

ROUND DANCE POLE SHIFT RITUALS

By Adrian Rogers

ROUND DANCE RITUALS—HAMLET'S MILL

...until the millstone slips off the peg
and the earth turns over

there is no cover
under a steel-blue sky turning dark
for the dancing, prancing,
entrancing by the Beast Mark
Santa's reindeer ghost wild
under a vanishing moon

...until the millstone slips off the peg
and the earth turns over.

Croon, my lover
on this frost-crisped winter ground
under cloud stolen stars,
nightjar and nightingale are silent
moth flight a memory untouched
and light like thin bars gashing
white blood on blackness

...while the millstone slips off the peg
and the earth turns over.

I am a rover
northbound under Polaris

and Santa's reindeer are more
than tinsel, Christmas lights, and cheer

...until the millstone slips off the peg
and the earth in turns over.

Like fear I hover
over green, brown, and desert earth
blue/green or polluted seas
sky-reading *the signs of the times*
before stars disappear,
a passing bell chimes

...a millstone slips off the peg
and the earth turns over.

ROUND DANCE RITUALS—THE TWINS

...as the twins change places

start a pole dance, friend
for or against the sun
what's done is done
and the beginning is the end.

Enter...

in a flood/fire pas-de-deux
ocean lift and flame throw
intertwining

...as the twins change places

combining

re-combining

as above so below;

or is that love intertwining

like ivy climbing?

A time rift's interactive passing by

is a step out of time

beyond time,

dancing for or against the sun

...as the twins change places.

Political opinion dares not bend

to change, or truth, too sly to spend

itself on revolution.

Remember, Feasts of the Dead

are two stars

seven sisters

a seventeenth day of the month

convolution

...and the twins changing places.

ROUND DANCE RITUALS—BETWEEN THE WORLDS

Dance, my friend
on the end of a grass blade...

the Moon at Virgo's feet
and Leo the royal constellation's
seven star crown
above Virgo's head,

so dance, my friend
on the end of a grass blade...

Shiva's requiem exteriorized
by dancing twins
completes its processional way
towards Lake Baikal.

Sita's challenge categorized
by Death's illusion deletes
no more her breath today
when Death will install
itself as Maya,
dancing on that grass blade
aligning seven planets, the Sun,
and Moon at Virgo's feet.

Dance my friend
on the end of a grass blade...

when consciousness will raid
the fortress, and evil on the run

fail to deplete

silver glancing light on water

bridging time and eternity

around the cosmic centre.

Dance, my friend

on the end of a grass blade.

Bio

Adrian Cedric Rogers was born in England, trained as a teacher in Ireland, teaching in that country, then in Scotland, The Shetland Islands, England, Australia, and Papua New Guinea, before retiring in 2005, thereafter devoting much of my time to writing. He has six fantasy novels in print, four published by Double Dragon in Canada, and two by Mountain Mist in Australia. he also have two novels issued (also by Double Dragon) as e-books. He had contributed poetry, articles, and short stories to numerous periodicals and anthologies. He also has three collections of poetry published by Ginninderra Press, Port Adelaide, Australia, the latest being launched on 20th November.