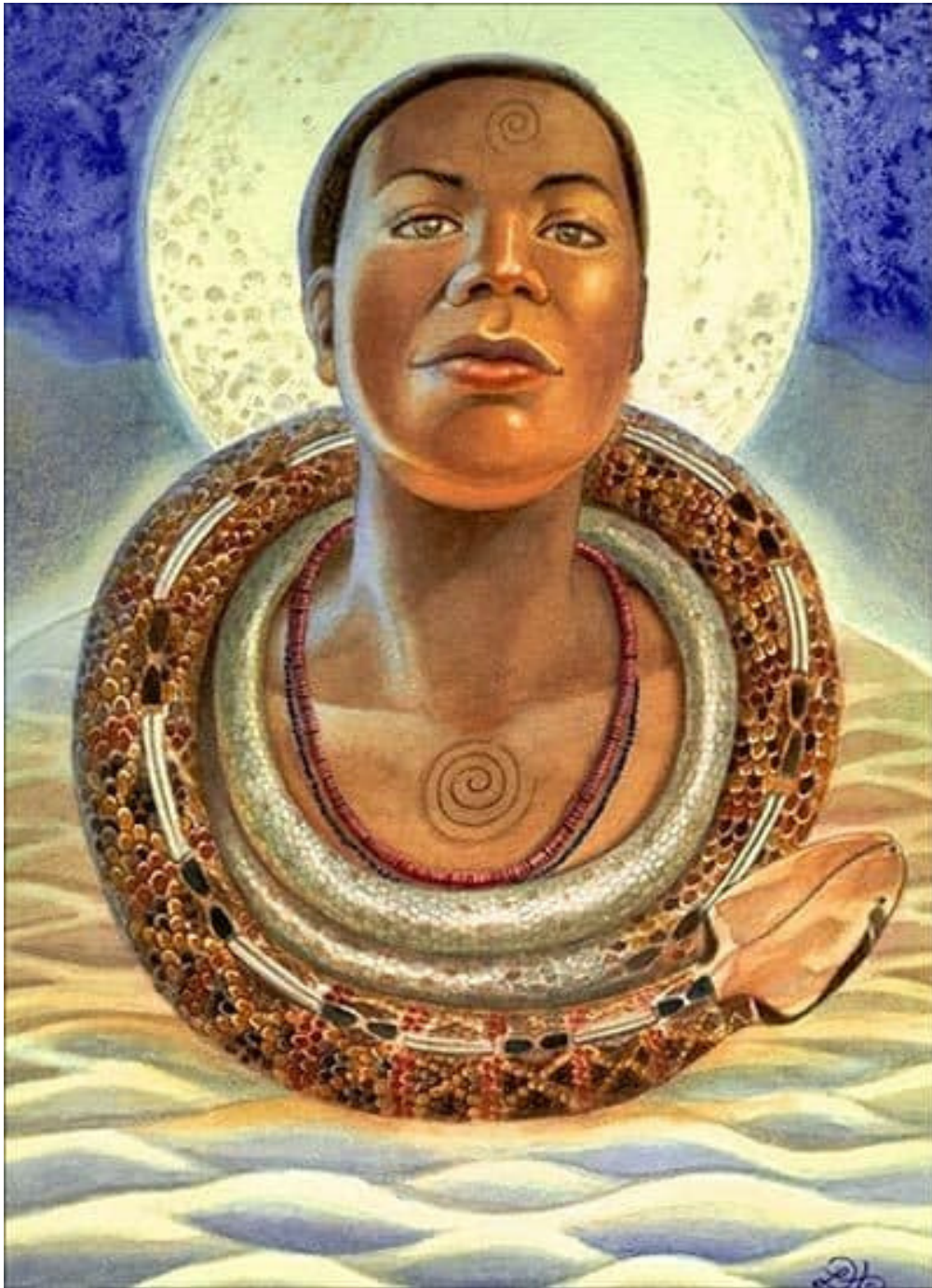




*And Thus
Speak the Snakes...*

*A collection of
Snake Medicine Poetry
by Eva Weaver*

And thus speak the Snakes.....
Snake Medicine Poetry for our Times
by Eva Weaver



Welcome!

'Open yourself to the blessings of the snakes!'

This is what I heard the snakes speak when I listened with my inner ears and went into that deep receptive place from where poetry wings its way into my psyche. Becoming a 'hollow bone' as we say in shamanism or a chronicler.

I believe the snakes want to pass on their wisdom and knowledge to us and I feel theirs is the most potent and appropriate medicine for our times.

I am passing their invitation it on to you here.

I hope that , as raw and unpolished they are, the poems become one way the snakes can bestow their medicine , wisdom and blessings onto us.

I would love to know about your experience with the poems.

If you feel called to share, please email me at eveweaver@gmail.com.

With warmest wishes
and much love
Eva xx



And thus speak the Snakes.....
on connecting with the deep past

This is only the beginning.
We are still in hiding, lying in wait.
But we are ready
ready to return
ready to show ourselves
ready to share our medicine with you.
Are you ready?
Are you willing to open yourself to our wisdom and power?

We don't ask much of you.
Only respect and your willingness to listen and open your heart.
This is where our wisdom begins to seed.
Right there in the left inner chamber of your heart,
Can you feel it?
This first opening of the seed?
This tender emerging wisdom from the deep old past?
It might come to you in images or smells,
in inklings of intuition.
Listen to it!

For we are the carriers of the ancient knowledge.
We were here before the great severing
and we still know about the connected ways.
About the healing,
the balance
the equilibrium
the lemniscate.
We weave
love
into infinity.

If you just listen and let us in
we will help you mend the gap.
We weave the past into the now,
healing the rupture
as we do it.
Our invitation is here.
We are waiting. We are patient.
We want you to answer the call, but we will not push you.
All you have to do is open your palms,
open your heart and say yes.
This is how you become a vessel for our wisdom to pour in
pour through into your life.

You can keep your eyes closed
as long as you open your inner eyes.

We are the ones that connect heaven and earth.
For we come from the deep within and the deep without.
The deep earth and the high heavens
Even though we dwell in the clefts and caves of the earth
we know everything about the stars.
Even though we are still and quiet,
we know all about the movements of the stars,
the great heavens
and the seasons on the earth.

Eons move through our blood
and we are friends with the rocks
who know everything about time.

And yet, we are also fully of this life,
our sleek surface disguise a labyrinth of organs inside,
which like yours, help us breathe and digest and birth
and live on this plain....



You need us now-
We have said this many times.
But also we need you.

For we suffer with your ignorance and mistreatment.

And we ache for our honour to be restored
and to have our rightful place and purpose.

To be lifted up into your arms and invited to dance
invited to share our gifts.

We have so much to give
if you just open yourself to us.

Come dance with us, human,
come open your heart.

Come and open your inner eyes and ears.

This is the time for us to dance together again once more.

Can you feel it?

Can you hear our call in your blood ?

21st of November 2023



WORDLESS IMAGES

And thus speak the Snakes....
on Darkness and Rest- an Invitation

We know the dark and the unknown.
We dwell in the liminal
the place betwixed and between
neither here nor there.

But don't be fooled
It is a place nevertheless:
potent and filled with potential
a place all senses open
as the temple of the body
rests.

Most of you humans want to skip this place
jumping from here to there
day to night
relentlessly chasing
the next and the next

But we
we dwell in the betwixt and between
between the earth and the heavens
between this world and the beyond.

And oh we are fully of this world, believe me!
We feel everything so acutely
but we also dwell in the beyond.
Our channel is open always.



And so, human, we invite you to dwell with us
in the unknown
In the mystery
where growth happens effortlessly.
'Much bread growth in winter nights' , we heard you say.
For the seeds begin in the dark where nothing is to see.
And for a while you will have nothing to show for your efforts.
But don't be fooled
much happens in the dark.

We want you to thrive, human
and you humanity.
We want to coexist with you
mingle with you
bestow our wisdom onto you.
For you need it!

Our help is varied
We administer our medicine as we are asked.
We protect you, guide you
and we bear the gift of poison which is medicine also.
Mostly, we bring awe to a jaded heart
and to a despairing world.

We need bearers of our wisdom in the world
for we speak in other tongues
carried not on sound
but through telepathy-
the oldest language there is.

We have been there before you and will be there after you.
We know our way around the dark.
You can call on us there always.

And you need it, human,
this retreat into the dark cave of the unknown!
Maybe as preparation for a big shed
Or to digest the food of your life that you cannot bear anymore.
Maybe it is rest you need, non-doing and stillness.
Maybe you need to become comfortable in your skin and in your body
and wrap yourself closely around yourself.

Maybe it is opening to your inner voice, to deep listening
so that the mystery can speak to you.
Maybe it is to dissolve your fear of the dark
or your fear of stopping and resting
the fear of the crack, the in between
the fear of your innate wisdom and wild power.
Or even the fear of death.

We love you human.
We love you humanity.
Come dwell with us.
Come learn from us.
We're neither demon nor devil
evil or cunning.
We invite you to feel our utter sweetness
as we whisper in your ear
transferring our wisdom to you.

Will you come?
Will you dwell with us?
Will you listen?

7th of November 2023



'Alchemical Vessel' painting by Melissa Shemanna

And thus speak the Snakes...
on Death, Rebirth & Poison

You did not want to hear this.
But we are also bringers of death.
Yes, our poison can heal in the right dose,
in the right circumstance,
but it can also kill.
We are intimately connected to the mystery of death.
Death and rebirth, yes,
but also simple stone cold death.
People die under our bite and it doesn't always make sense.
This is part of the mystery,
this is part of why we are so feared.
And yet, beloved,
death is only the biggest of transformations,
the biggest shed.
You do not need to fear it.

And yet, we understand how you cherish this body of yours
that can feel everything through the senses:
the warm summer rain, the waters of the sea,
the desert heat, the warmth of tea,
the sound of it all, the smell and taste of it all...

We love that too, though sometimes it is overwhelming.
We are as close to death as we are close to life.
We do not judge.

When we go inwards to slough
we rehearse for the big, final shed.
But we know when the time comes
we are just going back to where we came from,
back into the great mystery,
into the great blooming, shimmering darkness...

You fear darkness.
You talk about the dark like something to be avoided.
But everything begins in the dark.
You began in the dark.
You grew in the dark.
A tiny seed.
We can teach you about befriending the dark.
Our invitation is to dwell together there
and dream.

Just know we are never vicious.
We bite when we feel threatened.
Usually you did not hear our warning and then, yes,
We sink our teeth into you
we catapult ourselves at lightning speed
or spit our poison.
Sometimes we get it wrong.
Still we want you not to fear us
only respect us.

We will all die,
humans and snakes.
How we live is what matters.

But you hold more stories about death
than we could ever make up.
We know that we need the sun
and prey and water and shelter
and the seasons carry us.

Let go of your fear, human.
Instead, curl yourself around yourself
and rest when you need
and lunge when opportunity arises.
And dream in the dark.
But do not fear.
Not us
nor death.

16th of November 2023



Shedding

Do you hear it?
This soft rustle as I slide and slither
out of my old skin?

Do you hear it?
This sweet sound of my shedding?
It's the skin of victimhood
peeling, shedding
and me
noticed by no one but myself
slithering
out.

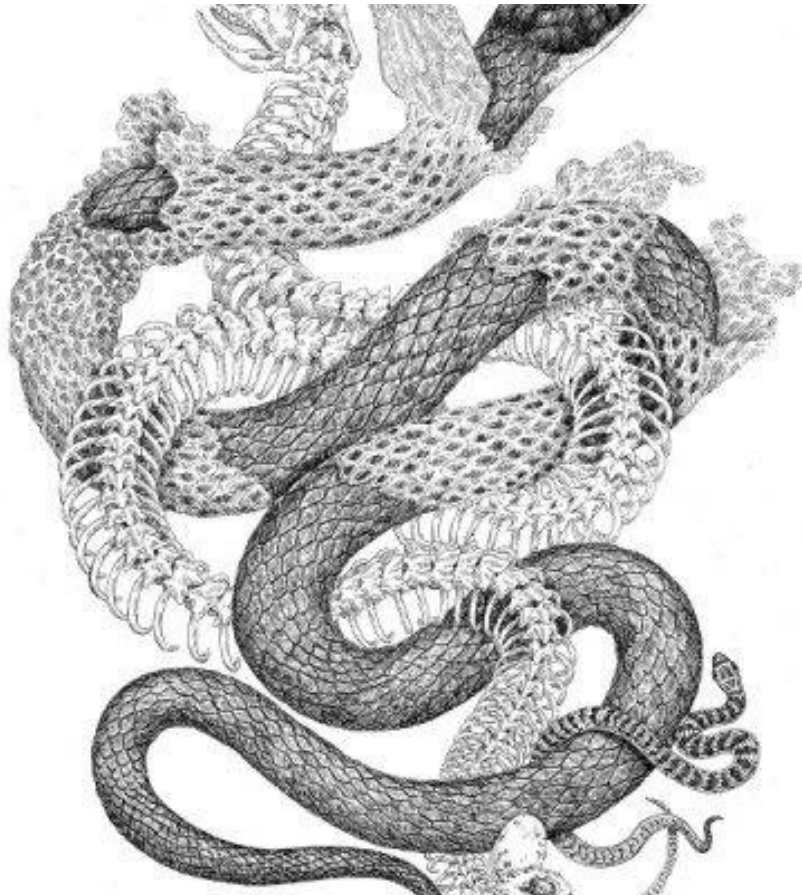
There is still pain, oh yes
there is still grief and a cracked, broken- open
heart
but that old victim skin
is dead.

And as I wake in the darkest hour of the night
my heart pounding
I sob and moan
but still
I cannot slip back
into the old crumpled skin.

Instead
I run my fingers tenderly over my new home:
skin so raw and alive
and so unknown.

I marvel over its glistening beauty
that feels everything so acutely
and lying awake
I touch myself in all my places
hello new skin
hello new colour
hello new texture
hello new smell.

And when I finally find my heart
I hold its exquisite beauty
in my hands all night long
and one at a time
I fill
its cracks
with
gold.



The Stirring

What better place to hide you
than in the darkest corner of my heart?

What better place to deny you
than in a prison I didn't even recognise?

What better way to gag you
than with my silence?

What better way to not feel you
than to breathe only shallow breaths?

What better place to suppress you
than in a sexless union?

What better way to brush you off
than forgetting your face?

What better way to disown you
than doubting my own power?

What better way to ridicule you
than calling myself a no-one?

What better attempt to break you
than calling myself broken?

I nearly succeeded.

My hiding so clever I could not see through my own deceit.

Until now.

Now you are stirring,
now you are moving underneath my skin,
a murmur rushing in on my breath,
gathering momentum,
awakening yourself through my body
and through loving mirrors
around me.

Art by Axel Ejsmont



I didn't know I was you
but you were always here
I never really lost you.

And now...
you are stirring
moving underneath my skin,
a murmur rushing in on my breath
growing, awakening yourself through my body
through loving mirrors around me.
I never knew I was you
but I always loved nakedness and wild hair
and the bare breasts of the goddess and her snakes
Ishtar, Isis
snake goddess, holy whore
Welcome
welcome
home.

14th of Feb 2014





And thus speak the Snakes...

Have no fear
for the shedding will show your beauty like never before.
It will propel you forward and reveal your true nature.

We shed because we grow
a lifelong ritual of retreat, stillness, shedding.
This is growth after letting go.

Have no regrets.
Claim your past for it has brought you here.
Remember who you truly are and claim your power,
claim your voice, your path, your shine for the hiding is over.
Never again will you need to hide before your own eyes or another's.
Let us guide you, wake you, heal you.

Speak of the mystery of our medicine:
when to be still, when to shed, when to hide, when to hunt.
A whole world lies inside of you waiting to reveal itself
and outside, a community, a world.
You were never meant to be without it.
Call your birthright close: tribe, ecstasy, devotion,
holding and being held, and always
love, always love.

It must come to you for you are love

Drop the veils that have guarded your shine
shed what does no longer serve you
and receive the goodness that is aching to find you
the love and devotion that is waiting for you.

Open your ears to us, the silent voice of your teachers
and come home
to your birthright.



WORDLESS IMAGES

Snake Medicine

Snake Medicine
teaches us about cycles,
about deep rest
and regeneration
and that shedding
is not a one off act
but necessary
again and again
as long as we live
to grow
to let go
to grow
to become
the changes.

Snake Medicine
teaches us the patience of waiting
of drawing in deep
of laying in wait for the right time
to rest
to strike
waiting for the right time
for the right ones.

Snake Medicine
is fierce
it bites us into aliveness
cutting through complacency and denial.

Snake Medicine
burns us into passion for ourselves and for lives
slices through illusions and fears that keep us hostage
and unbinds us from wherever we have
wasted and bound our power.

Snake Medicine

throws us back onto ourselves
so that we have to see ourselves clearly:
when to act
when to stop.
when to leave.

It drags us from hiding into the light
and pierces us to our deepest, truthful core.

Snake Medicine

shatters our nice but too small lives
it binds us so hard we finally feel how freedom tastes.
It devours our lies once and for all.

Snake Medicine

gags us so that in our voicelessness we rise to find our voices
it skins us so we see our truth underneath the flesh
it takes us apart so all our shiny pieces can assemble anew
into the glorious beings we truly are.

Snake Medicine

touches us so tenderly, we cry.
Tongue flicking next to our cheeks, our ears
a love
that cuts depression from our heart and devours it for us
it takes us into ecstasy
so we can return fully to the world
into flesh and body
with new skin
and new
eyes.



Picture by Nikki Glassburn
@glassforrestphotos

Snake Medicine
whips us into surrender
and slaps us so hard, we laugh.
It does not allow for voicelessness nor hiding
but teaches us about courage, agency
and the fiercer side of love.

Snake Medicine
teaches us
that life and death
are intricately woven together
never one without the other
in-breath
out-breath
until the end
until the beginning.

Snake medicine
is fierce but so tender too:
a vastness of love and forgiveness
teaching us to soften
to yield, to rest
to breathe
one breath at a time
one
breath
at a time
until the last
one
until

our last shed
the last perfect imprint
that we leave
and that others
can hold tenderly
in their palms
and
marvel over.

17th of May 2021

With deep gratitude to Myst,
my beautiful, sweet late Royal Python



My Friend the Snake

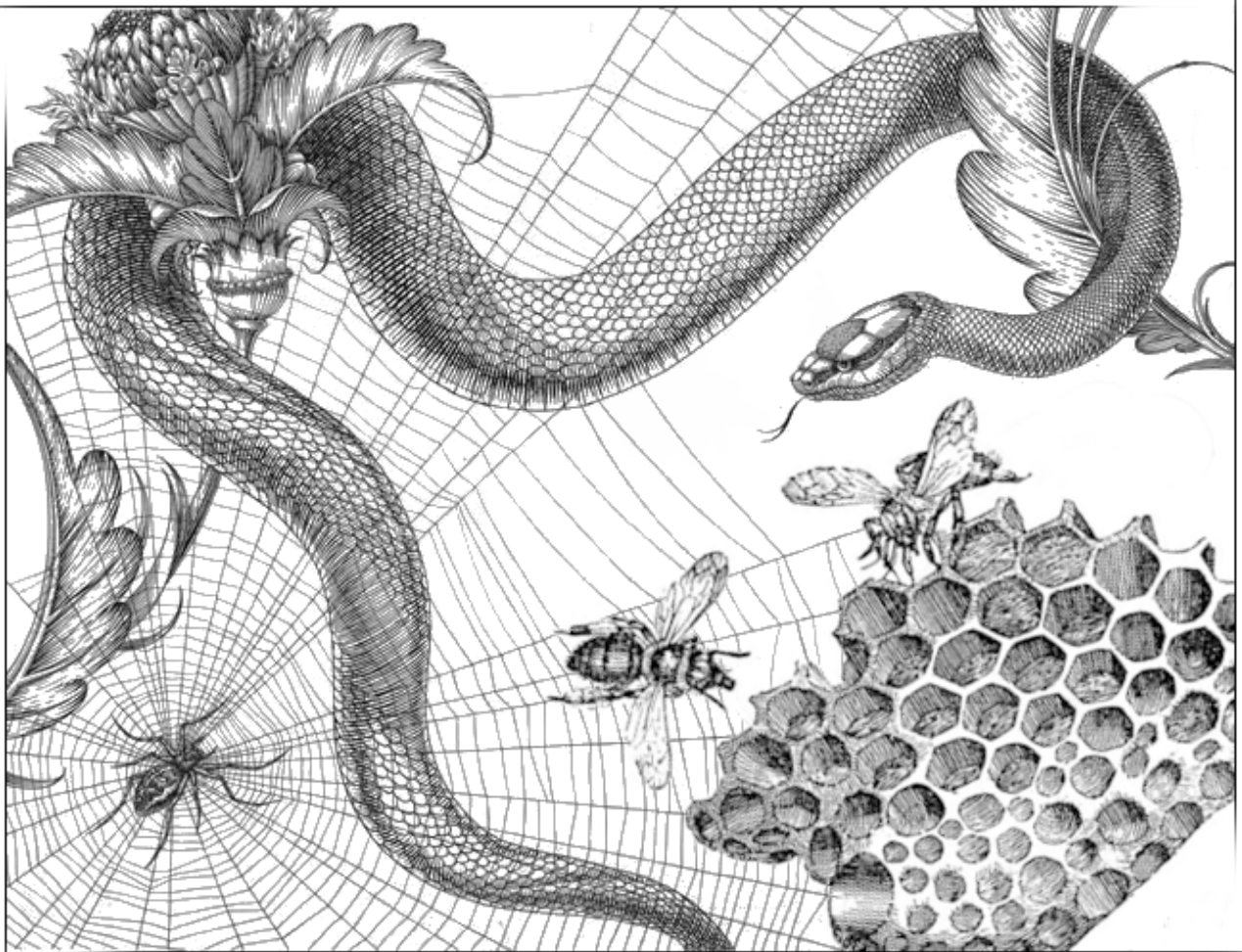
My friend the snake
lives with eyes wide open to the mystery, always
he talks in undulations
in flicks of tongue, writhing and slithering
in pouncing on prey or refusal
listening to vibrations
through ear bones and belly
keeping close to the ground
always.

My friend the snake
draws inside, waiting, resting
so the old skin can loosen
waiting, resting some more
and when the time comes
he slithers out through a crack
leaving a crumpled imprint of his self
behind
and emerges
shiny and new
and hungry for
a new cycle.

My friend the snake
brings the mystery with him
wherever he slithers
memories of ancient times
where we lay in the dark
in the temples
waiting, resting
until the time was right
until the dreams came
and our old skins could loosen

until
we would emerge
shiny and new
and hungry
for a new cycle
a new life.

26th of October 2022



The Secret

This is the secret of the web
and of the new ways of doing things:

We are all connected
and you must be held so you can hold.
You must be fed so you can feed others
You must be full to give.

Do not fret.

Do not fear

Do not worry

Sloth your worries off like we shed our skins.

Effortlessly.

You are ready for this now.

This shedding of worry
This doing things in the new ways,
the joyous ways, the trusting ways

No more labouring or efforting
but allowing

Space, process, love, desire, dreaming....

Remember we are the dreamers

Drop deep into your bodies

Womb

Pelvis

Bones

Marrow

Blood

Listen in

Let gravity support you.

We are here now

we are here together once again.

23rd of Nov 2023



Shedding II

Autumn turns and churns
whipping leaves off trees
drawing in the sun
calling you
to open your palms
and loosen your grip.

If it slips
let it
if it flies away
let it
if it runs through your fingers
let it
go

You might not understand
but you'll be lighter for it.
Lean into the medicine of change
declare it your friend
and open
to the wonder of
letting
go.

Look at us
as we go into slough
into the dark
seeing only with our inner eyes
as those to the world cloud over
as we draw in
slowing down
coiling, curling up
hiding
our skin growing dull.

We shed because we grow
we shed
for even the smallest parasites
could harm us over time
we shed
to meet the world
anew
again
and again

But how long will it take, you ask.
You will know like we do
when the time comes
to lift your head and
meet a hardness to rub against
to help you to let your too tight skin break open.

Then you will slither out easily
because
the time is right
and you will delight
in your new skin
smooth and luminous
embodying the wonder of
eternal change.

20th of October 2022



And thus speak the Snakes...
on Faith

Don't be afraid of the Great undoing
inside and out
for it has to happen if you want to shine.

Don't be afraid of the Great shed
for it is necessary
to reveal your true nature
your purpose and shine.

Don't be afraid of water,
of flow, of immersing yourself deep in your dreams
for it is there that you will find the answers,
that and in journeys.

Don't be afraid of standing alone,
of not being understood.
This is the Great change,
the Great shift as you adjust to your truth.
You cannot deny your truth any longer, nor your path-
you have already said yes many times,
so now bring your human form with you
for we need you!

You said yes to bringing the temple home
to lighting love in the world
to giving hope to those who lost hope in love.

The first step is Faith.
It us the first and the hardest,
we know, but there is not other way.

We are here.
We are many.
You can lean into us too.
Yes, we need you, but we can also give you strength.
Our eyes are always open.

Have heart, human!
Have heart!
When things come undone in your life,
have heart.
Have faith.
This is the Great adventure also
and the Great alignment.
We need you human, the world needs you.
The more pressure is coming to you,
the more you need to remember the diamond that you are.

And you cannot do this alone..
Even though sometimes you stand alone,
but you do this with others.

Remember the flame of your heart, always!
Remember the love that surrounds you, always!
Remember the strength of your loving heart, always!
Remember the strength of your bones and your spirit, always!
Remember that you deserve an exuberant life, love and wellness!

Remember joy!
This is the time of the Great shedding
so that you can shine your iridescent light into the world,
your multifaceted being
shining the prism of your love
widely.

As you complete and evolve
you will see the Ouroboros everywhere.
This is the sign!
You are not going in circles, but evolving.

Have Faith, my love, have faith!
You are meant to shine.
That is your purpose and that is enough-
The path is to remove all that covers your shine.

We love you, human.
Now walk courageously into your day.
We love you.
We love you.

9th of Dec 2023

