

## OPUS 1738

*Phillip A. Ellis*

A philtre rare I'd weave, where  
mystic essences—all rare  
and marvelous—tinct the air

with perfumes fair, man unknown,  
and pure dusts of powdered stone  
hewn by daemon hands alone,

adding spices held in jars  
sealed with amber kissed by stars,  
alabaster torn from Mars,

sealed with waters sewn by moons,  
sealed to boil with Gnostic runes  
while a host of witches croon

canticles of elder lands  
scribed in fair, forgotten hands—  
a philtre rare I'd weave, grand.

A philtre rare I'd weave, wherein  
aeons black of torment, sin,  
fade before a fair Aidenn

wherein love alone has sway,  
making nights to seem as day,  
fears, hates, to shatter away

leaving only love alone—  
as strong as blood, wise as bone  
and strong enough to shard stone;

love, a love no man has felt  
before now, that has not dwelt  
since gods in strife, torment fell

unto Earth infant and cold—  
ever since then torment bold  
came and dwelt here ever old.

Take this philtre, take and share

with me. Never mundane care  
shall appoint its blights in air,

earth or water, or else fire—  
we shall, godlike, rise, aspire  
unto holy realms desire

ne'er shall approach, or else reach—  
bliss alone my deeds shall teach!  
With this philtre all shall reach

unto us with hands of need  
(all have malice, all have greed)  
seeking only blisses' seed.

Thus to Aidenn we shall leave  
whilst all mortal men must grieve—  
with this philtre that I weave.

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