

# Where Our Next Steps Will Fall

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Eleusis, birthplace of Demeter: the place where our next steps will fall.  
I hope grace will hold our hands, binding and bonding us calmly to fate.

Wherever her ever ceasing benevolence moves us, we know that we  
Mooded our souls so that we could clearly see each other, despite the  
Motion of her test. The multiplicity of her arrows is staggering, regardless  
of the number of daggers we stand holding with fresh blood of our flesh

Dripping down to the floor, slowly finding its death,

We become ever more alive as our wounds heal

And our skin hardens with a scar of destiny's justice as a symbol of her  
Reliant might and, duly, of our modest and dutiful compliance.

This war of good versus evil is not so alive in the world as in us

As we choose where our next steps will fall.