

# The Golden Spiral

Primordial

One day I stood with my back to the wind  
And the rain fell down  
Raised my fist to the cobalt sky  
And called to the Gods  
... Where are you?

I stood in the stream with cold clear water  
Rushing around me  
Cold stone underfoot  
And called again to the Gods  
... Where are you?

I sat in the forest clearing  
Surrounded by wood and leaf  
A Raven watched my every move  
I could feel my heartbeat Thundering  
Deep within my veins

I set foot on foreign land  
Held my brothers and sisters to me  
And saw the same questions in them  
Yet when I clasped their hands  
I felt their Blood beneath mine  
I had found my answer