**Litha Imagery by Mysticmama**

Close your eyes and empty your mind. Sit back and imagine a beautiful green meadow. Wildflowers dot the green carpet with all the colors of the rainbow. Dense forest surrounds the meadow as the sun shines bright from directly overhead.

From the left side emerges a tall man. You see he is muscular with green tinted skin. He wears only a loin cloth of large green leaves. His long green hair is wild about his head with a matching full beard. His eyes are bright and intense blue. His features set in a grim line watch the far side of the meadow intently.

His body drops into a fighting stance as you see another figure emerge from the opposite side of the meadow.

This newcomer looks older than the first. His body is shorter and stockier in build. He is clothed in brown dry leaves from his neck to his feet. His brown hair surrounds his head like a parka hood and his long brown beard flows down to his waist. As he draws near to the first man you see his eyes are smoky gray and his hair and beard are intermixed with a sprinkling of snow white hairs. His features while regal are beseeching.

The two men meet in the center of the meadow. You feel the energies rolling and crackling off the two of them. You can smell the electric charge in the air around you. You can tell there is a silent struggle going on. The air crackles with energy as a silent rod of lightning strikes the ground at their feet. Time stretches on.

Suddenly, the green giant falls to his knees. Head bowed and hands splayed in defeat. The brown victor places a hand on the shoulder of the green giant. You realize as the air cools and the sun retreats that you have just witnessed the defeat of the Oak King by the Holly King as the year changes over to the season of decline. The Oak King will return again when it is time to renew the land. For now he rises and turns to you giving to you a parting smile and a nod of the head he returns to the forest to await his next chance to reign.

The Holly King watches him go shoulders slumped with the burden of the coming seasons. He turns to you with arms splayed palms facing you and bows deeply from the waist. In gratitude he welcomes you to remember this exchange and carry it with you in the times to come secure in the knowledge that the cycle will continue.