



Every Man is Green
by Marcie Telander



for Dan Escalante April, 2020
As well as Art Thilquist, Andy Bamberg & Jamie Madsen who
have Walked On

Ours is a place that celebrates the Green.

Ours is a place that celebrates sacred feminine
and the Green Man.

All women are the sacred land.

All men are green.

We are all the harvest.

We are a valley of souls who venture into
the inner wilderness,
as well
as the outer wilds.
Sometimes we enter with others,
sometimes we leave
alone.

We know that we do not own this Place Spirit,
this Earth Home,
we do not own time.
Time owns us, and the Earth receives us
The mountains enfold us,
the rivers carry us home.

We are the seeds, and we will all
become the Harvest.

We are meant to be tilled into
the furrows of
mountains, turned by the winds, water and weather.

Some men are elders when they are planted,
others are still youths.

All men are Green.

Some men are too swift to be caught,
others are caught by the swift splendor of
each heartbeat.

All men are Green.

Some men are exuberantly Green,
some are quietly Green,
others are gently, tenderly Green,
others are valiantly, powerfully Green
and a very few are exquisitely,
quintessentially Green.

All men are necessary.

All men are Green.

We are all the Harvest.

We will feed the soil--
human becoming humus,
humus becoming human.
It will be some time before
the new World Communion will be ready--
before the seed sprouts, grows perfectly tall,
comes to a head
is sickled and bundled by many hands
which become one hand,
one hand which becomes
many.

Then, at Lamastide we harvest
first offerings together.

The threshing floor is alive and filled
with chaff.

We gather at the circle and bake
the bread.

The ovens are lit,
we are surrounded by warm
sweet smells of yeast and grain,
growing the loaves of life--
and communion to come.

We are the harvest.

We sing "Oats and corn, oats and corn
all that dies shall be reborn."

We must be satisfied that our labors
will be enough.

We are ancestors of the future and
this communion
must come.

This year we will share a feast of
bitter herbs, salted wafers,
the hosts of our tears.

All men are precious,
all men are Green.

We will share in the Equinox rites,
We are the Ancestors, the food,
the Feast and the nourishment
of tomorrow.

All men are Green.

Walking along beside the cart
toward the Autumn Equinox Fires
bearing the sacrificed Green.

We will sing "Vine and grain,
vine and grain,
all that falls shall rise again."