

The Sacred Sleepover

Three Sisters; Corn, Squash, Bean;
Mother, Elder, Sister.

We took it in turns to watch over you, to hold your hand, to protect your sacred space, to support you in your final act of strength and greatest act of courage; letting go, releasing into the unknown, total surrender.

There was so much stillness until the end, your primal animal wanted to reveal your body, uncomfortable, sweating, readying for metamorphosis from your body's warm cocoon.

Soul pushing open like a duckling pipping from an egg, breaking free from its solid surrounds, awaiting the perfect moment, 1,2,3,4.

Breath changed.

We knew.

A deep remembering in us all, we watched, holding you, holding each other.

Our breath changed, bodies in anticipation for the final moment, of flight.

In the warm light of that cold November night, you pushed open and flew free, out of your earthly body, your spirit set into eternal motion, absolute freedom, reunion Akaal, Akaal Akaal.

Reverently, we watched, in awe and disbelief your transcendence, holding your hand, holding your hand, holding your hand, holding each other.

Together encircled, you as our centre.

Your body motionless, inanimate like an ancient standing stone, so familiar, solid, of Earth, yet so unimaginably different.

We cleansed with reverence, love, warmth, water, Frankincense, Niaouli, Lavender, softness, gentleness, your sacred body, we dressed and adorned with flowers, the last colours of the season, pinks, yellows, oranges, purples, of Sweet William, Verbena, Calendula, Dahlias, alive with vibrancy.

The sensual tenderness was felt deep in that sacred space, for those who know it well, a remembering awoken in them, alive in scent, colour, song, the precious art of holding.

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Hearts pounding, burst open, in the brightest and darkest depths of love, loss, wonder and honour, forever entwined by the magic of that sacred sleepover.

Emma Burt