

Copper and mead

De Hillman strikes me with the old language. It hits my head, a full blow, and I bow in shock and awe. Warrior is he and I feel the strength of his words. I acknowledge the magic of the rhythm of his voice.

Scared I offer
-tiny drops of honeywine
I offer, my voice now hesitating, singing.
I feel my song break in the middle-

my words are missing,
only micesounds running in my throat.
The warrior towers in the middle of the sacred mound,
his staff hits the ground with power
-carefully I look up and see black hair-
covering ancient angry eyes.

'Ansuz' I mutter, praying to my god in despair- making the rune in the grass before me.

'Wod !?' he asks, now having his attention.

'Staff' I mutter softly, and I show him my birchsoft, the spirals dressed in rings of copper.

First he stares, then laughs out loud.

'Staff!!' he says and he puts his staff next to mine, ancient, big, mighty as himself. Wolf and Bear growl from their place on his staff- I growl back, no Bear will harm me in this life. My body now cloaked in confidence and grey- the Old Man came and I feel his gaze.

'I walk the ancient path' I sing, in Dutch. A warrior hand touches the ceremonial bronze blade on his neck.

'**Wod**' he answers seriously

'**Wod**' I sing.

'**Wod**' he sings.