



Brigid the Weaver

Brigid, holy woman,
Lady in White,
Weaver of many layers,
The rainbow colored mantles,
of our lives.

She weaves a yellow blanket,
To wrap a newborn drawing her first breath;
To warm a child on a chilly wind swept hill,
To cover a girl in a peaceful night's slumber.

She weaves a red velvet cloak,
Of allurement in the Spring,
Of young woman,
As she gathers her first flowers,
To offer the love of her heart.

She weaves a green drape
Of summer trees,
And growing things, in a great forest,
For a woman grown large with new life.

She weaves a blue veil of healing
By a still pool of knowledge,
As a Wise One, and Elder
Who lends her craft to all in need.

She weaves a black shroud of
Mystery, covering a dark mountain,
An old woman's final journey,
Into the Land of Dreams.

She weaves a rainbow mantle
Of all of life's sanctity, as Her
Priestess rests under Her cloak and
Awaits Her call.

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