

## THE ROSE

Twixt the Dark and the Day  
    lies a magical Time,  
A traveler can feel as he goes;  
When the Dawn of the Sun  
    sees the Full of the Moon,  
'Cross the span of the Earth, a Rose.

Then a Gateway's revealed and the  
    path glitters clear,  
That lures one to Faerie's sweet Realm;  
To return who-knows-when,  
    double-souled even then,  
With the Stars as a crest on the helm.

I'll gi'e ye a tale,  
    Of Elphame this day,  
Of Love -- won, lost and recovered;  
A tale of two Travelers, who sought  
    from afar,  
And then, lo, found one-another.

For the first, She came forth  
    When the Wind met the Waves,  
And fashioned a breathing of tides;  
And the second arose when the Rocks  
    Met the Flames,  
That created His shape alongside.

She took Form from the Land, and  
    He Life from the Sea,  
And so walked the World, Maid and Man;  
And He paid Her a bride price  
    Of His Earth and its Seed,  
And the Life on His head to command.

Now Herself, She is three, and  
    Couched in the Sea,  
Mother to all that grows brave;  
In the sky, She's a Maid,  
    White-faced and serene,  
And the Crone at Earth's welcoming grave.

So Their Love's been revealed, and  
    Their Life overflowed,  
And filled the land, sea and sky;  
They founded Their House, and  
    Spread out Their Hands,  
And Faerie established thereby.

Then She crowned Him with horns, and  
    Herself took a robe  
Of black night, powdered with stars;  
And She gave back the forests, but  
    Herself took the fields,

And tends aye the babes and the barns.

But She rides to the hunt for  
Pleasure at times,  
With Her Huntsman riding beside;  
And He gives Her the chase, for  
Her pack of Hell-hounds,  
And bleeds out His life for Her pride.

But She loves Him too much, and  
With the turn of the year,  
She restores the Wierd of the Land;  
She crowns Him again, and forth  
Do they ride,  
Queen Cardea, and Cernunnos, Her Man.

© Elmar T. Schmeisser