

The

# Siren's SONG

A JoAnna Dane Project



Listen.  
Closer.  
Deeper.  
You are called.  
The Sirens sing a song for you.

You are invited.  
On a journey to the depths.  
To the Sirens.  
To hear their call.  
To know their power.

Within are six songs.  
Sung for you.  
In hopes that you will hear.  
What you need.  
To shed the skins of what was.  
And rise into the fullness of your being.

You can read.  
Or follow the link to listen.  
May each song serve you well.

~Jo Anna Dane

[JoAnnaDane.com](http://JoAnnaDane.com)

{a song of endings and beginnings}

<https://www.joannadane.com/sirensong1.html>

You may want to run.  
When you feel our voice.  
Our pull.  
Wrapping around your breath.  
But wait.  
Just a moment.  
Wait.

No doubt.  
You have heard the stories.  
Of our voice.  
Reaching out.  
To call adventurers.  
To their demise.  
But.  
What exaggerations those tales deliver.  
Our quest is not your end.  
But rather.  
Your beginning.

Yes.  
Our songs have been known.  
To take hold.

Of those who are ready.

And you might find yourSelf.

Crashed on our shores.

Wanting.

To pull at the seams.

Of the illusions.

The stories.

That have made it hard to see into the wild.

But.

You will be welcomed.

You will be held.

You will be guided.

To the fire.

To the surrender.

The path forward.

This is your call.

This song is for you.

Come.

Closer.

Closer still.

Come to our shores.

Come to our fire.

Say yes.

And remember.

Say yes.

And discover.

Say yes.

And become.

Say yes.

If you are you are willing.

If you dare.

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At our door.

At our hearts.

We require an offering.

To stoke the fire.

The part the veils.

We are the guardians of the moment where beginnings.

And endings.

Are one.

We are the keepers.

Of the seed of possibility.

We call you to.

To make an offering.

Of what you are willing.

Ready.

To leave in the fire.

This has a way.

Of opening doors.

Of clearing the path.

You may speak your offering.

To a literal flame.

Or to the sun.

Or the wind.

You may dance your offering.

To the earth.

You may.

Also.

Reply to us.

Tell us your offering.  
And let us.  
In ceremony.  
Hold it sacred.  
And feed it to the fire.  
To the waves.  
To the wild.

To discover.  
What it is you desire to offer.  
Consider this:  
The fire does not require your tears to rage.  
What are the fears you wish to shed?  
What has wrapped itself around you, stealing your breath and way and time?  
What sings its own song of completion?  
Offer that.  
Let yourSelf be called.

With love and fire~  
The Sirens

{a song for the fire}

<https://www.joannadane.com/sirensong2.html>

We have been thought of as creatures of the water.  
And while the tumble of the waves.  
The everness of the ocean.  
Live in our veins.  
We too.  
Are beings of The Fire.

The Fire.  
A tool of creation.  
Of destruction.  
A pathway of clarity.  
Even with the haze of smoke.  
It calls us to the journey.  
In.  
Beyond.

The Fire rises from our bones.  
Dances on our skin.  
Sings in our heart.  
The Fire is what we do.  
The Fire is who we are.

And you.  
The Fire is within you too.  
A beacon.  
Shining brightly.

A cry to the mystery.  
To the brilliant fullness of life.  
That lives beyond all of our words.

This is a song to your fire.  
May it hear the call.

We.  
The sirens.  
Tend to The Fire of it All.  
And when you see it.  
When you know it.  
When you remember its home in your being.  
You become a siren too.

Take a moment.  
Take a breath.  
Feel the fire.  
Imagine it.  
Weave it.  
See it.  
Be with it in the ways that work for you.

And ask.  
What does it want?  
What does it know?

Those questions are why we are here.

Your work is to ask.  
Truly.

Fully.  
And to allow.  
Whatever rises to be seen.  
Without pretending that it needs to be more than it is.

Hear this song.  
Let it meet you.  
Let it meet the fire.  
Wherever it may live.

And.  
Let the fire speak.  
Through you.  
To you.  
Let it tell you what it needs.  
Let it give you what it knows.  
You are a part of it All.  
This is only the beginning.

With love and fire~  
The Sirens

{a song of surrender}

<https://www.joannadane.com/sirensong3.html>

Many come to us.  
With fists clenched.  
And breath tight.  
Holding.  
Holding.  
Holding.  
To a vision.  
Of life.  
Whispered to them through blood and knowing.  
Of how it all should be.  
For them.  
To be worthy.  
Of the secret wishes.  
That live far below.  
Beyond.

They come to us.  
With rules.  
And ways.  
Carved deep.  
As if.  
By giving over to a map of others making.  
They will have the security they were promised.

They grip.  
The air.  
The memories.  
The legacy lost.  
With all that they have.  
They arrive.  
With tired eyes.  
And an angry heart.  
Because the expectations woven into their being.  
Have become heavier.  
Than can be carried.

The fire may be a tool of creation.  
But it is not under our control.  
It lives and breathes and dances.  
It wills.  
As it needs.  
Life.  
The same.

The mystery will always be what it is.  
We will be given.  
Glimpses of wonder.  
Peaks into the evers.  
And still.  
A mystery will remain.

Yet.  
Nothing is lost.  
You are here.  
We are with you.

The fire burns.  
And freedom is still to be had.

This is a song of surrender.  
An invocation.  
Of the mystery.  
It is here.  
We can set down the stories.  
And see the truth.

The surrender is simple.  
If you are willing.  
To no longer pretend.  
That the end is knowable.  
That the path is made.  
That the answers are right.

Surrender is coming to what is.  
Rather than what ought to be.

Know.  
This is not a cry to acquiesce to pain.  
Or injustice.  
Rather.  
This is a moment.  
To stop pretending.  
That what is, is not.  
And what will be is already made.

This is a moment.  
To say.  
I don't know.  
With the fire of your being.  
And to see.  
See.  
See.  
How the foundation.  
You stand upon.  
Shifts.  
Deepens.  
Solidifies.

Ask yourself.  
What is supposed to be that is not?  
What should become but it won't?  
And instead.  
Of searching for an answer.  
Or a way.  
Say.  
Simply.  
I don't know.

What are the questions that plague you?  
The ones attached by prickles and burrs.  
What if the answer was that you do not know?  
Answer.  
And see what happens.

There is so much more to be seen.  
When you surrender the vision of how it should be.

To see the truth of all that is.  
You will never hear our song.  
If you are convinced that we are not real.

With love and fire~  
The Sirens

{a song of rest}

<https://www.joannadane.com/sirensong4.html>

The fire does not need you.  
To dance in wild throes.  
Carving yourSelf to the bone.  
To show that you are good enough.

The waves do not need.  
To hear your stories.  
To carry you home.

We do not need.  
For you to weave us wonders.  
To be in our presence.

What we need.  
Is you.  
That is all.  
That is plenty.

And when you lay down.  
The ache to prove.  
To do.  
To be who you think you were supposed to have been.  
It is time to close your eyes.  
And let yourSelf sink.  
Into the welcoming arms.  
Of the Mystery.

This is a song of rest.  
A call to the full brilliance of your being.  
We ask you.  
To find a moment.  
Just for you.  
And let yourSelf be.  
Without tying yourSelf.  
In tangles and knots.  
To show that you have done enough.  
Because rest is not a reward.  
For the work of life.  
It is a conduit.  
Of your essence.  
Of the fire.  
Without rest.  
There is nothing.

It is in rest.  
That you remember.  
The wholeness from where you came.  
Of who you are.  
It is how you settle into your being.  
It is where you are nourished.  
Fed.  
Healed.

Rest is where you find yourSelf.  
Rest is where you hear yourSelf.  
Rest is where you become yourSelf.

Do not fool yourself.

Into thinking.  
That it must be ages of rest.  
For it to matter.  
Whatever you can offer yourSelf.  
Is mighty.

So give yourSelf.  
A breath.  
Let that breath fill your being.  
And for a moment.  
Lean back into our waiting arms.  
Know.  
That you are held.

With love and fire~  
The Sirens

{a song of wanting}

<https://www.joannadane.com/sirensong5.html>

Across the shores.  
Across the evers.  
Our song finds you.  
Finds the open spaces within you.  
The places of longing.  
Of wishes.  
And pulls you in.  
Pulls you close.  
It is what we do.  
It is who we are.

It is to those spaces.  
That we sing.  
For those are the points of connection.  
The soft wonderland of your humanity.  
It is in the wanting.  
That you can be met.  
That you can be seen.  
That you can be.

This is a song of wanting.  
And we ask for you to not be afraid.  
The ache of the want is powerful.  
A fire in and of itself.  
One too often denied.  
Out of fear.

A fear of disappointment.  
A fear of weakness.  
A fear of the ache of the want consuming us.

But let us tell you.  
Your want is holy.  
A tender open pool.  
Awaiting your vision.  
Awaiting you.

To want is to live.  
To let the fire.  
Meet your skin.  
And grow beyond.  
Letting it find itself and its pleasures.  
Over and over again.

To want.  
Is to step past the armor around your breath.  
And let the softness of your being.  
Meet the world.

To want is to acknowledge.  
Your humanity.  
And to know.  
That not everything will be on your fingertips.  
That you will grow.  
Beyond what is in front of you.  
You will notice the lack.  
And seek to fill yourSelf.  
With next grand adventure.

The want is the siren's call.

You may have been fed.

The stories.

That you should not want.

That it will only bring more unbearable wanting.

And we will tell you.

There is truth to that.

The want is never ending.

Let yourself want anyway.

It will propel you forward.

Your wants do not need to shake the whole wild world.

They only need to rise from you.

From the tender underworld of your being.

From all those open spaces of magic not yet conjured.

Let your wants be as they are.

Let them be for you.

For all.

Do not even worry.

About fulfilling the want.

Making it real.

Every want will not be met.

Each opens a door, whether we get what we want or not.

The only way to stop the wanting is to dampen the fire.

And that, you do not wish to do.

Let the wants rise.

Let them dance.

Open the doors.  
And let the wants spill out.  
Let them flood the oceans.  
Let them fan the flames.

Want.  
That is your work.  
That is your quest.  
Hear this song.  
And let yourSelf want.  
Wildly.  
Wonderful.  
Let yourSelf feel each want.  
Each need.  
Each desire.  
Let them all be seen.  
They are a celebration.  
Of your becoming.

Our time together draws near.  
One more day.  
One more song.

With love and fire~  
The Sirens

{a song of revelation}

<https://www.joannadane.com/sirensong6.html>

Behind the walls.  
The smoke.  
The fire even.  
Under your skin.  
Your stories.  
Your tears.  
This is where we seek.  
This is where we find.

We part the veils.  
We peel the layers.  
We walk the labyrinth.  
To the core.  
We find.  
What has been hidden.  
We bring the truth to light.

We.  
Are creatures of truth.  
The one lives deep in your bones.  
And our work.  
Our way.  
Is destruction.  
Of what binds you.  
So that you.  
All of you.

May arise.

This is a song of revelation.

Within you.

Is a fire.

A wonder.

A world.

Waiting to be revealed.

Perhaps.

Over this last week.

You have found yourSelf.

Unwinding.

Undoing.

Seeing a spark.

That was once obscured.

Perhaps.

You have shed.

Let go.

Stepped away from.

An illusion.

That had wrapped its way around your breath.

And perhaps.

You are.

Willing.

To peer beyond.

What has been.

Into what is.

Take a breath.  
Close your eyelids.  
And ask.  
For a revelation.  
For a way.  
A truth.  
A hidden passage.  
To be revealed.

Wait.  
As long as is needed.  
Sit in the stillness.  
Stay in the mystery.  
You may find a notion weaving its way into your vision.  
You may find an opening forming at your will.  
You may find the answer.  
Rising.  
In a dream.

The daring is in the ask.  
The work is in the waiting.  
You can do both.  
If you wish.

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It is here that we step away.  
Back.  
Into the mystery.

It has been a pleasure.

A privilege.  
To sing our songs for you.

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For more from the world of JoAnna Dane.  
Please check out her [Bespoke](#) offering.

With love and fire~  
The Sirens

Cover design by the amazing [Alyece Fuller](#)