

Shadowkeeper

The totem tilts
but only its bones
fall
to the circle of stone.

It welcomes earth
unfolding
the slow separations
between sun and moon

standing straight
into morning

Raven in the mirror
it stays with the night

Candle in the forest
anchor for the soul

It plunges into earth
like a sword of fire

The wrath of magic.

Susan Landell