

## 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.