

“To the West” section from Dawn Ritual of Purification for families and descendants of those who participate in slaughter, to be used by all visitors who enter the Holy City of Kitezh, Poems from *The Apocrypha of William O’Shaunessy, Book II, XXVII*, Peter Boyle

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To the west  
eyeing the west as an equal  
eyeing the west as a mother  
eyeing the west as your child  
scatter the grain  
scatter the bright joy of water  
kneel  
kneel do not speak  
wait for the light that rises and sets  
to touch you  
wait for the winds that come  
from the lands of all the dead  
to filter around your ears  
wait for their voices to enter you  
wait till their voices speak  
wait till the words  
are fierce and tender  
wait till the words  
tear at the sinews of pain  
till the words slice  
through forehead and skull  
till the heart is open to all words  
the earth is struggling to say

Kneel longer  
wait till their voices  
cease  
wait till the silence steadies you  
speak  
“Brothers”  
speak  
“Sisters”  
speak  
“I give back  
I give back  
I give back”