

Journey to Avalon

Avalon came to me in a dream one night
As I walked the moon path across the bay
And the world I once knew faded away
As I traveled to a world of color and light.

I found myself in a pole-born barge
A hooded ferryman ploughed through the waves
I heard faerie music in cascading octaves
And at last the island grew close and large.

An island of rainbows and waterfalls
And groves of sacred ogham trees
Apple blossoms perfume the breeze
The sacred island of the ancient Gauls.

Nine queens stood on the crystal shore
Dressed in somber Druid robes
One held a wand, another a globe
Tools of magic these women bore

I stepped from the boat and they greeted me
And offered a robe of pearly gray
On my brow, they drew the symbol of Fey
And they led me to an Apple Tree.

There I tasted the magic fruit
And it filled me with light and vitality
I could hear the music of eternity
In the strains of a fairy harp and flute.

The serpent's path wound through the isle,
I learned from the trees in their sacred groves
And listened to the wonder tales they wove
As I dwelt in their woodland domicile.

I bathed in the sacred salmon's pool
And she whispered her story in my ear,
And fed me hazelnuts, the fruit of the seer
As I lay in the waters, sweet and cool.

I swam in the river between the Yew
And under the Tor, where the dead awaited
To claim the new life that they were fated
As they sipped from the apple's healing brew.

I sent my roots into the ground
In the court of the Druid Oaks
The royalty of tree folks,
Gog, Magog, they are crowned.

I dwelt beneath the healing well
Where Morgan's blood flowed red.
And dispensed the waters of the wellhead
And sang the sacred healing spell.

I sat in the Tower on top of the Tor
And had high tea with Merlin the Mage
Who offered advice, profound and sage,
And pointed out Brigid, above the door.

I saw the tree from Joseph's staff
The Levantine Hawthorn on the hill
I cut a wand, inscribed a sigil
And traveled down the holy path.

I took the cloth, and served as Nun
In the abbey by the seashore
I recorded all the local folklore
As the Clerks have always done.

I spoke with the animals and birds
Who taught me how to transform
My body into every life form
Through the power of magic words

The three realms unfold around me
As I journeyed through the inner lands
The world is made of many strands
And Avalon has given me the key.

At last my years drew to an end
And Morgan led me to the shore
"You can come back, there's always more,
the sacred path is within your ken."

I floated back across the ocean
The pale moon's beam lit my way
The years had passed in a single day
and my journey has really just begun.

(Dedicated to my teacher, Mara Freeman, with whom I journeyed to Glastonbury in 2003)

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