

Finland

Cult of Luna

These things moved me when I turned my back. Now I return with
open hands.
I found light that lead me to the shrine where children sang and
pilgrims mourned.
I was lost but not alone.
From a distance they come alive. Sleepwalking across the plains
. .
No answers were found here. Seeking shelter in her embrace.
Down on sore knees. Erase and begin. Under my eyelids, come forth
light.