

I am a Cat

I am a Cat
fierce Feline
throat roaring, reverberating
in solar echoes, Ra Ra Ra
 out through space/time
across the aethyr

broadcasting interplanetary
 interconnections
linking up to your telepathic radio receiver
weaving wisdoms word
seeping up the sun drenched strength
 food for the soul
emanating profuse warmth
growling and purring

I am a Lion
walking with a wild
pack of Dogs
trotting down the secret cobblestone
alleyways of the hidden city
hooting and howling,
carousing the carnival for a carousel
spinning lik a circus clown around the helios wheel:
the central heated heart of fire hearth and home

our untamed spirits steer

we have traveled up the spokes,
 backwards and forwards
speaking with spirits, a sybilant whisper in the ear
conversing with angels, consciousness at altered angles
 spreading the message
 peering through a passage
of text
uttered by the same mouth
tongue talking lightning language
fast as liquid mercury
to glossolalia compelled

the Dog Star rises
heating up the dialogue
between the Hounds of heaven
and celestial hep Cats

together we bake unleavened bread
to feed the hungry brethren
we are gathered
in the bosom of stars
forged in burning cores
spreading like hallucinogenic seed crystal spores
setting fire to your imagination
stoking it with wood gently cut and lovingly cured
from ancient wisdoms oak, a Qabalistic Tree
entering the ethereal
enveloped in myth and mystery

this is a call to arms
and Lucky Charms
as the droning buzz of N' Aton swarms.

-Justin Patrick Moore, Lughnasadh 2007
Cincinnati, Ohio

This poem originally appeared in Silver Star: A Journal of New Magick