

Her Green Pulse

by Jo Carson - The opening poem from "Dancing With Gaia"

Blood of Her veins, the rivers

Voice of Her breath, the wind

Fire of Her will, erupting volcanoes

Green of Her hair, the rolling grass hills

Strength of Her spine, mountains' tall backs.

Persephone, Moon Maiden, whose returning steps

Grant springtime once more

Old Spider Grandmother

Weaving worlds from Her womb.

Snake Woman

Shedding and renewing Her skin

In wrinkled and wriggling forms

Earth Mother who birthed us

Her furry babes, Her leafy litter.

You listen to Her rhythms

Her passionate drumbeat

In the undulating hills

As She dances, turning and trembling

In circles of chants.

The dance of Her green pulse unfolds all bodies

And all blessings from earth's fragrant form.

You sense Her energy bubbling upward

Past spine and skull, chakras glowing gold

A geyser bridge to star and sky.*



View the [video](#)

*Grateful acknowledgement is made to Fred Adams/Feraferia for the line quoted from "Oh Holy Maiden - The Kore Incantation".