

*at some point
we are all called
to offer ourselves up
to the Gods of grief and loss.*

*we are invited to apprentice ourselves
to the wound.*

*in return for this pilgrimage
to the underworld and back -
Grace gives, more than it takes.*

*we find the unknown is a rhythm
we can trust - the pulse of existence,
a homing call to the God in us.*

but it's no small task.

*dissolution is often
the initiation we need.*

*there's a ferocity and humility
that can ONLY enter us
through breaking us bodily.*

*luminous darkness
requires nothing less than a true bow,
before being bestowed*

*and there's no fooling life.
it knows*

*who we are,
there's no shortcut.
but what's found
is nothing less than the light
that lives inside all things
and the tender-ferocity and grace
to open and
let it lead.*

—Lucy Grace