

The Last of the Last

By Suzanna Yahya Nadler 12/7/18

Tis the season and I am not rushing around. Something has changed. Having emerged from the drowning whirlpool of this year, first excitement, then scrambling to stay above water, finally succumbing to the grief of lost dreams, I have slowed down into a pace that reflects a deep pool within.



At this same time, we are in the last month of the year, last night being the last new moon galloping by in Sagittarius, and our warrior energy planet Mars in the last sign of the zodiac, Pisces, the dreamer. The year of looking at our past (retrogrades), and broken wrists or handless maidens unable to take clear action, is passing. As this Sag moon so

close to its intimate associate, Jupiter, and even the unlikely pairing of Mars in Pisces are gently holding us, revitalizing our wounded warriors. In the quiet of the season we are being asked to give the greatest gift we can, who we have become!

I have become entangled in the earth, its seasons, its elements, the sun and its daily passage into nighttime. The view from my lofty crow's nest is the skyward bare bones of the persimmon tree, the sleepy quietness of the land, reflecting the pull towards ground and roots. All the splendor of flowery achievements are

composting for the new year, so I attend the root cellar and the few wintry crops and let the dark, the dreaming, the quiet beckon me inward to deepen into the root of the root of my Self.

...Molded of clay, yet kneaded
from the substance of certainty,
a guard at the Treasury of Holy Light —
come, return to the root of the root of your

Self... Rumi

May the season be with you!