Coming of Age Ceremony of the Dream Siblings
[together]
Reach back to the song from whence we came.
We are wood, xylem, phloem, our eyes spitting oxygen,
Our feet-roots drinking the earth and all its mineral glory,
Our arm-branches embracing the heavens, pulling us upward.
[brother]
I am the pine cone and I am the forest; all is one.
I am the past and I am the future; all is one.
The detritus of old things churn within me,
Are broken down and remade; I spit out the bones for a new day.
[sister]

I am rings within rings of transparency and color.
Year after year the world flows through me and now I am the world.
I frame the world; I touch the world; I taste the world.
My spell is the wind and the water that dissolves and embodies.
[together]
We are unafraid of the unknown; though we cower in darkness, the unseen clubs only knock holes in our caked mud armor, letting the light of our souls shine forth.
We are unafraid of the known; though we struggle in its chains, the invisible links and levers of its logic only amplify our muscles and our will.
Our song is the harmony and dissonance of the elements.
Coming of Age Ceremony of the Dream Siblings

[together]
Reach back to the song from whence we came.
We are wood, xylem, phloem, our eyes spitting oxygen,
Our feet-roots drinking the earth and all its mineral glory,
Our arm-branches embracing the heavens, pulling us upward.

[brother]
I am the pine cone and I am the forest; all is one.
I am the past and I am the future; all is one.
The detritus of old things churn within me,
Are broken down and remade; I spit out the bones for a new day.

[sister]
I am rings within rings of transparency and color.
Year after year the world flows through me and now I am the world.
I frame the world; I touch the world; I taste the world.
My spell is the wind and the water that dissolves and embodies.

[together]
We are unafraid of the unknown; though we cower in darkness,
the unseen clubs only knock holes in our caked mud armor,
letting the light of our souls shine forth.
We are unafraid of the known; though we struggle in its chains,
the invisible links and levers of its logic
only amplify our muscles and our will.
Our song is the harmony and dissonance of the elements.