

Black as the petal of a blue lotus at night,
black as the night touched by the light of the moon,
Kali is the essence of Night,
She who is called Sleep,
She who is named Dream,
She who is the joyous dancer
of the cremation ground,
She who chooses from among the corpses
which souls shall be released from the
bonds of existence --
to know eternal bliss.

She is Maha Kali, Great Mother Time,
She is Nitya Kali, Everlasting Time,
She is Raksa Kali, Goblin yet Protector
during earthquake, famine or flood,
She is Smyama Kali, the Dark One who dispels fear,
She is Smasana Kali, Ever Joyous Dancer
on the corpses of the cremation grounds,
surrounded by wailing female spirits,
a garland of heads about Her neck,
a belt of human hands about Her waist,
blood upon Her lips.

Yet others say that She lives in the triple heaven,
wearing a bodice of gold,
and a string of pearls that glisten like moonbeams,
Her four arms of darkest iron
holding a trident and a sword,
holding a perfect lotus and a pot of honey,
and that Her banner is the peacock's gracious tail,
as peacock feathers adorn Her wrists and ankles.

It is this Kali who dwells forever
on the summit of Mount Vindya,
born again from the womb of Yasoda,
murdered as an infant girl
by the wicked coward Kamsa,
who seeing Her take Her place in heaven
saw his own violent death --
while She lived on Vindhya, eternal and divine.

Daughter of the Ocean, Mother born of Anger,
wet nurse to invincible warriors,
though they say that death
lingers in the waters of Her womb,
still, full devotions are made to Kali
on the ninth day of each month,
and those who worship with full heart
receive all that they desire.

For who does not know that this is the Kali Yuga,
the Fourth World of bitterness and sorrow,
and that when the Yuga finds its natural end,
Kali shall be there
to gather the seeds --
to create
the new Creation.

Merlin Stone
Ancient Mirrors of Womanhood