

Words of
Night and Fire



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On this 3rd night of Chanukah I offer you some words.

Written by me, Jo Anna Dane.

May this little book illuminate the moment.

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{an invocation of the light}

We begin;
The breath deepens.
The world brightens.
Offering illumination to the corners
Infinities previously unseen.
Now visible.
Shining.
Waiting to be known.
To be walked.

The light sings a song of itself.
As it calls us to the surface.
Stretching past who we had been.
Into a life uncharted.

Yet.

Stunning in the brilliance.

Of who we are.

And have always been.

{for when the darkness is rising}

The darkness is not the shadow.

It is not a place of hiding.

It is not a world that is lost.

In need of light and saving.

The dark is a magic all of its own.

A place of beginnings.

Under and above.

Beyond.

Below.

The darkness unfolds to meet the potential.

To nourish it into being.

Into matter.

Into life.

Let the tendrils take you.

Let them hold you.

Carry you.

To yourself.

Let them usher you.

To the newness

Where the sky breaks open.

And everything is seen.

Once again.

{an invocation of awe}

Maybe.

Each breath is a miracle.

Each flame a torch.

Each tear a storm.

Maybe.

The sacred we search for.

Lives on the tip of our tongue.

Like a lightning bolt.

Bringing spark to wonder.

Maybe.

We can revel in lines and curves

In the pain and joy.

In the whole of it all.

Maybe.

Then:

We will remember.

That we are not simply part of the magic.

We are.

The spark.

At the very heart.

Of it All.

to call the flame to you.

Let your Self:

Have the moment:

Before.

When it feels like there is nothing.

Or everything.

Everywhere.

All at once.

Let your Self:

Have the moment:

Of desire.

Where the emptiness spills out over your bones.

And you feel.

The space.

Opening.

For you.

Let your Self:

Cry out.
So that the world shakes
In resonance.
With who you are.

Then:

Then:

Then:

You can close your eyes
And feel the fire.
Dancing on the very edge
Of your being.
Always

{for when we fear there is not enough}

Let us not be afraid of lack as if it were something that should never happen lest we be marked as someone doomed to live in the reality of the human experience where there is an ebb and flow where there is a truth to the knowing that sometimes we do not have what we need on the tip of our fingers and we get to stretch past the walls of doubt and ask or seek or find or even be disappointed without it meaning that we are somehow less than we should be even when what appears in short supply is within let us seek to bring what we have to all so that where there is enough there can be enough and let us find a space of truth for the times when we don't have it all let it be ok let it be a part of what is because then and only then do we make room for what is actually truly entirely possible.

{an incantation for a celebration}

Tonight.

We let the ground meet us

And the sky hold us

And the mystery swing us into the magic of it All.

We light the candles

Sing the heavens

And let our Self be.

As we are.

Here.

For as long as we possibly can.

{ a blessing for the night }

You have crossed the threshold.

Into the night.

Into the dark.

Into a land where wonder reigns.
And the spark of aliveness dances.
Casting the most beautiful shadows.
For us all to play in.

You are beckoned.

To arrive.

Fully.

In form and density.

In fire and fullness.

You are invited.

To bring all of your being.

Into the glorious mystery unfurling before you.

As it makes for the open wild that is unmatched by the daylight.

{an invocation to live in the fullness}

It is a step forward.

Each day.

Each night.

A breath into the breeze.

A spark into the fire.

Each day.

More is added.

More is known.

Each day.

We discover.

Hidden truths.

Buried treasures.

Of our name.

Of our wiles and wants.

Each day.

We claim.

What has been forgotten.

Each day.

We remember.

Each day.

We allow.

Each day.

We sink.

Each day.

We rise.

Each day.

We are.

As we are.

And will be.

Forevermore.

Each day.

We call ourselves
Into the ocean of it All.

Each day.

We dazzle.

In the expanse
Of this full, brilliant life.

I am a seer.

A healer.

An oracle.

An artist.

Also, I wrote this book.

My work is that of the creation of experiences.

Ones that bring us to the edge.

Ones that deepen our human experience.

Ones that inspire delight.

To stay connected.

You can find me at JoAnnaDane.com.

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