

On Being Magic

YOU WERE ALWAYS THE STRANGE ONE AND THEY MADE FUN OF YOU, BUT YOU DIDN'T CARE BECAUSE THE TREES REALLY DID SPEAK, AND THE WIND, AND THE CREEK, AND THE BIRDS WOULD LAND ON YOUR HAND IN THE TREEHOUSE, AND THE ANIMALS - SQUIRREL, MOUSE, RACCOON - WOULD APPROACH YOU GENTLY IN THE WILD. YOU PROBABLY WORE HAND-MADE CLOTHES AND MAYBE LIVED A WHILE BATHING IN RIVER WATER AND READING BY CANDLELIGHT. MAYBE YOU SANG EVERYWHERE YOU WENT, CONVINCED THAT LIFE WAS A MUSICAL AND THE ENTIRETY OF CREATION RESPONDED TO YOUR SONG. LIKELY THE LIBRARY WAS YOUR FRIEND, WHEN SEEKING, DEEPLY, SEEKING YOU WENT LOOKING FOR YOUR KIN AND FOUND THEM IN FAIRY TALES, IN FOLK WAYS (PERHAPS YOUR FAVORITE BOOK WAS A FOLK SKILLS GUIDE CALLED BACK TO BASICS ALONGSIDE A COPY OF SPELLS AND BINDINGS?) SO MUCH OF THE WORLD CONSPIRED TO TAMP DOWN YOUR WILDNESS, YOUR SACRED SELF, AND AS YOU GREW IN BODY YOU BEGAN TO DESIRE THE NORMAL, TO MAKE THE WILD INVISIBLE IN YOU, TO APPEASE. BUT IT NEVER QUITE FIT AND YOU WERE NEVER HAPPY THAT WAY IN TIGHT WHITE KEDS AND ACID WASHED JEANS. SOMEWHERE YOU DISCOVERED POETRY AND THAT HELPED, BUT IT WOULD TAKE A LIFETIME AND SOME DEVASTATION TO FINALLY BREAK FREE. IN FREEDOM YOU ARE AT LAST VISIBLE MAGIC, FULLY AND WHOLLY WHERE YOU ALWAYS WISHED TO BE, THE RHYTHMS OF THE WORLD AROUND YOU AND ANLIENTNESS SPEAKING IN THE STONES, YOU DIVINE BY THE WIND, BY THE BONES, KEEPING WITH THE OLD WAYS HALF RE-MEMBERED, AND THE NEW WHICH ARE HEALING AND RESTORATION. LIVING INTO THIS MAGIC MEANS CLAIMING FEAR AND EATING IT TRUE: WURDS LIKE WITCH AND WANT AND REST AND THE TERROR OF BEING TARGETED OR SEEN HAVE TO BE UNWEALED IN YOU. BUT HERE IS THE SPINE AND BUD OF THIS NYRD-MILLED NEB YOU ARE: THE NONDER SEEPS IN STAR IN TREE AND SOIL, YOU DREAM OF PROPHECY AND SHARE IT WE ARE NEVER MAGICALLY ALONE. THE ROOT HOLDS TRUE AND WE DO BEAR IT IN BALANCE. P.P.N.