

## The Tree Meditation

When e'er we stand in a sacred place  
Beneath the Sun's or Moon's bright face,  
In a circle's rim or shady grove,  
Our spirits go to the Gods we love.

Let all our minds go clear and free,  
And form the image of a tree,  
A youthful sapling of the glade,  
Whose budding branches cast no shade.

Around this tender, supple youth,  
Are seen its sturdy forbearers growth,  
Those forest Elders strong and wise,  
Who nurture those of lesser size.

So close your eyes, and in your mind  
Become one of the spirit kind.  
Cast off your cares and disbelief,  
And enter tree from root to leaf.

Relax and breathe and center will,  
Then let the peace within you swell  
Until it is a thing profound.  
Now send it deep in the ground.

In every little tender root  
Feel water flow, and then transmute;  
The sap will flow through ever vein,  
Our links to our ancestors regain.

Now let the sap rise in a flood,  
And race to every branch and bud;  
Each branch extend into the air,  
Each leaf unfold in green so fair.

The gentle zephyrs toss each bough,  
And to you calming breaths endow,  
While rays of golden summer light  
Give warmth and lend their power's might.

Let water rise and fire descend,  
And lively air the branches bend;  
Thus firmly planted in the Earth,  
The elements give us rebirth.

Now let the leafy green entwine,  
And form our sacred grove divine.  
With root and branch our circle form,  
And magic from mundane transform.

We all are rooted just the same,  
We feel the same eternal flame,  
We drink the water free to all,  
We hear the gentle airy call.

Now let us feel our spirits surge,  
And into one great spirit merge  
To let all of the Kindreds know  
That we are ready here below.

And let us all link hand to hand,  
Before all of the Gods we stand,  
And in this hallowed space we start  
To show all that is in our heart.

Reversal...

Our sacred grove the Gods do love,  
The Earth beneath, the sky above,  
But now this ritual must end,  
Toward our home and hearthstone fend.

Again we clear our mind and heart;  
The branches shrink and pull apart.  
The roots untie and backward turn,  
And spirit fire less brightly burns.

Let water sink, let fire go,  
Let gentle zephyrs homeward flow,  
And as if in a cleansing rain  
Become a single tree again.

Then from this solitary tree  
Your soul breaks loose, a being free.  
Your body calls, your spirit flies,  
Returns, you slowly open eyes.