

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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