



**Wendy Sarno  
Poet, grandmother,  
spiritual companion,  
stalker of Mystery and Wild Soul  
St. Louis, Missouri**

**One night under the Ancient  
One  
in the sacred canyon  
I slept in my soft human flesh  
under the shining stars  
and the silent stone.**

**The half moon split over the rim  
and we lay in shadow  
thru the still night.  
All the dark long,  
Night Wind Woman  
flowed over my body  
in her blue river of air  
singing, Sister, Sister,  
stroking my face as I lay  
in the lap of the Grandmother  
dreaming dreams as  
silent as all the stones,  
as deep, as old.**