge
refresh our spirits
with cleansing waters.*

*Spirit of the North
Nuestra Madre Tierra
we honor you
press our foreheads to the earth
take in your energy
and ground in compassion.*

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Naomi H. Quiñonez