

Imbolc

Waylander

Lazy northern wind, it bites
Almost cutting you in two.
Howling winter winds torment.
Darkest times are almost spent.
Days of promise, landscape bright,
Evening lighter, shorter nights,
Subtle hints of days to come,
Shining sun, rain and snow.

It's time to plant our wishes,
And watch them as they grown.

Brigid, goddess of the land,
Patroness of poetry and Bards.
Inspire us, both in word and in deed,
heal us, now that winter fades away.

The lambs are born in icy fields,
Count your blessings, count the yield,
Omens for what the future holds,
Grow in strength of sacred Sun.

I see faces in the flames,
Ever moving in the haze
Purify the land,
With cleansing fire.

The fire of spirit shines
through her eyes,
her inner fire touches the Sun,
Inspiration, seer and guide,
Lead us through the sacred spiral.