

CHIRON'S SONG

And then I heard the song,
Chiron's song,
Echoing in the caves
And across the hills.

He sang of the time before time,
When the shining stars
Spun luminescent webs
Across the cosmos.

He sang of ancient gods,
Who journeyed to the silent plains
Of earth and taught the humans
How to build gold tipped temples
In the sand.

He sang of wise men
With shining eyes and beards white as snow,
Who taught him how to count the calendars
Of the Moon and the Sun,
And how to translate the song of the stars
Into music for healing hurts.

He sang of great heroes
Who challenged wild winds and salt seas,
Who travelled the Seven Blue Horizons,
Who challenged the Giants of the Eastern Steppes,
Who burnished their shields on dragon's breath
And trailed the Hydra's blood across the snowy mountain tops.

Chiron's song filled the cave with light
And an unknown spirit called to me,
Whispering my new name –
Jason the Healer,
A bright daimon stirred in my heart
And I knew my true destiny:
Born to sail the wide blue oceans
To the land of The Golden Fleece.