Festival rain
(for dancers of military music)

Here comes a rain
To herald awaited
Cleansing festival!
But it rains blood:
Red, Hot,
Screaming blood
Of my mother's children,
Lured by festival drum,
The hopeful sound
Of nine moon's labour,
Into ecstacy of dance
Too hot for rain water.

From the dungeon
Of ancestral beds,
The great mask thunders,
And in volcanic voice proclaims,
Fire and blood,
Blood and fire,
Before reel festival rain.