

The year dies.

*And is reborn.*

A liturgy for Lupercalia.

Shave off your hair.

Start again.

Make for yourself a crown of flowers gathered from hedgerows and fields.

Now enter the space.

Holly Slingsby, 2016.

*We enter the space.*

Find something vertical, something rising or falling.

Stand beside it, sense your verticality, your line between earth and sky.

*The year dies and is reborn.*

Find a vestment, a robe. A garment of the new year.

Clothe yourself, animate the vestment with your breath.

*We put on the new year.*

Find something dry, set it alight.

Pass through the fire. Surrender your crown to the flames.

*We kindle the Spring within ourselves.*

Take the ash in your hands.

Carry it to an altar. Wash yourself in it.

Plant a seed in the ashes, watch it grow.

*The green blade rises.*

Find something reflective, a liquid.

Gaze into it.

Take a tool, a scythe, a weapon.

Baptise it in this liquid.

*We wash the Winter away.*

Take this tool in your right hand.

Lie prostrate on the ground.

Lie face up, lift up your eyes.

*We lift up our eyes.*