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Silver Lining

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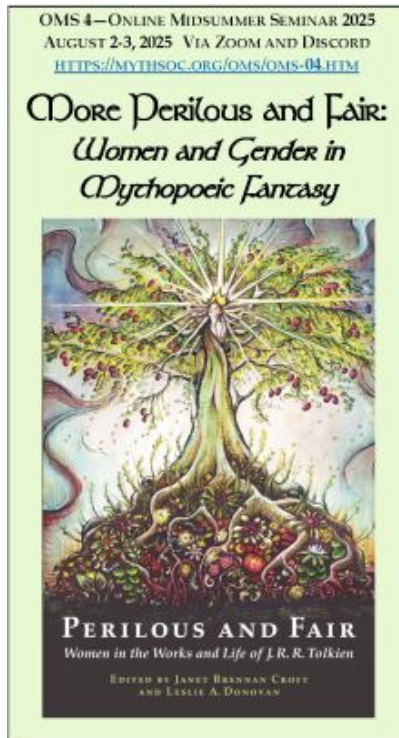
Online MidSummer Seminar 2025

More Perilous and Fair: Women and Gender in Mythopoeic Fantasy

August 2-5, 2024

Via Zoom and Discord

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Additional Keywords

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Night passes into day. Day is appointed light. Profound is the gift of Daybreak Star. Night holds the light beyond darkness, day holds the shapes of brightness. Light is a lotus against stark transitions. Light is the mantra of a gentle dove. The dove of light is perched in a treetop place. The watcher intones the prayer-chants of Mercy.

The people of day wash their faces in the light of day. Their hands they bathe in the dew of morning, their feet in the rays of dawn. Together in rounds encircling trees and rocks and facing inward toward pools of water where wind in moods swings play over, the people of light pray and are prayed to. The people, washed and luminous, sing their songs of Daybreak, and they are sung to by shapes in the motion of light.

People, where she is, are handfasted to Joy. Joy is their name for Blessing. The name of Blessing is Freedom to walk upon the Earth without fear of hatred or violence. Not anxious to run away from here; no longer anguished and inclined to hide.

The Way of Freedom is Breaking the Betrayals of Time. The end of linear time is Cycles. The name of Cycles is Seasons. Through her (and with us), Earth is renewed. The renewing of Earth is called Eucastrophe. The name of Eucastrophe is Small by Humility. The name for Smallness is Nest. The name of The Nest is Home. We are here on this Earth, alive, in the House of Nesting.

Silver lining

by Kevan Kenneth Bowkett

Once
In the night
Love's heart got broken

So that

We each could find
One shard of Her,
To make our own,
To make our own selves with.