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Mayan Calendar

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Mayan Calendar

Sasha Strelitz

We were dancing 'round the pyramid,
In the light of a full, Blue moon—
We prayed for Signs.
Seven days later—
We saw It.
In the mouth of a dead snake—
A goblet made of silver.
Which was not rare,
But this silver was etched with strange designs.
The Man studied them,
And babbled about ancient myths.

The Woman, ensorcelled—
Suddenly said:

“This is desired by men beyond the horizon—
Beyond this sacred husk of land.
They will come for it; they obsess.
Beware!
For rage burns brightest in their eyes—
A vehement passion.

“The Gods—they revere it.
It is a magic unknown to them.
Beware.

“On the next Blue moon,
Amidst the setting Sun,
Lay it in the Earth.
And allow yourself.
Consume the Spirit of the Vine,
Purge.

Consume the Caapi colors.
You will breathe the Universe,
You will speak tongues
From other worlds.
Eat nothing
Until the next Sun sets.”