

## Mrs. Braun's Last Cookie

Brought from the source, by sister Marylee, the essence of shortbread, sweet and crumbly  
Brought to the Arctic, to Tromsøya, in Norway, the last batch of cookies, baked far far away  
Brought on the chase of Aurora\_Borealis, and munched and savored, until I had just but one  
Brought to offer to Odin, Norse god of the Sky, the creator and caster of the NordLeese  
I crumbled the last morsel, it fell into the lake, that taste of heaven had left earth forever  
Then came a faint, but certain green line, it rolled down from the sky, then back up Dafjord  
We cast atoms thither and photons flow back, bathing us in echoes from whence we all came.

### Note 1:

Offering, Praying or casting spells, these we do for our own inner lives. Madness to think the gods or laws of physics care one whit. But to acknowledge our own humble selves.

### Note 2:

Derek Braun has been making the cookies for years now and they are those same cookies. These were the last baked while Olive yet breathed.  
Marylee offered a sacred Acorn from Dodoni. They were good luck on Tuesday Night, 2014.02.11 in Dafjord on Ringvassøya, to the North of Kvaløya

Pa Norsk: Nordlys, Northern Lights

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tromsøya>

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aurora\\_Borealis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aurora_Borealis)

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