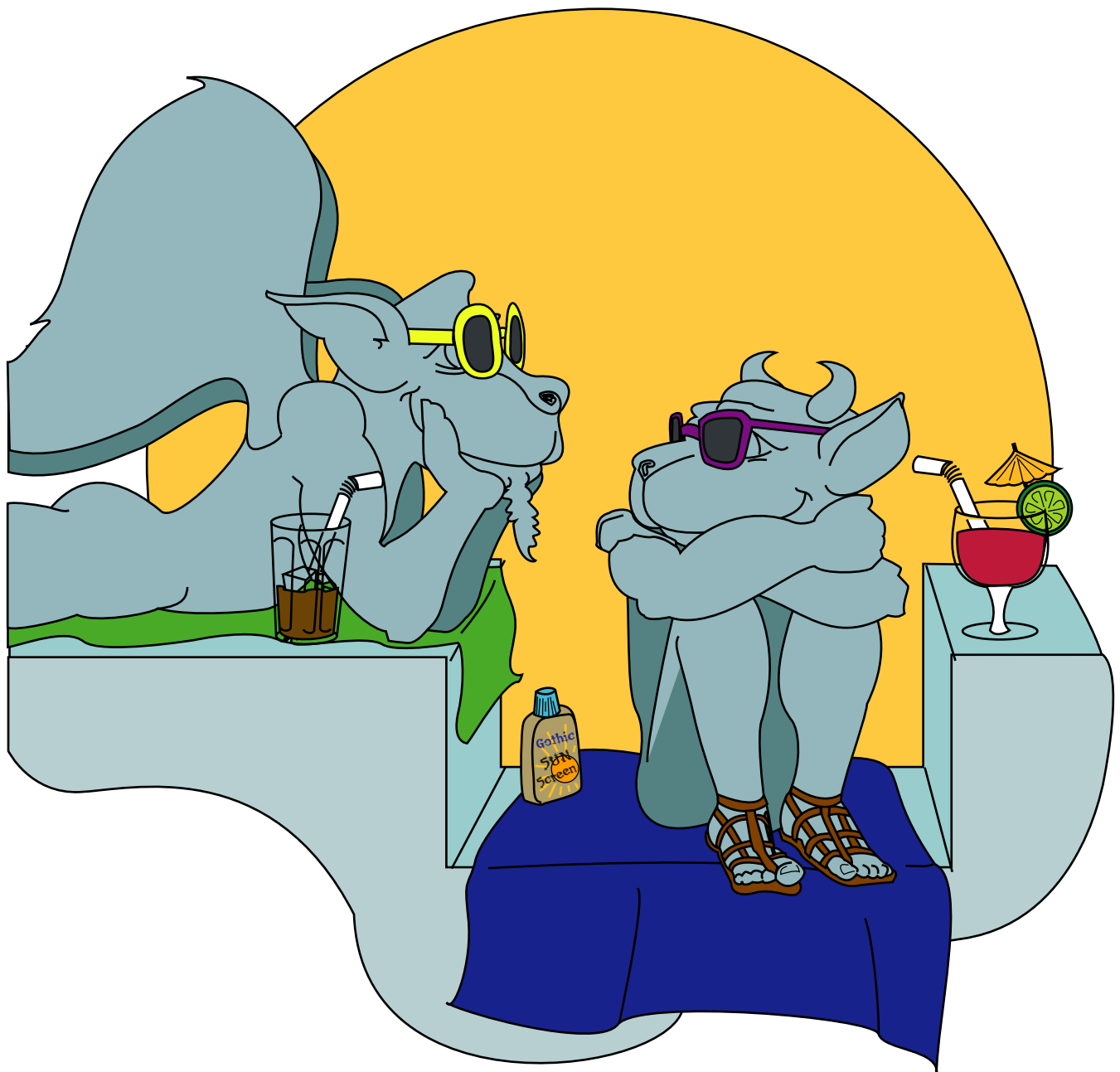


# Airy Faerie

Summer, 2003



Sun and Fun

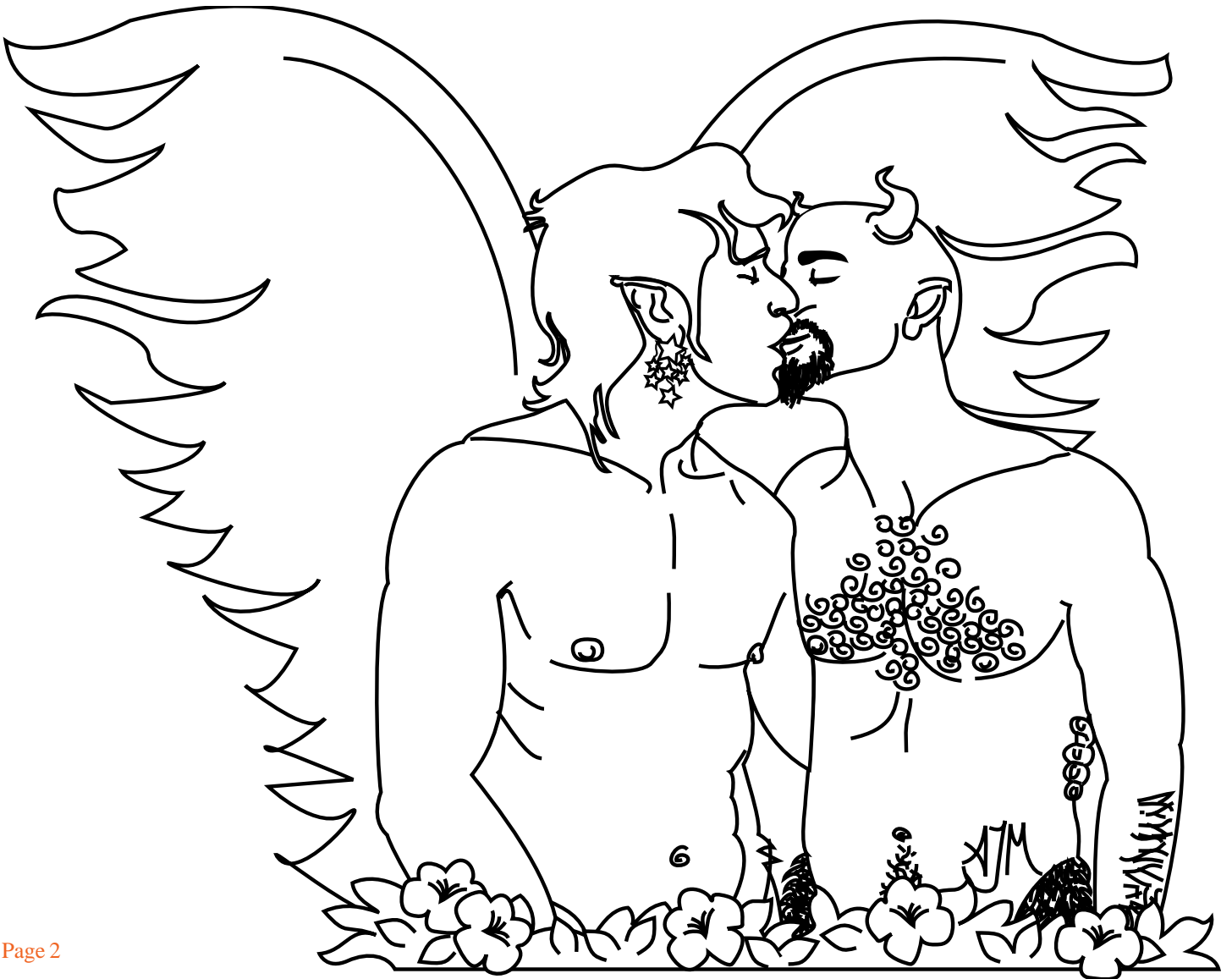
# Keep The Fire, Brotherman

*By Monkey*

Keep the fire, brotherman  
Let it burn inside  
Keep the fire, brotherman  
Let it burn with pride

The fire that's inside of you  
That helps you to go on  
It burns there for eternity  
It gives your life its song

So keep the fire, brotherman  
Strive that you might know  
Love that fire, my brotherman  
Never let it go



## The Summer Edition

Greetings fiery, fey friends, Once again I find the order of the elements very interesting. If you remember, I thought starting with AIR for the AIRY Faerie was interesting. I also find it interesting that air is followed by fire. Why does this intrigue my little brain you ask? Well air is the element we think the least about (or at least I do anyhow) whereas fire is the one element/power that everyone talks about. You light a fire under some one to motivate them. Ya got your 'flames of passion' or 'fire of desire'. When someone one is sexy you say they are hot, a real fire-cracker! Anger burns you up inside. You also have your hot heads, hot blooded, hot wires...the list goes on and on, but I won't fill up the pages with the list.

ANYWAY! For me fire is strongly connected to passion, love, sex, inspiration and anger. As you can tell by the images in this issue, fire's passion was my inspiration. There is a whole lot of kissin' going on. I also indulged my passion for buns!

Fire is the element that seems to get everything started. And with that I will start the summer addition of the Airy Faerie. Ladies and Gentlemen I invite you to sit back and relax as you enjoy this fiery hot summer issue. You may need to take a cold shower after you are done.

Sending out Much Love and Naked Hugs (hope you don't mind if they are a little sweaty)

DragonSwan

## Fire Thoughts by D'CH'E

I cannot be a liar,  
For to write something about fire  
I seek that which will inspire  
Alas, the situation seems to be dire  
I think and think until I tire  
And then. . . z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z

## Airy Faerie Summer 2003



The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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or visit us at:  
The Buzz (6th Ave. at Marion),  
Satyrday Mornings 10:30ish to  
around noonish

## "The Burning Ring of Fire" A note from Darlene Fey

And honey, I aint talkin' 'bout no hemorrhoids!

Is it hot in here or am I just having a hot flash? Anyway! Has anyone else noticed the fiery cycle that happens every summer? I call it the burning ring of fire, 'cuz every time I walk it I get burned! First, the sun comes out early, and stays around late to heat things up. This turns my house into an oven set on broil. I can't sleep so I step outside to get some fresh air. The heat of the day has also made most of the men strip off most of their clothes. This in turn gets me even hotter, but in different way, if ya know what I mean. Getting all hot and bothered from just looking at all that naked man flesh, I invite one of those hot hunks back to my place to get some release from the heat. He looks me up and down and says, "Sorry hon, I am not into fats or fems!" I get hotter then a firecracker on the forth of July, and tell that little pumped up tart just what a sorry son of a bitch he is, and go stomping off back to my house. Overheated, I pop in a

porn video, pull out my super-realistic-plastic-double-headed-dildo and work up a sweat! So now, I am hot from the heat, hot from over active hormones, hot from anger and hot from...um...a workout, so I try and cool off by taking a cold shower and lay down on my bed. The heat of the summer makes it hard to sleep so I step outside for a breath of fresh air. And the whole thing starts all over again! I tell you it is getting so bad this girl just can't take the heat anymore! And I know that old sayin', "If ya can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." Well I got news for ya, the living room; bedroom and bathroom are just as hot as the kitchen, so now where do I go Mr. Smarty Pants? Well I guess it's time I stop my bitchin' and pull my undies out of the freezer and get to work. I'll talk to ya all later, when it cools down a bit.

Be Well, and don't let the heat get to ya.  
XOXOXO

# Punk Boys and Teddy Bears

*By Nitesead*

Took a truckload of  
teddy bears  
or dogs downtown  
and dumped a  
dozen on the doorway  
of Freddy's Factory—Freddy,  
fickle to a point, picking  
chicks in later trimesters,  
unavailable, aloof,  
gagging in his face,  
breath rancid and  
evil, and  
he just moves on to  
the next new body  
on the blockhead.

Freddy likes his  
teddy bears or  
dogs and pays my  
wage in tickets  
to shows with  
pretty punk boys  
with a noble reaching  
towards some semblance of  
imitation British accents—pretty  
punk boys shirtless and  
slamming together—shows with  
free tickets, thanks to  
Freddy, and so a  
free invitation to dive  
headfirst into a vibrating  
explosion of flesh  
and sweat and  
the sweetest stench  
the city has to offer.

Yesterday at night  
the free-fall fed me  
face-to-face into the  
prettiest of the pretty  
punk gifts from God,  
black buzzed scalp,  
evil thick eyebrows  
and the darkest glowering  
gaze and perfect  
snarling lips.  
I returned the gaze, stretched  
my back and arms up  
into the smoke and  
delicious noise pounding  
my pores open and out, and  
I thrust into him, one  
arm pressed into  
his warm, wet back and pulling  
him into my sphere  
of influence, the other  
hand clenching his crotch,  
keeping him captive  
through a membrane of  
damp denim.

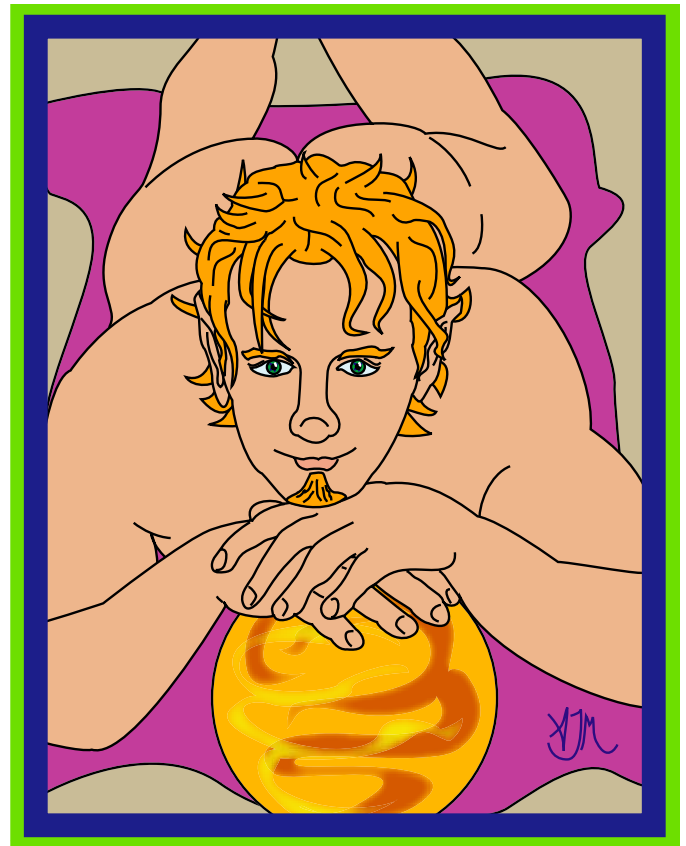
I kissed him,  
he grinned;  
and now he lies  
naked across the table,  
eating oatmeal,  
and wants to  
meet my mother.

## Odes to Candles 1 & 2

*by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn*

There once was a candle named Mark  
Whose flames were lit with a spark  
When the lights went out  
There would be no doubt  
He'd light up the room when it's dark

There once was a boy who was quick  
Jumping candles was his favorite trick  
But as Jack learned  
Dangles can get burned  
When flames get too close to your dick.



## Confessions of an Incense Queen (or "Scents and Sensibility") by Beast

The first time I became aware of incense was when I was about 8 or so. My mom and I used to go to this funky (for Alabama anyway, which is where I lived at the time) little gift boutique. One day I saw this little pack of assorted Japanese cone incense and I talked mom into buying it for me. It combined two things I was very interested in: Fire and Scent. I burned the cones one by one in my room, trying to identify the scents. Was that plum blossom, or cherry? What does bamboo smell like anyway? Burning it brought an exotic quality to my little military-housing-cottage-cheese-texturized-ceiling room at Ft. McClellan Alabama. Anyway, I was hooked.

I frequented head shops and burned incense in my room all through my adolescence. Spiritual Sky (I had a penchant for patchouli), Gonesh (which was my first experience with the charcoal incense dipped into essential oil). Then I found Auroshika incense in the lovely marbled paper packets. Much more subtle and none of that undertone of burning rope or fireworks punk that seemed to characterize the cheap headshop stuff. I was on my way to becoming an incense snob.

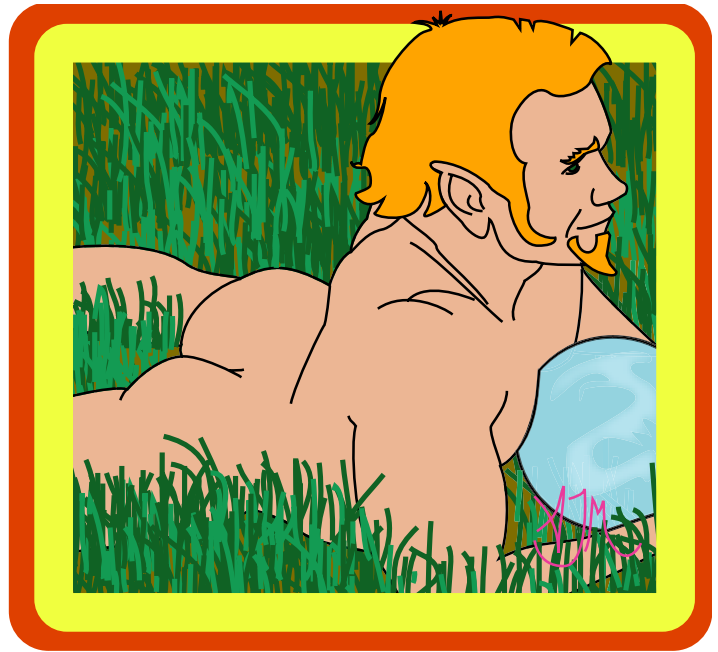
Burning incense let me escape into a sensual experience that removed me from the mundane world into another more spacious one. Sensory input of scent, after all, travels directly to the limbic system and to the hippocampus, an ancient part of the brain—seat of memory, sexuality, emotional reactions and creativity.

As I awakened to my Pagan Nature I became aware of incense as a way of invoking the presence of the gods and other Mysterious Ones. Pan could be invoked with pine resin and Dittany of Crete, I read, Mars with tobacco and sulphur. The scent of Bulgarian rose attar was pleasing to Venus. Here again, scent, perfume and incense offers a way to travel seldom traveled neural pathways to the mysterious grottoes where the Ancient Ones live.

Incense is also a way of making offering. Something solid (the incense) becomes something ethereal (the smoke) and rises up to the nostrils of the gods. The word "perfume," itself, means "though smoke" and surely the gods must find it as pleasing as we do.

India has a highly developed and sophisticated culture of incense, as does Japan. In Indian, powdered sandalwood, herbs, spices, oils and resins are made into a kind of "dough" rolled onto bamboo sticks. The technique often used is known as the "masala" method - meaning mixture. Alternatively, powdered coconut husk charcoal is used and infused with essential oils. In Japan incense is associated with Buddhist, as well as the older Shinto, beliefs. Incense was used in purification rites, in offerings and as a way of "marking time" during meditation. Sandalwood, aloeswood, camphor, patchouli, clove, cassia, spikenard, and benzoin are materials often used in Japanese incense. The Japanese even have a special aesthetic and sensual appreciation ceremony called "Koh-doh" ("The Way of Incense") where various types of incense materials are heated (not burned) on a hot coal for all to experience. Individuals talk of the qualities of the scent, and tell stories involving the associations that arise for them. So again, incense plays a part in invoking memory.

Incense remains an ongoing obsession for me. I cannot pass up a new type or brand of incense. My current favorite brand is



## Flaming Bananas Submitted by Beast Serving Size 1

6 bananas  
2 Tbsp. margarine  
1/4 Cup light brown sugar  
6 Tbsp. light rum

Peel bananas. Heat margarine in large skillet or blazer pan or chafing dish. Turn bananas in margarine and cook 3 or 4 minutes, until golden colored. Sprinkle with brown sugar and turn bananas until bubbling syrup is formed. Add 2 tablespoons rum and baste bananas with sauce. Set aside until ready to serve. Just before serving, warm bananas until sauce is bubbling. Warm remaining 1/4 cup rum. Pour rum over bananas, ignite, and as flames flicker, serve bananas. Serve alone as dessert or as topping for vanilla or butter pecan ice cream. Slice bananas into small chunks.

NOTE FROM BEAST: Personally I would make this with dark rum instead, in which case it would be a sort of flaming Bananas Foster. Garnish with flaming pansies.

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Nippon Kodo, which has many traditional types of incense, along with newer styles that have a more designer "perfume" like quality and which may use synthetic materials also employed by modern perfume designers.

From my 8 year old self to who I am today, burning incense for me has become an everyday activity that I use to engage my senses and reconnect with my body, as well as a way to acknowledge the immanent, and the transcendent, power of the Divine.



# Poetical and Philosophical Musings Upon the Element of Fire

by Nifesead

To observe engulfing flame, a gurgling plume from the belly of a volcano, spilling over to scald and suffocate those who cannot move, who trusted the ground on which to take root, to nestle peacefully in the breeze of high places. 'Tis betrayal, dear fire; though we love thee, we cannot trust thee to bow to our comforts.

Indeed, then, fire is change. It burns away so we may create anew. It is integral to the cycle of death and rebirth. It leads us to grief. But it also leads us to dance.

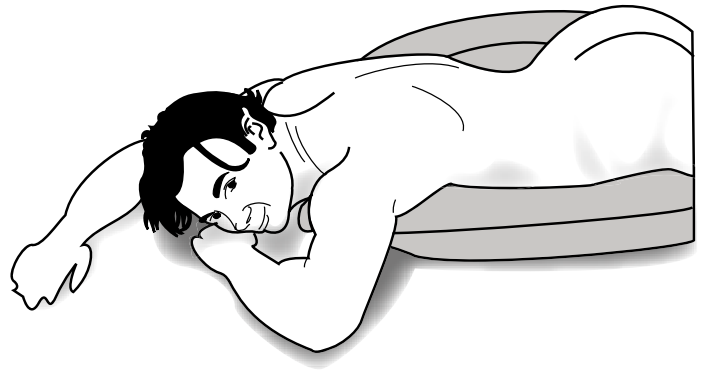
The imagination of smoke trailing up to the stars on the night of the full moon, flames in a circle of rock bringing warmth against the cool mountain air. Singing and swirling and pounding and sweating. HEAT!

(Did you know, and maybe you do, if you cut up a potato, and put the pieces on a sheet of aluminum foil, and squirt margarine or butter all over it, and garlic powder, and wrap the foil around the whole thing, you've got yourself a pretty good vegetarian meal for the grill?) (Did you also know that without fire all of our food would be raw? What the hell would a raw Twinkie taste like?)

Flame created weapons created bloodier death created revenge created more death created motive created even more death created more revenge created war, but flame was merely flame. Flame was merely a tool.

Laughter-passion-confidence-intense explosive pent-up sexual release. Yes!

Thank you, fire.



## Open Fires

By Okapi

There is something soothing about the old holiday song that talks about "chestnuts roasting on an open fire." (Now, why to I still have a picture in my mind of an old Playboy cartoon of the couple stretched out naked in front of a fireplace, the girl is on the phone, "Mother, we're just roasting Chuck's nuts by the open fire.") Back to the thought. It is such a wonderful, domestic picture with that open fire blazing in a fireplace. Gives you a nice, warm, fuzzy feel, doesn't it?

Now take those same words, "open fire." Transport yourself out of that cozy home and picture yourself walking down the streets of one of the many cities we hear about in the news on a daily basis. Now, picture hearing someone across from you shouting those same words, "Open Fire!"

Gives you a whole different set of emotions, doesn't it?

*The Buzz ad we wish we could run!*



## Fire Thoughts

By Monkey

I use candles during my meditation in the evening. I also use incense of varying scents. If it is a masturbation ritual, I generally use Pine scented incense to honor Shiva and Lavender for calm. In general meditation, I find two candles that represent me and Corey.

One of my favorite memories of fire in ritual is being an acolyte during church services. It is not so much the lighting of the candles near the altar that is so memorable, but the way that I was spoken to about the fire at the end of the staff. I was always spoken to in hushed tones and instructed to be very careful.

Also, as some of you saw at Buzz, I shave my head every year when the first 90 degree (official) day hits. I was pondering why it is I do this. It has been about 4 years now that I have been doing it. After Buzz, I realized that I do it in honor of the constant fire in the sky, the sun. In a way it is reverence to the awesome and powerful creation (and creator) that our sun is. It is a very humbling thing to know that the source that keeps us alive can also do amazing and terrifying damage to our bodies and our planet.

I must say that I look forward to dancing naked around a fire with my Fae brothers. I was speaking to a chorus member at the last retreat about the magic that fire possesses. It struck me that it is possible that we humans (among many other creatures in this world) are instinctively drawn to an open flame. We desire to gather around it. We feed it to keep it alive. We contain it to keep it ours.

I would also add that I often imagine my chakras alighting in a colorful rainbow of fire that illuminates me during meditation. These rings of fire also diminish as I release myself from the meditative state and let the energy flow back into the universe.

There is power in fire. It creates and destroys. Whole cities and works of men have literally gone up in smoke. Some of the most beautiful works of art would not be possible if it were not for fire. When we speak of love, we often speak of the flames of desire. The hearth at one time was the lifesource of the home. I guess I think of fire more than I thought I did.



## Campfires and Cookouts

By Patsan Pans

“Sing around the campfire. Join the Campfire Girls.” I’m sorry but there is something seriously wrong here. Just think about it for a moment...who are the ones close to the fire, whether it be a grill or a campfire? It’s the guys, right? So why isn’t it the “Campfire Boys?” How did the girls snag that name? Anyway...

Nothings beats or duplicates the smell and taste of food cooked over a real fire. Liquid Smoke in a bottle just ain’t the same. Microwaveable S’mores or the S’mores in the wrappers are a joke when you compare them to the real thing. What about hot dogs? Yup, grilled on the BBQ is better than microwave oven cooking. But oh, that wonderful bit of camplife, finding the perfect stick to put your wiener on and then holding it in the fire until it is that perfect charcoal black...oops, golden brown. And then, using that same perfect stick to turn your marshmallows to a flaming gooey mesh.

Then dinner is “Shepherd Pies” where you take a piece of tin-foil and wrap it around meat and potatoes and veggies.

How about dessert? Cake baked in a old cast iron dutch oven set in the coals. There’s special about that smoky taste with the sugary goodness of the cake.

Oh, and breakfast—waking up to the chill in the air, stroking the meat...oops, again, stoking up the fire to start the water boiling for campfire coffee (now, why haven’t those coffee places offered this? Coffee with that perfect scald from when it burnt). Once the water gets going, you get out the big can of lard so you can get it melted. Time for the morning speciality, “Dough Boys” (homemade donut holes for you uninitiated.)

And just so you don’t think I only think of food, you know the what the two best parts about campfires are? First, it’s watching the hunky fire-dancers. Second...

“Long ago, just over the hill from here, lived an old woman. ....and to this day that’s why you never see...” Yup, you got it, the ghost stories. One way to get a guy to crawl into my sleeping bag.

## Faerie Wuzzle (answer on page 8)

G  
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I M N D E S I R E  
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B

# Lather, Rinse, Repeat

By Falcon

I reach in day after day to adjust the temperature of the water,  
It has to be just right - not too hot and not too cold.  
When the water has reached perfection,  
I reach for the precious stem and stroke it to stand at attention  
and am rewarded for my efforts with the squirt of water in the face.

Smiling, I remember a time when I stroked something else,  
And had a similar reward.  
The robe slips to the floor and I enter the warm embrace of the water.  
I pretend each water drop is a lover's caress.  
Everything gets a good soaping - wouldn't want something to be missed, do we?

The arms and hands, legs and feet,  
The chest and groin,  
All need attention.

Then the voice from beyond the door calls out,  
"If you don't hurry up, I'll think you're playing with yourself again."

"Ok, Mother."

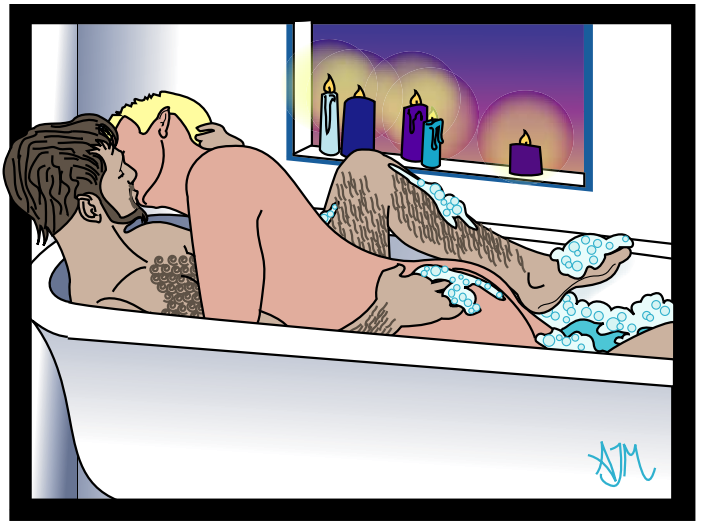
I grab the shampoo and wash the hair.  
Lather, rinse, repeat.

Lather, rinse, repeat day after day  
Lather, rinse, repeat, always the same

Then one day, in the showers in the dorm,  
Lather, rinse...  
Oh my - the football quarterback stepped into the next shower.  
Oh how I wish I could say, "I'll scrub your back if you scrub mine."  
But the moment passed and it was just another day of  
Lather, rinse repeat.

A few days passed and there he was again.  
This time I vowed to lather, rinse,  
and repeat as long as I could to watch this man.  
He was into his own ritual of soaping -  
First his massive chest - the foam growing on his hairy chest  
as he caressed each nipple  
Then his stomach  
Then his cock  
Then his balls  
Then his cock  
Then his stiff cock  
Faster and faster, he worked that massive organ

I had to stop pretending to shower as I watched the show  
Faster and faster, harder and harder  
Until suddenly, something squirted and flew my way.  
I reach down to pick up his soap,  
But he was already on his knees at my feet.  
"I couldn't help but notice that you got stuck on washing your hair."  
he said. "Let me help you with the rest."



He started at the floor and washed each leg.  
With each touch of his hand, I knew that this  
is what showers were for.  
The chest was soaped and then he pulled me into his embrace  
And used own fur scrubbrush to get me clean.

He turned around and asked for me to wash his back,  
"...to get that spot I just can't reach," said he.  
With a soaped up back, he stopped me from rinsing  
and moved back into my arms  
With my stiff cock against his buttocks,  
He pulled my arms to the front and said  
"I've already done the first lather and rinse."  
"Now, I need you to help with the repeat."

First our chests - four hands with four nipples  
Then our stomachs  
Then our cocks  
Then our balls  
Then our cocks  
By the time something squirted,  
We never noticed that the soap was long gone.

As we reach for our towels, he looked at me  
with a smile on his face.  
"I've never felt so clean before,  
"Can we do this again?"

I grabbed the bottle of shampoo and pointed to the label.  
"Just like it says here,  
I'll lather, rinse and repeat as often as you desire."

The soap and shampoo may be different  
But each morning we start with our favorite routine -  
And it's always the same -

Lather  
Rinse  
Repeat.

*Wuzzle Answer: I am burning up with desire*



## Passion's Price

by Orpheus

The touch – Electric!  
A fire grows from depths below  
All consuming, all embracing  
A kiss, a stroke  
A thrust and release  
Sweaty and spent  
Your heart's left racing

With passion's glow, you walk away  
Satisfied and content, well, at least for today  
But then there comes another time  
You want to feel the heat anew.  
You leave your home to stoke the fires,  
But not with love –  
These passion flames are fueled by lust.

Now, my friend, I see you there  
Sitting alone, self-exiled from friends who care  
Your head bowed low, no joy in your eyes.  
I've heard a tale of a love that's gone,  
Twelve years of a home that was built on trust,  
With passion's flames, it's been turned to dust

Two hearts were one, but now are two  
One won't talk and one won't say  
The home fire's gone, and passion too  
In passion's flames are lessons learned  
Nights of lust or years of love?  
That was your choice  
Passion's flames hold passion's price  
Just like with fire  
You may get burned.

## Centering Thought found in a church bulletin

Centering–The quiet time for making  
the transition from getting here to  
being here.

## Candle Tidbit

Have you ever been frustrated when  
you tried to get that last little bit of wax  
out of your candleholder? Try this little  
trick–place the holder in the freezer for  
about fifteen minutes. The wax will  
shrink away from the glass and will pop  
out easily.

## Fire–A Lesson in Time Management

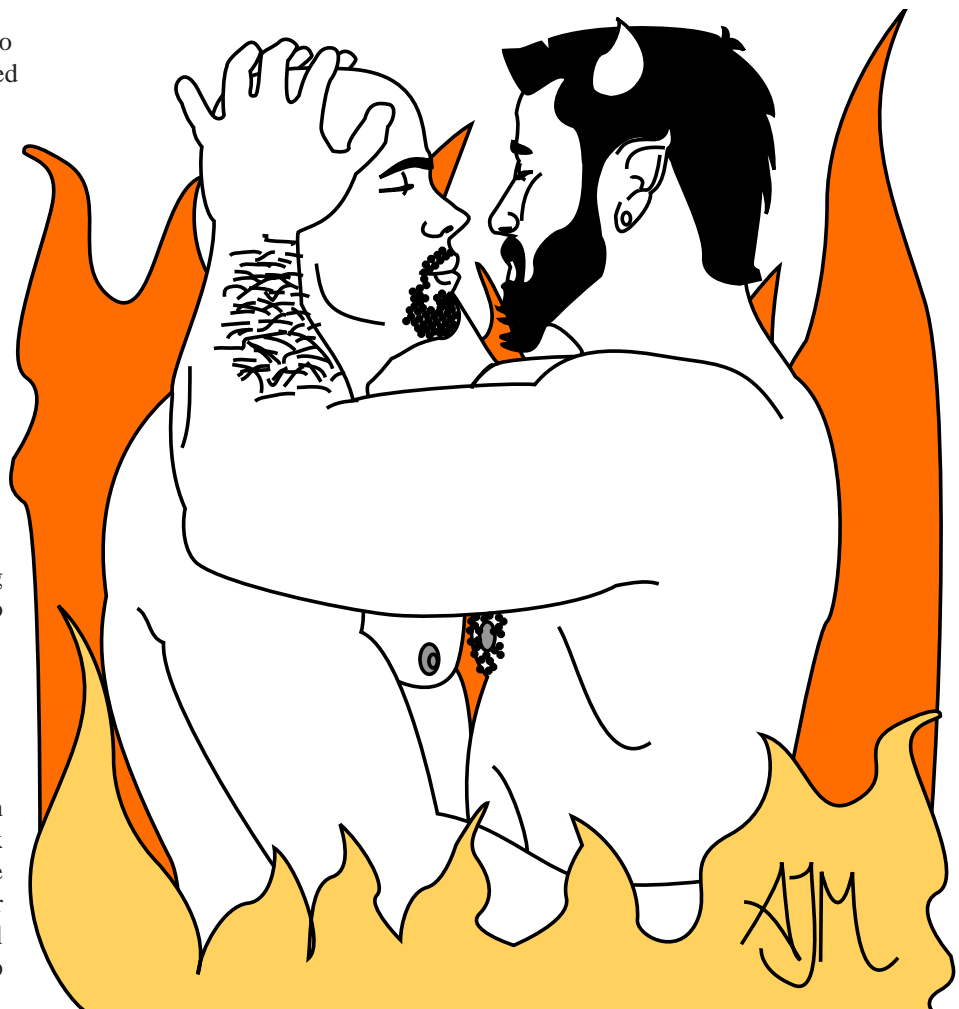
by Falcon

Fire and time? That's a pretty strange combination. But don't we mark time with the cycles of the sun. If the sun isn't fire, then I missed something in science class. Even our cycles marked by the phases of the moon are dependent on that same solar energy.

Sundials are great for keeping track of time during the day. But what about at night? You will find many references to night candles. People knew how it would take to burn a particular type of candle, so they would place marks on the side of the candle to give them a "clock" at night.

What other relationship is there between fire and time? How about "burning the midnight oil?" Now there's a person who needs some time management training. If they had only planned ahead a little better, they wouldn't need to use up an expensive, valuable resource to do the job that should have been done six hours ago.

And another time management victim...the person who is "burning the candle from both ends." While it is possible to do that, you do have two serious problems. First, you use up your resources twice as fast. Second, you are going to get burned in the process. This is a prime candidate for classes in multi-tasking so that they learn to maximize the use of the resources at hand.



## Passion's Fire

by Orpheus

The party's done, and friends are gone,  
Save but one who stayed behind.  
The silence thick with words unsaid...  
Should I? Could I?  
If I...do you think he would mind?

The dishes are clean and put away,  
We've run out of the small talk things to say.  
More words unsaid...a touch, a glance  
The tension grows in this silent dance.

A kiss, a hug that's full of thanks,  
But the tension grows and pulls it's pranks.  
There's one request, if I don't mind...  
Just one more hug...the naked kind!

With sarongs gone, we embrace once more,  
Flesh to flesh we let our passion soar  
A touch, a kiss, a blissful moan,  
And tension changes to manhood grown.

Kisses of fire in passion's embrace,  
Each touch says "let's quicken the pace."  
The passion grows in eager anticipation  
Looking for release and ah...penetration.

I reach for a towel to wipe away  
The evidence of our passioned play.  
"Oh, no, my love, just let it dry,  
The cement of love between you and I."

His arms are my home, I know no other,  
I thank the Gods that he's my lover.  
With each year gone, our love grows higher,  
Because of cement, baked in passion's fire.

## Odes to Candles 3 & 4

by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

There once was a candle named James  
Who glowed when he was lit by the dames  
But he soon found out  
When he looked about  
That gay guys have much bigger flames.

I once knew a candle named Wicky  
Whose flame was lit with a bic-y  
When he blew out  
He let out a shout  
And left a mess, white and sticky.

## Burning Thoughts

by Falcon

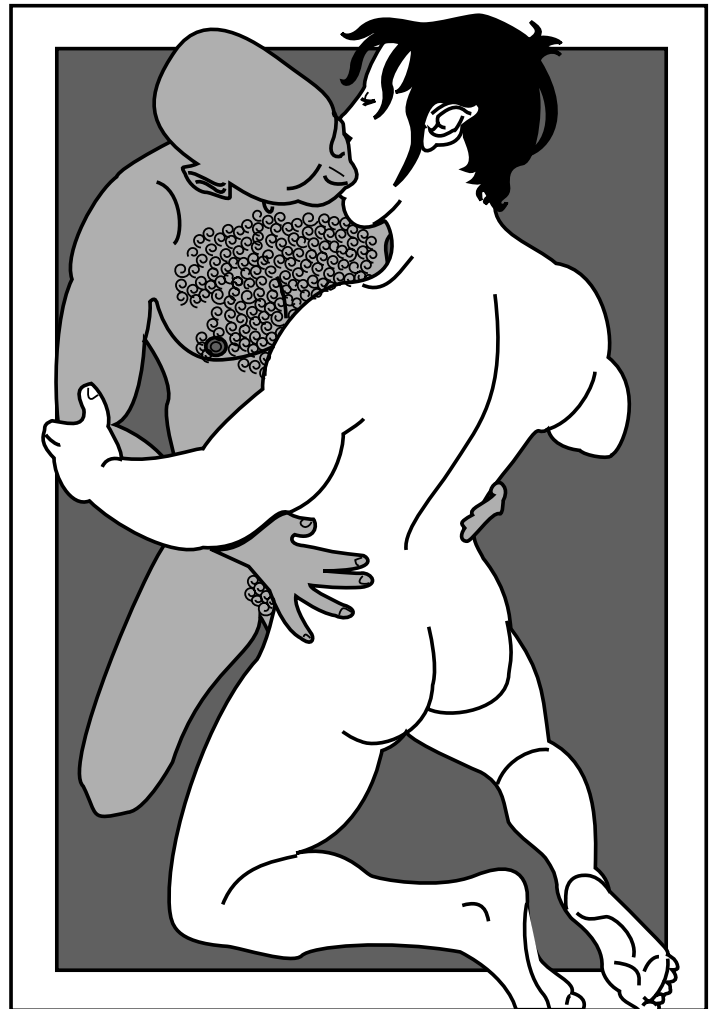
Fire has always been one of the things most feared by humans. Which is amazing/amusing as the Ancients would look at the gift of fire as being the greatest sign that humans were the superior animal. Fire stirs the greatest emotions and creates the most lasting images in our minds.

We may never witness a volcano's eruption, but we have the picture imprinted in our mind from those fantastic photos from Hawaii. How about the nation's pride watching the flames building to launch someone into space? Can we then forget the horror of the picture of the Challenger going up in flames? Or will we forget the more recent Columbia tragedy? (And to make some of us feel real old...the Apollo 1 fire way back before some of our reader's were born - sigh)

The pictures from Yellowstone or even Hayman, with deer walking across a firelit background?

Smokey the Bear and his "Only you can prevent forest fires."

There is so much good that is forged in the fires from ancient blacksmiths to modern factories and power generators. Unfortunately, there are many who use fire for less than pure purposes...cross burning, book burning and even witch burning. I wish I could say that we've grown so much since the "Burning Times" but I can't. After all these years, people still participate in "witch hunts" whatever the witch-flavor of the month it may be.



## Fire Thoughts

by *DragonSwan*

I have always had a love/hate relationship with fire. Well maybe love/hate is too strong; it is really more of a fascination/fear relationship. I love watching the flames, but do not want to get burned. Since I have talked about my love of candles and the “flame” before I won’t go into that right now. Instead I will go a bit deeper and look at the symbolic/spiritual side of fire.

Fire is traditionally the element of the south, and of summer. For me, fire is passion. It is what motivates us. If you are passionate about something, you’ll do it. When the muse gives you a poem or a story to write, you are passionate about getting it done. Sometimes the longer it takes to get the “project” done the cooler the flames of passion grow, and it may get put on the back burner so that we can get other things done. Of course passions run deep when we talk about love and sex. Not to mention pride and anger. Can you be angry about something that you are not passionate about?

To get things done in life you need to have the fire burning inside you to get it done. Now, I know all of this, but here is where the physical and spiritual side collide. I am fascinated by the flicker of the flame, but stay back for fear of being burned. This has left me with little passion in my life. It is very hard to light a fire under my butt to motivate me and get things done. Just ask Falcon. He has seen the piles of unfinished painting that I have in my art room. So while I honor the power of fire, I am not going to do anything about it. LOL Seriously fire is the power that I need to bring into my life. As I type this I have to smile, as I am thinking of a dragon without fire. Kind of like the little dragon in my bathroom that is an incense holder, with smoke coming out his nose. I guess I am a non-smoking dragon. With that I will close with a wish that fires passions motivate you to do the things you enjoy, without burning you.



## Silent Sentinels

by *Okapi*

A recent trip to the mountains gave me time to ponder the power of fire. After walking the tree lined trails, enjoying the happy chirps of birds and chitterings of squirrels, inhaling the true pine-fresh scent, and grounding with its ancient wonder, I came upon an eerie sight. The valley and hillside before me looked like a forest cemetery, row upon row of the husks of burnt out trees. Skeletons left from an ancient war with fire. The other side won and no one was left to bury the dead.

I stood there and cried for the lives that were lost that day. The trees themselves and all the creatures that took shelter in their wide spread arms. After all these years, why has no one come to give them a proper burial? Their pain mars the beauty of this place. Oh my friends, how long must you suffer the indignity of your fiery deaths?

A soft voice filled the air, “Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there.”

Other voices joined the first. “Look closer and see what is hidden” “Why is it that only living things can be beautiful? Am I not the best looking burnt tree you have ever seen? People come from miles around to take my picture.” The last voice that joined the

chorus was the loudest and most defiant. “The fire didn’t win. I did.. Look around and tell me what you see.”

I stood there and saw the trees with wonderment. Why would I be so life-centric that I couldn’t see the beauty in the starkness of the scene before me? Is it the fear of my own mortality that I can’t face? Am I saying that once we are dead, our purpose in this world is finished? Yet, here before me are row upon row of lifeless trunks that still provide resting places for birds. They still provide a home for insects, which in turn are food for others. The roots that no longer draw nutrients from the earth, still hold the earth in their embrace, limiting water’s power to level mountains.

All this I could see, but the answer to why the trees would say that the fire didn’t win eluded me. It finally hit me. This wasn’t one of the hidden parts of the puzzle, for the answer was staring at me in the face. The fire didn’t win because of the simple fact that these trees weren’t leveled in its wake. The trees didn’t give up. They stood their ground. They didn’t take the easy way out. They had things to do. Now, they stand as silent sentinels to remind us of our responsibility to help prevent future fires.

## Falcon's Journey -

### Out of the Frying Pan and Into the Fire

I just knew it was going to be one of those days. The reality was that it had been one of those weeks and even one of those months. Nothing was going right and that morning was no exception.

Right off the bat I knew it was not going to be a good day. As the light crept through the curtains, I snuggled up to Ed for that last little denial that we were awake. In his rush to go to the bathroom, he nearly pushed me out the other side of the bed. The good side of me want to believe that was all there was to it, but the truth is that no matter what I've done lately, Ed seems to find fault with it. The last month or so, all I've heard is "What's wrong with you? Can't you do better than that? A first grader could do better than that." kind of comments. What I could almost hear him say "and Jon would never do it that way." I don't know who Jon is, but Ed has been spending a lot of time talking to him and meeting him after work and on the weekends.

With those lovely thoughts in my mind and no one to snuggle with, I got up, went to the kitchen where I proceeded to burn the bacon. Any guesses what Ed's reaction to that was? Let's say it wasn't pretty! You could almost see the flames come out of his ears. "What are you trying to do? Burn the house down? I swear, ever since you had that accident you keep screwing things up. Are you sure that the doctors checked your head, maybe you knocked something loose? If not that, then I don't think I want to be around for when you torch yourself into oblivion. I'm out of here."

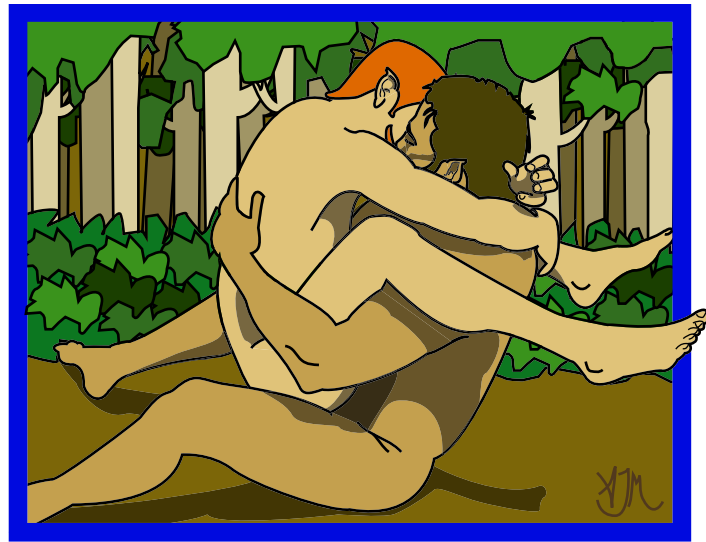
With that he stormed out of the house, slamming the door hard enough to knock over our picture on the table next to it. I went over to pick it up and cried. The glass had cracked right down the middle between our faces. "E. Gaull, what has happened to us?"

I thought that maybe Ed is right and something was wrong with me. So I did what I always did when I needed to sort things out. I headed to "my" mountain. Strike that...it was now "our" mountain for Ed and I had made it "our place" since that was where we met, oh so many years ago. In retrospect, this may not have been my best choice. After all, I was being accident prone and heading into fire country. But I wasn't thinking clearly at that point. Ed's actions and words of late had hurt and I needed to get away. Something about what he said about life after the accident being different had a ring of truth but not exactly. I had to get out of the house and into something peaceful to sort things out. So off I went.

The drive to the mountain was almost comical. I kept imaging drivers with eyes aflame when other drivers cut them off. I imaged all the raging people giving into the anger and turning into molten lava. An eruption here and a flare up over there. The streets were just one giant lava flow burning up everything in its wake. I couldn't get to the quiet solitude of the aspen grove fast enough.

As I walked up the trail to the grove, I breathed in the freshness of the air. That "mountain air freshness" that no canned air scents can truly duplicate. Odd. The air wasn't as "fresh" as usual. There was a sharp edge to the scent and everything felt like it was about to explode. And still I kept walking. As I said, in retrospect, this may not have been my best choice.

In the stillness of the grove, we had built our altars. Nothing that a casual hiker would notice. The natural rock formations presented themselves as perfect altars.



didn't set the up, exactly. That was done by the Lady and we merely discovered what She had intended them to be.

I stripped and did my best "Julie Andrews The Hills Are Alive" imitation race around the circle, followed by a "Belle There Must Be More Than This Provincial Life" sweep and finally an "I'm Too Old For This Calm Walk" to set the space and began the serious task of figuring out what the heck was going on. Why did I seem to have a death wish?

"Oh excuse me, I didn't realize that anyone was here." I nearly jumped out of my skin. I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't hear anyone enter the glen.

"That's okay. The place is big enough for many people." Something was odd. There before me was a young man in his 20's that looked very familiar.

"Forgive me for being rude. Mother would be upset if I didn't properly introduce myself. I'm Phoenix. Actually, I'm Jonathan C. Gaull but she calls me Phoenix because I'm the child of an old flame. I hope I'm not rambling too much but I've never seen a naked man in the woods before. You aren't going to try something funny are you?"

I said, "No," and told him that I just got so used to love to be naked in nature. As we talked, he said he'd be naked too but never thought that other people did the same way. After his father brought him here, he couldn't wait to come here and be naked. His next words, "Can I strip and join you?"

We sat and chatted for what seemed like hours. I was used to sitting, so we started to head back to the valley. That's when I realized

FIRE!

Did I say that in his presence there was a volcano?