Abbotts Bromley

by Rachel Rachmiel

Dedicated to the Pinewoods Morris Dancers and Paul Friedman,
in gratitude for their profound gift.

They came again last night, the visitation
happened. O, it was ancient, some memory I
didn't know I had came forth, and I
knew them from deep in my bones, a place I'd
never been. When they
appeared, and I heard the call, I became
the call, and I am changed from their touch.

They came to bespeak the forest and earth in us,
and the tree-spirits in our bones
know their horns as kin.

Come back to the Earth, penetrate the ground,
they call to us. *Go deep within yourself, deeper*
than you knew existed. When you look into
another's eyes in the dance, don't you know, this
is what you seek, it is what you need sought in you.

Remember what your bones know. Live
from this place in you, and you will not step falsely.

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