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