

Filthy Chalice: Genevieve

She wandered as a wraith at the onset of eventide amongst the glow of opalescent white. The silver crescent gleamed its liquid ice onto petals in the Garden of Life as a mist descended to embrace her.

The Web of the Weaver shone bright catching prisms of light.

The Song of the Singer danced on the air in the shadows of night.

But the chalice of her heart was heavy. The mourning of morning seeped into her soul.

Then it lifted -

Golden beams of sun sent shards of warmth to comfort her. She wandered as a wraith through the Garden of Life - ever seeking solace, ever seeking peace.

She gleaned an understanding of the eternal dance of Light and Shadow, Joy and Sorrow. She yearned for understanding. She sought her Truth.

Days came and nights went.

The Wheel of Life is a spinning disc. It turns, it moves, it flows. The Dance of Life is an interplay. It bends, it swerves, it flows.

The Secret to Life is to ebb and flow with the Wheel and the Dance, embracing all in your days and nights – spin upon the Wheel, Dance upon the air, look to the Light.

When you wander as a wraith in the Garden of Life and cannot find your way –

When the shadows of night envelop you -

When the chalice of your heart is filled with sorrow, hollow –

Listen to the Voice within -

Let me fill thy chalice with a potion of Love and drown your sorrow in Joy –

Let me fill thy chalice with fragrance of Rose as you soar the zephyr of Hope –

Let me fill thy chalice with fire and flame to consume your waking desires –

Let me fill thy chalice with Mists of Angels who have come from Spheres of Light –

Let me fill thy chalice with Serenity and the Eternity of Peace.

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