

Dream Lucid Mantra

walking through dreams
I find myself
in many forms:
me, we, you, they

I am other
I am kindred
I am broken
I am made whole

closing my eyes
I reach for light
lifting my gaze
I befriend night

my feet find paths
my waking mind
has never mapped
and call them home

my hands knead bread
in a clay bowl
my ancestors
pinched into shape

I eat my prayers
and find the taste
melts on my tongue
sweet as manna

a spiral soul
I find my end
where I begin
and fear no grave

storm cloud and drought
seed and spent bloom
wildfire and wood
wing and down draft

grains of dirt teach
me as I crawl
trees tell stories
when I stand tall

where my feet pound
stones raise me up
I sprout my wings
and study winds

but soon I find
I crawl again:
earth is not done
with teaching me

I dance a hoop:
the beaten track
my footsteps leave
circling the moon

Cassondra Windwalker