Raven

 Her breasts, as perfect as two peas with tiny nipples pointing the way, sat above a slender waist that smoothly blended into narrow hips of youthfulness, though she was immortal. Her derriere though, was as prominent as her breasts, causing balance and harmony in her form. Her skin was a black blue like the panting tongue of a dog from the orient, yet it shone more than beautiful on her. There was nothing coarse about her. Even if one was to stroke her nether hair they would proclaim it as soft and silky as the above ebony tresses and as glossy black as the feathered wings folded across her back.

 She sat perched on the tiniest of branches of a great Northern spruce, looking out upon the tides visible in the glow of the moon. She sat with one muscular leg folded under her and the other raised so that she may rest her hand upon her knee. She watched as the water swelled, crested, and rolled in as far as it dared to go, wetting sand and stone alike. She watched as the water then receded leaving a trail of bubbles, as trapped air from beneath the dampened sand was released. She watched this knowing it was only possible because of her thievery. She looked up at the stars and moon and smiled, her black eyes twinkling in their glow.

 This was the tween time, the time between night and day. It was the time between dark and light. It was her time. Those who remembered her, remembered her as the wise trickster bird. This was fine with her though she was more than bird. She did her greatest work in the form of a human boy child, but she was more than a human. She was Fae, and this was her time. These were her people, her clan, and this was her Mother Earth. She was Raven.

 All around the world, she was known by many names. She was a trickster, a thief, a messenger, and deity, both Goddess and God. She was Raven. She thought of the many stories told about her as she traveled through the ages visiting and touching the children of Mother Earth throughout its Northern regions, as she preferred, for she only did as she wished and went where she desired. Only she knew of all her adventures and only she knew of what was to come. She remembered, while looking upon the lunar reflection upon the moving waters.

 Long ago, it is told, she posed as the grandchild of the Creator. He who held the moon and stars, the sun and daylight all in baskets woven with intricate designs, had refused to let them loose. He had protected them from all and kept them safely hidden from molestation, but she knew that in her chosen form she would prevail. Not even the Great Creator could deny his dearest grandson. And so, after much trickery, it was done. They had been loosed for all the world.

 The fishermen of the night knew no tides, yet they caught their salmon. The hunters of the night knew no moonlight, yet they killed their stag. The women of the night knew no sunshine, yet they raised strong children. They knew no other way and yet were happy and content. Raven, always greedy as we know, was not content. She planned and prevailed. She filled the sky with light and gifted the Earth with warmth from the sun. Should a thief feel remorse? Raven felt none.

 Though The People did not normally sanctify thievery or deception, they honored Raven and do so still to this day. How could there be anger towards someone giving such gifts? The People looked to the moon and told of time’s passage. They learned to read the stories written within the stars. They appreciated the comfort and life provided by the sun and lived fully in daylight. The People did not persecute Raven for her crimes. No, they honored the wise bird and remember her gifts to this day.

 She stood, with the wane light of the tween time silhouetting her diminutive form and looked to the moon and stars. She felt no remorse. As her world was between spiritual and physical, this was her time. As she was busiest between the old night and the day she gifted, this was her time. As she thought of the creatures that stirred in this tween time, neither dark nor light, she knew they were hers and that she loved them. This was her time and she was content with it as much as greedy Raven could ever be content with anything.

 With her memories of the past and ideas of what was to come, she spread her wings and leapt from the bough, falling into the still air, until the wind caught her up and held her suspended before she took flight. Turning in an arc, she circled a totem with her likeness, the likeness of the trickster bird. She is remembered still. She flew counter to the rotation of Mother Earth so as to stay ahead of the day. She flew to stay within the tween time. This was her time, between what was past and that to come, and she had no remorse for her crimes.