

Homing in on (Homage to) SEKHMET

August 10, 2007

Beloved SEKHMET, I honor you tonight on your own terms, as I understand them.

I also honor you as one of the many mothers of ISIS, Egypt's most inclusive Goddess, she who brought heaven, earth, and the netherworld into existence, sovereign of sky, sovereign of earth, Goddess of magic and salvation, she who holds all the gods under her command.

I also honor your celestial sisters HATHOR, BAT, MEHET-WERET, BAST, MUT, MA'AT, SELKET, WADJET, NEKHMET, NEITH SESHAT, NUT, HEKET, MESKENET, and TAWERET, and all of your other female ancestors, siblings, and descendants who served as progenitors of Isis.

For I have been guided to see that you may all have been constellations during the olden times—the times so many of us would understand and embody today, before our rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky.

Beloved SEKHMET, to honor you and your extended Goddess family, I will swim with my sisters for a while tonight among the wild rivers of sky.

We will hark back to pre-dynastic Egyptian times—say, from the 20th to the 4th millennium BCE -- and honor the riverine stellar cosmology of the Great Mother of Egypt and a few of her trickling streams and rivulets, through subsequent millennia, and up to the moment at hand.

For in the pre-dynastic Egyptian time, according to our scholars, it does seem that a supreme female reality

- separated Earth from Heaven;
- showed the path of the stars;
- regulated the course of the Sun, Moon, and planets, and
- guided humans through the gates of birth, growth, and death, welcoming, guarding, and feeding us in the underworld, amidst its dangers and uncertainties, empowering some of the dead to become imperishable and eternal stars, and steering others toward rebirth.

This supreme female reality comprised all plants, all animals, all cycles of Nature. She mirrored the women from whom we all descended:

women who first discovered and enhanced agriculture and animal domestication,
women whose labor first permitted surplus wealth, settled life, and the birth of cities,
women whose labor first distributed the surplus and adjudicated disputes in fairness,
women whose labor first created writing, education, divinations, rituals, spells, midwifery herbal healing,
women whose labor always allowed our species to regenerate through the ecstatic sexuality, creative blood, and nourishing milk of the miraculous female role in human reproduction.

How did She, and Her women, figure in the sky?

Tonight, in the wild rivers of sky, we will first fly to the zodiacal constellation known as Taurus, the Bull-headed God, ruled by Venus, planet of personal power, passion, battle and beauty, the planet also known as Anat, Astarte, Inanna, Ishtar in the west, the planet known in India as Bhuvanesvari.

Sekhmet -- before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did cow-headed Goddess HATHOR shine in the stars of the Bull-headed God, her giant heart enshrined in its brightest star of sexual fertility, Aldebaran, or the Red Maiden?

Mistress of love, of the red cloth and of turquoise, of music and dance, of happiness! Tree of life, of the sycamore and date palm! Cunt-tree of the vulva! In her world, we sail along the moist sexual nectar of Amrita in the V-shaped Hyades star cluster; we turn around the buoy of the Pleiades, the celestial clitoris (NOTE: CLI-TAURUS!). (Question: why do women always get off so much on the Pleiades? Could it be because it's the CLI-TAURUS?)

Hathor supports girls who become women and find mates: her joyful powers are those of allure, romance, eros and fertility. The worship of Hathor, and of her cow-headed ancestors like BAT and MEHET-WERET, saturated the age of Taurus, in the 3rd and 4th millennium BCE when the spring equinox Sun was positioned within the sacred cow's constellation, when sacred statues of cow heads were often decorated with stars.

Sekhmet, I bow to your cow-headed sister HATHOR, and to all other Egyptian celestial cows, like BAT and MEHET-WERET, and to all other celestial cows that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the magnetizing, passionate stars known as Taurus the Bull.

Tonight, cow-headed Hathor's stars rise in the east just after midnight, at

around 12:18 am, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of the yoni, the female sexual and reproductive center, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim further to the East.

Next, moving along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we swim to the zodiacal constellation Gemini, the Roman male twins, ruled by Mercury, speedy magical planet of the hermaphrodite and of the mind's trinity, duality and unit, the planet known in India as Sodasi, Tripurasundari, Kamakhya, Lalita.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did Lady ISIS and Lord OSIRIS shine in the stars of the Roman male twins?

Their two parallel bodies are held aloft in an eternal sacred marriage, limbs of twin souls ritually entwined in horizontal loving union. ISIS and OSIRIS conceive the child who would avenge evil suffered by the parent, the child who would grow to lead the community in virtue. In so doing, this couple extends the promise of life everlasting. In India, the word "Gemini" is translated as "Maithuna," meaning sexual intercourse.

Sekhmet, I bow to the supreme tantric union of your daughter ISIS and her partner OSIRIS, and to all other Egyptian celestial lovers, and to all celestial lovers that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the neatly-matched stars known as Gemini the Twins.

Early tomorrow morning, the stars of lovers ISIS and OSIRIS rise in the east around 2:05 am, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of Goddess-loving lovers, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we come to Cancer, the Crab, ruled by the waxing and waning Moon, Earth's dynamic satellite of body, emotion, memory, and consciousness, the planet known in India as Tara.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did great ISIS shine again in the stars known as Cancer the Crab?

These faint stars outline a stick figure female and her genital triangle. Here, a solitary Isis stands upright her saltwater womb now impregnated by the seed of Osiris, gestating the child who would avenge evil suffered by the parent, the child who would grow to lead the community in virtue.

In Cancer, we fly by the womb-like Beehive stars, home of the Great Queen and her priestesses. We also glimpse the Manger and Donkey stars that signaled the Nativity of a later savior King, Jesus, the stars where the Full Moon passes at Christmas.

Sekhmet, I bow to your impregnated daughter, ISIS, and to all other celestial Egyptian Goddesses great with child, and to all other gestating Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the subtle, delicate stars known as Cancer the Crab.

Tomorrow morning, the stars of pregnant Isis rise in the east around 4:24 am. and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of the divine mother bearing all treasure within, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at your zodiacal constellation, Beloved SEKHMET, Leo the Lion, ruled by the star that created our entire solar system, the Sun, known in feminist astrology as the Daughter, and the star known in India as Matangi, the primordial matriarch of the elephant tribe.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did you shine in the brilliant stars of Leo the Lion as SEKHMET the Lioness, your crimson heart enshrined in its brightest star of royal authority, Regulus (or Regula)?

Your star is the Sun, without which we would perish in minutes, for its dangerous solar radiance enables photosynthesis, and thus the survival of all flora and fauna. This central star—like the stretch of your kundalini cobra—corresponds to the crown chakra of pure, full, cosmic potential.

You are black, black, black, oh beloved Sekhmet. yet your red blood of birth and death leaks between your thighs across the sky. For you give birth to the child- who would avenge evil suffered by the parent, the child who would grow to lead the community in virtue.

You fiercely give birth to redeem the future, while fearlessly facing death. You also shine more gently as the female cat BAST, mysterious feline of love, parenthood, and domestic bliss. Goddess MUT is another feline sister, the mature mistress of diadems, crowns, and scepters, the epitome of ruling authority, of stately female leadership.

Through all of these stars, which can always be seen with the inner eye, you continually exhort us to fearlessly give birth to our innersuns and innerdaughters, to realize and actualize ourselves completely.

Sekhmet, I bow to you and your sisters BAST and MUT, and to all other celestial Egyptian female feline and human Goddesses and to all other female feline and human Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the fabulously bold stars known as Leo the Lion.

Tomorrow morning, your stars rise in the east shortly after sunrise, around 6:53 am, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of divine feline females wildcat women with features of lionesses and mountain lionesses, tigresses and cheetahs and jaguars, female cats and cougars and ocelots, leopards and panthers and lynxes, all fiercely giving birth to redeem the future, all fearlessly facing death, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Virgo, the Virgin, ruled by Mercury, speedy magical planet of the hermaphrodite, and of the mind's trinity, duality, and unity, the planet known in India as Sodasi, Tripurasundari, Kamakhya, Lalita.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did blessed ISIS shine again in the stars known as Virgo the Virgin?

Beloved Sekhmet, after your phase of fierce birthing, Isis now has a Baby on her lap. She is accompanied by the fruit of her womb, her suckling child Horus.

She nourishes and educates the child who would avenge evil suffered by the parent, the child who would grow to lead the community in virtue.

I see this loving pair, carved into hundreds of thousands of Egyptian statues and amulets, and passionately worshipped by the faithful, being carried over land and sea to become the African Black Madonna of the migration paths, changing color at higher latitudes to become the paler IndoEuropean Madonna, the red MesoAmerican Madonna, or the nearly transparent Virgin Angel. She is also the Corn Maiden of the Neolithic agricultural revolution, holding not the fruit of the womb, but the fruit of the land, the sheaf of harvest grain.

By any name or color of skin, she is Queen, and her flowing robes are the great throne of the largest zodiacal constellation.

Sekhmet, I bow to your holy daughter ISIS and her divine child, and to all other celestial Egyptian Mother-and-Child Goddesses, and to all other Mother-and-Child or Harvest Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the immense throne stars known as Virgo the Virgin.

Tomorrow morning, the stars of mother Isis and child rise in the east around 9:22am, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of the sexually active mother, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Libra, the scales of Caesar's Roman imperial taxation, ruled by Venus, the planet of personal power, passion, battle, and beauty, the planet also known as Anat, Astarte, Inanna, Ishtar in the west, and in India, as Bhuvanesvari.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did your feathered sister MA'AT also shine in the stars known as Libra the Scales?

Goddess of Balance, Ma'at is the elegant sovereign of truth, justice, law, judgement, and cosmic order, including marriages based in equality. Her feathered touch calls for continual vigilance, defense and restoration of the beautiful yet fragile civic harmonies that counter the forces of chaos. With Ma'at's wisdom, we are properly empowered to collaborate with others,

work for the collective, contemplate our mortality, and approach the end of life.

Sekhmet, I bow to your sister MA'AT and to all other celestial Egyptian Goddesses of balance, whether personal, interpersonal or collective, and to all other Goddesses of balance that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the perfectly yoked stars of Libra the Scales.

Tomorrow morning, the dual stars of Ma'at rise in the east around 11:48 am, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of Balance and Order in all affairs and relationships, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, arid planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Scorpio the Scorpion, ruled by Mars, the life force, awareness, belly of dynamic energy and activity, the planet known in India as Vagala.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did your sister SELKET shine in the stars known as Scorpio the Scorpion, her heart enshrined in its brightest star of grandmother wisdom, Antares, or the Red Crone?

The prominent scorpion's tail at her crown curves like Scorpio's stars, pointing to the black hole at galactic center, the mysterious portal at the source of the Milky Way, the place where time and space simply end. Here cobra Goddess Wadjet may also have made her home, her hood coiling like Scorpio's tail.

Here the vulture Goddess NEKH BET may also fly, bestower and taker of life. Here Osiris was murdered and dismembered; here your mother Isis accompanied by her shadow sister Nephthys — double Goddess sustainers and protectors of the deceased— began to search for Osiris, to restore him from shamanic dismemberment. Selket Goddess of fatal danger, of the finality of death, embalming and funerals, is also the Lady of healing power, and even immortality.

Sekhmet, I bow to your sister SELKET and to all other celestial Egyptian Scorpionic, Serpent or Vulture Goddesses and to all other Scorpionic, Serpentine or Vulture Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the deathly, yet death-defying stars known as Scorpio the Scorpion.

Tomorrow afternoon the stars of unfathomable Selket rise in the east around 2: 18 pm and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of death, at once merciful and death-defying, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Sagittarius, the Archer on horseback, ruled by Jupiter, the giant planet of spiritual expansion, wisdom, and enlightenment, the planet known in India as Bhairavi.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did your sister NEITH shine in the stars known as Sagittarius the Archer?

Neith, mistress of the bow and ruler of arrows, hunter and Amazon warrior, is one of the most ancient Egyptian deities. Her constellation resembles a little house, like a refuge or sanctuary for the deceased, a bright resting place or homeland for freshly disembodied souls. Neith celebrates the rush of freedom from the body. She knows that we who pass over are still alive. She fashions mummy bandages and shrouds, and blesses us with wisdom that is able to judge the dead. Her guardianship keeps us safe as we travel through the afterlife.

Sekhmet, I bow to your sister NEITH and to all other celestial Egyptian Goddesses of liberated battle, and to all other amazon Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the freedom of consciousness stars known as Sagittarius the Archer.

Tomorrow afternoon, the stars of liberating Sagittarius rise in the east around 4:42 pm, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of the enlightened shamanka, Amazon, and dakini, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Capricorn, the Goat with the watery Dolphin's tail, ruled by Saturn, the root chakra planet of time, matter, and gravity, at once fused with emptiness, beyond all dimensionality, the planet known in India as Kali.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did your sister SESHAT shine in the stars known as Capricorn the Goat?

With her official goat-like horns and prestigious-glyph of eternity, as the deity of builders, she measured time and space, and stretched the cord to establish the ground plan of every sacred structure. Goddess of writing, of scribes, of education, the keeper of libraries, SESHAT, the executive record-holder and accountant, evaluates the deceased in the underworld.

Sekhmet, I bow to your sister SESHAT and to all other celestial Egyptian Goddesses who evaluate time and space and to all other Goddesses who evaluate time and space that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the mystical yet grounded stars known as Capricorn the Goat.

Tomorrow evening, the stars of organized SESHAT rise in the east around 6:42 pm and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of eternal measurement, evaluation, and judgment, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon. and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Aquarius, the Man with the Water Pot, also ruled by Saturn, the root chakra planet of time, matter, and gravity, at once fused with emptiness, beyond all dimensionality, the planet known in India as Kali.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did your Grandmother NUT shine in the stars known as Aquarius the Water Bearer?

Water pot atop her head, she is the diamond-studded vault of heaven. Mother of Isis, she mated with your grandfather Geb, primordial earth, the healing green god of plants, his erect phallus stretched toward her glowing body

above. Even during patriarchal times, your Grandmother Nut was universally acknowledged as the Goddess who gave birth to all the Gods.

Bridge between one life on Earth and the incarnation to come, she is the destination of the dead, painted on the ceilings of coffins. Her inconceivable fertility and beauty embraces us in the underworld, directing us toward immortality, as imperishable stars, or back to the cycle of reincarnation.

Sekhmet, I bow to your grandmother NUT and to any other celestial Egyptian overarching Goddesses, and to any other overarching goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the myriad stars known as Aquarius the Water Bearer, or as the galactic span of the Milky Way.

Tonight (or tomorrow night) the stars of universal NUT rose (or rise) in the east around 8:22 pm, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of the universal celestial Mother, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Pisces, the Fish, ruled by Jupiter, the giant planet of spiritual expansion, wisdom, and enlightenment, the planet known in India as Bhairavi.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did Frog-headed HEKET shine in the stars known as Pisces the Fish?

Goddess of the great primal waters, Hekel's vast domain, the fertile watery abyss of emptiness, is the primordial soup of ultimate regeneration, a zone of absolute dissolution, at once pregnant with all cycles of reincarnation, the dimension of cosmic rebirth. Here Osiris was revived, and Jesus resurrected.

Sekhmet, I bow to your sister HEKET and to all other celestial Egyptian amphibious or fishy Goddesses and to all other amphibious or fishy Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the amniotic stars of Pisces the Fish.

This evening, the stars of oceanic HEKET rise in the east around 9:38 pm, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of dissolution and the

beginning of beginning again, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, we swim even further to the East.

Next, swimming along the apparent path of the Sun, Moon, and planets, we arrive at the zodiacal constellation Aries the Ram, filled by Mars, the life force, awareness, belly of dynamic energy and activity, the planet known in India as Vagala.

Sekhmet, before patriarchal rulers projected gods and male animals on the moving picture screen of the sky, did your sister MESKENET shine in the stars of Aries the Ram?

The double-horned symbol for Aries stands proudly atop her head, a glyph interpreted by scholars as the uterus of the cow. Meskenet forms the hindquarters of BAT and HATHOR, the Head of the Cow, even as Aries was laid upon the hindquarters of Taurus the Bull. After we have passed through the afterlife, and are primed for rebirth, dynamic Meskenet, enthroned upon her cosmic birthing bricks, decides and presides over our destiny in astrological terms.

Sekhmet. I bow to your sister MESKENET and to all other celestial Egyptian Goddesses of destiny and to all other Goddesses of destiny that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the earthbound stars of Aries the Ram.

This evening, the stars of fateful MESKENET rise in the east around 9:38 pm, and I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of karmic imprint and impulse, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, having swum around the zodiac, we turn to the North, to the constant stars which are always visible at night in the northern hemisphere, to the constant stars that never rise or set.

We sail the heavens toward the guiding lights of the north - the constellations known as the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper. Known to the Greeks as the Great Female Bear (Ursa Major) and the Lesser Female Bear (Ursa Minor),

these stars were sacred to ARTEMIS, and her daughters, priestesses of the Bear.

Further north, and around the North Pole, they were sacred to the Elk or Reindeer Mother and her child. In Egypt, these stars occupy the central zone of Egyptian starmaps the zone always filled by an extrazodiacal sister, the hugely popular Goddess TAWERET.

We honor you, Goddess of water, the waterhorse of the Nile, or hippo, standing fiercely with her pendulous breasts, crocodile back and tail, and hugely-swollen, Ganesh-like, pregnant belly. The stars of Taweret circle above us at all times, compass stars which guide us north, and in every direction, spelling out the seasons, and the hours of the night.

Sekhmet. I bow to your sister TAWERET, and to all other celestial Egyptian hippopotamus or crocodile Goddesses, and to all other hippopotamus, crocodile, bear, elk, or reindeer Goddesses that any of our ancestors may have worshipped in the circumpolar stars known as the Big and Little Dippers.

Tonight, as always in the Northern Hemisphere, these stars circle above us, giving us our bearings with respect to the directions, the seasons, and the hour of night. I name these stars as the Goddess constellation of the Great Female One, the fierce, protective female axis of love and motherhood, of all life that is, of all life that ever can be, on behalf of all Her witches and wizards on Earth.

For I am an ancestor of the future, one who names the sky in accordance with her own lights.

And now, from Taweret's vantage point at the center of Earth's celestial axis, I honor you, SEKHMET, as the Lioness who fiercely gives birth to redeem the future, as the Lioness who fearlessly faces death. I honor your daughter ISIS, her partner Osiris, and their divine child; and your sisters HATHOR, BAT, MEHET-WERET, BAST, MUT, MA'AT, SELKET, WADJET, NEKHMET, NEITH, SESHAT, NUT, HEKET, MESKENET, and TAWERET, and all other celestial Goddesses I have not had time or wisdom to mention.

Beloved Sekhmet, in honor of your Goddess tribe, we have walked around the starry vault of heaven tonight. Please forgive all the misunderstandings of your celestial mysteries, all the mispronunciations of your divine names.

For although you, and your Goddess tribe once separated Earth from Heaven,

showed the path of the stars, regulated the course of the Sun, Moon and planets, guided humans through the gates of birth, growth, and death; welcoming, guarding, feeding, and guiding us in the underworld, amidst its dangers and uncertainties; empowering some of the dead to become imperishable and eternal stars, and steering others toward rebirth, and although you and your Goddess tribe comprised all plants, animals, cycles of Nature, mirroring the women from whom we all descended:

the women who discovered and enhanced agriculture and animal domestication,
the women whose labor permitted surplus wealth, settled life, and the birth of cities,
the women whose labor distributed the surplus and adjudicated disputes in fairness,
the women whose labor created the first writing, the first divinations, rituals, spells, religions,
the women whose labor permitted our species to regenerate, embodying the ecstatic sexuality, creative blood, and nourishing milk of the miraculous female role in human reproduction, even though you know that all of this is true, your celestial mysteries were submerged in their own netherworld as the moving picture screen of the sky received the projections of patriarchy.

Still, it seems to me that the heavenly mysteries of your Goddess tribe may be destined to move on in life, past their own dangerous and uncertain underworld. It seems that you and your sisters are steering them back into consciousness, priming them for rebirth, fating them to reincarnate anew. May we women live as ancestors of the future, naming the sky in accordance with our own lights!

And finally, a quick personal note, Sekhmet. I first began to visit you here about three years ago, confident about everything, and thus, about you. Yet my own womb grew hugely cancerous, and death was a possibility. Suddenly, your emanation as Sekhmet, the Lioness was fiercely giving birth to the rest of my life, while facing death. Red blood leaked from my haunches as the wheel of the year turned. Your claws sliced open my belly as the malignant birth was removed, your cobra bites sank into my system in the dangerous healing fires of chemotherapy and radiation.

Standing on the other side of this great divide, it seems tonight that you are something far more than even the stars, something far more than phrases like the birth of birth, the birth of death, the death of birth, or the death of death, something far, far more, and I delight in the eclipse of all words for you. I have simply grown more familiar with your drastic changes, and your gentle love.

Through it all, your land at Cactus Springs sustained me, and the keepers of your Temple, Anne and Ben, and all of their friends and helpers, all the love, courage, and beauty of this community, especially Liona Ma, namekeeper of Sekhmet.

I am grateful beyond words for the strength you have given me, the strength to survive somewhat longer in this life. Help me to meet any future health condition with equanimity and power.

Let me walk for many more years in this life, that stories from your starry vault of beauty may remain my joyful gift.

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