

Quill of the Goddess

Autumn 2025

Harvest

Volume 1 Issue 1



About Quill of the Goddess

Founded in 2025, *Quill of the Goddess* is published online biannually, featuring work by visual artists and writers worldwide. We focus on poetry, essays, and art that will enrich and inspire readers with vivid imagery, soulful reflection, and spiritual depth. Key themes include women's empowerment, connection to Earth's rhythms, devotional practices, and personal transformation.

Our mission is to publish and promote the best of today's voices in the modern Goddess Movement.

Submissions

Quill of the Goddess accepts poetry, essays, and art. Our reading periods are June 1st through September 1st and December 1st through March 1st. Send your work through our online submission manager at quillofthegoddess.com.

Inquiries

For questions regarding submissions, please see the submission guidelines on our website at quillofthegoddess.com/submissions. For general inquiries, please contact jen@quillofthegoddess.com.

Connect

Instagram: [@quillofthegoddess](https://www.instagram.com/quillofthegoddess)

Facebook: [@quillofthegoddess](https://www.facebook.com/quillofthegoddess)



A Journal of Art and Literature Dedicated to Goddess Spirituality



Volume 1 Issue 1

Autumn 2025

Harvest

Cover Art: *Autumn Goddess*
by Arlene Bailey

Jennifer Miller, *Founding Editor-in-Chief*

Copyright © 2025 *Quill of the Goddess*. All rights to all original artwork, photography, and written works belong to the respective owners as stated in the attributions. No part of this publication may be copied or reproduced without written permission from both the copyright owner and the publisher.

CONTENTS

Volume 1 Issue 1

POETRY

B.M. Shumac	9	<i>Barmbrack</i>
Thomas R. Keith	11	<i>Reapings</i>
Selene Ceridwen Lee	12	<i>Persephone</i>
Claudia Lechner	15	<i>Demeter</i>
Selene Ceridwen Lee	17	<i>Autumn, My Named Knight, My Mother of Justice</i>
Rachel Turney	18	<i>Asking</i>
Sue Bara	20	<i>Seasoned</i>
Eddie Hollis Edwards	22	<i>Immortality</i>
Mariana Trapera	25	<i>Coming Home</i>
Robert F. Bettler, Jr.	27	<i>Harvest of Dumuzi</i>
Reda Rackley	30	<i>The Fall</i>
Susan H. Evans	32	<i>The In-Gathering</i>
Lyndsey Watson	37	<i>The Seed of What is to Come</i>
Kait Quinn	40	<i>Give Me Juicy Autumnal Fruit, Ripe and Red from the Orchard</i>
Kait Quinn	41	<i>Poetry is Found</i>
Stacey Murphy	43	<i>Corn Moon</i>
B.M. Shumac	44	<i>Lotus</i>
Rachel Turney	46	<i>Harvest</i>
Arlene Bailey	47	<i>She Who Walks the Edges</i>

PROSE

Rev. Judith Laxer	28	<i>What It Is to Reap</i>
-------------------	----	---------------------------

ART

Jennifer Pratt-Walter	8	<i>Fresh Apples</i>
Stacey Austin	10	<i>Unveiled</i>
Rachel Turney	13	<i>Pomegranates</i>
Kathy Lytle	14	<i>The Great Mother</i>
Jennifer Pratt-Walter	16	<i>Persimmon Cut Octopus Inside</i>
Rachel Turney	19	<i>Yellow</i>
Kathy Lytle	23	<i>As Above So Below</i>

Carla Sanders	24	<i>Cone of Power</i>
BethAnn Gerring	26	<i>Surrender</i>
Reda Rackley	31	<i>The Fall</i>
Lisa JH Gardner	36	<i>Seeds-Nourishment II</i>
Jennifer-Pratt Walter	42	<i>Indian Corn</i>
Mariana Trapera	45	<i>Goddess of the Waters</i>

CONTRIBUTORS' INDEX	48
---------------------	----

FEATURES



Cover Artist
ARLENE BAILEY

Arlene Bailey is a visionary artist and writer. Through magical weavings in word and paint, her work reflects the raw visceral and innate wild in all women, while also questioning everything we know to be true about who we are as women in this time. A retired anthropologist and former Women's Mysteries and Plant Medicine Teacher, her work has been published by Girl God Books, Mago Books, and We'Moon Calendar 2024. Mom to two feline siblings, this Wild Crone lives in North Carolina, USA and is currently working on her own book of writings and art. Find her at www.facebook.com/arlenebaileyartistauthor/



Featured Artist
KATHY LYTLE

Kathy Lytle is a shamanic healing practitioner with over 30 years of being devoted to the path of the sacred divine feminine – honoring, dancing, singing, loving and even raging with the Great Mothers. As an artist, writer, and meditation teacher, Kathy finds great joy in facilitating sessions that lead others to their own personal connections with themselves, with others, and with our beloved Mother Earth.



Featured Poet
KAIT QUINN

Kait Quinn (she/her) was born with salt in her wounds. She flushes the sting of living by writing poetry. She is the author of five poetry collections, and her work appears in *Anti-Heroine Chic*, *Exposition Review*, *Full House Literary*, *Watershed Review*, and elsewhere. She received first place in *Sad Girl Diaries'* 2023 Fall Poetry Contest and the 2022 John Calvin Rezmerski Memorial Grand Prize. Kait is an Editorial Associate at Yellow Arrow Publishing. She enjoys cats, repetition, coffee shops, tattoos, and vegan breakfast. Kait lives in Minneapolis with her partner and their very polite Aussie mix. Find her at kaitquinn.com.



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

I am both delighted and humbled to share this first issue of *Quill of the Goddess* with the world. It began as a vision, and your contributions of stunning visual art and soul-stirring words have made it a reality. Having been in the Goddess community for about 25 years now, I know it is burgeoning with talent, but that talent is not seen or celebrated nearly as much as it should be. In recent years, we've had even more challenges to our sovereignty and equality. Those who would keep us silent, subjugated, and forced into narrow, gender-specific roles have grown louder and bolder, but I believe art is one of the most powerful forms of resistance. Every time you paint the Divine as feminine or let those wild, creative surges flow forth into words and music, you are taking a stand for Her and for all of humanity.

The theme of "Harvest" holds many layers of meaning, which you will find represented in all of these works. You might take a harvest of fruit and bake it into a magical loaf at Samhain, for example, as B.M Shumac describes in "Barmbrack." You might find the Holy Mother at a garden center and bring her home to harvest more hope, as Sue Bara does in "Seasoned." Your greatest harvest might be your authentic self, as Mariana Trapera describes in "Coming Home."

There are times when the Goddess shows up as the reaper and composter as well. Part of her function is to take back our physical form, as she does in Thomas R. Keith's "Reapings" and Eddie Hollis Edwards's "Immortality." Sometimes *we* are the ones with blades, cutting down the plants we need for nourishment or medicine, as in Rev. Judith Laxer's essay, "What It Is to Reap."

As we enter the season of autumn in the Northern Hemisphere and spring in the Southern, may we all bring forth the wisdom, kindness, and beauty that lies within.

With love and gratitude,

Jen Miller



Jennifer Miller holds a B.A. in English Literature and M.A. in Professional Writing from Kennesaw State University. She is the author of two poetry collections, and her work appears in *Humana Obscura*, *Gypsophila*, *SageWoman*, and several anthologies. In 2024, she received her first Pushcart Prize nomination. Born and raised in the North Georgia mountains, she is proud to be "souled" in Appalachia. Jen loves hiking in the forest, crocheting, playing her dulcimer, stargazing, hosting women's circles, and practicing tai chi. Find her at jenmillerpoetry.com and [@jenmillerpoetry](https://www.instagram.com/jenmillerpoetry) on Instagram.



Jennifer Pratt-Walter *Fresh Apples*

Barmbrack

Speak a little prayer as you pour your honey mead,
for the goddess can hear and she will take heed.

A bit of fruit, a bit of cold tea, soak it up as you imbibe in
the drink of the bee. When she offers you her doctrine,
your growth is the only option.

In the morning, mix your dough. Flour, sugar, spice, stir it just so.
You are an amalgamation of the ancestors before you.
She was venerated then, and you are her acolyte anew.

Break the shell, drop in the yolk.
The shell on your mind also broke.
You are a neonate of a culture spanned through time.
Learn from what she tells you, her honesty sublime.

Contribute your offerings. A ring, a coin, a piece of cloth.
Each has a meaning that is not yet lost. Light the red candle
and offer your devotion, she admires the steadfast in motion.

Bake and cool the loaf filled with fruit, the same heat that rises
this loaf would soften the root. The obligation she applies
will harden your will, do not crumble, build your skill.

Your harvest has yielded a heartily filled bowl;
her harvest has yielded an impassioned soul.

B.M. Shumac



Stacey Austin *Unveiled*

Oil on canvas

Reapings

I will be reaped twice
in course of time. Once
by Death the All-Gatherer
with his scythe honed to
a breath's thinness. Then,
when Demeter, mistress of Earth,
and her dark-veiled, two-named
daughter have had time to work,
I will be green wheat or barley
for the farmer's calloused hand to
cut with sickle, bind in
sheaves. What cause, in all
this, for fear? To have eaten
well, then to bless another's
table: this I call good.

Thomas R. Keith

Persephone

Crocus corms turning over and Prosperpina
lulling against the yellowing barley.
A needed farewell looms, a sorrowful one,
for summer's bind has lost its grip on me.

I leave you now, great season of the sun,
to undo yourself unto autumn.
My mother denying you further growth in her grief.
I return soon to my husband.

His arms more steadfast than the earth itself,
he will give me room to darken.
Watch me sink into the craters of my asphodel heart
and burn there all winter.

The histories do not do my love justice.
They forget how gnawing my hunger was,
how ravenous my flowered fists plucked
before he fed me.

A cyclical awakening,
this union that commands both reap and seed sown.
He awaits with fortitude for my return,
as I tend to my own in tow with this world
that is in all, my garden.

Selene Ceridwen Lee





Kathy Lytle *The Great Mother*

Demeter

i harvest the roots of her heart,
i wager a war with her wounds
i collect the stars submerged in her hair
i carry her nighttime dreams towards the moon

and many a web in the dark knight of the soul
i collect constellations in the rich irises of her eyes
i savor the subtle sweetness of what lies inside
i touch gently the places where light passes by

i wonder and ravage, i tame the earth
i bestow care like it is sunlight on turf
if love were like seeds, i am spread through the dirt
cut the weeds from the center, make flowers from her hearth

Claudia Lechner



Jennifer Pratt-Walter *Persimmon Cut Octopus Inside*

Autumn, My Named Knight, My Mother of Justice

Farewell to everything but the dripping sun.
The trees calendered to burn,
my head bowed low to hark the homecoming.

In marigold I ripen,
sink my heels into saffron
and gulp up the wine.

Both anew and lessening,
third quarter welcomes the close of what was,
all once full now turned out
to be cast clear of judgment.

My thirst wholly for the vines
wrapping themselves around my ligaments
to take all of doubt
and replace it with ruin.

Autumn,
my named knight,
my mother of justice.

Selene Ceridwen Lee

Asking

I look to the sun. I ask her for strength, to shine like her.
I look to the moon. I ask her for calm, to be still like her.
I watch a fox prowl in the meadow,
and I ask for that resolve and patience.
I hear an owl hooting in the night,
and I ask for a presence of mystery and fear.
The mechanics in the clock chime midnight,
and I ask for wisdom.
The clock chimes again at 3 a.m., and I ask only for sleep.

Rachel Turney



Seasoned

She caught my eye at the garden center—
Her holy image cast in pale cement,
Her strength and humility radiating through the tough casing.

Mainstream Madonna, full of grace.

I paused and eyed up her form—
dressed in dirt, chipped at the edges,
an old wasp nest cradled in the folds of her robe.

Devoted Mother, full of grit.

Her broad nose invited discernment—
this was no white-washed virgin;
a wry smile crossed her lips,
sharing a jest with the serpent at her feet.

Wise One, full of mystery.

She's persisted—
a steadfast and sturdy presence,
ripe with wisdom and humor, scarred from growth.

Seasoned Matriarch, full of bounty.

I brought her home to my garden center—
a celebration of messy wholeness and holy messes,
a sanctuary where All belong.

Abundant Goddess, full of forgiveness.

We'll stand in kinship –
weathering the trials and joys of the Earth,
harvesting hope where the weeds overrun.

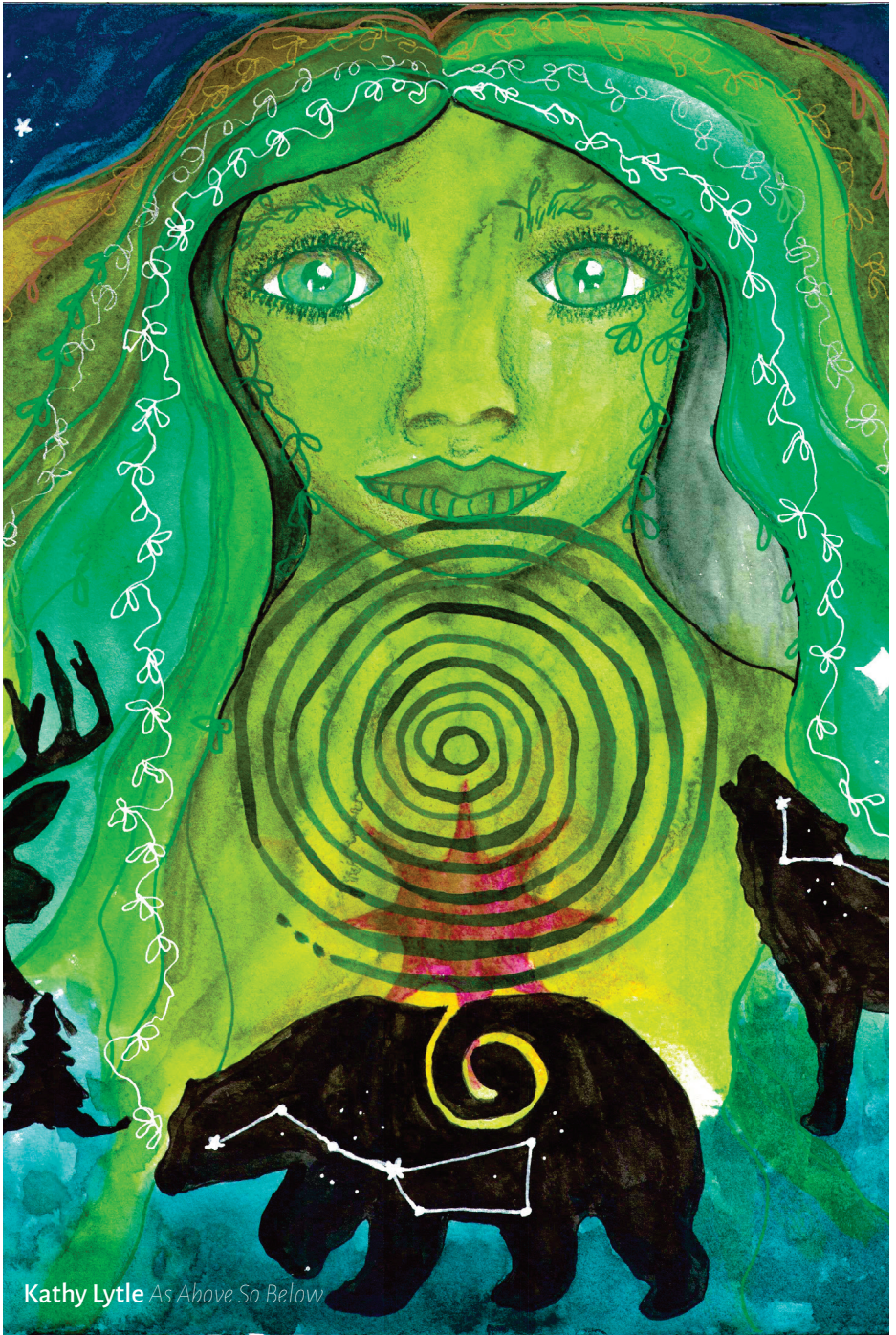
Holy Mama, we're full of potential.

Sue Bara

Immortality

When I am dead
I want the carbon in my body
to be formed into 200 pencils.
I want them in the hands of friends,
family and strangers.
I want lovers to write poetry with me.
I want them to absentmindedly put me in their mouth—
one last melding of our atoms.
I want to be essays
grocery lists
the signature on a birthday card
be both To and From at Christmastime.
I want to form lazy swirls,
fill in eyelashes and whiskers
create both cartoons and constitutions
birth announcements and goodbye letters.
I want to be so many thank yous.
Love letters both treasured for decades or burned in a year.
I want to be held in the fist of a child forming their first letters.
A grandmother's notecard for the recipe she swore to never share.
I want to be worn to the nub. Whittled to the hilt.
I beg of you: Do not put me in a drawer.
Do not display me in a case or tell of my significance.
Use me. Create both the mundane and monumental.
Until I am spread to all corners.
A tapestry of words my enduring legacy.

Eddie Hollis Edwards



Kathy Lytle *As Above So Below*



Carla Sanders *Cone of Power*

Mixed media acrylic on canvas

Coming Home

She has traveled long
many paths
sometimes weary, tender years
of softening, refining
and deep knowing

Her heart hears a whisper
her true essence unveiled
inhabiting her soft places
and radiating
like the Rose

Letting go of other faces
that hide her Beloved
and opening her Heart
now the center of her life
Oh what Joy!

Coming home
with longing
and reverence for life
an authentic one
deeply...
with
Her beloved
Goddess self

Mariana Trapera



BethAnn Gerring *Surrender*

Harvest of Dumuzi

You molded me from loamy mud,
hollowed me out with a shard
of your sharp, obsidian hunger
that I would never be filled,
only fatted on death.

Cleanse me, Dark Queen, with your tears,
lay me on your mossy altar,
black with gore of bygone sons.

Open me, empty me,
sprinkle my blood on fresh-plowed fields
that I might reach out to you
in a thousand upturned palms.

Robert F. Bettler, Jr.

What It Is to Reap

Spring has kept her promise and at last my attention turns outside. A large, beautiful broad-leaved plantain is growing in one of my garden planter pots. At her center stands last year's couture; her skeleton seed stalk, browned and brittle. She is surrounded by babies, strong babies, their veined leaves bright green and fanning out, taking up space, undaunted. They are freshly alive, as new as the season, and equally as vital. I have a plan for them, a plan they don't yet know.

For several days, while I prune the apple tree and dig a new garden bed and remove countless stones from the soil and shove boulders into place and rake away last autumn's leaves and sink seeds into the ground, the plantains remain snug in their pot, innocent and growing, sucking nutrients into their roots, basking in the sunlight by day, absorbing moonlight by night. I eye them every time I pass, thinking of their future. They think it is in greeting. Each morning they shine with dew, and I swear I can see that they have grown. Most would call them weeds. I know they are medicine.

This evening, as Venus appears beside the sunset and the birds sing vespers, I am spent from the heavy work, a satisfied fatigue. Still too beautiful to come inside, I sit by the plantains as the Grim Reaper, my regalia jeans dusted with dirt, shirt damp with sweat, my scythe a trowel with teeth. I gaze at the green beauties for a while, noticing their details, knowing their time has come. I place my hands over them in blessing, and I can sense that they feel my thanksgiving. In this simple, weighty moment, the world around us withdraws, the air grows still, I can feel my pulse in rhythm. I speak my unvoiced message, "Now I am the death-giver. Later my death will nourish and become earth." None of us can escape this inevitability, a courageous truth.

I sink my monstrous hand-spade into the soil. The rip of roots. In the thick, shining hush between the worlds, the scent of green floats up on their last gasps. Mercy rules and I make quick work of it. Mama first so she doesn't have to witness the unearthing of her offspring. Babies before they know what hit them. I shake their roots free of excess soil and lay them prone together. My clippers separate their leaves from their roots, I soak their leaves in cold water, I spin them dry and chop them on my cutting board, I put them in a jar and cover them with olive oil and set them to rest and infuse.

A few days ago, they grew undisturbed, blissful, content. In a few months, I will drain the oil from their remains, full of the healing they bring, and use it to make salve. And while I still have them, I will rub that salve into the dry skin of my gardener's hands.

Rev. Judith Laxer

The Fall

Falling naked into the garden of her desire
Lusty, greedy, ravenous to partake of the tree of life
Devouring the juiciest, ripest red apple.

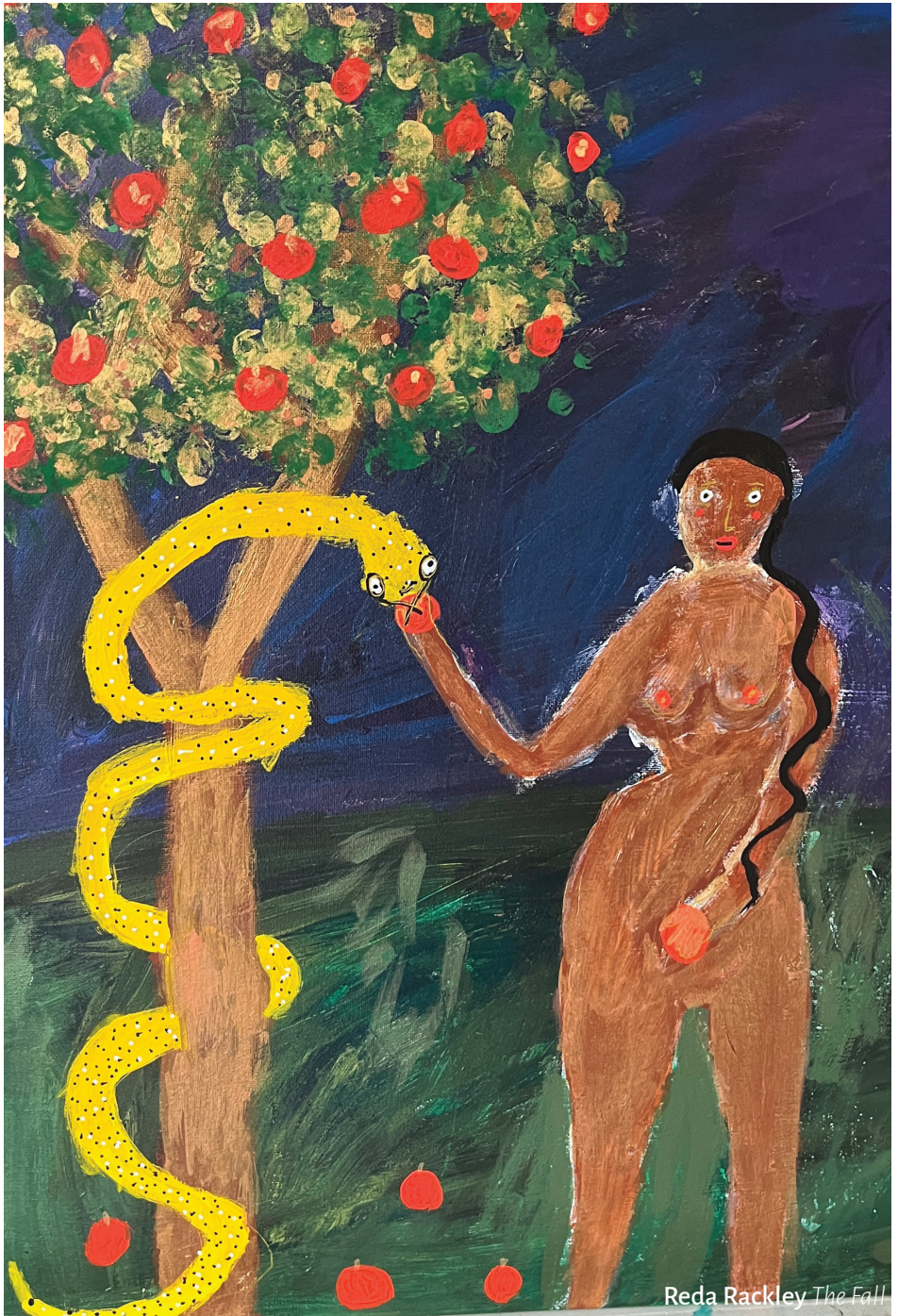
Sweet nectar running down her lips, breast, vulva,
Rejoicing in the forbidden fruit, her birthright!

Running naked through fields of forgotten dreams,
Singing, dancing, howling, celebrating the joys of her flesh and bones.

Offering her menstrual blood to the earth,
Knowing she will harvest
all that had been stolen from her soul from tiny gods.

She was made In Her Own Image and She loved what she saw!

Reda Rackley



Reda Rackley *The Fall*

The In-Gathering

The Wheel spins, groaning from disuse.

Divine Feminine

wakens at last,

grows troubled at the creak of rusty rotation

and waves crashing off a faraway shore.

She draws her dervish robe closer

and hastens,

sensing the great need,

knowing the long days that tended the darkness come to an end.

She births wild triplets,

potent babes bursting forth from the glowing ground

and the swelling sea,

their hair in riotous ringlets,

granddaughters of Isis and Gaia and Rhea.

Divine Mother blesses her wildlings,

animating once again the Goddess Energy

powerful enough to end Masculine Empire,

to halt its scourge over land and sea,

and to liberate the Earth trapped beneath Ares'

brutal heavy fist.

She sends her firstborn as courier,

so the girl laces her golden sandals,

lifts her chin in determination,

and with green eyes purposeful—

raises golden wings that shimmer across the heavens
and moves at great speed over the bloody sea,
seeking Earth's wounded, shell-shocked shore.

Once the tide washes over her golden sandals,
her eyes soften at the land, sick and yellow,
the planet dying, summer's sun grown faint and dim,
and her voice rings out across the world,
warning the wicked to lay down their arms.
Then turning to the innocent,
she trumpets news of great victory ahead,
inspiring them to hope and to redouble the fight—
reminding them that when hope is lost,
faithful supplication rises highest to heaven.

Ares' black flag whips over the land,
and he stands menacing,
scorching red tunic covered in gold,
his peaked war helmet lowered,
concealing his cruel face.
A torch he holds in his hand,
one of hot passion and quick temper.
His thirst for power and battle lust insatiable,
he urges his army heed not the maiden, and proceed with impunity.

But Ares is no match for the wiles of goddesses
determined, ferocious, cunning and tactical,
while he is all reckless fire and childish impulsive arrogance.

Divine Mother next sends the crimson-cloaked middle child,
and watches from heaven's window her daughter
leap out of a chariot pulled by a scarlet horse,
her flaming hair whipping in the late summer wind,
armed with two spears, racing to Earth's battleground.
The young goddess urges the mortals towards brave deeds and ferocity.

Then shifting her shape to a seductive woman,
she offers charm—
the most irresistible weapon in human armory—
and casts an intoxicating love spell over Ares;
seduces him with her dimples and favors,
tempts him with luscious red lips.
Powerless against her charms, he clings limpetlike to her side,
enslaved to his desires,
until the moment she spins, launches herself at him,
and shapeshifts to warrior again.

Ares roars, shakes with rage at the duplicity,
and charges toward her,
armor clanging loud and harsh.
She thrusts a spear into his side
and crushes the heel of her boot atop his fallen helmet.
Defeated and howling in pain,
Ares flees back to the Hisland,
and the girl, satisfied, shapeshifts once again to a black crow
and strikes fear in the heart of the Ares cult
that quickly crumbles, runs and hides, slinking back
behind rocks and hedge, assuming its natural reptilian form.

At last, Lady Divine sends her youngest daughter,
covered in a cloud of chameleon butterflies,
their beating wings sounding like waterfalls,
bringing healing rains to Earth.
The lady dances, joy in her feet,
pregnant with hope, renewal, and resurrection,
and she sows precious seeds of compassion and abundance
deep into the dark soil,
leeching out the harmful poisons that lay below,
and the meadows ripen with golden wheat.

“Yes,” Mother says, and breathes divine presence into the
land and its children,
cultivating and ripening them into the fruition of who
they were created to be.

A wheel turns swiftly now, on the fall equinox, a ruby sunrise appears on
the horizon, crowning
the sacred in-gathering—
one of life-giving verdancy, soft borders for crossing,
and hued with the purple and green light of magic, freedom,
and justice for all.

Susan H. Evans



Lisa JH Gardner *Seeds-Nourishment II*

The Seed of What is to Come

I call to Demeter in her shadowed face.
Mother of grain, Mother of grief,
walk the fields with your sickle.
Cut away what has withered.
Strip bare the stalks of sorrow,
that the earth may rest and dream again.

I call to Persephone, Queen of Below.
Daughter who carries both seed and silence,
teach us to harvest not only bread,
but the remnants of what we must release.
Show us how descent nourishes,
how the underworld takes what is done
and makes it fertile.

I call to Hekate, Keeper of Crossroads.
Flame Bearer, guide of endings,
stand at the edge of our fields.
Torch the husks that no longer serve,
light the way for our casting off.
With you we burn the waste,
and find power in what is shed.

I call to Kali, Dancer of Time.
With your many hands, thresh us clean.
Take the chaff of our fear,
take the harvest of what has rotted,
devour what chains us.

Make the field of the soul bare,
so new seed may take root.

I call to The Morrígan, Crow of Battle.
Winged one, blood and prophecy,
circle the harvest ground.
Gather the broken,
gather the bones of struggle,
and bless the soil with their return.
Let the fields be fed by endings.

I call to Lilith, First of the Wild.
Keeper of the orchard's shadow,
claim the fallen fruit,
claim desire and defiance alike.
Harvest what has been denied,
so that nothing wasted is ever lost.

Dark Goddess, hear us.
It is time.
Time to harvest not only grain and fruit,
but every withered stalk,
every heavy burden,
every illusion that cannot follow us into winter.

With your blades, with your torches, with your wings,
cut, burn, gather, devour.
We lay down what is no longer needed.

We open the field of the spirit.

We make ready for the seed of what is to come.

And so it is.

Lyndsey Watson

Give me Juicy Autumnal Fruit, Ripe and Red from the Orchard

*after Walt Whitman**

Idled breath in tones of aubergine,
air bruised orange before the clouds
slow and stitch themselves closed.

The trees are talkative today.
I am thinking of you, more beautiful
than moonlight, more profound

than a yawning grave. This is supposed
to be a love song. An egg isn't meant to stand
on its end, but here it is: mocking gravity

on the equinox. Here I am: plucking
your heart off the branch like a feast
of red delicious and pomegranate.

Kait Quinn

**Title is a line from the poem "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun" by Walt Whitman.*

Poetry is Found

in a slow cooked stew on a Wednesday
night. The trail of tangelo pulp nosediving
down your chin, pooling in the horseshoe
bend of your collarbone. The squirrel's claws
excavating the floorboards from the house's
belly, the chestnuts that rolled out of the air
duct onto the laundry room floor.

The way a fever breaks like an ocean
wave against sea wall. Percussion of
espresso extraction and oat milk
froth. Damp moss between bare toes.

How Schiele's Maiden clings to death
in a garden of flora decay—her arms
pulled thin, her body a wilted poppy
and delphinium bouquet spread
across her lover's earthen bed, gnawed
to a crescent and rot brown. The apple's
seed. The way death can mean both
departure and coming home.

Kait Quinn



Jennifer Pratt-Walter *Indian Corn*

Corn Moon

After the harvest
Corn moon plucks her mandolin
as we feast and dance

Stacey Murphy

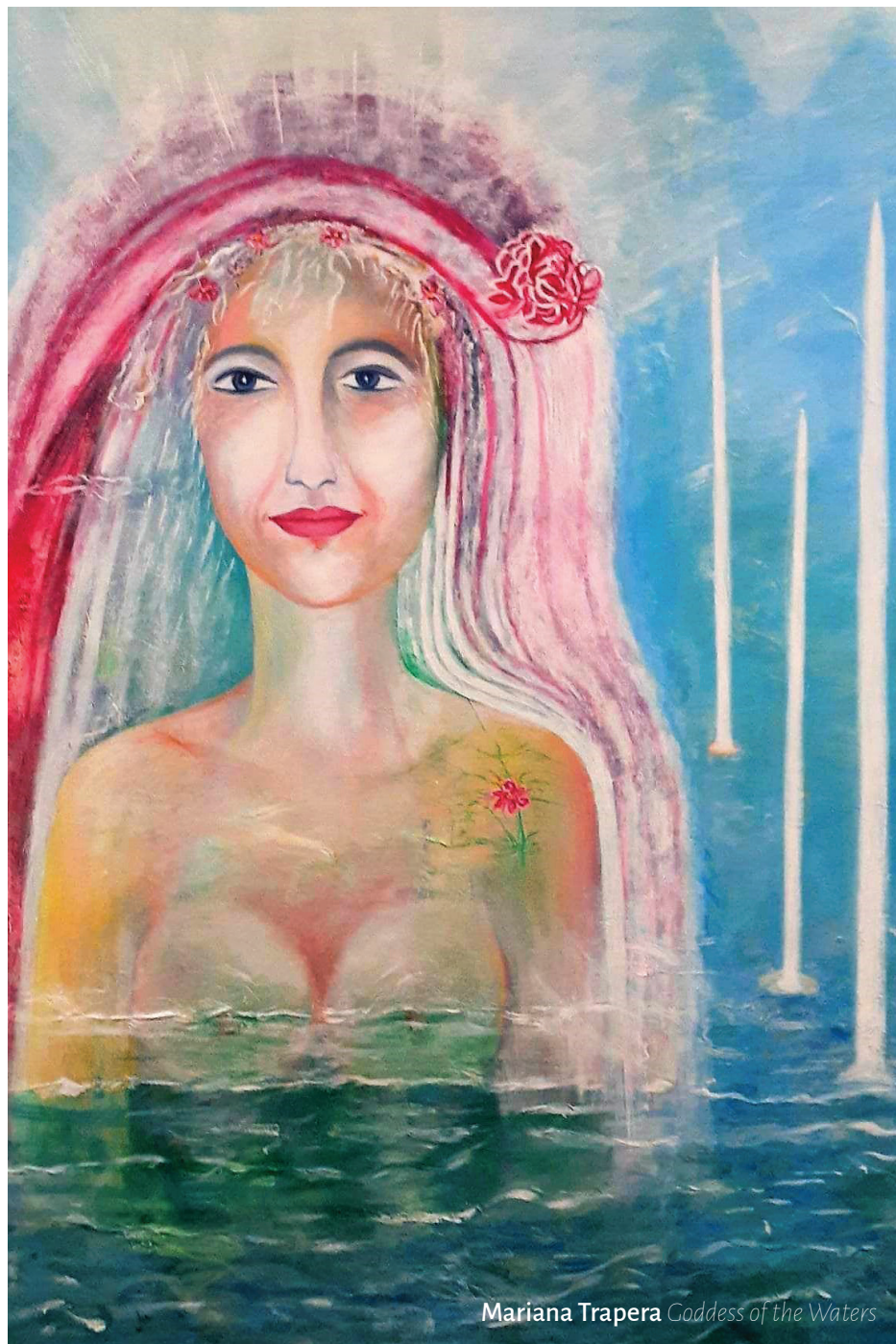
Lotus

I want to thrive.

Willing with every fiber of my being,
Investing in my own elation.
Light has begun to show me and
Love carried me through a torrent.

They taught me to save myself.
Her strength is mine, her spirit within me.
Revival requires modernization.
If seas are deep, the current is strong.
Vigilance is the method,
Everlasting peace is the harvest.

B.M. Shumac



Mariana Trapera *Goddess of the Waters*

Harvest

I grasp the bolls and twist them from the stem.
Soft, pillowy cotton in my hands, mixed with
sharp dried seeds.

The chickens have left three eggs in their
nests. I carefully clean, dry, and store them in
a soft bag in the cellar.

I scoop dirt out of the terra cotta. The roots of
the bonsai have become tangled and knotted.
I gently release them.

A memory is hidden in the fat and neurons.
I unearth it and describe the scene in a small
black notebook.

Rachel Turney

She Who Walks the Edges

I woke this morning to cool mountain air
and acorns falling on my roof.
There was even the scent of autumn!

I love autumn with her falling leaves,
as I know I'm approaching the time of edges
and the realm of She Who Walks the Edges.

Look for her in the shadows at the edge of the woods,
in a shallow pool where you can see your image
the way you were thousands of years ago.
On the cave walls, see her markings and feel her presence.

Watch for the gloaming, where the light of day
and the beginning of the dark
create another edge that takes us into the time
of the Death Mother and she who changes everything.

Edges are hard and rough and fragile and thin.
They are that magical place
where two seemingly different things meet, creating a third,
allowing us to stand in 'tween places.

Watch for them and allow the change
that washes over you when you find one.
Feel the shift as you remember other lifetimes
and another you.

Arlene Bailey

Contributors' Index

Stacey Austin is inspired by exploring the connections within nature and humanity. Her art is created through the lens of her pagan spiritual beliefs and, like herself, evolves and grows as her path unfurls. Her work has been exhibited and sold extensively in New Zealand and overseas. She can be contacted by email at Paganz2000@hotmail.com or her website at www.staceyaustinart.com.

Sue Bara is a lifelong mystic and nature lover. A spiritual quest ignited when her Catholic upbringing did not satiate her longing to know the Divine. She has practiced Earth-based, indigenous, and Eastern spiritual traditions and herbal medicine ways, finding purpose and peace within the arms of the Divine Feminine. Writing has been a foundation for processing and sharing her discoveries, with visual arts emerging over the past five years. Sue is currently gestating a project that merges herbal, spiritual, and creative arts into a healing path that fosters a personal connection with the Divine.

Robert F. Bettler, Jr. is a retired trial consultant of 25 years. In previous lives, he worked as a social science researcher and statistician, an air pollution control engineer, and a college lecturer. Except for a stint in the Army, he has lived in Louisville, Kentucky his whole life. Before his daughter was in the first grade, he read Merlin Stone to her every night.

Eddie Hollis Edwards (she/her) is an Austin-based poet propelled into writing fairly recently. She hosts a queer poetry open mic at Birdhouse Books and performs regularly with Every Word Poetry at the Vortex. She has three children and many good friends.

Susan H. Evans lives in Baltimore, Maryland, and enjoys writing poetry, creative non-fiction, and memoir. Mythology, magic, and nature inspire her work. Goddess energy empowers her, gives her resilience, and an untamed rebelliousness to fight the good fight.

Lisa JH Gardner is a mixed media artist who earned her BA in fine/commercial art from Saint Francis College in Indiana. She has been creating art since she was a child, with her sketchbook always at her side. Lisa is on the board of directors and on the ritual committee for Sophia's Portico, a feminine art and spirituality center. Traveling with others on their journey with the Goddess has been life-transforming. Lisa experiences the Goddess in her interactions with Nature and shares this through her art.

BethAnn Gerring is an author/artist/cosmic ignitor. Currently under renovation due to existential crisis. Stay tuned.

Thomas R. Keith currently resides in his hometown of Austin, TX. His poetry, micro-fiction, and short fiction have appeared in journals such as *Packingtown Review*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Jerry Jazz Musician*, and *Hotch Potch Literature and Art*.

Rev. Judith Laxer is a modern-day mystic who believes that beauty, humor, and the wonders of nature make life worth living. The founding Priestess of Gaia's Temple and MoonWise Mystery School, Judith is a keynote speaker, teacher of the magickal arts and mysteries, and author of *Along the Wheel of Time: Sacred Stories for Nature Lovers* [Ravenswood Publishing]. Judith dedicates her work to the rise and cultural integration of the Divine Feminine in all Her magnificence and wisdom. Find her at www.gaiastemple.com and www.judithlaxer.com.

Claudia Lechner is a clinical psychologist who works with kids, and in their free time, writes poetry about love, lust, and life. They are passionate about mental health awareness and advocacy for neurodivergent youth. You can find them hiking with their girlfriend, cuddling their cat Penelope, or making coffee using their aqua Nespresso machine, like a true queer icon.

Selene Ceridwen Lee (she/her) is a young Welsh writer with a reverence for free verse and prose poetry that attempts to unwind the equivocal nature of self with the sanctity in earth's coils. Combining the exploration of both philosophy and spirituality, her work has been published by *The Winged Moon*, *Querencia Press* and *Low Hanging Fruit*, among others.

Stacey Murphy has poems in several anthologies, a seasonal nature journal entitled *The Avocet*, and other online places. Her first poetry collection, *Old Stones Understand* (Shanti Arts, 2021), won a Royal Dragonfly Award. She co-edited *NY Votes for Women: A Suffrage Centennial Anthology* (Cayuga Lake Books, 2017), a collection of historical and activist poetry and prose. She takes inspiration from other women and messages from the natural world.

Jennifer Pratt-Walter (she/her) is a musician, poet, farmer, photographer and proud Crone. She loves to explore simple daily miracles with her craft. She has followed an Earth-based spiritual practice most of her life. Jennifer has been fortunate to have poetry and photography in a number of publications.

Reda Rackley is a cultural mythologist, author, educator, storyteller, diviner, certified expressive artist, and outsider artist. Reda received her B.A. in Psychology with a special focus on Women's Spirituality. She graduated from Pacifica Graduate Institute in Santa Barbara with an M.A. in Mythology and Depth Psychology. She lectures and facilitates women's retreats bridging art, mythology, depth psychology, and spirituality. Her art and articles have appeared in *The Anthology of Monterey Bay Poets*, *Brut Journal*, *Unpsychology Magazine*, among others. Her exhibits have appeared in Open Ground Studios - Monterey, California - *My Body My Voice* - 2019, M.A.D.S. Art Gallery - Spain - *Gaia, The Origin* - 2020, and Van Der Plas gallery - New York City, New York - 2021, among others. Find out more about her work at www.bonewomanspeaks.com.

Carla Sanders is an artist, ceremonialist, and guide to women on their spiritual path to cronehood. Her art and teaching remind women of their intimate relationship with nature, and the wisdom of their erotic self at any age. She lives on a beaver pond surrounded by wild relatives on the coast of Maine.

Barbara May Shumac is an author and poet based in Northeastern Pennsylvania. She could often be found dreaming up fantasy worlds full of fairies and moondust throughout her childhood. As an adult, Barbara found the world of J.R.R. Tolkien and fell in love. Barbara's debut novel, *A Time When Forests Dreamed*, was released in 2025. She loves fiber crafts, such as knitting and crochet. She also loves to paint, hike and search for treasures in the creeks of Pennsylvania. Barbara spends her time in nature, at the Renaissance Faire, or playing D&D with her husband and friends.

Mariana Trapera is a grandmother, therapist, artist and writer, and is passionate about assisting other women to embrace their sacred feminine essence. Having embodied the Divine feminine in life, art and writing, she intuitively followed her heart and desire to live a soul-centered life. Her Divine Feminine journey has been challenging in that she first needed to acknowledge and then let go of her own, and the collective suffering of the feminine. Mariana continues to view her journey in her late 70s as a work-in-progress, to embracing fully the woman she was meant to become after a lifetime of conditioning and influences.

Rachel Turney is an educator and artist located in Denver. Her poems, research articles, drawings, and photography can be found in a few publications.

Blog: turneytalks.wordpress.com Instagram: @turneytalks Bluesky: @rachelturney

Lyndsey Watson is a Priestess of The Morrigan, an Oracle of Badb, a Galdr Woman, and a Folk Witch based in the Northwest of England. Lyndsey owns and manages the online community, Badb's Cauldron, which is completely dedicated to The Morrigan. She's also a Goddess Guide, holds women's empowerment circles, and has a deep love for bone throwing.



Quill of the Goddess graciously accepts tips at
<https://buymeacoffee.com/quillofthegoddess>

Your donations help support the cost of our website
and other tools necessary to create this publication
and make it free to the public.

Thank You