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by

Jack R. Wesdorp

Introduction

Garnet Eyes is the third in a trilogy: *Juniper*, *Rose Lucidé*, and *Garnet Eyes*.

Rose Lucidé was published in the August 2011 issue of *Ygdrasil* and *Juniper* in the March 2010 issue. Both are available in the *Ygdrasil* Book Rack.

Garnet Eyes

**I was born during a thunderstorm,
it was a harvest moon my mom said,
a fine girl child, every way normal,
with flaming red hair curled on my head.
I remember when I turned thirteen,
I got my period during Lent,
couldn't go to church, wouldn't be seen,
smelled like blood, didn't know what it meant.
It was a troubled time, boys were creeps,
I never went to parties, and dates
didn't happen, all I did was sleep
and dream of far away shore estates
that I'd inherit from some rich prince,
who'd just died conveniently of AIDS,
in a drainage ditch, ain't seen him since,
but had the hots for girls in red braids,
(my dreams had stone sanguine sexy plots),
I'd wind up living in his mansion,
ignore the local guys' jealous wrath,
and get with John Dee's necromancing.**

**Yeah, I'm a boy-crazy flightless witch;
how I hated their importunate glance,
hearing "carrot top" and "lezzie bitch",
ain't no fire in my circumstance;
yet I desired to dance naked
in the orchard of our farmstead field,
and so, alone, I learned to shake it**

**as well as any glitter whore kneeled
before the altar of her cunt's purse;
I liked it and worked sex to the hilt,
call it benison, up front, or curse,
it's a mind's eye warehouse that I built;
I grew my hair and felt much better,
I wouldn't let a barber near me;
I cut a new image, much wetter
than the scarce beanpole I feared to be;
then I thought of becoming a nun,
but figured I'd got too hot for that;
I ain't into games that can't be won,
nor the snot-nosed aristocrat act;
I'm blue collar with a don't touch me,
working girl with ain I not don't need it,
secret why don't you try to catch me,
find a holy grail, lead me to it;
those early years set me to thinking,
I spent my time in library stacks;
while my friends went fucking and drinking
I walked arcane off the well-trod tracks.**

**That's how I learned lots of occult lore,
sifting through those old manuscript shelves,
until finally I found a door,
or maybe that door took me by stealth,
I didn't much care, I just went through
listening to a voice in my mind
telling me real quiet what to do
about that horny girl spell-binding;
and no one suspected that I hid
another in me, they'd have said "nuts",**

**just another crazy frigid kid
with her thumb stuck up her headroom butt.
So that's how it surely came to be
I lived with gypsies, trekked through Egypt,
later entered university
at Oxford and studied ancient script.**

**Twenty-two, I'm still a virgin witch,
spent my birthday at Saqqara field
digging up some sand forgotten niche
and found a jar of unguent, still sealed
with gold-capped intaglio and fust;
Holy Mother I think and squirrel
it close between my breasts, *Try to bust me*
I remember grousing, parallel
paths converging in the skein of things,
congruent flames on a pitch of time,
something scrabble hard with fiery wings,
and a sparkle weft of ancient rhyme,
my voice whispering *Now you've found it,
take it out into the desert sand,
set a circle of stones around it,
bind your tresses with a silver band,
burn cedar, stand naked, call me forth
and I will come to thee full vigor,
we shall plumb the depth, measure its worth,
test our mettle, decide our rigor,
and then, well, then we will see what's what.***

**Which is what I do the next full moon,
a nacreous eye out on the flats
between the step pyramid and dunes,**

**down in a ruined roofless abattoir
smelling of camel dung, but private
enough to hide my fire, too far
for the casual tourist, and the huts
of the locals are next down-river;
I drink my bodega dry and strip,
draw three handcraft tools from their quiver:
an iron knife I cast in the crypt
at Chartres (yes, the monks allow that),
a goblet of exquisite Steuben,
and a handful of Ararat sand
flecked with garnet. I am embroidered
and able, unslaked and genuine,
willing to walk up to the high brink
of wizardry and fling myself in.
It's always a menial place I think,
where the most stupendous acts play out,
in a manger, on an offal hill,
where religions are birthed and espoused,
earth kneels divine, beholden to will.**

***To the jar, to the jar, it's urging,
pry me off, set me free from your mind,
take me and breathe me, bowsprit forging
through a surging swell of claret wine
the color of Homeric storm-tossed,
a wave front of urging Athena,
Artemis searching for a lost bolt,
Aphrodite coming mean and raw,
yes, a sanguine sort, off with the lid!
It's...remarkable; pungent; sparkle;
one hell of a barrel on the skids;***

**packed with star-stuff, ice, and narcotics;
(scoparius, wolfsbane, and mandrake;
veratrine, atropine, and hemp seed;
papaver, amanita, cane brake,
storax for substance, and jimson weed);
I dip a cautious finger, it's cool,
like some alcohol evaporate,
waft a bit to my nose, I'm no fool,
breathe a bit, recap, sit back to wait...
...it comes on slow, imperceptible,
my cedar logs mutter content wist,
a whisp of smoke curling sibilant
into night, a coalescing mist,
turning from grey to garnet brilliant,
ambitious orange, passionate red,
I've got an itching deep up my cunt
and I can't scratch that cock in my head,
I rub more magick salve where it counts,
under my arms and on my vulva,
on my earlobes, the jar's on the ground
near the fire, a fog pale olive
shimmering up through cadmium gold,
to orange sun rise, yellow fury,
crackling set the air on fire cold
certain, logical judge and jury,
mesmerizing from an olden jar
knock me down, knock me up, take this knife,
scribe your mark on me, let's go to war
with chaos, let's play a hand of life
and the first to quit loses it all.
Ararat, where Noah came to ground,
scatter garnet-eye sand to the walls,**

make a sacred precinct sound around.

**Call him, what is his name, something moon,
scorch, flame, cedar, burning eye garnet,
my garment, no naked, coming soon,
going to hell for this, no darn it,
no damn it, yes do it, go with it,
let it happen, let the flow in me,
through me, to me, myth blow me off it,
plow, vow, allow, mow me down, I'm free...
My glass fills with chalcedony fog,
little whirlwinds of spark-stuff in it,
my own voice unreels a catalog,
a lifetime of acts in a minute;
it was an incredible drunken,
I never felt so shaken or soused,
square-masted schooner, dive bomb sunken,
I am gazed and pinned, and I am doused;
I've got the iron knife at my heart,
thinking Suicide would be a good...,
my sexual voodoo is off the chart,
and now I'm good and hot and fluid,
I'm a maniac dancing harlot
whirling dervish clove-hoof assassin,
ice virgin with a barrelhouse clit,
and a fuck me now I'm passing out.
The last to go is my singing ear,
I'm already numb, fall-down, and blind,
god who'd want me in my blowsy blear,
just enough for a last bump and grind...
something's in me, my mouth is full of,
something's in me, my horny slavers,**

**something's in me, my jewel comes off,
someone, some having ravishing force...
At that point I fair lose it out cold,
I remember *Roll on your belly,*
don't wake up dead of numb alcohol
*pill-head drowning deep-well apathy...***

**Next day, (already?), he's waiting there,
says: "You damn near killed yourself with dope,
that stuff's good for three whiffs, and you bare
your pretty to its wiles, I sure hope
I can count on your level headed,
and, by the way, ain't it about time
you got yourself pregnant and bedded?"
Somewhere, far off, I can hear a rhyme...
Yeah, damn near dead; in a desert stall
with sand storms to shred my mummy skin,
blowing dust shrouds to bury it all
and nothing to show I've even been.
"Pregnant...? You mean with a, you really...?"
I'm not the witch I've cracked myself up,
but my heart's doing Harley wheelies,
and he's filling a fine feldspar cup,
alabaster princess filigree,
(I never found my Steuben cut-glass),
silver chased free-hand wrought subtlety
with froth-quaff, and then I feel first class.
Greatest hangover cure worth billions,
Merck would give its left corporate nut,
"Erm...pregnant? Yes, my fiery hellion,
let's talk." I get this knot in my gut
and it ain't fluttery whizz squawking;**

**there's something there before it's been done,
and then I know I've been fucked walking
in my sleep laying drugged and the one,
yeah, he'd have to be the one who did,
and I asked for it, it's by my mouth,
and I'm glad, and I can't keep it hid,
oh god yes, I've been plumbed north and south,
and it feels so good and long at last,
I'm mawkish, pukish, morning after,
he sits down close up, I'm thinking fast,
in my head there's this quiet laughter,
and then he smiles: "No more mind reading,
now we can do it right, face to face."
"Didn't we?" "And no more leading you
by the crotch, I know another place."**

**And then we *really* talk; it's like this:
thirteen years my novitiate school,
another thirteen and I'm a wiz,
only then am I allowed to rule.
Two years actually spent on earth side,
three on the edge of eternity,
four on Mars where the archivists hide,
five on nowhere learning to fly free,
six in a tower out on Spica,
and another six years wherever
libraries molder and magick likes
to change faces yet never notice.
Time to learn, enough time to mother,
time to love, learn another's habit,
raise our princess daughter, drink water
from the well of wyrd, learn fire-grab,**

**storm-sail, mountain-trek, learn to be strong,
to walk long, to stay ever young fledged
out on the edge of things, where a song
sings voiceless of enough time and doom
sufficient to plant a lotus root
and watch it grow to glorious bloom
heavy with red sacrificial fruit.
Such will be my tutorial spent
an after all habit of no cloth
trade in for my jeans of childhood bent,
so I am content and nothing loath.
Off, then; just my iron blade of art,
the rest unnecessary baggage,
the knowledge I'm with child in my heart,
on the ragged road of flint witchcraft.
"Take me to the top of Everest's ring,
tell me about iron, what that means."
Asking good questions is everything;
astride his face dancer back, eyes gleam
in tandem; we lust for it all-now,
just-scaled, sword-sharp, mineral savvy,
show-stone, tell me this, and let me how,
solid, real time, wanton, and heavy.**

**Everest's peak in an earlier age
before any but Bigfoot wondered;
it's first about conjunction, then rage,
last about wandering and hand-fast;
up here you can see forever's fate,
to a beach where corsairs certainly haunt,
down to the root of tectonic plates,
and out where nuclear specters daunt;**

**“Do you think Mars wears a sword of steel?”
Monster slayer, the power to wound,
strength incarnate, the crux of what’s real
on our iron core planet typhooned
with mandorla wist, grasp its crosshaft
at the intersection of space spell,
full freedom to do the warding off,
liberation of soul from thing hell.
We move to mount Casium where Cain
slew his farmer brother, the first war
according to a book of spell bane
that I no longer believe bizarre
but of mythological interest;
“So, you think Damascus smithy-work
a worthy craft, at a mage-behest,
prerogative of kings?” His tongue forks,
“Ancient creator gods are blacksmiths;
the first iron is meteoric,
a messenger that fathoms the pith
of spirit realms, sane yet horrific,
forged in a star core furnace bellow,
sledgehammers struck on massive anvils
where souls are honed of waxen tallow
tempered in a quench of angry wills;
so, to answer your question, my dear,
yes, a worthy craft but perverted,
of altruism conjunct with fear,
of life and death, blood and cum spurted
into a vessel, and it of bone,
revelation and intuition
fell embodied in a Ka’aba stone
which is the endpoint of fruition**

**from the stars.” I think this long and far,
then, “So you believe in magick words;
fly me to Olympus Mons on Mars,
show me what the gods do with a sword.”**

**The air is sparse and heady as wine
from the first press; Mars is beautiful
beyond description, iron dust fine
and sorted coarse in the sieved dry pools
that once were oceans and tidal swirl
so long ago it hurts to invent.
Says he, more in his element: “Girl,
iron is the rail on which you’re bent,
at the altar of liberation,
a goddess craft at her spinning wheel,
in conjunctio distaff location
elsewhere from male bellicose boot heels;
it’s wood and metal, a forest charm
of feminine continuity,
one cold-forged steel, one motherhood warm,
none less than death and fertility,
two blades hung on the wall fireside,
one straight, a Roman hard-case long-knife
struck into the eye of the sun’s bride,
the other oriental curved life
laid to the throat of women’s conscience
when the moon raises her horned cup high
on a springtime southern horizon;
both are gold most precious to die for,
seraphim swords at Eden’s gate post,
as curled and spiral as a girl’s locks,”
says he, “and as I’m a scribe I boast**

**not of the tools I've collected, cocks
and cunts and whirlwinds to my bidding
that deity doesn't tolerate;
that's why I keep my own sword hidden,
and you don't yet know why we're mated."
Oh. I think about that a god spell
and come to this passage all alone,
"Stand me up before the gate of Hell,
teach me about blood chained to a stone."**

**"Hell is an ancient place fraught with sooth;
primitive instinct and desire
are its precinct, iron fist, sharp tooth,
surrounded by a ring of fire;
the door is brass-bound smithy perfect,
behind that door waits ecstatic sex,
access to the girl's hole is direct,
her altar is an explicit hex
undreamed of by those who ain't tried it."
I can say with certainty, "Not me,
not in the desert when I fried it,
not even when you came into me."
(Quiet smile, an unassuming shrug.)
Says he, and now he's solidly home:
"Blood is the red living wine, a drug
of the first water-work expressed from
our communal inner conscience lair;
don't underestimate your tresses,
Adam was the first mage with flame hair
to come striding red from the wine press;
and note this color-matter sequence:
sun yellow green wood red blood more steel,"**

he wanes pensive, I'm seeing sensual,
"the more iron in the rim of wheels
the more they burn passionate in stone.
Magnetism is the vital fluid
that binds intellect, soul into bone,
more so, there is this justice to it:
in the scales of goddess Libra's pan
lieth the heart of humanity;
and on the field at Armageddon
march twelve beasts in their iniquity."
"Tell me, do you think it apposite
that a beast renounce its principles?"
I'm a bit put off with that beast bit;
Didn't think they had kinship with us
or any clue toward right or wrong...?
Says he, "Each living thing shines with light,
all partake of divinity's song,
and even a cat knows when it's right."
Uh huh. Always liked cats more than dogs.
He continues, "In fact, all of stone
shimmers, dragonflies in a peat bog,
turtles on a log, none live alone
in the heart of things that's everywhere.
Beasts have a right to justice, not so?"
Me again, "So you think I should care
about everything equal that goes
forth on the deeps?" He, "That's your decree."
Me, "Ain't that kind of a Buddhist head?"
He, "Older than that; wherever priests
tend the One." Me, "That's like your thread?
And 'decree', does that mean I'm of worth?"
He, "Truly; the only one I know.

**It but remains to draw your gift forth;
the rest of the tree is yours to grow.”
So. And I give this a thinkalot.
We go to that holy red rock place
down under where Abo men smoke pot
and make weird psycho talk-me-god grace.**

**“Teach me what it means to be chained up
and fettered to a boulder of quartz.”
We sit on top to watch the sun’s cup
fill with promise, talk masonic arts.
“Ah, stone: existence, being, the self
which a soul builds in the firmament;
it’s durable beyond the shifting
quartz sand in an hourglass; it’s a tent,
a house, a temple where gods reside;
strength of vision, sculpture of movement;
if it’s an ashlar worked stone, then pride,
petrified music and unity,
squared-off trial and order creation,
prophetic tribe continuity;
a shattered stone: disintegration,
sometimes spiritual or mortal death,
but more often the blurring of bounds,
the universe taking a deep breath
and looking around for something new.
To be chained to such implies a bond
between soul and stone that can’t be split;
that’s the charge of a magickal wand,
to channel spirit, god’s fire in it,
man’s hand on the fulcrum of timeless;
to be chained to cubic altar stones**

**is to invest one with mortal dress,
to agree with spirit unto bone;
but change is possible if the chain
hangs loosely, to be cast off at will;
linkage of blood kinship implies pain,
marriage can be such, for it can kill
autonomy, a somber pitfall
on the road of communication,
no one should witless willing enthrall
another; that's capitulation
of the head, of thought and will and drive;
that would erase the very reason
of why souls decide to be alive;
and that is Lucifer's great treason.
I'd also call your attention to
druid chains of initiation,
whence each link embodies the voodoo
of private psychic integration..."**

**Metoo talknow, "About oaken groves?
Birch tree melody, mistletoe touch,
Baldur's death, druid lore, dragon troves?"
So much to learn, enough time to watch,
oh, this is the one I want to know,
"Tell me about opposites; are we?"
The sun turns Uluru to glowing
pyrite dusk. "One and the same; dare we?
Are congruent ghosts against the law?"
Evening slides into sparkling night-well,
he lays his horn in my lap, no bra,
that's me, a knife, very little else;
on the roof of the world's rock he sighs,**

“Watcha been waiting for, red-haired girl?”
Then...I think I take him by surprise,
I tell him, “Stick your cock in my pearl,
oh god do it now while we’re on it.”
Smith-craft strikes fire into my cleft,
Artemis shears my under hair short,
Aphrodite and Vulcan are deft
at it by now, we’re on the same wings
met at least halfway between heaven’s
sacred skill reserved to priests and kings,
ahhh, seven times, and again seven,
our chariot racing soundless wheels
hoofless horses mindless lovers come
come on come now home. And then he kneels
on the rock of the world his kingdom
spent in a flash. I am satisfied,
supine on a panther, tasted deep,
ready for another cyclone ride.
“More?” To sow, to have, to hold, to reap,
“Not the cheap date you thought me?” “Not!”
Not ready for sleep, Athena snake,
swan-necked, naked teach, “What more you got,
wanna make it on accursed Rake Hell?”
Where the poets fear to write down truth
because it will come to unctio’n’s pass,
and the prophets pander despised sooth
preached to wandering sterile asses
with their fingers up their collective.
“Wanna?” Do the forbidden, hot cold
young old shatter stone fix defective
scruples with cunt cock writ bald and bold?
I have surprised him (oh Babylon).

**He draws near again, but quench-willow,
“Sex is wonderful, yet not the one
we should be pursuing girl fellow
wizard woman, not to the exclusion
of everything else in magick’s game.
There is Temperance, there is fusion,
of opposites, of parallel flames,
of amalgam, fire brand ice steel,
a flaming sword severs paradise,
which is love, from earth’s afflicted wheel,
which is the price paid for sacrifice,
which is a broken sword, is valour
in a princely hand (or a princess),
is inheritance, probate, color
scintillate off a dragon’s incest.”
Me, “Whoa, whazzat incest thing about?”
Him-agrinning, “Sex is a self-fuck
when you get into divine round-shout,
that loop lemniscate hat wizards pluck
from where stuff turns eternal in space,
on the verge of zero and all-time?”
Me-more, “Angels fuck themselves with grace,
and grace means us mortal-souls sublime
with roundabout spirit in the stone
and back again, like that?” An apt slang,
he’s burning his horn, “Wanna get prone
on a beach where each grain of sand hangs
in the balance?” “I’m game.” So we go
to a place where rock is all there is.**

**Says he, “Each mote embodies the flow
of counter-currents; each keeps the biz**

**of angels and demons, of ladies-
in-waiting and men who are hard up,
flowing fire and marble braid frieze,
of all the card-spread ways in a cup,
of impotence and frigidity,
purity of both will and insight,
harlotry bound with virginity,
dark moon burning with garnet sunlight,
oh yes, opposites equally matched,
neither able to go it alone
unspent, yeah it's a horn and a snatch,
symbiosis of spirit and stone."**

**So; some more. I can hear a whistle,
scrannel-boned locomotive hooting,
somewhere rattling steel saber missiles
and acrid oily soot-muddied boots.
There are terrible places on earth,
where the unthinkable went down-slope,
when beast and man merged in the birthing
of demon kill-faith, burn-drown, stab-hope.
"Stand in line with stones at Treblinka
and let me see about sacrifice."
He flinches, "You'll drink my claw and hack
and five chimney stacks and all that price?"**

**Me-certain, "Sacrificial altars!"
We descend stone stairs into the crypt
at the Wewelsburg, low sulphur-waft
from a crevice deep in limestone, dipped
in human fat skin candle tallow
shadows on a wall of berserk rage.**

**Multi-eyed ten-horned last ditch bellow
apocalypse beast aeon turn the page.
He offers me a silver-chased skull
from the trapezoid ritual safe-keep,
intones, “Wherever evil men skulk,
whatsoever they’ve sown, grown, twist, reap.
Drink.” Red wine; old blood; iron virtue.
“Invert the penance invested here,
let naught turn nor anyone hurt you,
let none gainsay this, nor interfere.”
Somewhere anguished funereal flutes
slow-dance round impossible corners,
pavane for sheep-herd syrinx and lutes,
tibia bassoons, blood-stained mourners,
congregate ring-shape round monument,
circle desperation children-hand,
bent low in supplication and rent
to the quick; they come with hourglass sand
in their eyes, each stone a burned village,
from across the Danube marching soft,
from Warsaw and Smolensk killing trudge
to the place of murder, how often
repeated in men’s iniquity--
I stand on gallery audience
basalt black derelict stones weeping--
how frequent the steel electric fence,
the ghetto, the concentration camp
barbed razor childhood prison wire,
standing on a railroad siding ramp
where a million walked into fire,
how much more death-march are you willing,
how many bulldozer stinking graves,**

**where were you when the killing went down,
in Bosnia, Wounded Knee, you brave
men can you find the stone that's your town?**

**A finger scribes down cracked red pavement,
along fissured tombstones, iron rails,
gas chamber trucks -- my raving mad cunt
pours poison, spurts libel, hot cocktail
dirty radioactive revenge --
apathy voters, greedy congress,
idiot school-swarm, heed-negligence,
ah, now my harlot sloughs off her dress
and leers naked on television.
This is how Gaia comes ravenous,
not water, nor ice or derision,
it's fire this time, spavined bone dust,
starving babies, by your own hand plague,
fire, fire, fire everywhere,
her forests burn, volcano earthquake,
phosphor tremor disease, oil well flare,
venomous grease sudden food wither,
blind blaze bitter inferno end-time
nuclear winter white house blither
kremlin cave-in johannesberg slime...**

**... I spent an unconscious recover,
washed three times where it really counted,
went back to take time with my lover,
and then trekked to the fire mountain
that you've never seen. It's on Iceholme.
That's Andromeda, for you psychics;
as far away as I dared to pole**

**my spellbound barge. And there I strike six
fires, one of cedar, one of oak,
juniper, lilac, willow, and thorn;
suffuse myself thoroughly with smoke
one misty kalevala morning.
“Blow horn, ring bell, call forth, bequeathe me;
I will take my own reward up front;
before, behind, above, beneath me;
god, what will you give a red-curlled cunt?”
It’s a very long silent minute;
then there’s a kraken groan, fissures crack,
the bellowing of oath-bind in it,
zodiac whirl me girl maniac
and god damn you no more nothing loath.
We talk; god and me; we talk real long.
We strike a deal. And we pledge our troth.
I’ll be a myth; they will compose songs;
they’ll sculpture me in alabaster;
when earth cinders they’ll remember
how a redhead killed herself faster
than any sacrificial ember
laid on an iron altar, that Man
be not stomped out from Gaia’s kenning,
that “those days shall be foreshortened” and
some of you survive my Djinni end.**

**After it’s all said and dealt...I left;
to make my home on Spica Three-Moon,
from there further out into the drift,
to a tower on Moot Vanity;
three rooms with a view on everything,
a nursery, a kitchen, one bath**

**plugged in with a volcano that sings
willing to teach me Boolean math,
and a path up to a sheer cliff side
where I can hide my eyes and dive deep
and forget (going to) that I died
in the rift of oceanic sleep.**

**My dragon man-shape love drops on us
once a moon to fuck me without fail,
be a father to our child and just,
out here beyond the manifest pale;
he never disturbs our congenial,
always brings stuff my garden grows not,
a lenient dad full of finial
storied wist, and he's forever hot.**

**Good times in the universe we've built,
long walks and talk in the garden grove,
longer love spells underneath my quilt,
nor is the bind between us cloven.**

**I raise my daughter as I see fit,
send her off into life full and fledged
with all the wist of my witch-lore wit;
and then...spend an aeon on the edge.**

**Twice a spider came to visit me
to show me about spinning a thread,
to teach me web-weaving wizardry;
we quilted that cover for my bed.**

**Nine times Athena's owl came calling
bringing a catalog of card-spell;
Lucifer taught me about falling,
and Quasimodo of iron bells;
Merlin on dragons, Gardner on hex,**

**Crowley on drugs and mountain climbing,
blue Athena on celibate sex,
Homer and Yeats on spell-bind rhyming;
Scathach sent a palladium sword,
Odysseus a bow, Odin a spear,
and I read every magickal word
of Golden Dawn lore, of love and fear.
Then thirty-eight moons of contemplate,
hermit-alone on the edge of ken;
simplifying, burning off tough freight,
till there's just enough to salvage men.**

**Time is eventually come to pass,
even dragons and their mates partake;
I spent that last moon before my glass
to imagine the myth I will make.
Tell me, god, do I act this out right?
Am I worthy of your trust in me?
Will you help me get rid of my fright?
And, where am I really gonna be?
My glass is silent, I am pensive,
"Mirror on the wall speak your last first,
we wish you well, take me where I live,
and all you fucking men: **Do your worst.**"
I write my charge in simple rhyming,
four emperor lines tempered with kind,
a girl on a beach mute and miming
dancing dervish left hand high to bind,
right hand index pointed down to earth,
in my silent travail, *could you hear*,
all the working of death and rebirth,
all that I hate and all I hold dear:**

***Though you strike me down, I grow stronger;
though you erase me, I live longer;
and if it be fate to die apart,
know that I'll keep you safe in my heart."***

**After that spell, it only remains
to act it out on a bloody stage;
I fall to earth on the Nazcan plains
high on the altiplano of rage,
walk to Tiahuanaco, pass through
the Gate of the Sun ancient coursing,
examine me close, buy a dress new,
leave no trail, walk rose-garth, gather force;
walkabout my favorite places,
Uluru when we got really high,
Brodgar's Ring where the solstice traces
pre-ice age curved stone-dance to die in,
to the rim of Erebus' cauldron
whence a lake aflame barter with ice,
on the top course of Saqqara rim
where I can see our old pay the price
enacted down in a camel stall,
so long ago, so long ago done,
sweet love unguent salved with bitter gall,
and all, and all, and all to be One.
I wander mareotic lake reeds,
across Sinai and a burning bush,
take a good look how the Red Sea bleeds
into an empty-oil cavern gush,
and just how close that is to magma
boiling iron core blow-out finesse,**

**I gag on crypt-rotting-egg flag-rah,
to find the way. I hike up my dress,
tear a strip from its hem for my brow,
hot white on red, walk the Saq to hell,
climb those wentling stairs to where it's Now!,
to meet my love hand in horn and well.**

**Now we step to the moment of murder;
Help me oh dear god I'm not ready,
it flashes; spark down through iron and blood.
a Hiroshima flare stabs my brain,
a girl embraces a molten pillar,
it's painless, then I know I am dead;
fuses her hemoglobin with fire,
I think I feel a hard iron rain,
waxes magnetic up fluxian bands,
two hands reach from a compelling cloud,
and strews her heart out into reckless night.
I am cradled against feral wolves,
I can smell her scorched hair, her burned black breast;
though I walk through dread valleys of doubt,
taste the sour stomach juice of her last meal;
sip a fool's ululating lament,
hear a wailing scream cast from a high cliff;
I shall fear no mortal crumpled cloth,
see naught but a phantom banshee huddle;
cast off and grown immense with surprise,
know that the one I love is sacrificed,
that there is no love out here, nor wrath.
All the folk songs of earth are unaware
"What is now?" I wonder, Garnet Eyes,
"that such a one has grasped the one true flame,**

**what happens to a myth not yet born,
has consigned herself to a lonely pyre
now that I am burned unwitnessed sparks?”
out beyond the place where souls congregate.
So far, so far. “And what of the horn
has done so in the faith that she may ease
I hear calling in silver darkness?”
the wrath of a goddess so long defiled.
I grope to the sound, somewhere above...
But a moon cares; and three women love me.
...three times I try, and then I break free.**

**Three stood by me; thrice their thread weaving,
once for Gaia, that she not falter,
one time for daughters, that they grieve not,
and once for the men, whose steel halter
I unchain forever and a day --
that’s the Last Judgment Day we traded
for a sculpture worthy of god’s play
set on a stage that men’s hands have made
but fled and left empty uncurtained.
Out here in the drift it’s a lonely,
my wheel turns but there’s none of fortune,
melodic planetary droning
foreign to my ear, nothing like home,
alien, not human, spectral sitars
somehow sideways my own mind’s roaming;
hydrogen hiss, star funiculars,
nebulous thought-stuff with a twisting,
kind of like drifting in quicksilver
without ever getting the real gist
of what’s happening or what it’s for...**

**...an indeterminate no-place head,
and I remember thinking *Adrift,*
you are cast adrift, marooned and dead,
and no amount of spell-thought lifting
will get you out of here, Garnet Eyes.
But...there is something; there is hunger,
thirst and appetite, a sideways-wise
crab shuffle to where I used to come;
in my Virgo belly, I can taste
the birth of a child...this must be me,
maybe we're one and the same in haste
perhaps Mozart blows god's horn fluent
possibly I've a way to see me
probably I'll progress travel walk
likely we'll find a way to free me
certainly they'll want to talk with me
absolutely I'm not alone then?
Granted there must be others like me,
agreed we must be loved and willing
when another calls, is not this so?
Suddenly I'm flying very fast,
sooner than light, quicker than quarks go,
earlier than thinking in the past,
rushing home. The first place I come to
from the outside everyone is gone,
the first place I used to feel at home,
it's where he left a candle light on.**

**A candle burning in a window,
thank you god for candle wax and flame,
thank you for hunger in my widow's
belly, thank you that I have a name;**

oh god I owe you bigtime, and for him,
and for the three of them, and for her,
for my tower out here on the rim,
for that mirror...oh, I've...still got...curls.
Self-image, girl, who do you look like?
Can you see yourself? And that's the trick
for this chick just back from a lost hike,
and then I got very very sick,
insane asylum sick, blind garnet,
sanatorium way the hell out,
figure it off for myself learn it,
find out who I am without a doubt,
lots of mirrors, walls, and glass in that,
a kitchen, oh look, a nursery,
three rooms, gardens, what must be a path,
a place then, I am a place, but free,
free to scribe my circle round what's me,
and everything outside is other,
everything inside is only me,
and yes onetime I am a mother,
and yes sometimes I take a lover,
but only if he comes calling good,
brings me a rose, doesn't hover
when I want to be misunderstood...
a complicated grow-up process,
it takes me several years of shuffle,
three years to graduate to a dress
and raise a palace from a hovel.

He wrote me this fabulous letter,
I read it at least a hundred times,
I know he's thinking *This will get her,*

**it's rife with embedded magick rhymes.
The truth? It's the finest love note-worth
I'm ever likely to get, bar none,
and I'm not that sanguine any more
that I'm willing to live all alone
for the balance of eternity;
infinity is one hellish field
in which to burn a life's equity;
better to stand side by side than kneeled
withering into obscurity
in desolate nowhere. Here, read this:**

***Live with me in a world of our own fire and ice.
Let us be lovers; let us share one cup between us.
I've been told that you're willing to pay a ghastly price,
and I tell you that this need not be; for gods have seen
us and smiled their countenance upon our wander way-
step. That which we agree is far stronger than human
wist; the intersection of souls is where the bond is kept
that binds this universe together with mill-wheel grist
ground fine between the stone and spirit. Let us build
tall, let us raise pearl minarets and fill them with
children; I, who surrender the love of Three and risk
their gall, I would trade such glad if you'll be my willing
woman. I am Burning Moon, Mirror of Mercy; be thou
mine?***

**I've trouble coming on with the real;
I invite him to candle dinner;
absence and the heart, yes, that I feel,
and also this: I am a winter
wide way from anything worth my while;**

**I remember warmth, it's cold out here;
I remember that fuck by the Nile
when it all seemed brilliantly fearsome;
I remember a soft caress touch
on my breast whence we birthed a daughter;
I remember when he used to watch
for dangerous reefs; there was laughter,
not too much of that now I'm thinking;
there was love, solitary's OK,
but I miss our one-up-man's brinking
on the very edge, *Will you stay on?*
Four words whispered to a mirror glass;
two eyes ready for to take courage;
one heart laid in the bedroom balance;
how much have we made love on the verge
without getting at the real of it?
Even gods hold their breath during love,
fearing their bind-spell will fall to shit,
after all, as below so above...**

**And then one night-moon when we had talked
I have the oath on straight in my head;
after that it was like we had walked
together forever till we're dead
and the universe a burnt cinder
collapsed back on itself full-knowing,
and there ain't no more stars for tinder
to strike a spark in, get it going
for another roll round the hay loft;
I whispered it to my mirror glass,
just to hear how it spun in the weft
of timeless; and so this came to pass:**

**Well, sex ain't all it's cracked up to be,
but it is a first class sorcery;
let us fuse your fire with my steel,
the tide at its flood beneath our keel,
on oceans of night aswarm with stars,
past foreign reefs and treacherous bars
to the sand of a terminal beach
so far out of reach not even god
has left footprints in its virgin sod.**

**I heard him muttering *God's girlfriend*,
and something about *Typhoon keep-score*,
occult snippets about *Pearls and End*,
but I didn't wanna hear no more;
did my bit, it's hell's own payback time,
and he shrugged his wings as if to say,
"Sure, love, let's get on, we're in our prime,
no bridges left to burn, let's go play...."**

**A long time after, when Earth spins empty,
and her children are fled to deep star wells,
on a mountain peak once called Palomar,
beneath a vitrine museum dome roof,
there kneels a slim alabaster figure,
garnet eyes cast up ever out to where
her own child wanders full fledged and favored.
Those claret eyes cannot weep; they need not,
for in the deed of her days lies comfort,
and those of us who can *see* revere her.**

Post Scriptum

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