

Afternoons in October

In Autumn, we light our fires to remember
what it means to transform,
that the equinox
brings fresh breath
to our Native souls.

At home,
I watch as candles glow
in the early afternoon,
as their dancing
flame-bodies remind
me that I belong to this season
and this season
belongs to me.

I ignite the pinion and see smoke
rise from a small, clay log house,
an incense burner for
moments such as these.

I smell the air
as it cleanses me
through and through,
and I say thank you
to the Long Gone Ones
who speak to me still,
in the quiet mid-day.

I hear flutes play,
singing a song of
remembering, telling
a tale that I've never heard
but have always known.

Autumn speaks
in her early days,
and she sends the wind
to breathe on us
and the leaf-rustle
to give us courage
for the journey ahead.

Autumn.

She is our slow and gentle beginning.

~ Kaitlin Curtice