

Myself I Sing

I am a fernleaf, curled and uncurling,
I am an embryo taking on form
From the seed of my selfhood deeply embedded
The sum of my being is born.

I am the dance and the dancer
I am the rhythm and rhyme
I am the song and the singer
I am the signpost and sign.

I am the pulse at the core of my universe
I am the beat at the heart of my world
I am the breath that enables my breathing
I am my lymph and my blood.

I am the sap that is stirring
I am the soil and the loam
I am the roots and the branches
I am the sowing and sown.

I am the foetus, the seed and the template
I am the pattern, the form and design,
The nurturing rains dance in tune with my sunlight
As I grow in the cupped hand of Time.

I am the sun at my centre
I am my evening and morn
I am my gathering darkness
I am my daybreak and dawn.

I am the temple and temple custodian
I am the house I inhabit as mine
I am the fabric, the altar and hearthstone
Backbone and scaffold and spine.

I am the building and builder
I am the sower and seed
I am the child and the midwife
I am the doer and deed.

I am a fernleaf curled and uncurling
Facing, outfacing, the cross winds of time,
Rooted, secure in the ground of my being
As I grow in my fullness of time.

Ann Castling