

Autumn Equinox Song | A Traditional Verse

*Yellow the bracken, golden the sheaves,
Rosy the apples, crimson the leaves,
Mist on the hillside, clouds grey and white,
Autumn, good morning, and summer, goodnight!*



The Autumn Equinox, Midfall, Samhain/Halloween are ripening times for the Crone. The dark season is upon us, the season of diminished light. It is the time we experience both the festival of life and the drama of death as the Earth dresses up for her final hurrah and gives up Her bounty. In this time of shadow, we might be inclined to explore the darkness inside of us, stirring the cauldron of our heart's deep desires. At the same time, we might lay out tables for feasting and festing and light the hearth fires to warm our bones.



Crone of Samhain's spellbound cold,
in Her cauldron of black are told
secrets ancient, truths and tales:
mystery Her light unveils.

"Season of the Crone" Poem by Gerina Dunwitch

She is wisdom, She is changes:
time and space She rearranges.
In Her hands, the card of Death,
for transformation is Her breath.

Crone of Samhain, Grandmother wise,
look into Her gargoye eyes.
Let Her lessons teach you well:
life is but a magick spell.

We found this lovely blessing from a young Salt Lake woman doing great things:

In whatever way you choose to mark the turning, whether with feasting or fire, or a mere glance skyward or inward, I wish you the opportunity to release your fears into the night and find space in which to cultivate the light that will guide you through the dark season to come. Giuliana Serena, moontimerising.com