

# A Name and a Blessing

*Carol Clark Ottesen*

I raise you my just born daughter  
to the Father of All Lights.  
He has set a flame in you;  
this fire connects you to the trees  
the earth and creeping things.

I have no witness;  
The men have not yet blessed you.  
I only hold you to my breast  
and feel the pulse of something  
stronger than milk,  
liquid like a surge of power;  
warm like the nape of your neck.

Love this your body;  
it will hold another body  
and that body, another, like nesting dolls  
held together with one strong cord.  
Love female; it is fire, warmth, food,  
the power to destroy or the power to make pure.

Live close to the moon that rules your tides  
Close to the burning stars,  
Close to the Son who knows  
your flame is brighter against the night.  
Listen. He will call you by your name.  
He will sanctify this legacy of fire,  
Sealed with the authority of blood.