

NIGHTWALKER

Ah, Lady of the Evening,
Your handmaiden, the Dusk;
You alone, walk the Night,
Your consort, endless Lust.

You alone, the Priestess,
Long ere the Druid's fame;
You alone, stay faithful,
To the Lady's ancient Claim.

Although at times by Menfolk,
You're used and sore oppressed;
A shadow of your Glory stays,
A man must beg to guest.

Long ago, in older times,
By Minoan towers of Stone;
Every girl, she did as you,
To earn Dowry for her own.

Sanctified by the Lady's Will,
Bless'd by the Lady's Love;
Unfettered by claims of ownership,
Each flew free as a Dove.

Now, however, the Menfolk rule,
With sanctified, celibate fools;
They think to own, to have and hold,
And muddy the waters of limpid pools.

Soon enough, they'll see their loss,
Their hopeless quest of guilt;
And time will come, and you'll be crowned,
With roses that ne'er shall wilt.

© Elmar T. Schmeisser