

DUSK'S ENCHANTMENT

Randall Vyctoria Warwick

There's something in the air tonight
something in the distant stars
that fills me with unholy light
from which I, normally, am barred

but now a chill runs down my spine
as the night wind murmurs soft
and drinking of immortal wine
and feeling spirits drunk aloft

I raise my arms in humble prayer
enveloped in her Goddess heart
Faithful to this chaste affair
faithful to these magic arts

then—moon is but obscurity
as those of earth welcome the Dawn
I quake in awful purity
my Lady of the night is gone

Heart! Stay my shaking; halt my yearning
I know that she will be returning.