



Invocation (The Lover)

by Margit Bantowsky

Tear down this house!
Run naked toward the moon
And tumble down the mountainside in her arms.
Throw away all your straight-jacket dreams
Of metered days and safe worlds,
Your heart has already been broken.

Jump into the fire of this
Raw,
Real,
Present-Tense
Dance,
And embrace it as the divine gift
It truly is.

Stand empty, head lifted, arms reaching up
To the infinite arch of the sky.
Say "YES!"
And Life will make love to you,
Tear you apart,
Give you back to your Self,
And change you forever.