

Rain Maker

by nell Sunday, Mar 31 2013, 12:48pm

international / poetry / post

i remember dust
and skies like white hot brass,
tribals expect rain
during these times

it was my place/task
to venture into
spirit realms closed to others,
dark dimensions
of the dead and living
ecstatic dreams, pure
terror, nightmare worlds
all part of my universe

weather magic
is challenging
it requires the support of earth,
sky and water spirits to balance the
temporary dominance of
fire salamanders

it begins with a chant
as the universe began with a sound
then rhythmic dance
as the cosmos swirls
and galaxies spin
i would invoke
the appropriate energy/spirits
while dancing to strange percussions,
rattles, drumbeats
until synchronisation
was achieved

once in harmony
the required forces must
be focused and directed
to the desired result
everything seems to resist
at this time,
all the elements/forces

would draw away
attempting to return
to their natural place

only shaman of great power
are able to harness these forces

the sky would darken,
clouds would form
and the first drops of rain
would pelt on the powdered ground,
drops before the deluge

life was simple among
the human beings

i am now in a world of the living dead;
people devoid of will and the ability
to determine their own course
a world of masters and slaves

a shaman is powerful but not God
do not ask the impossible,
i cannot make people see,
think
or save their own lives

making rain, storms and tempests
is child's play compared to
to imbuing the living dead
with the will to survive.