

Under The Ash Tree. Written after a meeting in 1953.

I am what ye think me to be
I am what ye consider of thyself.
I am myself, and thou as thou art
And will be... time come.
I am Robin, and more of that with less.
I am that without form
I am that without force
Yet form and force I be
I am the loved and beloved
I am the lover and his mate
I am the whole and the part.
I am compassion healing pain
I am diamond cutting stone hearts.
I am a mirror without reflection.
I am the well without water
From which all must drink.
I am words, love and words
Yea, but never speak.
I am pain, grief, sorrow and tears
The rack.. the noose... the stake.
The slayer and the slayed.
The hunter and the hunted
I am the head without a body
I am the body without a head
Yet All this and still I am whole.
I am night and sleepless fear
I am Fear
Thou must conquer me to release thy soul.
I am peace, compassion now if ye understand
I am turned about, then turned again
Three times, three time Thirteen I turn
Then still more. and more
For the hare escapes me not.
I am the dead, the living dead, the dead that walk
I am the born, the unborn, the completed cycle.
I am a root, a leaf, a tree
I grow upon memory of past present and future.
All things are mould for me.
My tap rests in eternity.
I am the breast of infant suckling
My loves king embrace
Constant, ever demanding
Yet I be fickle withal
For all know me and have laid upon my breasts
Yet few have had me, and they are dead.
Secret I be, secret am, secret I am for evermore.
Yea, but a plated host marcheth at my skirts
For I am mighty as the berserkers knew me
My nostrils are full of the scent of blood.

For the dead are heaped to honour my rage.
I am weak as women knows me.
In that is the fulness of my strength
I am desire
I am love.
I am the first created
The first of all sins.
Behold I am She!

Ray Powers