

Aboriginal Love Song

I am your clay. You pull
the eastern sky through your hand
striking us into light
brighter than dawn.
Thus is made a new moon.

If you come bold as the star hunter
to stir the warm sea of my spirit,
if you enter the darkest deep of me,
I will show you thunder and lightning
and lead you up the white path of night
beyond all you can see with your eyes.

If you pass through the ring of fire,
if you are true as Arajuna's arrow,
I will give you the keys to the sun.
This you can never possess
but you can unlock its secret doors,
breathe brightness like life
and never forget in the lift of light
the woman who calls you shanaha.

--Glenna Holloway