

## Marketdance

by Athena

I cannot bear to be inside, the walls keep closing in.  
 I must be free to move, to feel the sunlight on my skin.  
 I used to find my center easily, just step outside my door.  
 But city life is more complex than all I knew before.  
 Instead of dappled forest paths this jungle's made of stone.  
 People spurn connections while they're focused on the phone.  
 Postage parks have grass but underneath the soil is sour –  
 Hordes of others blindly seeking peace have blocked its healing power.  
 Lightbearer that I am, I cannot help it that I shine;  
 The vampires see my spirit as a feast where they can dine.  
 In places where I've been I might get bitten once or twice;  
 I reach out to the center and I'm healed in a trice.  
 Walking down the streets ungrounded, I am in a war.  
 Defenseless as a child, I'm failed by all I've learned before.  
 If I could find a way to ground, renew the light within,  
 I could offer healing without lying bare my skin.  
 I'm drawn to groups of people when their energy is high,  
 In harmony, exponential, in this time they cannot lie.  
 I'm wandering the streets one day, hear music in the air  
 And find to my delight I've come upon a modern fair!  
 Things of beauty made by hand, artists' hearts in chalk,  
 Pin-up girls and flowers, tarot readings, every walk.  
 The music draws me further in, I dance inside its pull.  
 At the center I find what I need to keep my spirit full.  
 The people here have gathered in a shape as old as time.  
 A circle joined around the one who's recognized as "prime".  
 Instinctively they catch and share the energy that flows,  
 For the prime's a modern shaman and direction's what he knows.

His music is a catalyst, his body filled with light.  
 He's whispering to the fire, taking all upon his flight.  
 The cobblestones beneath me hold me fast to Mother Earth.  
 The violinist/shaman plays for all his spirit's worth.  
 The light comes down upon me 'til I feel I'm made of glass;  
 I've stepped out from the dark into a pagan fire mass.  
 Over time the shamans change and the people come and go,  
 But the circle's never broken and they never cease to glow.  
 A man with primal instruments, carved by hand from wood,  
 A woman with a voice like glass left thoughts of doing good.  
 I soaked it up, I gave it back, and got more in return –  
 As the scars upon my spirit healed I felt that ancient burn.  
 Lightbearer, I am made of Light, I'm meant to kindle flame.  
 With my soul awakened now I'm something less than tame.  
 When the natives set to drum my boundaries fall away –  
 A step, then two steps closer and then I begin to sway.  
 The cobblestones have turned to dust, arms light as any bird,  
 The thrumming singing through me, secret language has no word.  
 Spin and leap, live in the now, this moment all that's real,  
 Blood surging, glowing like a star, and sharing all I feel.  
 Closer, closer to the drum, I drop onto the ground;  
 A drummer hands a stick to me then I'm inside the sound.  
 Strike the drum with a heart's own rhythm, calling forth her voice;  
 Magic going nova, I surrender will and choice.  
 The circle blazes like a torch, a light that all must see;  
 I am they and they are I as it was meant to be.  
 For the artists at Portland Saturday Market, and all of the other artists  
 in all of the marketplaces the world over, bringing light to others...

## The pen

by Avendor

The pen  
 is my friend-  
 It will be with me  
 until the bitter end...  
 It will chronicle the mysteries  
 of my idiosyncrasies  
 And illumine like the sun  
 the caverns of my martyrdom.  
 And when I meet with powerful people  
 in the executive suites  
 I will hand them the pleas for mankind  
 that my pen helped complete.  
 And when I stumble upon the girl  
 that I am destined to love  
 it will slowly write down her number  
 like God's holy white dove.  
 And when my ashes are spread  
 over the waters and the lands  
 Someone can start their own journey  
 with my pen in their hands.

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