

Tialtiu's feast
instructions for Lughansadh

(this one's for the boys)

remember when your world was made of wild potentialities?
every meal required adventure, every comfort a matter of luck?
you are a child of the fire that fills these late summer skies - so wanted, and
still too much. you can
enact anything on which your radiant imagination alights. that fire in your
mind, like the blackberry
brambles and the fallow fields, offer a fickle and cutting wilderness in which to
wander.
and so you wandered. shinningly meaningless unshackled meandering. and
why not?
and then. and then you wanted something else. to cool your fire. to bring your
journey home. to a
hearth. you wanted dinner. reward. rest. the girl...
your mother, the foster, who knew you best, saw your bewilderment in the
apparent chaos of the
cosmos. she felt your fatigue at the perpetual mystery of fulfillment. she heard
your hunger cries.

and though she was
scholar
queen
warrior
lawmaker
friend of the forests
mother of many, and
tired as hell
she got down off her restful throne, stepped out of her chariot, slipped from

her lusciously
comforting bed
and cleared the wild places of ancient-placed forests
so your that crop could grow.

she taught you to quiet your fire long enough to till the soil and plant the
seeds. she taught you to
honour the shining times and the shadow times. she watched with some pride
as you stood in awe
of the ripening promise of harvest.
and when the first fruits could be gathered, so could her final rest.
today you have three tasks to complete, to remember and honour her who
fostered you through
your magnificent wilderness:

declare quite clearly the law of your land

sing the song that began in your unshackled meandering

and reap. reap what you've sown. reap what you've sown.

reap what you sow.