

Anointed

You who are
the anima
of the universe.
Breasts bared,
nursing...
soapy-handed goddesses
birthing
clean progress,
nurturing
tiny selves
of light.

Exalt in
your being~ness.
Allow the (humble)
power of the
divine
to course through
your fingers
igniting
paper flames
of imagination

(a strong web of
security and self)

Enough to bare the
clean wooden floors of self.

You the anointed
caregivers.

Keepers of
sacred thumbprints
imprinted over
every surface
of your temple and heart.

It will take big faith
to weave
generations
of family
into happy tapestry.
Depicting
ages
of sacrifice
and mutual adoring.

In this holy shrine of tribe,
we must not let the fire go out.
It is duty to guard the flame,
and safe passage to adulthood.

Here,
sweet one,
close your eyes.

I will keep a vigil
of your progress
and anoint
thee,
holy ones.