

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.

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