

Lux Rose

by stylus *Thursday, Jul 1 2010, 9:26pm*

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with a tweak
your blood-red
petals
blossom
and surge in my body
stealing my
mind and soul
-- your love courses
through my being.

you take it all
but return more,
you never displease
or disappoint, always
reliable, True.

your constancy has carried me over
chasms and crevasses that others
could not conceive of spanning;
feeble souls,
they lack a sturdy companion
a faithful consort (Goddess)
an all-consuming Lover.

you once carried me,
mortally wounded,
from the battlefield
and somehow brought me back to life;
you sustained and cared for me
until i grew strong again
stronger than before.

you took me to the mountaintop
a vantage
from which
new fields of battle
became apparent,
[in which we now engage
a vexed
and confounded enemy].

you fed me ambrosia and manna
reserved for Gods
until i ascended
to the immortals
beyond the reach of petty,
frightened beings.

Your love is terrible,
stronger than heaven
and earth, all-possessing;
yet it became clear
that it was time --
time to take what we
had learned from each other
and cut courses anew,
each with a singular mission.

what hope the vermin that rape, steal
and poison the earth,
THEIR time fast approaches?

they feel our breath
on the whites of their necks
and turn
we see the fear in their eyes;

an entire world prepares for the Purging.