invocation to the south



We are trail blazing, free wheeling, revolving to the South – the region of the sun, the Suth, bringing the epiphany of fire, that evolutionary eureka – all from rubbing two little sticks together.

Turn your face upwards and shut your eyes, feel the gentle warmth of the winter sun on your cheeks. Brigit's story.

Gather the clan and fire-gaze, watch the faces framed in amber around the hearth.

Homecoming. Hestia's story.

And now? Bonfire nights, braziers cradled by homeless hands, pyres against a crescent moon, pyrotechnic seductions, young whirling fire dervishes at festivals, beaming, dreads flying, painting spirals like portals to forgotten dreams.

Not for the sati, not for the witch-hunt, no stone around your leg, not for the forest or the arsonist, or the burning of books.

But for warmth and food and flirt and dance and blossom and bloom and unite, the azimuth of loin and heart and belly.

Kindle it, stoke it, stack it under Ariel's wing.

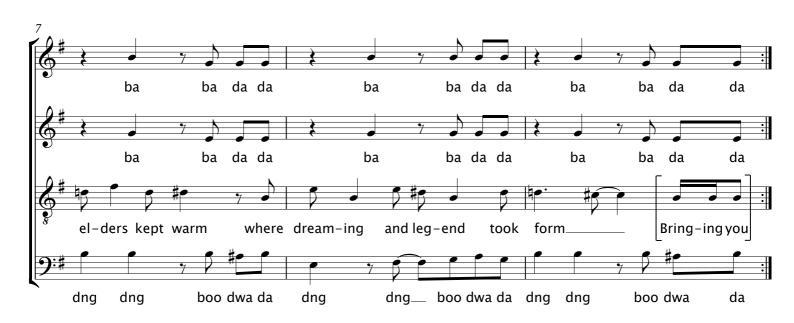
Cradle it quietly in the palm of your hand. Paint the silence Guardians of the South – we call to you - Bring us the passion of fire...

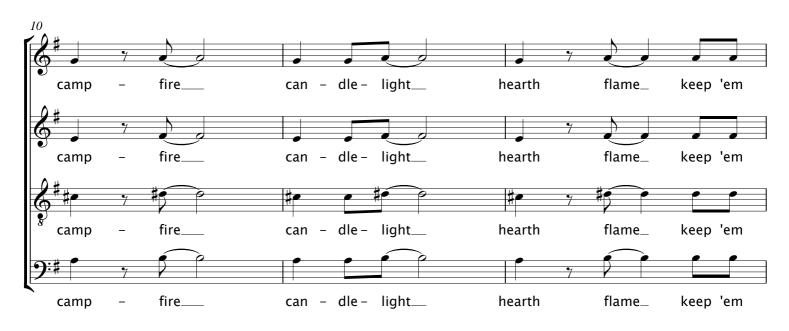
south

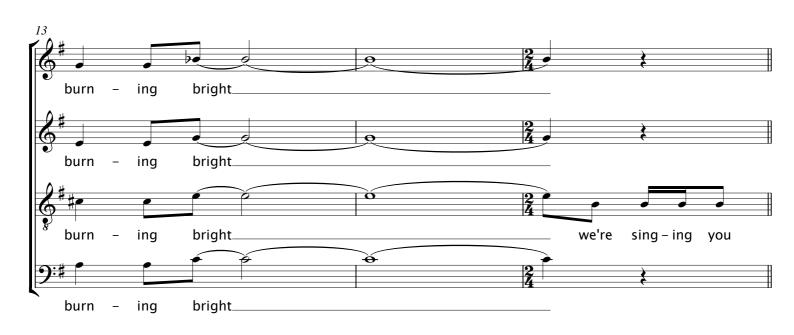
- B. start at beginning.
- S. A. start at bar 6.
- T. start at bar 9 "Bringing you"



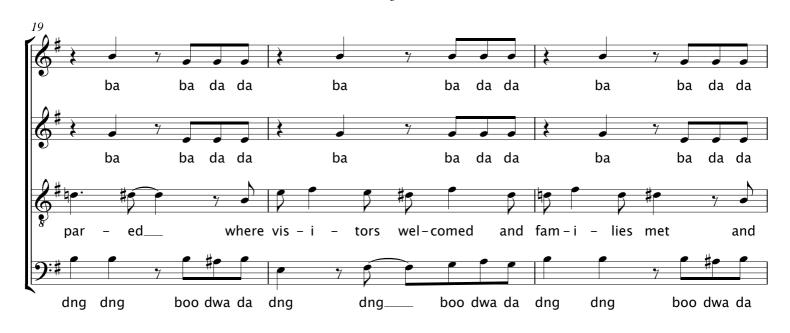


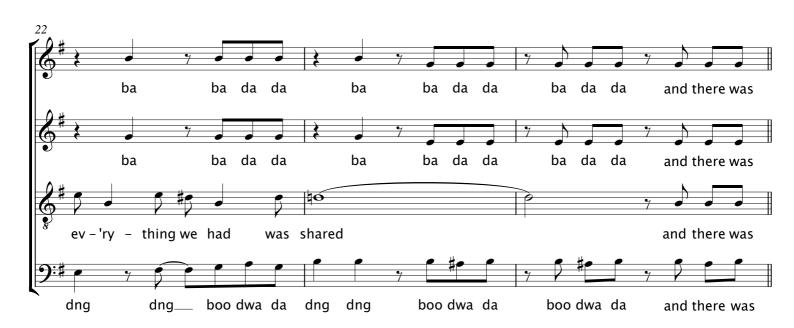


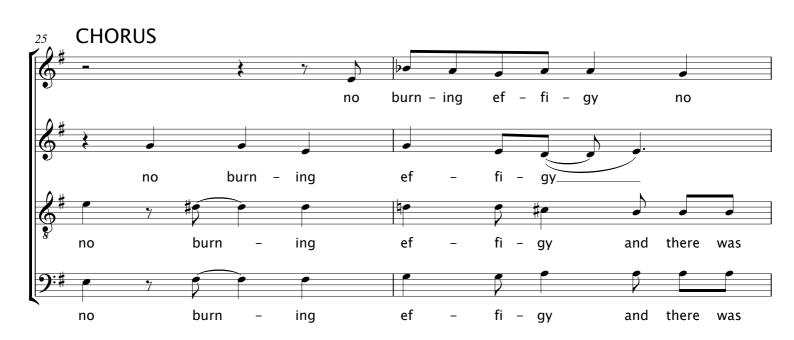


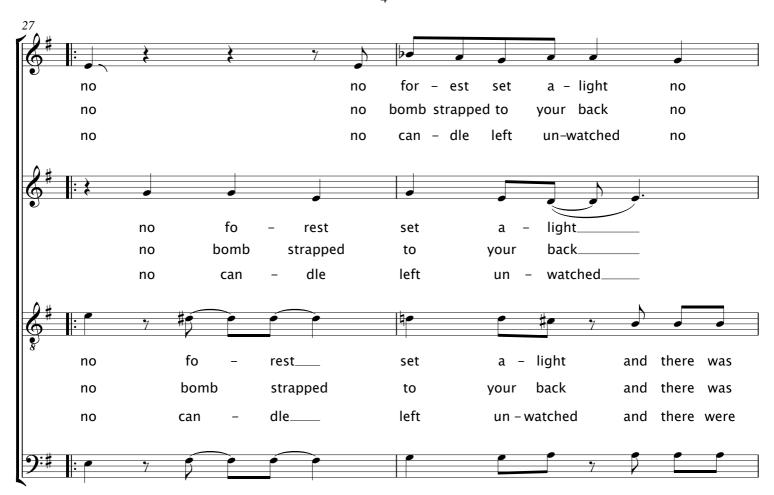


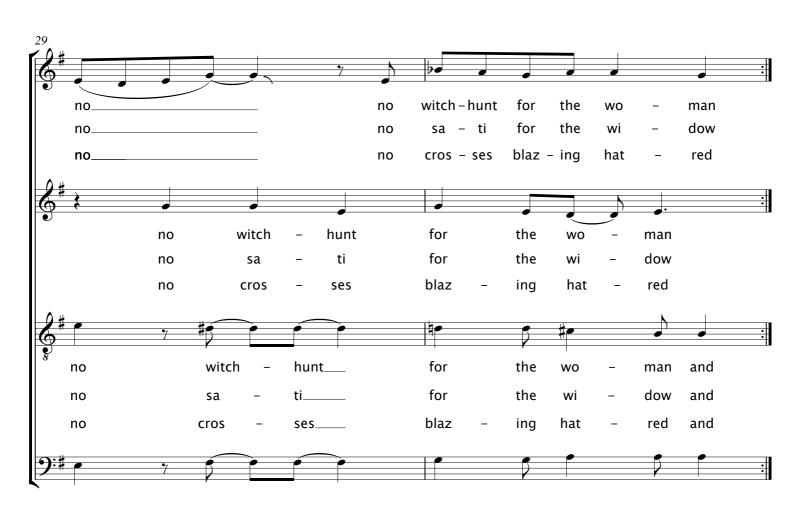




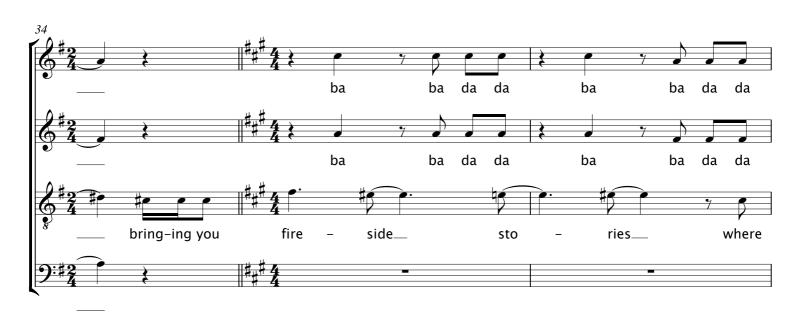


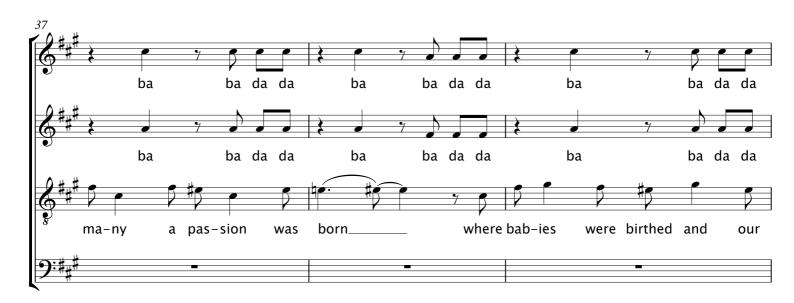




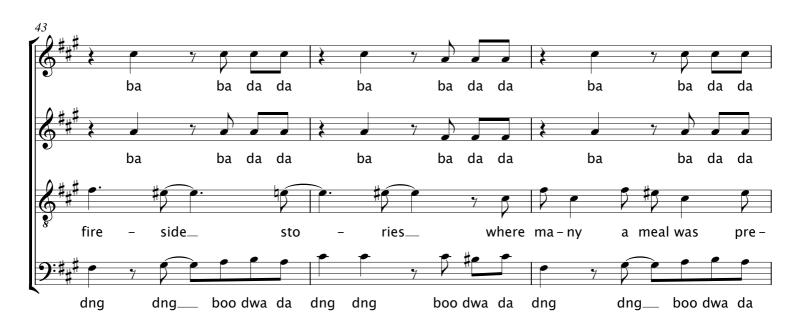


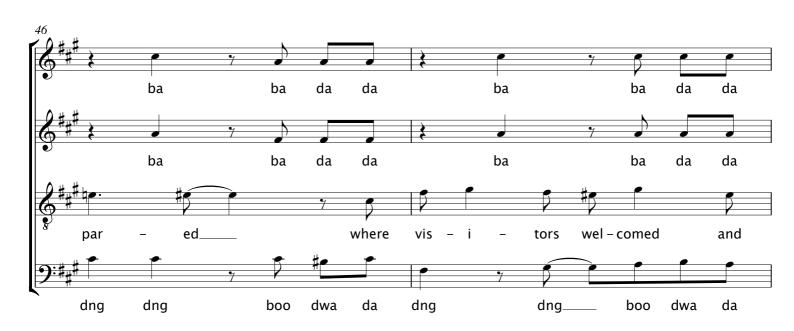












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