

# Constantines, Draw Us Lines

Starhawk in a street ritual,  
pleas from Herald Square to the heavens,  
earth and seas.  
Let the hand move its people,  
and draw us lines from our fiery designs.  
Unknown unknowns,  
let all our gardens grow,  
and overtake our history.  
Seeking strength in mystery.  
Let us feel the air inside  
the clothes that we wear.  
Try to find ghosts behind the buildings in our lives.  
Draw us lines.  
Bad weather.  
Anxiety and fear.  
Don't give in.  
Call on her.  
And live in fascination... Fascination forever.