

Heather Dale, Three Queens

Sink into your mother's arms
The womb that gave you birth
Let her take your secrets back and lay them in the earth
Let her take you in her arms
Let her take you home
Leave to her the gifts she gave of flesh and breath and bone

Sink into your lover's arms
The womb that made you whole
Let her waters slake the thirst you carry in your soul
Let her take you in her arms
Let her take you home
Leave to her the dreams you made of honours, steel, and stone

Sink into your mother's arms
Sink into your lover's arms
Sink into your sister's arms

Sink into your sister's arms
The womb you need not know
Let her fire consume the frame of what you were before
Let her take you in her arms
Let her take you home
Leave to her the mysteries of maiden, mother, crone

Sink into your mother's arms