

Return to the Goddess

In the circle wreathed in light
The magician stood and called
It had been many, many a night
Since he had begun to fall
And then forgot his heart.

Day to day his pain had grown
As he suffered the mistakes of others
He descended to a Hell unknown
To avoid had he had his druthers
Yet still it tore him apart.

His wife looked on in helpless plight
As surgery tore away his strength
Some pain was healed but all not right
Suffering to linger at some length
And some never to abate.

Yet all this time he had neglected
The love he'd found when he was young
Forgotten, lost and misdirected
Severed from the ancient song
Of her sweet voice at night.

He'd visited the mighty halls
Of the Gods which were worshipped nearby
For he thought he'd heard their mighty calls
To them he would ally
But they were not for him.

To Christ he tried to bend his knee
But He turned away his face
For I could not his mother see
In her resplendent grace
Reminding him of his Love.

And into the tents of Abraham's kin
He travelled and learned their ways
And even though he was without sin
And though HaShem he'd praise
He was not fulfilled.

But on this night he recalled his love
And looked up to the sky
And shining amongst the stars above
He saw her Lunar Eye
And called her to his breast.

And she appeared as of old
Her dress hung from beneath her breasts
A fashion that would, today be bold
But was an ancient remembrance
For Gods are not so flighty.

And she descended from the sky
Bejeweled face and hair
The blue symbols around her eye
Recalling her Uncle's care
For He taught her all she knew.

And her true love she did embrace
So long had it been that he was lost
And to her breast she held his face
His tears dripping like midnight frost
Upon her luxurious skin.

It is a curse of Immortal Souls
That they fall in love with mortals
Even in the ancient scrolls
Demigods followed such portals
To be born from their love.

The magician was not new to this
His Uncle had loved her Mother
For she is Beautiful Isis
His heart, filled with no other
Too long forgotten comfort.

For he was her priest, chosen when young
He had, in life's din, forgotten
But now he returned to his rightful God
Dressed in Egyptian cotton
To heal his soul's deep wounds.

And to his wife, he knows her well
And often she has been host
That the loving Goddess can excel
To share bodies with her ghost
That all may know her love.

Now his heart it does rejoice
His true love's wings embrace him
And he can hear her tender voice
His heart filled to the brim
For now he has come home.