

Seeking the Green Pathways

A Little Book of Inspirations

By

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This book is dedicated with love
to the life and memory of

Hannah Rose Richards 1999-2014
an inspiration to so many people.



A Little Book of Inspirations

This is not a book of spells, rather it is a book of my reflective writing, drawn from the past fifteen years. But what is reflective writing? And why make a book of it?

Reflective writing – for me, at any rate – is the prelude to most of my magical work. Whenever I have to think about a spell, what it means, and why (or even if) it's needed, I will often spend time writing down my thoughts. These then need to be distilled into a handful of words or a single sentence if I intend to cast a spell.

It can be quite a long journey towards that single sentence, however, and on the way I spend time with my thoughts and reflections. Most of these I write down at some point, so I suppose I could say that reflective writing, my 'inspirations' are a by-product of magic, but not the actual spells I eventually cast. However it is – I hope – a pleasant by-product, and I hope the thoughts help inspire you just as they have in the past inspired me.

Thoughts and Musings on People

It's easy to cast a spell without really thinking of the effect it might have on others, people who have just as much right to enjoy their lives as they wish, without interference from anyone else. Understanding and compassion are more important than judging others, any day! I've found that reflective writing often helps me understand others better. And in doing so, I learn to understand myself better too.

This very short verse is just a brief meditation and no more. I wrote it to remind myself how little I know about the real lives of the people I meet, however briefly. Often it is too easy to jump to conclusions and I believe we should take care to avoid judging only on the basis of stereotypes. We *never* have the full picture. And what we say about others says a great deal about ourselves, too.

The 'Beautiful Child,' in the following piece is someone I met a few times. She had the most beautiful smile and to this day I have never forgotten her.

Beautiful Child

Beautiful child with painted skin,
What are the stories that dwell within?
Beautiful child, your gaze full of pain,
When are you going to smile again?

The nature of sorrow can be very curious. Some people cry while others cannot. Often we look away and just pass by people who seem troubled, leaving them locked away in their sorrow. This next piece was written about someone who was weighed down with a huge burden of grief yet found it impossible to cry.

To a sorrowing man...

Tears will not always flow,
In spite of grief that grips us so
Tightly that we fear to weep
Lest tears might drown us as we sleep.

A fool can shatter hearts
And lives and break a soul apart,
Lacking care or passing thought
For sorrow caused, or damage wrought.

And still your eyes stay dry.
You daren't allow yourself to cry.
Yet even though I know you've tried
Your heart keeps drowning deep inside.

The following piece of reflective writing was the result of my meditating on what it was like to move into a psychically active house, years ago. People often want to perform banishing spells in this sort of situation, but I prefer not to if at all possible. After all, who are we to say that we can even

own a place? We can occupy it certainly, but there are so many different worlds and I feel we have no more claim on them than anyone else.

Eventually, after many talks with the various entities that had made their homes here prior to my arrival, I came to realise they were no threat to us at all. Quite the opposite in fact, and soon I came to view them as benign protectors and guardians. It wasn't a quick process by any means, but now I wouldn't be without them! This reflective piece was one of my early efforts to work my way through the problem. It did far more good than any 'banishing spell' could have done!

Ghosts

Sometimes, when I turn my head,
You're almost, *almost* there.
I catch a word, as yet unheard,
The essence of your prayer.
I sense my need to know you
For I feel you everywhere.

You're waiting in the garden,
Or lingering in the hall.
I feel the breath of sparkling death
Gathering like a pall.
I don't know what you want from me,
But sense your anguished call.

I do not know the reason
That makes you stay so near,
Yet keep your post, sweet watchful ghost
There's nothing you should fear.
Still, I wonder why you chose me,
And why you brought me here?

Seasons

Ever since I was a child, Nature has had a profound influence upon me. The seasons are part of the Wheel or Circle of the year for me and as a pagan I am well aware

that the way I date the seasons differs from what we are sometimes told nowadays (although it was a bit different when I was young.)

For example, I believe winter begins just after Samhain (on November 1st). I know many people insist that no, winter begins on the 21st December, but if we think about it then how can something *begin* on Midwinter's Day? The winter solstice is the mid-point of winter, the sign that spring is on its way again, no matter how deep the snow or heavy the frost. And I, personally, find that very comforting.

The two poems that follow are about November, the start of winter, when the air changes and the cold begins to dig in. For me, these pieces of reflective writing were ways of meditating upon the changes and making sense of them in some way.

November Song

November's glare, it chills me through
Dictating what I may not do.
The day's too short, The night's too long,
There is no bright November song.
And yet... the sky is pearly blue,
The berries redden fast and true,
The sunrise strikes the morning frost,
Beauty dances, never lost.
November holds the key to find
These signs that Yule is close behind.

Dark Mornings in November

Mist like gunpowder, a heavy quilt
Of still remembered spark and spray,
Where all shone gold on Bonfire night
Now's damp and cold and iron grey.

For Samhain's marked the ancient close
Of summer's blossom, sunshine's rose,

All Souls remembered in a prayer,
Whispered in darkness, mourned with care.

Sunshine like water, thin and sour,
Of still remembered warmth and skill,
Now weeping tears of weakening loss
While night grows darker, longer still.

For summer's lost, and winter's near
The days grow dull, the nights wax clear,
We bolt the doors, stay in and hide
While creatures write and howl outside.

Yet though remembering all things lost,
Dead sun, lost loves, close kith and kin
They are not gone, there is no death
While memory lingers on within.

And still hearts beat and tears yet fall,
While eyes grow dim and hope grows small.
But nothing's ever really lost
While steadfast loves remember,
And still rejoice to recall love's voice
And dark mornings in November.