

From the east, I draw the breath of Eurus;
its rosy glow piercing the darkest of nights.
I exhale its winged morning song into this grove.

From the south, I draw the breath of Auster,
its moist warmth permitting a time of leisure.
I exhale its steamy summer brew into this grove.

From the west, I draw the breath of Zephyrus,
its western shore lit with the fires of inspiration.
I exhale its dusky shimmering sensuality into this grove.

From the north, I draw the breath of Boreas,
its roaring wind sending us home to the warmth of our hearths.
I exhale its icy-tongued blast into this grove.

In this grove, we share all these and each other's breath;
breathing as one at the center.