

Anzi Knitting Mantras

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We are bound all to each other,
We are made all one together,
Spirit inhabits us together.

Nothing good that cannot be used for evil,
Nothing evil that cannot be turned to good.

We must live with that which we cast,
All our sendings always come home.

From the Anzi Songs: The Wizard's Song

The Anzi believe that the universe inhabits them as they inhabit the universe, and that through Spirit they can

To build the power in the magic they work into their knitting (and spinning, dyeing, weaving, and non-fabric color work, such as painting), the Anzi recite color mantras at the change of each color, then focus on the aspects of the color that they wish to work into their knitting as they use that color.

- Red—Red is the blood of birth and the blood of death; meat and the hunt; wildfire and passion; the angry earth spewing lava; force, lust and envy, desire and joy in their turn. Red moves through flame, and its seat is the loins. Red brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Orange—Orange is food at the table, the hearthfire burning, meals in the oven, courage in life and death, love and the pursuit of love, abundance and working for

abundance, harvest and drought in their turn. Orange is born of flame and fed by air, and its seat is the belly. Orange brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.

- Yellow—Yellow is the sun in summer, flowers in the fields, wisdom in word and deed, and the search for learning, thought and questioning, pursuit for the sake of pursuit, decision and uncertainty in their turn. Yellow moves through the air, and its seat is in the mind. Yellow brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Green—Green is spring in new growth and summer in profusion, the fields and the forests, meadows and gardens. Green is the giver of nourishment, the milk of the earth, riches sought and unsought. Green is born of the earth and is fed by water and air, and its seat is in the hands and the feet. Green brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Blue—Blue is the sea and the sky, the wild places where humanity cannot travel unaided, the great mystery. Blue is the serenity of open spaces, the rivers rich with fish, the air bursting with birds. Blue is the curiosity of the unknown, wildness and confusion, storm and gentle rain in their turn, change and change and change again. Blue travels in water and air, and its seat is in the heart. Blue brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Purple—Purple is the power of the darkening sky as the storm approaches, and the beauty of twilight; the taste of extravagance and the sweetness of the fruits of harvest. Purple is the song of the soul, and the song of wealth, and it uplifts and seduces in turn. Purple is born of flames and fed by water and air, and its seat is the spirit. Purple brings power, and the power can

work to good or to evil.

- Rose—Rose is love, the love of man and woman, the love of mother and child, the love of friends for each other, the love of God for mankind and mankind for God. Rose is both hope and faith, both patience and exuberance. Rose is quiet, rose is loud, but above all, rose persists through darkness despair and erupts, stronger and wiser, into dawn. Rose is born of earth and fed by fire and water, and its seat is the heart. Rose brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Gray (silver)—Gray is the fog at dawn; ash on the hearth; winter sky; metal of the pendant and the blade, the bowl and chalice and the shield; and it forces clear thinking and hard choices in their turn. Gray is toil and effort, the lifting of stones and the forging of steel. Gray is born of sea and sky and air and the earth, the child of infinite possibility and harsh reality, and its seat is the shoulders. Gray brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Brown—Brown is the rich earth turned, rock and stone, the mountains and the plains and the shores. Brown is where life is, where things grow, the spring-mother waiting to give birth, the autumn-mother dying old and worn. It is womb and grave. Brown does not do; brown is. Brown is the eternal earth, never born, never gone, and its seat is the bones. Brown brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.
- Black—Black is finality, the decision made, the battle lost or won, the stop at the end of movement. Black is the deep places and the far places in the flesh and in the spirit. Black the moment of finally found or of finally lost, the moment when the game ends and the unchanging infinity that follows. Black is a spirit color, free of the touch of earth and air, fire and

water, and its seat is the flesh. Black brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.

- White—White is infinity, the open question, the portent of battle, the time before time. White is waiting to be, unmarked and unfilled, the snow as it falls and the light untouched and uncolored by life. White is the infinity before the game begins, the place before life where all promise gathers. White is a spirit color, free of the touch of earth and air, fire and water, and its seat is the flesh. White brings power, and the power can work to good or to evil.

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