

Go.

Go and return to something that seems real.

More real than the lorry rattling my bedroom
window when I am trying do dream. Go and
gather stones that sing their strange histories.
Build a circle for casting spells of excellent questions.

Why is best answered by yes.

Because is a small death. Love is a stew to feed each hunger after its need:

carrot for the anxious rabbit
potato for the lonesome empty belly
broth for the threadbare and thin-skinned
spice for those afflicted with boredom
cabbage for the humourless

Sing when you stir, and write a ritual for all the appetites between birth and
death:

for sex
and mourning,
for the lost smile of your beloved mother
and the texture of your favourite childhood jumper.

add patience for the simmer. Patience, faith and tasting.

Season with

salt for the thirst that only ghosts can quench

pepper to shake out the stones of unfinished business
a bay leaf for each sister who knew more about climbing
 trees than you did/could fathom
garlic for every bitterness that taught you strength
and basil for the sweet wisdom and forgiveness of a kiss

It can cure headaches. It will dissolve heartache
to a dust that cushions the bones in your feet.. Bones
that know their ancestors. Bones that remember how
they were made and reach back towards that
mechanical perfection with each fracture.

(I love you.) So go.

Go and discover the brandy of a woman's lust in the
winter. Extract the nectar of a difficult lesson.

We will need bread for the meal:

sift the grain from the lies

pound it to grist in your confusion

knead it to dough with the effort of understanding

 when too much for your hands is (just) enough for the bread

leave it to rise in forgetfulness and return to the

 surprise of plenty

fold its roundness into the form of your intention

make choices, take risks, announce yourself

and start the fire

I will love you if the fire is small or hot.

I will love you if it burns or warms.

So walk.

Walk away. Walk to the sea. Gather stories for your pockets. Gather wood for carving. Gather sand for your troubles. Come home with pockets full of laughter. Of possibilities. Full of starlight.

I am not romantic - I am hungry.

Lay the table. Invite your lovers. Invite your faeries. Invite your daemons. Pour us all/each a glass of wine. Raise a toast to

mystery, to questions, to why and to love.

And feed us. With your stories. Feed us with your anticipation. Of the heat of the bread. Of the weight of the stone. Of the sand in your shoes. Of the comfort of the stew.

And music. Give us your music. I am so hungry. For your songs/music. I will dance. I promise to dance through the blood. I promise to laugh in the storm. I will weave a bracelet of my hair and you may wear it whenever you crave a woman's touch. I will gather stones for your stories. I will plant carrots in my garden. I will steal potatoes for your family. I will grow bay in my bedroom window, and basil will prostrate itself at my door. I will learn to dream through the noise of the lorries.

Gather sand and driftwood and salt from the sea

and I will go to the forge to beat a stewpot for your
kitchen. I will tend the fire while you wander.
I will hand you the matches before I leave. I will
sing while you play.

Simmer the stew. Patience and tasting. Music and bread.

You.