

Rowan

By Siobhán Houston

Across the veil,  
eldritch child,  
you journeyed.

Long dreamed of,  
you alighted on the red road  
from the turquoise path of spirit.

So, tell us of the holy.  
Open your hands like a flowering tree  
strewn with pale honeyed blossoms,  
your mouth a sweet scarlet berry,  
and tell us, faery lass,  
of the hallowed fire  
coursing through us all.

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