

Poetry Series

**Steve Trimmer**  
**- poems -**

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# Steve Trimmer(Aug.11,1973)

# A Bucolic Epode Of Aristaeus

Flote after flote (of Poseidon's nefarious tridents)  
Clash upon the shores of my Mother's land (The Huntress)  
Flouncing waywardly (this tide of wrath)  
These waves of contention  
My mind's own eye ambulates in countermand  
Back, back, back□  
To my beginnings

Pindar recollects but a late version (his tale a pasquinade at best)  
Of my genesis, an' those they call The Cyreneans  
Marry, 'twere my mother Cyrene they fettered  
An' retinues of Battus (of whom which Pindar extols)  
They led a colony unto Libya's shores  
Naming the port-city for mine own Mother  
An, the port itself for mine own ostensible father  
Port of Apollonia (neath mislaid solar-grins)  
Colony from whence Thera, came they  
An' claim lineage by me, Aristaeus; in 691 B.C.  
Thus Battus is hailed as first king in Cyrene's dynasty.....

.....dry thine eyes precious Mother, I shall deliver thee from their prison  
tower.....I swear it to be so

I was not always this love-child (forced unto Apollo's reign)  
So written in by the sycophant-scribes it the court of King Battus  
Those who dare write rhetoric  
As though it were rhapsody  
Those who would contrive baleful quatrains  
Coupled with disingenuous metre  
Written with quills plucked so irreverently from a trepidatious caged ibis  
Dipped in ink they hent from a harried cuttlefish  
(At Cape Sepias the throes felt they.....poor Daughters of Tethys)  
No, once I wert not besmirched so heinously  
Un-thwarted by the contrivances of such o'erween minions  
Who so befouled my name with pernicious lies

Long ere the breaching by Pindar's words  
Magnesia wast verily lovelorn with my Mother.....Cyrene  
Cyrene led The Centaurs in these dauntless epochs

The trident of Poseidon had not yet stabbed our unsullied shores  
My dearest Mother was the omniscient Muse Queen of The Centaurs  
The Equine Goddess of Magnesia (the beautiful mare)  
We of Magnesia were enamoured by the beat of Her thundering hooves  
Bringeth truth to Thessaly, She surely did  
Her Naiads sang upon our beaches  
Tides of prettily clad virtues washed ashore  
Cyrene loved Ares in these times;  
For he had not yet sensed his penchant for war  
He had penchants only for love and quietude  
Ares lyre had yet to be indentured for 's spear (blessed be Dione)

As I recline here now  
Neath this tree of myrtle;  
I recall still, the ambrosial melodies of the Myrtle Nymphs (such solace abounds)  
They, the singers to me, in mine own crib  
Nary a care had I then; my heart yet not heavy  
Well-a-day! .....Those times be now gone  
For those souls of our consanguinity  
Took the Myrtle-boughs  
To colony of Thera; while-ere methinks  
En route to Apollonia (Lady Libya bound now in 's gyves)

Hesiod the folly claims me a 'pastoral Apollo'  
As of late  
Oh! How I do abhor such titular claims;  
A cult-title of Cean Zeus (it can be not so)  
As Ceos Isle burns neath the Dog Star?  
Or Arcadian Zeus? (ne'er can it be)  
Forgive me Hera (for I be not such a hector upon thy lands)  
Drown me in a Fosse if it be so!

Yet, there are a few who claim me as a child of Hermes-Thoth  
This.....yes this, remembers I  
In Boeotia I answered to the name Ram-Bearer;  
In age of The Ram (ah! I hear it.....The Mill churns!)  
Tis 'r fish.....swimming sagaciously in the pool of Sophia  
I was he; son of Metis.....Mercurial Child  
He who floats in Her waves of profundity  
What gifts She doth betem 'pon me!

.....At such apace, fee grief besets my conscience;

For once I was Finn Mac Cool in Hyperborean Eire (salmon flesh didst I eat)  
'Twere I, Thoth, who loved Ma'at at Hermopolis (in creation, city of 8)  
Forsooth, 'twere I, upon Ceos Isle; they propitiated me in Dog Days unfair  
At Cyrene City the sheep begird me  
As do those fish from the Cyrenic Sea (waters of my Mother dear)  
The Ram I carry.....(What of Ares? .....his lyre torn asunder)  
I serve 'r Lady; The Greater Sun of Sirius realm  
Copious truth be innate in Dog Days fair; Thoth recalls it (Thoth so reclaims it for Her)

Virgil, in later ages, will write georgics;  
Attesting to my days as skep-keeper of divine bees  
Yet, it skills not to he  
Of where or what or whom my bees were bred of;  
From carcasses of cattle?  
Nary be it so; My bees, they cometh not of cattle  
                    For they didst swarm an' rattle...but...  
                    From whence the Lion's life.....undone in battle

My Mother, dear Cyrene the fair  
So grants him death-in-life  
He is the Sacred King..... She snares  
Who feels the Bee Muse, thrust 'r knife

Cyrene, Lioness...Sun Goddess  
Oblates Her harvest Lion King  
Sun rising in Leo star of August  
It is time to feel Her sting

For 'tis I, Aristaeus, who keeps the bees  
Kept in trust for my Mother.....Cyrene;

Oh! Cyrene  
Goddess of The Bees  
Lady Lioness  
Great Naiad Nymph Queen  
Voluptuous Mare of Wisdom  
An' Lady of the Sea

As Her valiant wheel turns  
The Lion King lay down

The Great Pan dost return  
As the Dog Star ambles round

The Keeper of The Bees  
Is keeper of the truth  
Mercurial Child so sees  
The Cycle; from branch to root.....lion to goat to serpent (an annual journey done)

I am the child who serves Her  
I am Thoth of Lady Ma'at (Dog Days seer on Nile of Solar Isis)  
I am Hermes, messenger of Metis (curse the Olympians)  
I am Finn Mac Cool in the Salmon Pool;

At the Hazel Tree 'tis where I see  
With the Cretan Craft, olives I graft  
(Sweet whispers of the Oleaster

Grove)

I eat from Pomegranate Trees of Nemesis  
I stand in Hera's own Garden of Hesperides

Rhiannon sustains me, of Apples in Avalon Orchards (Tir na Nog...land of the young)  
(as Branwen's swims cyclically o'er The Island waters...Her footprints still adorn the sand)  
As does Eve..... in Eden's Garden

Sweet figs from The Serpent; Red an' Black, Back an' Red  
Truth of the Red Planets  
Black from Eurynome's primordial void

Alack! The hearts of The Centaurs discandy as I speak;  
They may disbranch the Fruit Trees of the erudite  
They may put chase 'gainst The Great Mare, pushing Her back to The Sea  
(venery un-folds.....hearts now un-done I say)  
They may purloin 'r Ladyship's honey-sweet hives  
.....but Her truth lives on, Her universe lives on (look only to the macrocosm my children) , and by'r blood.....aye.....Her children live on

.....repent fellow Centaurs.....do repent I beg

For I am Aristaeus.....betrayed by his own people; The Centaurs

Forsaken, an' given o'er to Poseidon  
Along with my Mother, dear Cyrene  
Hither and thither, the ire-minded sea-god swims to the war march  
He, who leads us down many a road in shackles  
His tractable scribes re-write an' expurgate our epics

Yet, we despair not, lest we forget this.....  
There is only one tale  
There is only one road.....which leads to the varied natured paths of The  
Source

My friends, my sisters, my brothers  
Go to where the road ends  
Seek the paths amidst The Trees  
This be where truth doth abound

Melancholy betook my heart  
As the Age of Pisces dawned  
Until The Fates came in form unto me

In subtle tones, to me spake they;

" Harken thy Mother child  
Harken thy Mother child  
Harken thy Mother child"

In distant memory I soon can hear words uttered in modernity's tongues, Cyrene  
doth quo';

" Remember my son, 'tis we of energy Mercurial  
We fly far enough from our Sun, Theia, not to be scorched  
Yet close enough to harness Her power  
We fly in close enough to Venus, Tethys, not to be clouded in emotion  
Yet close enough to harness Her love  
Earth is next in line my son  
An' with powerful light of The Sun behind us  
An' comely love of Venus in the front of us  
We will fly forward.....  
.....and thus change the world  
An' Mars, Dione, will hold up Her shield to reflect all the lost Love and Light back  
to Earth;

.....Red to Red  
Black to Black  
Blood to Blood  
Will bring Love back”

Humble bee my bumble bees  
I am Aristaeus.....Son of Cyrene

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer



# A Cambrian Tale In Cornwall; A Bardic Riddle

Loath is he to feel  
Such emotive trepidation  
By Taliesin's own devise  
Yet, Morgana's love abounds (with ruby-blackened tears)

Swirling widdershins (in counter-form as so)  
Brewing West to East (as Merlin decrees)  
A song of South to North (fire to earth)  
A solar battle of Toe to Head (waning to waxing)

"For thou hath bruised my temple"  
Proclaims aloud Lord Hu Gadarn  
"Yet soon thy heal will I smite"  
As the wave of Dylan washes 'pon the Cornish Shores

At the stones of Men an Tol stands he  
Arthurian Hero, child of Arianrhod, Lancelot as his weird  
Set alight yet again in a neo-flesh coil  
Oh! Dearest Isolde....is love with Lord Mark or Tristan?

Druids pound a drum  
On Tintagel's Mount  
Oh! Ye of blessed heart  
Be loved by She  
In The Mists of Avalon

The spell is cast from The Cauldron of Plenty  
Lady Vivian smiles from the deep  
As Her hand protrudes from bluing lake waters  
Excaliber (or rather; Caladfwlch – Hard Dinter) is bestowed upon the worthy

As they struggle this perennial solar dance  
The sword shall pass from West to East  
South to North.....Toe to Head

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# A Forgotten Song Of Phthia

(tuned in concert pitch; capo 3rd fret; Em - C - G - D)

(chorus)

Lady Myrmex  
I led your Myrmidons  
Lady Myrmex  
I love your Myrmidons, Myrmidons  
Lady Myrmex.....  
Lady Myrmex.....

(verse I)

The Ants go marching 3x3  
Reclaiming lands from whence The Sea  
Phthia is our sacred home  
We revere our Queen Ant's throne  
Lady Myrmex.....  
Lady Myrmex.....

(verse II)

Peleus, name that they call of me  
The Muddy One who serves 's Queen  
Phthian sons prepare to bleed  
This is the last sunrise they'll see  
Lady Myrmex.....  
Lady Myrmex.....

(chorus)

(verse III)

The Underland is now our home  
In Elysian Realms, neath catacombs  
The Willows weep, yet not in vain  
For She will rise an' live again  
Lady Myrmex.....  
Lady Myrmex.....

(chorus)

(repeat verse I)

(chorus)

Steve Trimmer

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# A Hymn To The Hierophant's Guild; Typhon's Own

Upon the dolmen, in these ancient Nabataean lands  
I sit; In a self-contrived penance  
For magick of modernity didst so betray Her  
Tis I, Thoth, fettered in these bournes so contemporary (Hermetic child of Metis)  
Tis I, who wast so baptized in Mercurial flames  
Tis I, the last to remember Her duty  
An' Her lunar countenance

Alack! Alack! For Dark Magick of the left hand path hath been condemned  
By folly orders of neo-Coptics (garbed in baby-blue robes of ignominy)  
An' pseudo-Hermetic zealots (acolytes to the malevolent solar-god)  
For, verily, the real and true Hermes canst be remembered not  
The folly orders and guilds forget him, and nothing care  
Deem they this; that the Dark Left is iniquitous witchcraft? .....fools!

Yet, anon, tis I who so recalls the truth of the matter  
Whilst in flight with Bat Goddess – Lilith (Her sharpened blued eyes betake my  
soul)  
An' Her vampyric priestesshood of succubi – The Lilim  
An' Her vampyric incubi priests- the true Edomite sons of Adam  
Dark angels soar amidst the silver glower of Night  
Willows weep in salicin lament; swarthy tears of baneful beauty  
I bask in the melancholic silence at Her necropolis  
Her duty so well done; Ah! beauteous death!

As rising sun peeks o'er the glen (Bast roars in anguish, yet Sekhmet harbours  
little concern)  
We receive those reproachful glares (an' so the cowards ascend)  
We are soon accosted mendacious minions of Horus; garbed in baby blue  
They cast stares of malediction `pon us  
With bludgeons brandished; an' consciousness forgone of amity  
They soon put chase to us, caring nothing for our loveliness  
An' our darkened sweet bloodied souls

This question I now ask of the Horus Clan;

“Who is the iniquitous here my brothers?  
Who is that passes judgment with such hate-fraught jeers?”

Tis not we, The Children of Darkness, marry no.....  
Only cuckolds of a fettered Queen wouldst think it so! "

They hearken me not (deafened by the solar winds)  
So in the stead of love, they sling stones and spears .....and malignant  
expletives  
To the caves we fled (to `r mother's womb)  
Ere the passing of such judgment meets us with our own demise  
We nothing care  
For we are The Immortals

"Oh! Isis! Awaken! .....Thine own Sister Lilith calls to thee", I beg  
"Awaken Great Mother!  
Hast thou truly lost all sensation in thy left hand?  
Thy hand of Left which hast so been tethered to thy heel of Right for far, far too  
long! "

By the dint of degradation, Goddess Isis walks in circles blindly  
Yes, walks round in circles, devoid and lost to Her true Self  
Chained to the tower that the war gods gaol'd Her in  
Fore'er She spins the deosil spinning  
Bound to Her Chair of Lost Memory  
Spinning, spinning, spinning sun-wise  
Til dizzy tingles and nausea beset Her very heart  
Til mendacity becomes veracity, and contrariwise (please remember m'Lady)  
Til Dark becomes evil  
Til spiteful white lights become benevolent (Nephythys weeps in horror)  
Til lies become truth, an' truth become lies  
Til the cage gives way to acceptance  
Oh! Please remember!  
Emancipate Dark Isis, Sweet Nephythys the fair  
Re-set the wheel counter-wise m'Lady  
To all precessions moving moon-wise  
To the Widdershins of Truth  
Remove the fetters from thy right heel and thy left hand  
Move left! Move left m'Lady  
For we, The Children of Lilith, are surely devic  
An' Set loves thee still, though thou hast rebuked him.....  
.....as Typhon's Queen

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# A Lost Epopee To The Dana

Ere prose-rhetorics of epistrophe;  
Uttered hind the bestial haughtiness of columned marble  
Ere ostensible kingdoms;  
Of jejune opprobrium (of which Belus and Aegyptus feigned Peloponnese  
command)  
When lyrists so beheld laureates of The Swain  
A Thesmophorian demise unto abyssal bliss and desire  
Neath drowning-tides of Her loveliness (a liquid breath inhaled)  
In bower of The Dana.....Lady Il-Dana

Leapeth forth did we (many furlongs o'er Her watery climes)  
Complacently immured by wet kiss of Her tidal-blued lips  
Quittance paid we, in life gestures; weary-worn  
In pending abysms of restoration  
A recreant's nightmare (forwent of faith)  
A corsair's dream (by all accounts faring well)  
In bower of The Dana.....darling Dana

Forsooth, were it She;  
Lady Don of Cambria (I, Her child Gwydion ap Don)  
The Hydra (with 50 Danaid daughters who spoke as one)  
Lady Dam-Kina (in lands 'tween Tigris and Euphrates flows)  
Lady Dinah (rainmaker oracle of Levant shores)  
Recompense of love and life; bestowed upon he who spares Her valued  
maidenhead  
He, suffering not the needle-sharp throes in beating heart  
In bower of The Dana.....the demiurge Dana

So She guides this barque, with Her own ascendancy  
Dearest Danae of the indigo holy deep  
From whence my beloved resides  
I feel Her aquatic tears, so longingly blue  
Besprent from azur'd sky so clouding  
Tears, falling, to the undulating waves of a doleful heart  
In bower of The Dana.....plaintive-sweet Dana

Go we must  
Linger here we can not

This epode say we;

“Fealty to Dana, pledge we so preen  
Ne’er forsaking our Danaid Queen  
To Erin’s Isle, sail we from Canaan  
To unsullied abodes; know us now as the Danaans”

.....Tuatha de Danaan  
Children of Dana  
Praise to She upon the headland  
We, now forged from the twilight mists of the western Fates  
In bower of The Dana.....Great Lady Dana

Steve Trimmer



# A Miscreant`s Soliloquy

Ne`er shalt I throw pearls to swine  
Nor gems to fools insipid  
I reserve such treasures for those divine  
Who dare volitive thought so intrepid

Steve Trimmer

# A Recreant's Soliloquy?

Can not.....can not think.....  
.....can not.....where be the godhead? .....

Need the godhead (the demagogue shepherd of spirit leeching)

.....  
.....think for me my godhead

Steve Trimmer

# A Requiem To Dear Brian And Nathan

Reft am I, lamenting heart  
To recall the lost life of my brother Brian  
To recall the lost life of my nephew Nathan  
Fain, I reminisce the effulgence of my loved ones  
Yet, they`re souls hath been blighted.....I repine

My little brother, whom I`ve loved since his birth  
My little brother, whom I wast to protect  
My little brother, my best friend  
My little brother, Brian The Strong.....

In dree, I suffer plaintively.....Rout I Feel

Brian The Strong, true Son of Tuireann  
What cocophany hath befell upon thee that day?  
What froward lubber crossed thy path?  
To besmirch thee, rending our family asunder  
Brian who wast erstwhile so prolific.....now gone  
Nathan who wast a fine boy so fair.....now gone  
Ne`er to return.....We, piqued and doleful

My heart, in fen, so disquiet.....heart o` flotsam  
Pledge fealty to my loved ones lost

Brian, a prodigious father and husband.....now gone  
Brian, whom I couldst depend on forthwith.....now gone  
Brian, a loving son, grandson, brother.....now gone

For no recompense of gauds or mintage couldst assuage our melancholy

Oft times, I see Brian and Nathan whilst in dreamings  
On Imrammic reveries, I see the twain, father and son;

With Aegis amidst Elysian Fields  
With Eurynome at Olympia`s base  
With Hecate, Labrys that She wields  
With Branwen in Her Lady`s Lake

In parley we engage, away from periphery of Temporal Realms

Bedlam or lucidity? ..... I ne`er to behest  
For The Lady Aegis is our guide, She who betakes us  
Aniconic or of flesh, The Megatheria begird  
O Great Muses of The River Styx.....They sing

Oh brothers, thou art rout  
For eternal life is nigh  
This laconic incantation shout  
When landing on far river side.....'For Love, For Dis'

My lads, veracious words we speak  
For Dis be not Hades-Pluto  
For Dis is Lady Bane Moon, thou seek  
Hecate of Hera`s Trio

Devoid of trepidation, my loved ones opt  
To tarry with The Dryads, in The Elysian Fields  
Or journey to The Garden of Hesperides  
Or swim with The Nymphs at Isle of Avalon  
Where The Three Daughters render their succour and guardianship

For temporal measure is illusory.....

Their energies accessed by Chimeric visions.....and The Muses

.....paths cross

To Brian and Nathan with Love  
Atropos of The Fates, hath beget Her shears.....much to soon  
Clotho The Moerae hadst only.....just spun thread  
Oh Lachesis.....who`s measure is short!  
I bewail! .....Thou hast taken our stalwart two

To my little brother and his bantling, I shalt wait for thee  
At the bournes of Arboreal Rhymes  
In the dells of Sacred Trees  
Seek The Lunar Hind, to find, the versifier that is me

Sleep well Brian and Nathan, thy barrows bedewed in Love

We bid thee vale



# A Rhapsody To Urana

We know of Uranus, God to The Sky  
Declaimed by Hellenic Invaders of Thessaly  
Yet history forgets the true Sky Deity  
The lovely Urana, Sky Goddess of equanimity

Her name's eponymy, `Queen of The Mountains`  
`Queen of Summer`, `Queen of The Winds`  
`Queen of The Oxen`, `Queen of Sky Rains`  
Orgiastic Queen, of mid-summer din

I flout the Aryan Decree of Varuna  
Who claimed to Father, the north of Greece  
The indigo blue in The Sky of Urana  
Belongs to The Ladies of peace

We, Fantast scions, of Delphi's roots  
Bemused by Pythoness Epithia  
Staid are we, who know the truth  
Of the Lady Sky.....Urana

Steve Trimmer

# A Sonnet To Eve

In the beginning, there was 'She'  
Creatress of Earth, Life and Sea  
Leafy Quince, She put on boughs of Trees  
And Apples, Figs and all thou please  
Sweet Eve, She sent, to soils below  
And from Her loins, boy Adam bestow  
In peace, led by Daughters, they came to fruition  
And ate The Fruits, in Wise Gardens, of Her erudition  
In The Garden they danced, bare, neath Her Moon  
And loved The Serpent, Ambrosias and Amorous Tunes  
Flourish did they for countless generations  
Jubilant, indulged, in life`s Sweet Temptations  
This story was, altered, by redacting scribes  
The Goddess betrayed, by fetters, and fallacious alibis

Steve Trimmer

## A Sonnet; To The Scythian Queen

On north side of The Black Sea, where The Boreas Winds blew  
In ancient days was a Queen, Warriress of Scythia, all knew.....  
Renowned for Her prowess and Wisdom in fight  
`Scathach`, Her name, was Queen of brave might  
On West Winds of Zephyr, Her name it was feared  
Reaching The Druids, in Danaan Land of Eire  
The Druids intrigued by Scathach The Queen  
Sent two striplings, as pupils, to train ere their teens  
Young lads, Ferdia and Cuchullain did sail  
Upon the seas, to Scythia's fine dales  
Scathach did verse them, in dactyl and tune  
In battle, in musing, in fencing, in runes  
Alas, Dear Scathach, thou couldst not presage  
`Combat at the Ford`, thy pupils would engage

Steve Trimmer



## A Valediction To Melancholy (Dear Galatea)

On Isle of Cyprus dwelled, Aphrodite of The Main  
She hath girt this isle with Her Love and Beauty  
Bequeathed, by Her, for it`s comeliness, a refulgent pearl  
For here, Her Temples were tended to, venerably, with adoration  
Vigilant wast She, with The Loves and The Graces, in aegis  
For they and The Maenads tended the long, beguiled sleep of Adonis.....

Aphrodite did love Adonis so, She thwarted incantations of Hades  
Deft, Hunter youth Adonis, She loved dear, to his demise  
Tusk of a wild boar, surely slayed Her inamorata.....Ergo, each year  
after, for six months, he would live as Underworld Shade  
And the remaining six months, wouldst breathe Upper Air  
Adonis was The Horned One of Cyprus, who loved his Muse.....

This story is testament to Aphrodites love and magick which emanates from Her  
sacred isle.....

On this fine Isle, was a stripling fair  
Pygmalion, the name of he  
A sculptor, who, famed for his care  
Of white marble friends, his glee

A pledge he made, to ne`er wed  
Mortal woman of, flesh and blood  
His Heart of Stone, caused he to tread  
On Maiden Hearts, for he, they loved

Besprent with blight, and darkened soul  
With his chisel, he hath wrought  
An ivory statue, a Dreaming Mold  
So lovely, whence his thoughts

For in his mind, only, a Marble Maiden  
Couldst contain, fair attributes  
Folly dreams, to him, were laden  
Real Maids, as being moot

When the Marble Maiden wast complete  
He uttered wish, unto Her gaze

In love he fell, his heart replete  
His soul no longer bane

'Galatea, I shall name this maid  
My truest love to be  
She not vacuous, beseech I, the aid  
Of Aphrodite`s Love', quoth he

With his intent, Pygmalion went thither  
To Festival of Sweet Aphrodite  
Oblations of Love, he hath made hither  
For aegis from The Sea Muse mighty

The Sea Muse, Aphrodite, thus hearkened  
His plight, hence, to grant his wish  
On Pygmalion`s return, to his manse, undarkened  
His Galatea, had breath and bliss

His Love he takes, into his arms  
By life, he now, enchanted  
His Heart of Stone, abated, by charm  
With Galatea`s Love, he hath recanted

Steve Trimmer

# An Aphorism Of Anodyne?

Today`s reality is the progeny of yesterday`s reveries.  
What dost thou see for the morrow?

Steve Trimmer

# An Entreaty To Eos

From The Sea of Io, whence came Her wiles  
I call to my love Eos  
I am Cephalus on my isle  
I see Her light of Helius

Eos, born of Theia fair  
Sired by Titan Hyperion  
Sun Titaness, saffron robe She wears  
Rosy fingers, The Dactyls smile on

In east She rises, with I, Dawn`s Wind  
As Astreus I kiss Her cheek  
At eventide our love bedims  
In west, She sets so meek

Benighted woe besets my heart  
I tarry `til the dawn  
For my spirit soul seems rent apart  
How can I carry on?

Behold! In sky of eastward fair  
My Eos hath returned  
My Hemera; Muse o` golden hair  
Doth greet my wish so yearned

From our sempiternal love comes forth  
A child, from realms afar  
From House Of Tethys, in Her court  
We create The Morning Star

Steve Trimmer

# An Epos To The Huntress Queen; Atalanta

The divine child; Atalanta of Calydon  
Euhemerists mote not deny thee  
Thy father, Iasus, hath left thee exposed  
Upon the Parthenian Hill nigh Calydon  
Poor Clymene wept in rue (as any mother would)

The Fates in passing flight see Atalanta  
To Artemis the message goeth (silver bows do wane an' wax; arrows fly true)  
Her She-Bear so suckles the foundling (benedictions to Queen Ursa)  
Til the Silver Huntress doth findeth the child  
Raised is She 'mongst endogamous lines (no dearth of sacred honour)  
Of Warriress Priestesshoods; Daughters of the 3-faced Artemis  
Tribes where men bow on bended-knee to Her emperies  
Enamoured by Her power and eloquence (so we serve Her)

Atalanta so becomes The Mighty Huntress; swift of foot  
Adept in combat; an' all usage of arms an' wit  
Once, at Cyphanta, She meanders in; weary-worn  
Fainting of thirst, She whispers a laconic verse to Artemis  
A spear She hurls upon an outcrop  
From whence came a gushing spring (fountains of holy waters)

At twilight one eventide, a herald approaches Her  
An invite carries he, from King Oeneus of Calydon

It reads;

"In my yearly oblations  
I wert remiss  
An indiscretion  
'gainst The Lady Artemis  
Forgeteth didst I  
Her sacrifice  
So a boar gone awry  
She sends.....to take my life.....an' livelihood  
Cometh thee to my aid.....or it be my end I'm afraid"

The challenge Atalanta accepts  
To kill The Calydonian Boar

For glory! For honour! ; forsooth  
Hubris warriors from all parts of Greece  
Cometh forth to the call of the disquieted king (Artemis scoffs)

Quoth Lady Artemis;

“What dost Castor and Polydeuces of Sparta know of truth?  
Or Idas and Lynceus of Messene knoweth of justice?  
Or Theseus of Athens recall Ortygia’s Shrines (The Quail Isle nigh Delos)  
Or Peirithous of Larissa recollect of Leros Isle.....naught methinks

Doth Jason of Iolcus hearken still arboreal silence?  
What of Admetus of Pherae, dost he keepeth mind for helot profundity?  
Dost Nestor of Pylus lay eyes upon `s reflection in Primordial Waters?  
Can Peleus and Eurytion of Phthia sing matins of un-prosody?  
.....nary an inkling have they...nary a thought so effectual

Who is this Iphicles of Thebes, who’s brother smote down `r Lady’s serpents in `s  
crib  
Or Amphiaraus of Argos?  
Or Telamon of Salamis?  
Heroes? .....marry no  
`Tis not they who have the bile so to smite down my boar

As for Caeneus of Magnesia.....faugh!  
He who wouldst mutine `gainst `s own Mother (poor Elate)  
Or these fools Ancaeus and Cepheus of Arcadia.....usurpers of divine  
beauty.....who dost thou thinketh thou art, to harry mine own boar of  
Calydon?

No.....only my child Atalanta be worthy of unctions such  
If The Calydonian King be spared, it shalt be due to my love for this  
child.....The New Huntress Queen”

Scores of warriors met with Hecate  
At death’s gate  
In attempts to kill The Calydonian Boar  
Only one man reveals a veracious acumen (a mind archaic)  
Only Meleager would so hunt in team with The Great Warriress  
With approbation of The Fates  
Atalanta The Huntress takes down The Boar (Her timely arrow flew)  
Meleager so thanks Her for this feat of valour

By aiding The Boar ease into passing

Two Centaurs, Hylaeus and Rhaecus, also lay dead  
Gynopathic fools who wouldst make to ravish The Huntress Queen (recalling  
naught of Cyrene)  
They who felt sting of Atalanta's arrows for their misdeeds

Meleager's unburned brand  
Is soon set ablaze.....The Furies cometh;  
Til he lay in pile of ashes  
Atalanta weeps for him ('r mirth now ta'en)  
An' wouldst bear his child; Pathenopaeus  
In defiance of Zeus  
For lion may lay with lion  
An' leopard with leopard

"Curse be to folly laws of Zeus" roars mighty Atalanta  
"For The Golden Apples are so mine already" (Artemis smiles gleefully)  
"An' Zeus's minions may foot race 'gainst me an' lose, the winning is mine alone!  
!"

Atalanta defies this New World Order  
An' we, the Tribes of Lady Artemis  
Are glad for it

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# An Obsequy To Semele (My Love)

At 'The Lenaea', in Athens, once Semele and I hath danced  
The Wild Women rent The Bull of Dionysus into parts of nine  
We obliterated these portions to thee, Lady Semele  
Nine Lunar Priestesses and I hath sang thus

From the hills of Boetia, from the ports of Euboea  
To The Acropolis in Attica.....thy name resounded

But alas.....

The Feast is no more

Wast I the last Sacred King of thee?

Thy tears, in Selene`s Lunar Disc rain upon us  
Hubris Zeus, so spleen, hath smote thee  
In askance, at The Oak-King we gaze  
For he of mind infirm, has so taken thy Thunderbolt  
Deeming it his own  
He hurled it unto thee  
What cocophany!

Lady Semele, my love.....taken from me  
We of The Lunar Temple.....weep

As Dionysus now hides with Zeus The Iniquitous  
Insipid fools

In thy soporific trance.....White Light of Truth  
.....shall fore`er recall  
.....those eloquent words once thee spake

Steve Trimmer



# Andrasta's Guild

At `r lacustrine shrine She sharpens Her father's falchion  
He was once a Great Druid of Her people (he was my teacher)  
For he has long since been in Annwn; land of Tir na Nog  
Land of The Young; yet to be reborn of Cerridwen's Cauldron  
He has yet to return in neo-nascent form (pain holds his return to Her)  
□

Her name is Breacca nic Graine  
Yet the tribes of Britannia hail her as The Boudicca  
"Bringer of Victory"; a titular claim she doth brandish lightly  
She loathes the Roman legions who hath usurped the lands of `r people  
An' sully it's shorelines daily; an' besmirching the Holy Forest

"This shalt cease on this day! " She decrees  
Onto `r Goddess Matron of War; Lady Andrasta  
This supplication cries She, with such fervency and zeal  
That my spine shivers in glorious trepidation (relieved to be at Her side, rather  
than at end of `r spear) .....ah! Great Queen Boudicca of the Iceni tribe!  
Vengeance and requital seeks She  
A mind racing, fraught with memories so rancorous  
Her daughters dishonoured before Her very eyes by Romans soldiers  
An' She, bound to a pole, watching on in horror  
Hate grows rampant within Her heart for these invading minions of Emperor  
Claudius  
Yet no accrument of spilt Roman blood can assuage Her pain  
I weep for Her and for the innocence of Her Daughters fair

Boudicca was once Lady and Queen to King Prasutagus (my dear friend)  
Dear Prasutagus, forced into a suzerain kingship under the mighty thumb of  
Rome  
Only wishing for peace; a concept forgone in the new orders Roman  
compunctions

As She rises up from the Holy Ford  
Up from the healing Holy Waters of Sulis, The Lady of The River glistening `pon  
Her  
Dripping from `r ruddy hair and woad-blue pallid skin (a fearsome roar delivered)

A war scream from deep within Her soul, pierces the night air  
Again, I shudder; reveling in Her mighty war cry

I am honoured to take to the battlefields at her side  
Poor Romans....they know naught of the horrors and bedlam which lay afore  
them

The year was 62 A.D, by contemporary reckoning  
Yet to us then, it was the Year of Vixen, during the Age of The Twain Salmon Fish

The energy of this Age was quite passive and indecisive  
In The Pantheon of Rome they sensed this somehow (Jupiter and Mithras  
rejoice..faugh!)

So the strongest amongst us were called upon during this violent time  
Although we were desirous of peace.....  
We knew that we must spill Roman blood to achieve it

For I was a Black Druid in those days  
Born to the Trinovantes tribe in East Britannia  
Named for the Wild Hunter of Hermetic truth  
They called me Gwydyon.....Gwydyon ap Don  
Warrior Bard and Hunter Child of The Lady Danu  
Now in my 40th year, a Druidic Black Knight of Gwydyon  
Yet my name in temporal realms, I be Dubhughrnos ap Etainna  
For my mother was a Moon Child of Etain, from Land o' Erin  
Aye, Dubhughrnos of The Trinovantes was my name in those days  
Blessed in eruditions of The Ages by The Great Mother  
Taught of Divine Wisdom o'er many a year  
Now deemed a Warrior Sage  
A title I too wear lightly, yet with humbled honour

For I was a great friend of this Warriress Queen; Queen Boudica  
At rivers edge we hone our falchions in supplication to Lady Andrasta  
Queen Boudica is of this Goddess incarnate; a High Priestess of Lady Andrasta  
An' with Her left hand blesses my pate with woad mud spiral `pon my 3rd Eye  
Visions of The Seers now be with me

We both carry this honour and burden of Divinity  
The Gods be with us; The Morgan's Crows circle o'erhead (a meal they await)  
The drums of the IX Hispania Legion, lead by General Cerialis, beat a malevolent  
death march  
Our army of Britannia's tribes scream war cries behind us as we lead them into  
battle  
The Coritani, The Catuvellauni and my people, The Trinovantes march toward  
them

We march on our former capital, now under Roman control....city of  
Camulodunum  
I hearken the lamenting cries of my people from behind the city walls.....  
In the trees our sons hung bloodied and naked  
Through the walls our Daughters wept and sullied  
.....ire fills my heart and very soul....I only see red now  
I call on my dead ancestors from the Western Lands of Avalon  
The Knights of Avalon heed my call  
As do Gawian's Green Knights of Cambria, lead by Cardoc of The Ordivices  
By means of my cloak I disappear among the living ranks  
Now joining the ranks of my ancestors; who hail from the Age of The Bull  
They bringeth with them the strength we require on this day  
Queen Boudicca walks with a foot in either realm into battle  
As I help steady her left flank of the Avalonian Knights  
We of The Black Knights of Gwydyon stay the course with battle cries to Callieach  
We welcome death if it must be so  
We are met with a wall of shields and thrusting Gladius blades  
We nothing care

Blood.....aye..... scent of blood fills the air.....  
.....warriors are falling on either side of the skirmish line

Crows of The Morgan still a circling o'erhead  
Dying screams  
Doors to The Otherworld now wide open as scores of the fallen pass it's gates

I strike hard and fast with my falchion  
Bodies crash into my shield  
Sounds of bones cracking  
Limbs and blood fly about, impeding my view  
As of yet, I stand unwounded and adrenaline allows me not to tarry

Soon the battle horn of the IX Hispania peals in the air  
The legion soldiers flee for their lives  
An' their commanders had fled already

Victory is ours.....at least for today  
The Boudicca hath led us to triumph yet again  
Flee, Catus Decianus.....for my Queen shalt take Her vengeance `pon thee  
next!

Blessed be Andrasta, our Muse of The Battlefield!

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Angel Maiden Of The Sioux

She descends from a trail  
Wending downward  
From The Black Hills;  
They call Her.....White Pony Girl

A Priestess is She  
Of..... Ptesan Wi  
An Angel Girl..... of The White Buffalo Calf Woman

One smile sent from Her  
So enamours any man  
A divinatory gait, as so  
Ambulating; walking fore'er in The Light

A healer of Sitting Bull's own heart  
She tends to the wounded.....at Little Big Horn  
Such a comely heart is Hers (yet it breaks inwardly)

These wars with The White Eye  
She can not abide (suffer does She in silent disdain of it)  
Yet, She will leave no man unattended  
When bullet or arrow stricken  
Nor no dying Brave or Blue Coat uncomforted  
Ere their crossing

She loves an' cares for them all  
Regardless of their campaign status, tribe or rank  
Healing all these folly men  
Sioux or contrariwise  
Her heart ululates, reft in anguish  
Like The Wolves who run with Her  
.....but still She loves them all

As She scrys Her own reflection at Lady River's edge;  
Pony Girl scoops a pail of Her own healing waters  
So blessed be it  
For it's healing properties couldst surely rival  
Any medicines in urban-wrought modernity

Mesmerized by Her benevolent smile.....

.....My memories race to childhood  
An indigent Irish boy was I  
Our family banished from our lands  
By landlords of absolute misanthropy

Potato crops a' failing  
An' distraught spirits to match them  
We stowed away on an America-bound vessel  
With only hope to guide our destiny of un-sureties  
My Mother's lugubrious face; tear-laden  
She would comfort me.....with such bravery

We landed in Boston Harbour  
Then fled the barrage of expletives an' musket-balls  
Which were volleyed toward us  
My father makes supplications to Lady Brigit  
We board a carriage illicitly  
Westbound for The Dakota Territories

We were once Druids of Brugh na Boyne  
Made criminals in our own lands  
Once of The Sidhe People  
Now reduced to common brigands  
Yet, truth is still our own.....archaic-forged  
From smithies and ingots devoid of dross hewn mendaciousness

Over 3 decades later.....here I am  
My family now in Avalon; led by Rhiannon's own mare  
It be only I left here in this realm of humanity (or inhumanity it oft times seems)

Still in The New World am I  
Once a wee lad, besotted by penury  
Now a deserter from The Cavalry ranks of rancid politics

Blue Coats murdered my family  
In a backwoods Witch Hunt of rancorous zeal  
The Lakota were our friends.....fellow shamans as it were  
For this my kin hath died

And I, forced into rank an' service by the Blue-coated acolytes of war gods

I now fight 'longside my Sisters an' Brothers of The Black Hills magick  
The Lakota re-name me.....Green Eye Raven Coat.....such an honour  
Bounty now laid upon my head; by star-spangled neophytes  
I carry it with pride  
For, now I serve Wakan Tanka and wise Ptesan Wi

.....Pony Girl still smiles down at me

She pulls the Bowie Knife from shoulder  
Lodged only inches from my beating heart  
I speak to Her in Gaelic.....as I am in colossal pain  
She looks curiously at me; confounded by my words  
Yet....smiles at any rate an' tends my wounds

Blessed be my healer.....

.....Beautiful White Pony Girl

I hath found thee once more

Steve Trimmer

\* To a life that was once shared with the woman I love.....to dearest Chrissy,  
my White Pony Girl.

Steve Trimmer

# Aphrodite Of The Main

I, Hyperborean Rhymster, hath sailed from The North  
I, who seek true love and eruditions, sail to Cyprus Isle  
The Lady Tethys, Titaness of The Sixth Day, guides me  
Past Gallia and Hispania, feel I edified by Her  
For The Main whispers, being my aniconic shrine  
Pass I, through The Pillars of Hercules  
Days pass, shorelines of Mauretania on my starboard side  
Lodestar of Lady Night maintains my bearings  
Wast this nought Enoch`s route home?  
Into The Libyan Sea I sail, then to the Cyrenic Sea waters  
The Sirens call my name, so comely is there song  
I feel not any trepidations, for they are not with ire  
Flotsam is not my destiny on this day  
I swim with them a while  
I see the shrine at Paphos, dedicated to The Goddess of Desire  
The Sea Nymphs lead me to the shoreline, in Scallop Shell  
Has scotoma overcome me?  
Is Aphrodite here before me?

She speaks to me;

'I am Aphrodite of The Main  
The Seasons nursed me, and remain  
In my dreamings, I have seen thy face  
Rhymster from Wind Boreas` place  
On Eurus` Wind, to me thy have come  
To seek True Love and Life Wisdom  
From Dodona Shrine, Dione`s home  
To The Isles of Aegis, I hath roamed  
But not before, with such fealty  
Hath I seen a heart, so true as thee'

I stood, enamoured by Her beauty, gasping for air  
Then spoke these words;

'Dear Aphrodite, I`ve sailed for days  
Entreating to thee, along the way  
The Mermaids and The Sea Nymphs sang  
The peal of thine own bells hath rang



This e`en I come to journey`s end  
To see the Nymph Queen thus ascend  
From early days, I`ve hearkened epos  
Heralding from thy Shrine at Paphos  
Yet, all the presage, couldst prepare me not  
For thy comely heart of Moon Esbat  
From The Triad of The Lady Hera  
Maiden Selene wast thy first era  
Now as Nymph, of 'foam born birth'  
To Lady Hecate from under Earth  
The Doves begird thy beauty well  
Sweet Sea Goddess of Scallop Shell'

The Lady Aphrodite smiled with approbation, The Sirens sang  
She girds me in Her hair, we tarry amidst the Sea Shells  
In Apdrodite`s hand is a branch of Golden Apples  
She proffers me an Apple from Hera`s Garden of Hesperides  
I accept it, so fain, I kiss her hand and bid Her vale

Lady Aphrodite descends back into the sea at Paphos  
With a heart replete, I seafarer, tutored by The Herwa  
Voyage home to my people.....The Hyperboreans

Steve Trimmer

# At Eventide

At eventide, on Day of Mothers, I shall think of thee  
Whilst tarrying at the rill  
Or nigh the fairest lea  
In Selene`s Moonlight still  
Or With Branwen o` North Sea

Doth dree bereft thy heart? Reft thy soul?  
Ne`er we shouldst cry  
On Imramma, our dearest go  
Betwixt two worlds at eventide  
Their sidereal smile glows

Twain, Father and Son, oft I see with The Muse  
They rest in Her arms  
Where Keewadin blows  
In somnolent charms  
She loves them so

At eventide, incantations said, portend of my dreams

Quoth I;

' I love thee dear Mother  
E`er through epochs of time  
As does my brother  
Like Bards of Ancient Rhymes  
To versify an Idyll, to ye, Soul of Beauty  
Is a gift from Arianrhod`s Caer  
Jubilant psalm, Rose of Ruby  
With veracity of Matriarchs ere'

With alacrity, I think of my Dear Mother, paraclete of The Muse  
In twilight enchantment, The Three Graces smile, lief...  
.....At Eventide

Steve Trimmer

# At Willow Grove

To edify my emancipated mind  
I sojourn to The Willow Grove  
Place of mantic darkness  
I revel with Hecate and The Empusae  
Around a ritual conflagration  
Overtly requesting their baneful love  
We journey along The Willow Root  
To days of yore  
I am votary and swain of this Dark Sisterhood  
I shall not founder; my beautifuls

In Land of Canaan, sweet Lilith appears  
At Willow Grove, in darkness  
Her daughters, The Lilim, begird me  
With fain gesture, I oblate myself  
They make libation of my life force  
Teeth bared  
Pallour skin  
Raven hair  
Sanguine lips  
They rend the votive asunder; my beautifuls

The Graeae appear back at Mount Nonacris  
At Willow Grove  
With a single eye they watch  
The Harpies chant my name  
With felicity, I fly the astral dreaming  
The Gorgons take to the benighted sky  
I return to them, drinking from River Styx; my beautifuls

The Muses of Death doth grant me this anodyne  
At Willow Grove  
Where The Maiden weeps on May Day  
O`er many lives they love me  
From this black love  
I am reborn

Steve Trimmer

# Author`s Note (Revised)

## Author`s Introduction

For several years, my dream has been to write and be published. I wished to share my love of poetry, mythology and historical scholarship with the world. It seems that my wishes have come to fruition. For this I am thankful.

My inspirations are simple; My love for the women in my life. My love for the women in the world, and of course, my love for the Three-Fold Goddess, The Muse of antiquity. This is often reflected in my poems. For I aspire to the lyrical erudition, once held by The Bards and other esoteric fraternities of the like.

The Great Goddess, in all Her manifestations, once ruled the endogamous gynarchies found ubiquitously. These societies were egalitarian by nature, devoid of caste, racial divide, monetary inequality or controlled resources. An almost utopian state, if one could imagine. Women were the preferred gender, as they were adept in divination, wisdom of life, horticulture, weaving and, most notably, childbirth.

Family lineage was traced through mothers (matrilineal) . Men were loved and respected. Men were lief adherents to the guidance of women and the Lunar Priestesshoods. These peoples lived close to the natural world and saw women everywhere, as deities of landscape features, celestial bodies, waterways, sidereal movements, keepers of herbal plants, astrology, etc. These concepts were recorded in the sacred sciences and allegories of white poetry and magick, usually retained by memory and passed on through oral tradition. They lived peacefully as sexual and intellectually adept libertines, enjoying the unrestrained fecundity of orgiastic rites and unlimited relationships.

They believed love was a theology unto itself, envy was not an issue. For love and natural resources were endless, respected. So competition was not a necessity. For this reason, they venerated The Muse, only took what they needed from Mother Earth, and always gave back to Her.

The Goddess of Her antediluvian and post deluge Queendoms, was later attacked by the onset of city-states; patriarchal societies who wished to subdue Her veracity, benevolence, emancipation and womankind.

Under the aegis of The Goddess, known by many names the world over, people

of epochs in prehistory lived in peace for is until male deities of war and caste began to fetter and control people and resources. These concepts were hitherto unknown. A more recent paradigm of this political shift, can be seen over the last five centuries in North America, with the cultural assimilation of The First Nations People.

Their theologies, dictions and cultural liberties are at the propinquity of eternal demise. An earlier example of this trend was played out as the Romans subjugated the Celtic tribes of Europe during the Iron Age. This trend can be traced back into even earlier epochs, i.e.; Bronze Age Sumer and Egypt, with the onset of the feudal system, or The Aryan Triad of Gods introduced in India and Greece.

Many contemporary historical scholars would be quick in polemically debunking these notions. This is of little concern to me. For they embrace orthodox views of 'His Story' (history) . Whereas I endorse heterodox views of forgotten chapters; of redacted doctrines and oral traditions found in 'Her Story'.

Monotheistic theology has attempted to silence the voice of women and The Muse for many centuries. Prosemen, mythographers and theologians alike, have tried all sorts to decry the existence of the Triple-Goddess. To no avail.

Through the misogyny and propaganda of Olympian Myth written by the scribes of Hellenic Invaders in Greece; to Rome's charges of 'adultery' met with in The Colosseum; from The Council of Nicaea's redaction of The Gnostic Gospels; to the disbanding of The Knights Templar, recondite guilds have kept the 'pagan faith' of The Goddess alive heretofore and hereafter.

Even through the Witch Hunts of 'miscreants' and 'heretics' charged by The Papal Inquisitions in Europe, which found it's way to The Americas, The Goddess and Her people kept witchcraft, paganism and polytheism alive. They were forced to practice their beliefs in ancient science underground for fear of reprisal from the government and The Church. It seems that diabolism was not to be found in the cauldron, but instead, on the pulpit.

Though, with modern liberties, I will not be burned at the stake or imprisoned for my pagan poetry, I do expect ridicule and dogmatic controversy. I baulk these acolytes of secular faith and 'reason'. I seek out the truth which is She, my Muse and the White Poetry which She bestows upon me. The truth of 'poetic unreason'.

The writing of poetry is not to assuage the ego, but rather a transfer of positive energy by means of what Pagans call Inner Plane Work. In this process the poet

or hierophant will focus on deliberation with spirit energy and forces with the goal of reinstating balance to the world both in historical and philanthropical endeavours. Working on this plane mote allow one to access the inner knowledge found innately in all living things. A kind of ancestral repository of erudition. The poet is simply an incarnate medium and consort to The Goddess in Her many aspects.

The poet usually identifies himself with the consort (god) of the waxing year and his priesthood, who were subject to The Goddess in all three of Her aspects; birth, love and death. The poets tanist, or other self, is identified with the consort (god) of the waning year. The two aspects of The Consort are constantly at odds. They represent the two salient stations of The Solar Year, The Summer Solstice (Litha) and The Winter Solstice (Yule) . The waxing year runs Yule to Litha and the waning year runs Litha to Yule.

The Consort and Tanist are also both aspects of The Sacred Oak and Holly Kings respectively. A study in The Druidic Tree Alphabet of Ogham, or Wiccan traditions would reveal these concepts.

The poetess identifies herself with The Goddess Herself and with Her priestesshood in any of the three aspects but usually manifests first as The Maiden, then as Mother/Nymph, then finally as Crone. These aspects of The Triumvirate of The Goddess represent Her in the three phases of the waxing, full and waning moons respectively. These aspects also represent Her three major stations of The Lunar Year sometimes divided into five seasons depending on the lore/mythology of the area in question and subject to the epoch it was written in. In later mythologies, Then Triple-Goddess was portrayed as The Nine-Fold Muse. She is also known as The White Goddess. My poem 'Leucothea' pays homage to Her as The White One.

The Goddess originally ruled both the lunar and solar calendars. She transmogrified into various calendar beasts to represent Her aspects of the year. Namely the Lunar Year, which was once the calendar of choice for all events both jejune and theological. She took to form as such creatures as The Chimaera in Greek tradition or The Unicorn in Celtic Tradition (to name but two) . Once the misogynist male gods began to infiltrate the ranks of divination to control resources, the Solar Calendar began to hold sway, until the Goddess's roles were minimized. New calendar beasts were created to usurp the old ones. These new beasts and deities represented The Solar Year and were eventually given all male attributes, until finally the One God of neo-western society became the paradigm which embodied all things celestial and banal. A god of war and fief systems who favoured the select few, creating caste systems, subduing all women and lower class men. This new god of war came on a peace platform and offered protection

from the ' diabolic ' evil one in the underworld.

This One God of monotheism propagated trepidations throughout his realm. He induced such fear that people would turn on one another to save themselves. The One God controlled the city states and its ecclesiastic orders within, thus creating a state of absolute dependency. The One God turned on his mother and lovers. He sought to control. The once loved Goddess and Consort were demonized into one iniquitous being in this new mythos. Those who practiced the old faiths were forced to do so behind closed doors at night or in the wilderness. They were constantly being harried and hunted. The One God, his creators and acolytes created new myths of misogyny to portray The Goddess as either inept or wicked.

These mythopoeics turned the Goddess of Death/Crone aspects into an evil practitioner of black magic, in Her Love/Mother/Nymph aspect into a harlot and Her Maiden aspect into a dotard born from ' The Father's Head ', implying that wisdom could only be found through men and male gods, as seen with Athene and Zeus. Ergo, The Goddess was usurped and subdued by force. Men took the family lineage and 'civilization' was born, The Old Code was now something of a criminal act.

These new mythologies of gynopathy acted as a kind of political cartoon for the politics of the time. A tool of propaganda which turned witches, sorceresses and bards of The Old Code into something of an evil. Lies were disseminated, and a divide created. My poems attempt to reclaim the original myths and legends. I would suggest the reading of Robert Graves work to fully elucidate on this vast subject. Although I never met him, he is nonetheless my mentor. His works of historical scholarship and poetry are touchstones in understanding these political shifts from theology based in matrilocality, to those based in patrilocality.

There were, of course, other motives of mythology which can be defined as 'true myth'. Myth written in honour of their original intent. These mythologies put a face on the many aspects of the Lady Universe and the metaphysical role that humans play within it. Through myth, we can trace a phenomenon known as Precession of The Equinoxes, whereby the sun rises through a different constellation at vernal equinox for just over two thousand years until moving through the next one. To round the zodiacal cycle takes almost twenty six thousand years. This effect is created by a slow wobble at the earths axis which causes the stellar backdropp to change slowly threwh time.

Many myths reveal The Mysteries of this movement. Examples of this can be found in such texts as The Kalevala, based in Finno-Ugric tradition; or the play

Hamlet by Shakespeare. In the book 'Hamlet's Mill', by Giorgio De Santillana and Hertha von Dechend, this is explained in detail. Essentially, the hero of the myth represents The Mill, that is, the earth as it moves on its axis. Also, myths reveal a myriad of other Ancient Mysteries, such as; Orgiastic Rites, The Sothic Year in Egyptian Tradition, The Zodiac, Astronomy, The Luminaries and Planets, Earthly Cycles, Ancient Technology, Theological Thought Worlds, among many other subjects too extensive to explain here in a short book of poetry.

Myths also represent the use of Magick. Magick can be defined as; An elevated understanding of nature and as a veracious vision of Lady Universe as She whirls and roars around us. It is a fundamental belief in an ordered cosmos of which we are part of. The One is The All, The All is The One. It is Ancient Science or Sacred Science. It is The Law of Attraction at work. This one law is as pure and constant as the Law of Gravity. New findings in quantum physics seem to confirm this very archaic belief. It is known in all ancient traditions by many names. It was originally an attribute of The Goddess Herself.

This law is also known as The Law of Love. In my poem 'Benighted Reveries' I refer to it as the Benighted Law of Amity in honour of The Moon Goddess. Call it what you will, it was used in all theological and theocratic guilds in the ancient world. The difference being, that during the periods of gynarchy The Goddess and Her priestesses did not keep this Law from the population. Her societies were egalitarian and promoted peace, harmony and love. In later civilization controlled by war gods and/or monotheism, the priesthoods and leaders kept this Law obscured. In this way, it could only be accessed by the select few. This kept the population in intellectual and literary darkness. Only the elite few could even read, let alone know The Mysteries. The only others that knew these esoteric truths were the witches and shamans who hid in exile. They posed a threat to the mendacities of civilization.

For this reason they were feared by the authorities and hunted if they could not be converted. For example; The Aloeids Revolt of The Classical Period in Greece during the fourth century B.C; The Qumran Community, made up of Essenes, lived in exile on The Dead Sea to escape Pharisee dogma in first century A.D; or The Inquisition during Europe's Renaissance, lend credence to this reality. Even many Druids were killed after their lands were sacked by The Romans throughout The Iron Age and on into the first century A.D.

The Druids maintained The Mysteries of The Ogham Alphabet and the arboreal wisdom in connexion with The Old Code of Magick. It has even been suggested that the emperor Hadrian built his 'Hadrian's Wall' as a barrier to thwart a major Ley Line used in Druidic Magick for centuries. The excuse for the wall was



shrinking coffers in Rome and a boundary needed to be established to keep out the northern Celtic tribes. The truth was that the Emperor was horrified by The Druids Magick, he knew that they knew The Mysteries. This created a threat to The Roman Empire. Rome could only maintain power by force, and by keeping it's citizens in the dark. Hence the creation of The Colosseum. The Colosseum created a disport; Create a distraction, control the mob, control the mob, control Rome. Amphitheatres were built throughout The Roman Empire for this same purpose. Even in modern times we find parallels with these tactics.

In some circles 'Civilization' has been defined as the process of assimilating cultures by means of perpetual warfare. A well delineated definition. In our own time we continue with this tradition. We emulate the Greco-Roman governments and caste systems. We are taught that we must compete for all things, including resources.

I find myself at odds with my own compunctions, working much of my life in the mining industry. An industry which marauds the Earth for monetary gain. Growing up and living most my life in Northern Ontario, I have been fortunate enough to live next to the wilderness. I have observed the rhythms and cycles of our Mother, The Earth, since I was child. Many of my family members are farmers, hunters and fishers. I grew up helping on the farm, hunting and fishing. I learned the skills of living from the land along with learning the skills to survive in the new age of modernity.

Yet even in Northern Canada we see the demise of the wilderness. Bit by bit our forests are being cut to extinction. Our bedrock mined unscrupulously. Our eco-systems being polluted and destroyed by these juggernaut industries who compete for resources.

It seems that the deities of war are alive and well.  
So, I choose to put my energy into positive change.

The Law of Amity dictates that; resistance equals persistence. We must stop trying to fight everything we loathe and concentrate on the antithetic alternative. The Old Code worked in this way. Knowledge equals power. We must stop giving our power to the elite few. Can one poem make a difference. Yes. Can one song make a difference. Yes. Can a positive thought make a difference. Yes. Even if the artistic expression only reaches one person, the balance changes. The Egyptian Goddess, Ma'at, testifies to this concept. Harkening to the Old Code creates emancipation, which frees the soul, allowing it to transcend the worldly plane. When the mendacities of the worldly plane are transcended, we access the macrocosm. When we access the macrocosm we fulfill our portents in the

microcosm, which is the earthly plane at its greatest potential. Change your thoughts, and change the world.

In atavism there is truth. In truth there is love. Love does conquer mendacity. It is an infallible law. First, each person needs to know and believe in their power. Then they must dare to follow their hearts. This leads to will, the volition of belief from the heart. Keep silent nigh the naysayer's. Then believe. Lady Universe will read your heart and send back your desire in three folds. This is the pyramid of the witches. That which is above must be below. Even in Christian Theology this is stated; That which is done on Earth must be done in Heaven. The only problem with giving your energy to The One God is that he will use your energy for his own agenda.

Take back your power. The truth of divinity is within any of us. The One God can only cast trepidations upon you if you let him. He is powerless without your energy. The Devil is merely a fear tactic created by the elite few and their god of war, their god of war is apotheosized by their greed, controlling nature and lust for power.

The elite few wield power within The Agnostic Realms as well. If the Earth Plane is the only plane, then proletariats have no say. Agnostics can not properly access The Law of Amity if they do not believe. One's thoughts ultimately become one's realities. If one's reality is simply the microcosm of the secular plane, then those thoughts manifest into future events, thus creating more of the same reality. The microcosm is still under the influence of the macrocosm, but sends out haphazard and negative signals thereby weakening the effect. This difference creates compromise, so that the sender of thoughts does not believe in their power. Thus, they create more of their temporal reality and relinquish control to the keepers of mendacities (i.e.; the elite few)

Once a person comes to the realization that the Earth Plane is illusory, that time is not a reality and that divine access is inherent in all things, they can presage their future. Gather several minds who approbate this truth and magick, then change the world. Anarchy is freedom. Freedom is chaos. Chaos is order. The Order is The Divine Spark. The Divine Spark becomes reality. Ergo, reality is anarchy which is freedom.....The Law of Love. The Law of Love is Balance and Harmony. The One is The All. Blessed Be.

Herein lay the task and truth of the poet.

We all work within the one law. The Law of Amity. The Law of Love. Poetry is undoubtedly the medium by which to harness it.

Hence, it must be written while sojourning to the astral plane or the otherworld. In the other world, all energies can be accessed, with a face of the poets choosing. This was known to the ancients as the Underworld. Place where souls go between incarnations where they await rebirth. The Death Goddess leads them unto this realm. Later patriarchal and monotheistic scribes blasphemed it's beauty and the beauty of The Death Goddess. These misogynist scribes turned the underworld into hell, and so, The Goddess and Her lover into devils, then into The Devil. The Christian mythos created The Devil to instil fear, so its flock would not stray (or think for themselves) . Pagans do not believe in this creature of pure evil.

In the case of Persephone, who was one manifestation of the Death Goddess, they assigned Her to their new Ruler of The Underworld; Hades. This marks a political and religious shift (i.e.: pre-Hellenic Gynarchy to Hellenic Patriarchy) . These scribes made the once omnipotent and lovely Goddesses Demeter and Persephone helpless to the caprices of the gynopathic Hades and Zeus.

Originally The Death Goddess led the dead to The Beautiful Underworld Realm of Elysium. Elysium was a beautiful Island with Apple Orchards, where it was always summertime. From Elysium the soul could tarry as long as they wished and decide their destiny for their next lifetime. The Death Goddess would transform to Her Maiden aspect and lead the old soul in its new incarnation back to the Earth Plane. So death meant rebirth not purgatory. This is just one example of how the comeliness of The Goddess Realms had been redacted in a negative manner to poison and control the mind of humanity. In Celtic traditions, Elysium was known as Avalon. I use underworld themes in many of my poems.

As a poet, The Goddess will take you to the underworld of The Elysian Fields in Elysium whenever on the astral plane. She proffers a Golden Apple or Pomegranate or Quince. This fruit of wisdom is Her gift to those who wish freedom and wisdom. One day She calls upon all to come and be reborn. The poet or hierophant may visit by their own volition. She guides them.

The poet has visited Elysium so many times that they become Consort to The Goddess. The poetess is the voice and incarnation of The Goddess Herself. They are reborn in and out of the secular and astral bournes countless times since time began, but time is an illusion. They are timeless. Their love fuels The Law of Amity and Love. Poetesses, poets and hierophants have been sent to The Earth Plane over and over. They are restoring the balance of the Earth. Their energy is transmogrified and reincarnated perpetually. They may reside on Apple Isle for some time, yet always return to aid in bringing the prophecy of Balance to

fruition. One's Moon Sign may determine their chosen destiny.

In early traditions of the Levant, The Realm of Angels were part and parcel to Apple Isle. Within this Realm are real people, old energies and new energies and those in between. On The Earth Plane this is apparent. Those with new energy have tremendous power but can not yet harness it. The deities of war often drain this pure light from them to fuel their agendas. If they feel devoid of power they give up this energy unknowingly. The poet tries to reach their hearts ere its sully. These energies of purity incarnate are the greatest potential for regaining balance. Alas, oft times they take solace in the pews of liturgical orders. They are bound by trepidations and fear of reprisal.

Since poetry is written in the celestial thought world, it should not be subjugated by prose dogma.

A couple of publishing companies I tried insisted that I rewrite my poems and modernize the language content to connect better with modern readers. They insisted on the use of conventional format of mechanics and stanza within my poetic meter.

This would have compromised my message. For this reason I decided to self-publish. In this way, the message written is the message received, however raw or chaotic it may seem. I believe that poetry is about ambivalence, chaos in the universe and freedom of expression. The reader should feel as though they are living the poet's feelings in that moment when the quill and ink hit the paper. Feel the inundation of deer, glee and melancholic unknowns of Bardic Tradition.

The reader should not receive some diluted and edited version of that moment. Herein lay the veracity and exposure to imperfection which is what makes poetry beautiful, or not so. This is the discernment betwixt poetry and prose.

I would rather publish a bad poem from my heart than an edited version that has been washed by rote indulgence. If rules are behest of poetry. They must be circumvented in order to be true rhapsodies, from heart to quill; quill to paper.

My disdain for conventional meter has inspired some of my poems. 'To Versify In Certitude'; and; 'The Dogma of Modernity'; for example.

To those naysayer's and pedants who wish to attack my words with protocol on poetry mechanics and rules of stanza; I think you miss the point behind your scotoma of vision. Poetry transcends propriety terms and prosaic diction. If you find my work is non-conformable, then I am content. I have accomplished my

task. I hope that the discontentment and negativity who feel toward life will one day lead to manumitted happiness, allowing you to see past discrepancy and maxim.

To those who find solace and truth in my versification, I am truly happy and honoured. Thank You.

When we opt to stand in the circle and access the personal cone of power, only then can our dreams and hearts be realized. This is the truth that presides in Ancient Rhymes; As Above, So Below. The Emerald Tablet shone then as now. Blessed be.

To some of my favourite authors; Robert Graves (late writer, poet and historical scholar) , Marilyn French (feminist and writer) , Laura Riding (late poetess) : Manda Scott (writer of The Boudica Series) , Doreen Valiente (late writer, poetess and advocate of witchcraft) : Silver Raven Wolf (writer and advocate of witchcraft) : John Matthews (writer, poet and teacher of the occult, ancient bardic lore, mythology and divination) : Doreen Virtue, PhD; (writer, psychologist and teacher in divination, empowerment and Angelic/ Elemental Realms) : Christopher Knight and Robert Lomas (researchers and writers on Freemasonry) : Thank You.

For your insight, inspiration and courage is prodigious.

To my beautiful wife Christianne Bolton, my loving mother Peggy Trimmer, my grandmother Margaret Gilpin (now passed on) , my sister Deanna Burns, my daughters Brianna and Lily, to my nieces Emma and Aryanna and my friend Nicole Graves, Thank You. I love all of you. Thank you for being my living Muses on earth.

To my son Patrick Bolton and nephew Clayton Burns, I love you, as does She.

To my grandfather George Gilpin, I love and respect you more than you will ever know. When I was growing up, you were the male role model in my life and in Brian's life also. I hope you know this.

To my good friend Georgia Spyrtos, thank you for our conversations and for giving me insight into Greek culture.

To my brother Brian and nephew Nathan, who died in 2006, may The Great Goddess greet thee in The Elysian Fields. Sleep well.

To Julie, my sister in law who lost her husband and son, I love you and hope

that happiness will find you again.

These rhapsodies are also in dedication to all my sisters and brothers who follow the Wiccan/ Pagan Rede. May the truth of Pagan Gynaecocracy live on in us fore'er. May we live through many more scores of incarnations until the balance of Lady Earth is restored;

The picture on the front cover of this book is of my Grandma, Margaret Gilpin. The picture was taken in the 1940`s. It is a beautiful likeness of her. In honour of you Grandma.....we love you and miss you. Rest well.

An' if these entreaties  
Hurt no one  
So mote  
It come to pass  
Blessed be  
Till we meet again

To my Muse, I entreat thee  
Guide me on this journey unseemed  
A humble heart, bespake of me  
I am sanguine, that this book..... be worthy deemed

## Soteriological Faith In The Occident

Although I am respectful of everyone's religion, I do have issues with most of the western soteriological faiths. These are my own findings and opinions. I respect anyone with opposing views. I only ask that they respect mine in return. I have put a good deal of time and effort into reading and research, and so, I have not come to my extant beliefs light-heartedly.

Soteriological theology generally can be traced back to dubious beginnings, whereby, scribes have taken early true mythology and lore, rewrote it and created an exegesis of misogynist intent and misconstrued allegory. In Palestine this began in the tenth century B.C, during the reign of King Solomon. Solomon himself loved The Goddesses Asherah and Ashtoreth as much as his love Bilkis; The Sabean Queen of Sheba. He battled his conscience and the new order of patriarchal priests constantly. Solomon refused to take down his shrines to Asherah and Ashtoreth/Astarte. In The Book of Kings this is apparent.

The Old Testament was written well before the advent of ecclesiastic faith. It seems that the earliest stories of Genesis had their origins in the antiquated, and one of the earliest known civilizations, of Sumer. We know from biblical accounts that Abraham was from the city of Ur, in Sumerian lands betwixt the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers also know as Mesopotamia. Abraham was undoubtedly erudite in the high wisdom and sacred science of the priesthood. He represented a kind of culture hero often found in post-deluge civilizations.

Abraham brought many epics from Sumer, which found their way into The Old Testament. This explains the connexion with Sumerian and Semitic lore. Upon reaching the Sinai Peninsula and The Levant, Abraham likely would have encountered The Canaanites (a.k.a The Phoenicians) , who were one group of The Seafaring Peoples who survived The Great Deluge. The Canaanites, were Goddess worshippers, who were later excised from The Levant by misogynist Semitic Tribes mostly The Amorites and Kassites who also brought their war deities to Sumer.

Sumer is considered the cradle of civilization. When The Amorites first conquered Mesopotamia (2000-1600 B.C) they first had to subdue the priestesshood of Inanna. Inanna, later known as Ishtar, was local Mother Goddess. Under Sargon The Great, circa.24 century B.C, Inanna's lands were partly subjugated under the new patriarchal deities, who were much like Yahweh of The Levant lands (who subdued Asherah) . Originally a consort who turned on Her (i.e.; the shift from matriarchy to patriarchy) . Sargon's daughter was a priestess of Inanna. Her name was Enheduanna. She wrote poetry about Inanna/Ishtar and the gynarchy that hitherto held sway. Her father Sargon did not venerate this Old Code entirely. Sargon's new world order marked the beginning of patriarchy in Sumer and the kingdom of Akkad.

This land was one of various places and traditions to record The Great Deluge. Mesopotamia also produced the renaissance-Sumerian cultures of Babylonia, Assyria, Media-Persia and eventually the Islamic empires. With each generation the Goddess's role diminished until it was naught, then She was demonized. My poem 'Kadija' is based on this theme.

The story of Noah and The Ark is based in early epics of The Great Deluge. The Sumerian epic hero of the flood myth was Uta-Napishtim or in earlier traditions, Gilgamesh and/or Ziasudra (Xiothuros) . These stories, although altered by patriarchal scribes, harken back to the deluge experienced worldwide. Examples of this may be found in Greek Myth with the epic of Pyrra and Deucalion; or the flood emanating in Egypt with the tale of The Ogygian (Ogygius) Flood.

This Flood did happen. It was likely the result of either a cometary impact upon Earth creating seismic imbalance and nuclear winter causing an ice age, then the subsequent thaw of melting ice caps at the north and south poles. Another theory suggests that the cycles affecting the precession of the equinoxes and orbital cycles of Earth in relation to the Sun bring the Earth through cycles of ice ages and thaws of polar ice. Either way, the last Ice Age seemed to have abated circa.11,000 B.C and created prolific quantities of melt water, thus, inundating the



Earth.

There is increasing evidence from mythological, archaeo-astronomical and historical studies that suggest the existence of an antediluvian civilization was extant before The Great Deluge. These people were from the seafaring nation of Atlantis as described in the Egyptian legend. These Atlantians were the Thraco-Libyan peoples also known as The Keftiu ('Sea Peoples') .

The Keftiu Confederacy was based nigh Lake Tritonis (Triton) in Libya and on Pharos Isle in The Nile Delta. They had a profound knowledge of the sea, sidereal and planetary ambulations, agrarian cycles, whether patterns o'er vast temporal intervals and all other eruditions associated with sacred science. This allowed them to presage the malevolence and magnitude of the imminent Great Deluge. They sailed to high points upon the Earth. They kept their knowledge in tact. They set out on their ships and resettled the lands as the flood waters began to recede. My poems; 'Isis And The Sages of Sais and ' Pyrrha's Deluge' use this theme.

The Atlantians disseminated throughout the Mediterranean, Nile Valley, The Atlantic West Coast, The Black Sea coast; down The Tigris and Euphrates Rivers; into The Levant and Mesopotamia and eventually out into many waterways across the globe. I believe that they aided in the creation of the Four Old-World River Valley Cultures and various other erudite cultures of The Americas, The Orient and elsewhere. Including; The cultures of ancient Egypt, Sumer, The Mediterranean, Maya, Inca, Celtic, Eurasia, Nubia, Indus Valley, Easter Island and countless other settlements.

The world is connected by water. It is a reasonable conjecture to assume contact between the continents in early antiquity. Even studies in etymology and genetics can attest this very real plausibility. As well, archaic texts from prehistory support this. The researchers Robert Graves, Graham Hancock, Robert Bauval and John Anthony West have written extensively on this connexion. There all have differing theories, yet early contact by The Atlantians is a prevalent theme.

One of the more popular stories on Atlantis was first told by Plato of The Classical Period in Greece. His grandfather Salon heard the story from his friends who were Libyan priests of Sais, a shrine city on Pharos Isle in The Nile Delta. This story was likely a grafted version of a tradition much older, from pre- Hellenic epochs.

All early civilizations and cultures seem to have record of a culture hero and/or heroine who came on a ship and taught life skills to the local people. One

example is the legend of Viracocha at the city of Tiahuanaco in South America or; Quetzalcoatl / Kukulchan at the city of Teotihuacan and Chichen Itza in Mexico. The list goes on.

The Atlantians brought Goddess worship as well. These respects for venerating the giver of life were later renounced, sending patriarchal society into; ignorance for the many and power for the few.

The Holy Land was no exception. In early Mesopotamian lore, one of the Goddess aspects was Sin. Sin was a Goddess commensurable to Inanna, Ishtar and Isis. The word 'sin' was later coined as a negative term by Judeo-Christian scribes and theologians. This was due to a Semitic and Hellenic precedence, set first by The Amorites and reinforced later in The Classical Period during the fifth century B.C. Prior to this period The Goddess was revered ahead of all other deities. She was The Goddess of the year, life, birth, death and nature's essence manifest in arboreal wisdom. The Hellenes and Aryans adopted a patriarchal theology. Thus, usurping The Goddess and giving Her a diminished and subservient role.

By the period of advent for Christianity, The Goddess was scissioned out and 'sin' became synonymous with evil. An embodiment of iniquity was fabricated called the Devil, a mix of The Goddess and Her lover at waning year; The Horned One (i.e.; Pan) . This created a fear tactic to dissuade adherence to ancient pagan faiths. The Devil still weakens the Christian mythos into modern times. The male deities were reduced to The One God, hitherto known as Zeus or Yahweh or Marduk etc. These godlings were once The Golden (Sun) Child; the sacred king; god at waxing year. Hence, the once pagan triad was reduced to one aspect, the other two aspects made diabolic. The ostensible trinity created; Father, Son and Holy Ghost usurped the original Goddess, God of waxing year, and tanist God of waning year. The One God bullied his way into a false titular claim and betrayed his mother and his true love in one fowl swoop. This marked the genesis of Monotheism and lost wisdom.

Sin was really an aspect of Eve. In the original epic of Genesis, She was allegorically bestowing The Golden Apple of Wisdom upon Adam, Her love. The Serpent was The Death Goddess of Apple Island or Paradise or The Underworld, place of peace, beauty and rebirth. In this way, The Serpent was the Death Goddess of Rebirth, then transmogrified to Her Maiden aspect as Eve. Eve would tutor and love Adam then guide him back to the Earth Realm. This story was redacted by scribes who wished to rewrite her story, painting her as a fool and wicked distraction to Adam, then punished by the malevolent One God of war and sorrow. Yet, The One God would blame Eve for his punitive nature, taking onus off himself. The misogynist Greek Myth of Pandora was rewritten in much

the same way. My poems; Pandora and A Sonnet to Eve relate this concept.

Sin was also a letter in the ancient Canaanite/ Phoenician Alphabet, most plausibly representing The Apple Tree of Her Wisdom. This letter created an 's' sound like that of a snake. Like the Celtic Tree Alphabet of Ogham, trees of the Goddess would represent letters, apothecaries amongst varied other themes in sacred science. The One God did all he could to erase this wisdom from philanthropy, hoard it for himself, then use it for his own itinerary and mendacious order.

The work of Robert Graves goes into these ideas in great detail.

Even The Flood of Genesis, which was simply a record of a natural event, was written in by scribes as a punishment on mankind for independent thought, to create fear and control. The eschatology of Revelation, which was a presage of an ending age leading to another in astronomical wisdom, was written in by scribes as a punishment for disobeying The One God, to create fear and control. In other words; follow The One God's orders or meet eternal perdition. We can see these parallels in the Hellenic misogynist exegetics of The Underworld of Hades vs. The Underworld of Hecate; fear and pain vs. volition and love.

Soteriological faith is based around the life of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is a Greek name from Hellenist translation. His name in Hebrew was actually Jeshua (Yahoshua) ben Yoseph or, Jesus son of Joseph. Jeshua's birth from Mary (Miryam/Miriam) is another mythical allegory. Mary was actually part of a priestesshood to the Goddess (Asherah/Ashtoreth) , with similarity to the Vestal Virgins in Rome. The priestesses would meet with the priests on quarter and cross-quarter festivals to conduct orgiastic rites. In this way the sacred child could be born on a solstice or equinox depending on their lineage and prophetic destiny. This rite was later abolished by the new order in Jerusalem, forcing the royal families from matriarchal epochs into exile. They did keep this lineage and rite alive, but in the wilderness, in safety from reprisal.

To hide this pagan lineage of Jesus, subsequent patriarchal orders used a censorship concept known as a 'parthenogenetic birth' for the Sun Child of the One God (three centuries after Jesus' death) . Parthenogenesis was a tactic first used by Hellene scribes for reducing Athene to a birth from Zeus's head, giving The Parthenon it's name, meaning 'virgin birth', as if to say that sexual union was not required. The story of Zeus swallowing Metis also points to this bombast misogyny amongst war deities. Most Roman cults of the day approbated this decree; Mithraism, Sol Invictus, etc.

The idea of parthenogenesis was created, again, by gynopathic scribes in Hellenic Greek Myth. The best example, Athene, who was once an omnipotent Triple-Goddess. She was reduced to Her Maiden aspect only and put under Zeus's

thumb. In the recreation of Athene's story, She is born from the head of Zeus. This was to symbolize the new order; wisdom can only be born from The Father, displaying how the prerogatives of The Wise Goddess had been peculated by war-mongering misogynists.

Jesus was part of a Jewish sect in Palestine during the first century B.C. They lived on the shores of the Dead Sea to escape the corruption in Jerusalem. They were The Qumran Community known as The Essenes.

During this period three distinct sects of Jews had formed;

1. The Sadducees; The ruling class of the caste. They controlled most of the political rules of the region. They of course answered to Rome. Judaea was a Roman annexation by this time. They had little interest in The Temple on The Mount or religious activity.

2. The Pharisees; The worshippers of Yahweh. As close to Orthodox Jews as could be found in modernity. They were devout practitioners of Rabbinical Law and controlled The Temple. The Temple had been rebuilt after their return from captivity in Babylon by King Zerubbabel in 539 B.C. It was also the site of Solomon's Temple built in the tenth century B.C, then razed in 586 B.C by Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar.

My poem; 'Tara, Keeper of The Lia Fail', touches on this.

3. The Essenes; These were Jesus' people. The bloodline from antiquity. Living in exile, away from the condemning eyes of The Pharisees and The Sadducees. They abhorred the corruption in Jerusalem and abominated the Roman occupation of The Holy Land. They were adept in their sacred sciences of ancient gynarchy. They were descendants of the male half of the orgiastic order. They did not countenance any Hellenic or Diaspora ideals. They were later known as The Nasoreans/Nazarenes. The title Jesus of Nazareth comes from this Order. The town of Nazareth did not exist in the time of Jesus, we know this because The Romans kept pedantic records. The Essenes/Nasoreans founded The First Church of Jerusalem based in Gnostic Tradition of Goddess worship. Miryam of Migdal (Mary Magdalene) was its first Papess. Later scribes would paint Her as a harlot. Her title was usurped by Peter and Paul to create a purported, false papal line. The Nazarenes were trying to establish the Old Code. When Rome decreed Christianity its religion, they renounced The Gnostic line of Miryam and created a male lineage.

Jesus was a Pagan. Jesus loved The Goddess and his Papess.

I believe that Jesus would be horrified if he saw how his Papess was treated. He

would not want to be affiliated with the false line of papal authority. If Jesus were alive today, he would not be a Christian. He would be, as he was, a poet and prophet to The White Goddess.

Initially, Jesus was not a member of The Essenes. His brother, Yacob ben Yoseph (James son of Joseph) was. James as much more robust and healthy. A more likely candidate for select gene pools within regal orgiastic rites. James, along with the man we know as John The Baptist (Yohanan) were The Right and Left Pillar of the Qumran Community.

The Canaanite theological ideals of 'right and left pillars' in early Judaism were as follows;

The Pillars were allegories which manifested themselves within The Temple. One was known as The Mishpat Pillar. The other was The Tsedeq Pillar. One pillar stood for the kingly and temporal aspect of the Earth, and the other represented the priestly and ethereal aspect of the Earth. These two pillars were in turn connected with The Shalom. The Shalom was The Temple ceiling and represented heaven itself Shalom was also an aspect of The Goddess, who linked the dichotomy of the two male divine aspects, the Sacred King and his tanist. This is yet another paradigm of The Consort (god) of waxing year, and god of waning year as mentioned earlier. The pillars would also track the Sun's movements between the solstices and equinoxes.

James was the priestly aspect of Tesdeq. He co-opted this role along with John The Baptist. The two were given the title Boanerges (The Thunder Twins) . Yet at this time, The Essenes were devoid of a kingly aspect representative.

The Essenes had fled Jerusalem. To them, the temple had been defiled. King Herod, who was a puppet-king of The Romans, held the throne. Caiaphas held the position of High Priest and was a Pharisee. Pontius Pilate was Roman governor of Judea who answered directly to The Roman Emperor.

The Essenes were desirous of a true kingly pillar. A descendant from the ancient bloodline.

This was where Jesus comes in. Jesus was not the man depicted in Christendom by later painters or theologians of The Medieval and Renaissance periods in Europe. Records describe him as a short, slightly-built man with some ailments. Hardly a candidate for Essene selection. Yet, Jesus had proven himself as an astute leader on defensive campaigns and as an eloquent, charismatic speaker. Jesus was also from the descended bloodline which did not approve of the

patriarchy which was manifesting even amongst The Essenes themselves. He was an egalitarian who believed that scholarship, creativity and honour transcended physical appearance and strength. He believed in The Ancient Code and in Matriarchy. He was the rightful heir.

His connection with his brother James and John The Baptist persuaded the initiators of his right to the kingly pillar. He was now The Messiah, the king to The Essenes. It seems plausible that King Herod wanted Jesus dead as an infant. Herod, being a Judean by birth and line, would have known his rightful claim to the throne. Herod knew the ancient prophecy. But that is another story.

Jesus, being the egalitarian and libertine that he was, ignored Essene protocol. He initiated the sick, lame and poor into his new cult. He was erudite in all the sacred sciences, including apothecary and herbalist medicine. This earned him the reputation as being a healer. He also taught the proletariat class of his following how to utilize The Law of Attraction.

Now, for the first time in centuries, a plebeian could divine her or his own destiny. Jesus did not preach subservience to any ecclesiastical or secular order. He preached transcendence of dogma and fetters by independent thought; The earthly powers could chain your body, yet they could not chain your mind unless you let them. The reproach of The Pharisees intimidated many commoners who feared the priesthood and Yahweh. Jesus taught his new order to walk in the light of truth and ignore the maxims of The Temple by adhering to The Old Code. The Code which allowed love, divinity, knowledge, happiness and all other good things to be had by all. The Code of The Triple Goddess. The only barriers, were barriers in the mind. To circumvent these barriers, one only had to believe with their hearts. One only had to believe in herself or himself.

Jesus was highly educated. He even studied in Alexandria. He was well versed in several languages, including Hellenic, Latin and Semitic tongues. He knew his Atlantian heritage. He knew the wisdom of gynarchy that was lost to countless generation of oppressed peoples. For this reason he spoke out against the authorities. Both banal and religious. He awoke the hearts and minds of many proselytes and showed them a truth that had been hidden from them. This was his greatest miracle. Truth.

Due to Jesus' open door policies many enemies did he create. He became a heretic even amongst many of The Essenes. Yet because of his connexion to The Boanerges Twins, he was tolerated. The preachings of John The Baptist were similar to that of Jesus. For this reason, many of the authorities were not so tolerant. Herod was growing ever more vexed by these seditious preachings, as

was the Temple priesthood. Herod killed John The Baptist to quell this movement, to no avail. Jesus requited with even harder push. He spoke out against the corruption of The Temple by The Pharisees in Jerusalem.

Hitherto, Jesus did not pose much of a threat to authorities. He preached in outer territories like on shores of The Sea of Galilee (Gennesaret) or in other less influential areas along The Jordan River. But now, he was crossing the line by attacking the religious epicentre of Jerusalem. The High Priest, Caiaphas, soon wanted him dead. He was shaking the foundations of control within Judaism and Pharisee influence. Even Gentile and Roman authorities noted his insurrectionary behaviour.

Caiaphas put pressure on the Roman governor Pontius Pilate to kill Jesus. Due to the upheaval, James was held as a criminal as well. I believe that James was the criminal Barabbas, described in The New Testament, and released just after Jesus' trial. By this time Jesus only had the support from a few of his followers and was forsaken by most of The Essenes.

It seems obvious that Pontius Pilate was trying to avoid a rioting throng. He would have had only a small garrison of legionaries in Jerusalem. It was Passover, so the city was replete with a concourse of pilgrims and denizens alike. Pilate knew that he could not contain a riot of any substantial proportion. So, at the crowd's command and at the wish of the Pharisees, Pontius Pilate decreed that the prophet be executed on the Tau.

The Tau, in essence, was the cross depicted by Christendom, with one varied attribute. It is a capital 'T' shape rather than a lower case 't' shape. It was named for the Greek letter Tau. When scribes translated the New Testament in later epochs from Greek to various other dictions and languages, the cross shape was confused. Adding to the confusion was the early Roman Christian symbol of the Chi-Rho, a combination of two Greek letters symbolizing the first two letters in Christ's name when written in Greek. The Chi-Rho would appear as a capital 'P' threw a capital 'X' in the common Latin Alphabet. In Greek it creates a K-R sound.

Contrariwise, to widely held beliefs throughout Christendom, Yeshua (Jesus) was not a deity. Therefore he would have died quickly. Any crash course in crucifixion would reveal the speed of one's death when crucified in the manner used in this case. The Romans had learned this punitive technique from The Carthaginians in centuries before whilst General Scipio was on campaign in The 2nd Punic War against Hannibal's army.

Combined with a frail and ailing body, which Jesus possessed, this seems a

rather lucid conjecture. The Romans were adept executioners and could hasten or slow the death of the recipient at will. Pontius Pilate would have wanted the situation resolved forthwith. Jesus was of little concern to him. He wanted only to abate the mob's discontentment by doing the bidding of Caiaphas.

The idea of Christ's death being drawn out came several decades after his death. He had become somewhat apotheosized by a Pharisee named Saul. Saul who became Paul en route to Damascus was, ostensibly, shown a vision and converted to the followings of Jesus. I personally believe that he was creating a counter-theology against The First Church of Jerusalem. Paul, like all Pharisees of the period, was a patriarch. The Gnostics (Nasoreans, founders of The First Church of Jerusalem) were Goddess worshippers. If Paul could create some fabricated connexion with lineage of Christ, then he could dissuade many potential proselytes to join The Gnostic/Coptic faiths. The Sadducees would have been co-conspirators within this political and religious endeavour. Mary Magdalene was The Black Virgin and First Papess within The Gnostic Faith, a threat to patriarchy and the potential manumitter of enslaved minds.

Papal authorities still recognize Paul's influence and Apostle Peter in their claim, but that is another story.

The Essenes were also the authors of The Dead Sea Scrolls which were hidden in caves and not found until the twentieth century A.D, by Bedouin shepherds. The scrolls were hidden during The Roman attacks on The Holy Land (circa.78-79 A.D) , which destroyed The Temple. Most Jews were exiled elsewhere, and many of the sects even remotely related to any Nazarene, Essene Ebionite theologies were dispatched. The strongholds of Qumran and Masada were no exception. The surviving Ebionites fled to Eire, which is now Ireland, and became The Ebionim and played a part in founding Celtic Christianity.

The teachings of Jesus were later confounded by Hellenist, Gentile and Roman Christians due to a lack of understanding in Essene theism and a deliberate thwarting of free thought and egalitarianism associated with philogynist Goddess faiths.

For example, when Jesus 'turned water into wine', it symbolized the religious sacred science being brought back to the plebeian class. He was bringing the prosaic back 'into the light', the light of knowledge. This was done against the will of many gynopathic Essene elitists. Jesus was a hero to those who had been forced into intellectual darkness and to those who lacked proper knowledge of ancient medicine. He brought obscured knowledge back to the people so they did not have to depend on the mercy of the authorities, or lack thereof. He became



'the saviour' to the commoners, both mentally and physically, restoring the wisdom and spirituality that was their birthright. Wisdom that had been withheld by the fief vassals, feudal lords and priesthoods so as to create dependency, and to control of power and resources.

Christian theologians misconstrued the concepts of Midrash and Peshar, names used to describe allegory, analogy and parable. Stories used to describe past events to teach a lesson or create a memory trigger or teach sacred sciences, etc. Much like original true mythologies. A demonstrative nuance betwixt poetic ontological thought and prose exegetics of literal comprehension.

The hagiographies of Saint Paul's Jesus Christ differ prodigiously with the historical figure of Yahoshua ben Yoseph.

The Journeys of Saint Paul began with The Pharisee Saul. Saul grew up in Anatolia (Asia Minor) in the town of Tarsus. Saul's family were Gentile Diaspora proselytes who converted to a Hellenist form of Judaism. Although considered Jews, The Diaspora were not entirely enlightened in the concepts of more archaic Judaism. Saul would have been raised to take the allegory of Midrash and Peshar literally rather than symbolically.

The conversion of Saul takes place on The Road to Damascus. Damascus in this case should not be confused with the city in Syria. The Qumran Community also used the name Damascus when referring to Qumran. Therefore, Saul was en route to Qumran. Of course, in this epic, The Nasorean named Stephen was stoned to death by some Pharisee henchmen of the high priest. Saul witnesses the event and could very well have partaken in it (probably an omitted portion of the story, just holding coats seems doubtful) . He is rendered blind temporarily, and purportedly sees an epiphany of Christ, who persuades him to convert to the Nasorean cause. He then takes the pseudonym of Paul.

Stephen, who's name means crown or wreath in Greek was plausibly an Ebionite or Essene. Stephen was probably a potential initiate for the kingly aspect of The Shalom. The Pharisees may well have had Stephen murdered to prevent this. Stephen is called a disciple in biblical accounts, ergo, he may well have been initiated into the ancient rites.

Some theories suggest that Paul was not a Pharisee at all, I find this rather unlikely.

When Paul sees the 'light of God', is when he meets with James, who relates the account of his brother's death. Paul takes the story of Jesus and retells it in a manner with much more patriarchal tones. Paul claims to have renounced The

Pharisee guild, but I believe this to be part of the conspiracy as well. His ostensible apostasy was yet another propaganda tool.

Subsequently, Paul journeys several times around the eastern Mediterranean, disseminating this new theology throughout the eastern portions of The Roman Empire. His journeys took him to cities such as; Lystra and Troas in Anatolia; to Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens and Corinth in Greece; and to Caesarea in Judea, to name but a few. This marked the onset of Christianity as a religion in the empire.

At first, Christianity was tolerated by Roman authorities. Roman officials and consulates harboured little concern for the religion or creeds of their citizens, as long as the subjects in annexed territories pledged subordination to Rome and paid taxes. Various theologies existed within the empire, all sorts from worshipping eastern war gods like Mithras; to sun worship of Sol Invictus; to Druidism in the western empire; to Judaism in The Levant. As long as beliefs did not cite insurrection, then fine. Most Romans knew little of, or cared little for this man they called Jesus. To them, Jesus was just another rebel in the territories who's rebellion was crushed under the might of Rome. Christianity was just another religion in the mix, and Paul was just another zealot preaching on Roman streets.

In 27 B.C, a few decades ere Jesus' death, (Octavian) Augustus Caesar became Rome's first Emperor. This marked the end of Roman democracy, and the start of a political system based in autocratic rule. A system whereby The Caesar (Emperor) is a god-king and rules absolutely. Under this new world order, the Emperors seemed to have become increasingly insane and corrupt with each succession. By the time of Emperor Nero (54-68 A.D) , the Christians were being persecuted for disport. Christianity appealed to the plebeian class. The poor, the ill and the lame turned to it. Roman women were especially drawn to it's seemingly egalitarian doctrines.

Women in Rome were, in this period, treated heinously. Male war gods were salient, as was male corruption and domination. It was a time of blood-lust. The Patrician ruling class were punitive, petty and hedonistic. The plebeians starved whilst the Patricians prospered.

Nero saw Christians as a threat to his power because of it`s influence on the masses. In 64 A.D, Nero set fire to the city, so as to build his palace outward into old parts of the city. He blamed the Christians for the conflagration.

Emperor Vespasian (70-79 A.D) began construction of The Colosseum some

years later. His son Titus would see it through to effectuation. He inaugurated The Colosseum, and had slain many Christians for the amusement of the throngs. He knew that the mobs wanted blood, and that it kept them hungry for war; Control the mob, control Rome. A simple equation in the Roman thought world of banal desire.

The following centuries would prove similar, under abhorrent human condition.

Then, in 325 A.D, The Emperor Constantine (ruled 324-337 A.D) held The Council of Nicaea. Constantine was an astute visionary. He built the city of Constantinople and made it the new capital city of The Roman Empire (and would later pave the way for The Byzantine Empire) . He saw that Christianity was becoming the religion of choice within the empire.

Constantine knew that the empire was waning. He used Christianity as the glue to hold it together. He decreed himself as The Second Messiah and adopted Christianity as the official religion of Rome. Constantinople was now the centre of Christendom. Constantine was the first Christian Emperor.

Constantine did, nonetheless, remain head of The Sol Invictus cult of the Patrician class. Keeping a foot in each theology allowed him to rule and tether both levels of the Roman caste.

At The Council of Nicaea, Constantine brought Christian Theologians from all corners of the empire. For days the Council deliberated, they were to choose the creeds, philosophies and doctrines that were 'true', or in other words, best suited to the patriarchal order of Roman government. All Coptic and Gnostic Texts and testaments were thereby deemed 'apocryphal', which has come to mean false, yet in Greek actually means hidden or obscured.

The beginnings of The Nicene Creed were born. All matriarchal aspects of The Nasorean teachings of Jesus and Mary Magdalene were now on the miscreant list. The text of Gnostic and Coptic origin decried. Patriarchy was one step closer to ubiquitous power. The line of Peter and Paul held sway.

I do not believe that Jesus would want to be associated with this creed. He abhorred The Romans, or any patriarchal ruler ship.

The following century would see the collapse of the Roman Empire. The Empire divided into two parts of East (Byzantium) and West. The West Empire fell under the control of invading hordes, including; Goths, Visigoths and Vandals. It

was subsequently divided into small kingdoms ruled by feudal petty-kings. Europe plunged into The Dark Ages. Christendom thrived by keeping it's proletariats in intellectual darkness. Yet, practitioners of The Old Code kept the ancient eruditions alive. Christendom was growing ever intolerant of these 'witches'.

On into The Medieval Period, papal authorities flexed their powers, forcing European governments and churches into following the behest of the Roman Catholic Church. Lies were diffused. Propaganda about the diabolic nature of witchcraft. By the Renaissance Period, witches were being hunted for their matriarchal and polytheist beliefs. Christendom bought into the lie. Instead of seeing witches as being poets, healers and erudite libertines, they saw them as a source of trepidation and iniquity.

Society had a collective and poisoned mind toward The Old Code. Even Dragons were being slain, the calendar beast of the sweet Goddess herself smote down by folly Knights who renounced Her in the name of power thirsty kings and popes. But that is another story.

In contemporary times, some still adhere to these mendacities of Christendom and patriarchy. I respect those who practice it. Yet, I think they should know it's history before casting dispersions of negativity and reproach toward the old pagan faiths.

I have only just scratched the surface of some histories in this short write on Soteriological Faith. My poems attempt to reclaim the splendour of the myths and epics as they once were. To reclaim Her Story and elucidate the false claims of his story (history) .

The sands of time are many, yet in each grain there lies a truth waiting to be found, a journey waiting to be taken. A path walked many times, waiting to be trod upon once again. It all begins with one question, and ends in many more.

If we choose not to question dogma and staid reason, then we potentially orchestrate our own spiritual demise.

S.T. Archaic Autochthonous Theologies We live in an epoch where propaganda runs rampant. A time where families are willing to send their children to war without question. Our young are instructed to serve their country even at the cost of their lives. Murder is justified as a means to an end. What is this end? Is it for a better world? Or is it yet another tactic for the elite few to maintain their

power and control? I believe it to be the latter.

Our soldiers are used as pawns on a very real chessboard called the battlefield. They are young people who can not possibly understand the politics of the battles they partake in. I have been in the military myself (in my early twenties) . I have felt the push of Big Brother's thumb and the piercing gaze of his vigilant eyes. I have been in the midst of the war deities as it were, been proselytized and forced to worship at their shrine. I have led the distressed and aberrant life of a soldier.

Soldiers are forced into abandoning their innate human instincts. The instincts which tell them to preserve life and independent thought. They are broken down then re-trained to think as part of the collective and malevolent war machine. It goes against all their sound feelings and judgment. The war machine takes children, who are devoid of life experience and political awareness, and turns them into killing machines.

Once the soldier has done their 'duty' then they are released back into society with sullied mental health, often leading to post traumatic stress disorders. Oft times they are physically injured as well, and are given little recompense for their service. These soldiers are released and expected to forget their inhumane hardships and function in society as any other citizen. They carry physical and emotional scars for life.

More often than not, soldiers are of the proletariat class. The elite few have rarely sent their children off to protect the empire, regardless of the time period in question. Wars are usually over resources or power struggles (or both) and have little to do with honour and glory. The elite gain opulence from the blood of the plebeian young.

Many have made defeated and platitudinous remarks stating that; 'There has always been and will always be war'. This is simply another example of how propaganda and redacted ancient text have poisoned the mind of humanity over many centuries. If we believe this ideal then we give power, once again, to the few and remove any power from ourselves.

Early anarchic tribal societies did not live in perpetual warfare. The idea of competition was virtually unknown. These autochthonous peoples had no real concept of possession or ownership. They thought on an individual level, revered human life and had little cause for pugnacious behaviour.

The idea of marriage as we know it was a patriarchal conjuring, used to immure

women thus creating competition, human ownership and envy. Women in new city-states were forced by exogamous marriage laws. By sending women to wed outside the tribe it took away their security and power. They were forced to live with the husband's family under constant scrutiny. Patriarchy also created misogynist laws such as adultery which is strictly a female crime. These were just some tactics employed by city-states to control women and silence The Great Goddess.

City-states created competition which leads to war. They labeled the tribal societies as 'savages'. Yet, civilized societies are driven by greed and warfare. It seems that the civilized societies are in fact the savages. Even the term anarchic (anarchy) has been confused as being lawless and confused. Anarchy actually refers to an egalitarian tribal society that does not live in the chaos of urban law. They live by laws of Mother Earth. They live with nature rather than trying to fetter and pillage it. They adapt to Her laws and live amicably with Her plants and creatures. Whereas city-states push out and/or destroy anything which does not conform to it's ravenous agenda.

Urban-centered paternalism insists on controlling resources, which creates a monetary system, which creates dependency. This forces the proletarian class onto a treadmill. The lay class often end up running the treadmill 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. They are forced into working unnatural hours such as nightshifts. This 24 hour world wreaks havoc on our health. We run the treadmill until we are injured or until old age betakes us (or both) , then we are disdainfully discarded and replaced by fresh stock. Human lives are treated as commodities. Nothing is sacred in this system.

In anarchic societies the antithetic scenario is true. The elderly, injured and weak were aided by the strong, rather than minimized. They did not live in a labour intensive world, because they only took what they needed. They thanked every life they took for survival in ceremony. All life was equal, whether it was a corn plant, a deer, or a human life.

Autochthonous theologies of anarchic societies insisted upon the reverence of all living things. All plants, animals, waterways, etc. had a spirit (usually an aspect of The Goddess) . One must ask the spirit of the animal/plant for it's life-force to sustain their own. It was considered a prodigious gift to give up the life of one to support another. Each time a person asks for this gift, they must pay homage to the spirit.

Many autochthonous societies were hunters and gatherers. It seems that the modern hunter has gained a reputation as being an unprincipled murderer or

reprobate in some circles. Hunters are often seen as cruel and lacking in environmental conscience. In some cases this is true. Yet, more often than not, hunters are some of the most environmentally concerned people on the planet. Hunters understand the life cycle, and should be equated with fishers and farmers. They harvest animals as a farmer would harvest a crop.

Wasteful and disrespectful harvesters often create a bad name for the rest. We have been taught to believe in a food chain, whereby we rank at the apex. I believe this to be a fallacy. Autochthon cultures viewed it as more of a food cycle, where all creation takes and gives back life at some point in the cycle equally to create an equilibrate state of harmony.

Paternalistic society pays little homage to these natural laws. Industrial farming for example, will see an animal caged without any sense of emancipation for its entire life span. It could be argued that hunting is a much more humane means of harvesting meat. The animal in question lives in freedom and has much greater odds of surviving. The hunter must learn and follow nature's code to be successful. The hunter must venerate her/his prey as an equal, rather than as its master.

Many of us now dwell in urban bowers. Many have lost touch with their roots, and are quick to condemn those of us who have not. They often believe that being vegetarian, for example, somehow removes them from the 'guilt' of partaking in the food cycle. I respect everyone's beliefs, but I see hypocrisy in this thinking. Autochthonous theology sees all life as being equal. Therefore, a vegetable plant such as a carrot must lose its life to feed the human. The carrot has a life force which is just as colossal as the cow or the rabbit or the salmon. All creation is one, the one is the all. Some would argue that a fish or a carrot is not as attractive as the rabbit or maybe the deer, so they do not eat it. The carrot or any other plant is as much a child of the earth as any cute mammal. One must thank and pay homage to any life taken for personal survival. Urban life has allowed us to cut out the middle portion as it were, leaving many of us disengaged from the food cycle.

Due to high crime rates within urban centers, the disengaged urbanite may also see harvesting tools as being iniquitous. They will often see guns as being murder weapons rather than tools. Throughout history, harvesting tools have been abused and misused as tools of war; axes used on the battlefield rather than for firewood; sickles and machetes used for campaigns of genocide rather than for harvesting the crops. Guns are as much a harvesting tool as a fishing rod, net or garden hoe. When tools become weapons, life forces and life cycles are disrespected, hence, the balance is upset.

The juxtaposition betwixt harvest and murder could be characterized as follows; Harvest is necessary, rendered with respectful positive energy, is non-wasteful, and creates a balanced life force. Murder is unnecessary, rendered with disrespectful negative energy, is wasteful, and creates an unbalanced life force.

In many autochthonous theologies the life/food cycle was referred to as 'The Way'. As mentioned elsewhere, a face and personality were assigned to all earthly and celestial incarnations. Civilization has removed humanity from the land and sky cycles, and has decreed some life forms as being of more relevance than others. Early humans saw all aspects of creation as being their sisters and brothers. They would thank the spirit of the life taken in ceremony before and after the harvest. Whilst harvesting, they knew full well that their own life would one day be called upon as requital for previous survival. They would one day nurture the soils of their beloved Mother Earth. They knew that one's energy was never gone, and that all creation returned again and again in various incarnations breaching all barriers of space and time.

North American native theology adheres to the respect for life cycle and 'The Way'. Many of their epics have survived to contemporary times.

One such example is of the epic Chippewa myth of Mondawmin, who was the corn spirit. A young man coming of age, named Wunzh was in a dreaming Vision Quest. After fasting for many days, he asked earnestly to the spirits for sustenance to feed his people. Mondawmin appeared to him many times, each time they wrestled until one day Mondawmin finally succumbed and died. At his barrow grew the first ears of corn. The Chippewa now had an additional food source. Each time they grew corn they made oblations to Mondawmin, Wunzh's life long Spirit Guide. The allegory of Mondawmin's sacrifice would aid The Chippewa for centuries.

Many North American native traditions venerate the Corn Goddesses and Gods. The majority of corn deities are female and associated with fertility. Some other examples include; the Cherokee goddess Selu; Yellow Woman and the Corn Mother Goddess Iyatiku of the Keresan people of the American Southwest; and Chicomecoatl, the Goddess of Maize who was revered by the Aztecs of Mexico. In Mayan theology, it was believed that humans had been molded from corn, and based much of their calendar on the planting of the cornfield.

In accordance with Iroquois legend, corn, beans, and squash are three inseverable sisters who can only grow and flourish together. This tradition of interplanting corn, beans and squash in the same mound, diffused amongst



Native American agrarian societies. This proved a sophisticated, sustainable system that proffered long-term soil fertility and a healthy diet to generations. The aforementioned Three Sisters (corn, beans and squash) symbolize, yet again, the face of the Triple Goddess and the originally female prerogative of horticulture. The Three Sisters, with graceful gait and flowing garbs, walked the crop fields neath aegis and succour of the pallor moon, The Muse Herself.

Corn, bean and squash plants were amongst the first substantial crops domesticated by ancient Mesoamerican societies. Corn being the principle crop, yielding more calories or energy per acre than any other. According to Three Sisters legends, corn must grow in community with other crops rather than on its own, it needs the boon of company and aide of its kin.

The Iroquois believe corn, beans and squash are precious gifts from the Great Spirit, each neath the vigilance of one of Three Sisters Spirits, called the De-o-ha-ko, or "Our Sustainers". The planting season is commemorated by ceremonies to honour them, and a festival commemorates the first harvest of "green" corn on the cob. By relating the legends and performing annual rites, Native Americans have handed down the agricultural erudition of crops, using and preserving the Three Sisters through generations. The Three Sisters are a quintessential example of how anthropomorphism was infused and utilized within autochthon thought worlds, theology and morality.

Various Native American tribes have long embraced the concept of a woman as the demiurge of the world. To them, the reasoning is elementary; it is woman from whence all life proliferates.

Amid the Pueblo Nations, The Goddess is so revered that her real name is never uttered aloud. They refer to Her as Spider Woman. The Pueblos believe that all creation had sprung from Her thoughts. The Hopi hold a resembling belief, as do several other Native American Tribes.

Although each tribe has a slightly differing version to the tradition of the Spider Woman story, one aspect remains steadfast; She is responsible for all genesis of earthly creations. Some tribes believe that Spider Woman began with the universe itself, much like Eurynome of Greek Myth, or Sige of Gnostic tradition (two aspects of Lady Universe) .

As the myth goes, Spider Woman began Her many creations by spinning and incantations of chanting or singing. In this way, She first composed the universe in four sections; west, north, south and east. Within the void of space did spring forth the birth of the sun, moon, and stars, which did so banish darkness from

the world forthwith.

Then, She took the shells of turquoise, a red rock, a yellow stone, and a clear crystal. She next created the mountains, oceans, and deserts. Then the Earth Goddess Herself so became the womb from which all humankind sprang forth through time; gradually, as is always the case with childbirth. Whilst fabricating the diverse races of humanity, She used manifold colours of clay. Using her remaining thread, The Goddess tethered each of her human creations unto Her.

Spider Goddesses are salient throughout the ancient world. In Baltic myth, Saule is the life-giving Sun Goddess, whose omnipresence is symbolized by a wheel or a rosette (common symbols of The Goddess throughout ancient Europe) . She spins the beams emanating from the sun. The Baltic connexion betwixt the sun and spinning is oft times represented in archaic spindles of the sun-stone. The sun-stone is known to us as amber, a stone common to the Baltic region. These artifacts have been unearthed in burial mounds. In Celtic tradition the Sun Goddess was known as Sulis, who also embodied the waterways as well.

The Finnish epic of the Kalevala, has many references to Spinning/Weaving Goddesses.

In Germanic mythology the spinner is Holda. Her patronage also entails divination and command of the weather, fertility of women, and the protectress of children not yet born . In Greek Myth, The Moerae, or The Fates are the Three Crones who control destiny. Through them, fate is unraveled by the art of spinning on the distaff; the thread of life.

Penelope, who was the faithful wife of Odysseus was also a weaver. She would weave Her design for a shroud diurnally, yet unraveling it again in the late watches of the night. In this way, She could keep her suitors from calling upon Her during the long years whilst Odysseus was away. Penelope has a sacred lineage that melds humanity and the divine, and She is perhaps Odysseus's own recondite weaving Goddess-Nymph, much like the Two Weaving Enchantresses in the Odyssey, Circe and Calypso, who were originally facets of The Death Goddess or Elysium guides.

Helen of Troy is a Weaving Goddess and is at her loom in The Iliad.

Homer dwells prolifically on the seraphic weaving quality of the robes worn by The Goddesses, many poets and writers aspiring for heroic rhapsody after him emulated analogous styles of verse.

There is also the horrifically gynopathic myth of Philomela, who was raped and Her tongue cut out so She could not speak of Her violation. In this story, compunctions from the matriarchal era come to Her aid. Her loom so becomes Her voice, the story is woven into the design, so that her sister Procne may comprehend it. The women then may take their revenge on the rapist who broke The Old Code.

In Hindu Myth; Maya is the Virgin aspect of the Triple Hindu Goddess. She is symbolized by a Spider, spinner of magick, fate and earthly guises. The web of the spider was likened with the Wheel of Fate and the spider itself to the Spinner Goddess. She sits at the hub of Her Wheel. Mother of the Enlightened One, Buddha.

Misogynist Roman Myth regarded the processes of spinning and weaving with trepidation and awe. In many provinces of the Roman Empire, laws prohibited women from holding a spindle in public, for fear of The Feminine Divine and the witches who could utilize Her power by way of divinations through The Spider Goddess's spindle.

In Sioux tradition, after death, the spirit of the deceased one would journey to The Happy Hunting Ground, unless of course they were scalped some time during their lifetime. This belief correlates with the Sioux concepts of a spirit residing innately in all facets of creation; including trees, rocks, rivers and almost every natural entity. Ergo, in this thought world, this leads to the existence of an afterlife or Otherworld. The Native American tribes were prodigiously spiritual. This was demonstrative within their spiritual dances (i.e.; The Sun Dance and The Ghost Dance, which call to the spirits of the dead for guidance, aid and/or a return to the corporal realm. A kind of collective Vision Quest by the tribal sages.)

The name Happy Hunting Grounds indicates the characteristics of the Native American Otherworld. The Happy Hunting Ground had some affinity with the living earthly realm, but with constant fair summer weather and game that was easily hunted, such as rabbit, deer and buffalo. It could be equated with the Summerland of Elysium in Greek tradition, or Tir na Nog (Avalon) of Celtic lore.

The White Buffalo Calf Woman of Lakota mythology, is a sacred woman of divine origins. She bestowed the Lakota Nation with their Seven Sacred Rituals. Her epic is as follows;

Many moons ago famine begirt the land. The Lakota chief sent forth two scouts to hunt for food. Whilst traveling, the scouts saw a figure off in the distance. As they approached, they found a comely young woman in white garbs.

One of the scouts became desirous of the fair woman. He approached Her, telling his companion he would attempt to embrace the woman. If he found her pleasing, he would claim Her for a wife.

His companion rendered him a caveat; that She did appear to be a Sacred Women, and to do anything sacrilegious would be folly. The scout ignored his advice. The companion so watched as the scout approached and embraced the woman, during which time a white cloud did gird the pair. Soon after, the cloud vanished. Only the arcane woman remained.

The remaining scout stood there in fear, he began to draw his bow, but the woman beckoned him to Her. She assured him that harm would not come to him.

The woman was fluent in the Lakota tongue. For this reason, the young man decided She must be one of his tribe, and came forward. When he came thither, She pointed to the location upon the soil where the other scout's bared bones now lay. She then explained how the Crazy Buffalo had cast a spell so the man would desire Her, and that She had annihilated him.

The scout, ever more fearful, again drew his bow upon Her. The woman explained that She was Wakan and his weapons could do naught to harm Her. She proceeded to explain that if he did as She instructed, harm would not befall him and that his tribe would soon become much more prosperous.

The scout pledged to follow that which She had instructed. She told him to return to his encampment, then call the Council and prepare a feast for Her arrival.

The woman's name was Ptesan Wi which translated to White Buffalo Calf Woman. She taught The Lakota various sacred rites and ceremonies. She gave The Lakota the chununpa or sacred pipe which is the holiest of all talismans.

After teaching the people and giving them her gifts, PtesanWi left. She promised

to one  
day return.

Later, the story became attributed to the Goddess, Wohpe, also know as Whope, or Wope.

When Roman Catholic missionaries first came among the Lakota, their pantheon which included The Virgin Mary and Jesus became associated with the legend of White Buffalo Calf Woman. The syncretic practice of identifying Mary with PtesanWi and Jesus with the chununpa continues amongst Lakota Christians in to modern times

The buffalo was sacred to The Lakota people. The buffalo provided meat for sustenance, and pelts for clothing and shelter. White Buffalo Calf Woman was Prophetess/Goddess who reminded them of their duty; in honouring their buffalo sisters and brothers who sacrificed their lives for The Lakota Nation to survive.

Paternalistic Europeans were devoid of this morality. They slaughtered buffalo unto the propinquity of extinction. The Lakota and other First Nations watched in horror and lamented such wasteful acts of disrespect.

S.T. The Quintessence of a Lost Gynarchy; A True Paraclete of The Goddess  
Hypatia (379 - 415 A.D.)

Hypatia is considered one of history's greatest women. All accounts describe Her as stunningly attractive, adeptly brilliant, yet always modest and benevolent in nature. She lived in an misogynistic age, when women were considered a chattel. This prolifically versed Alexandrian Hellenic woman was a proficient mathematician, astronomer, inventor, theologizer, and natural philosopher. She was the last keeper of the flame of knowledge in the renowned Alexandrian University (The Museum) , once heralded as an epicentre of all the world's eruditions. As the daughter of the last chief professor of The Museum, She was essentially raised in the Great Alexandrian Library, where much of the world's knowledge was kept and/or recorded.

As well as being a child prodigy, She was a voracious reader. By the age of womanhood (i.e., twelve, in this period) , She had learned the accrued total of most erudite endeavours available to humankind. Books in this epoch (ere the advent of printing presses) , were hand-written by scribes and distributed as scrolls. Each scroll in circulation was deemed a priceless original.

The Great Alexandrian Library was burned in a conflagration by the Christian mobs, at the behest of Christian emperor Theodosius The Great in the year 391 A.D., each corpus of books were destroyed. Yet, Hypatia committed much of the material lost in the flames to memory, ergo, She spent the remainder of Her life reclaiming and recording the lost wisdom. Each occasion when a scholar became stumped by a problem, they were devoid of books to assist them. There was only Hypatia to call upon.

When Her career as a lecturing natural philosopher hit it's apex, She was proclaimed as somewhat of an oracle. Denizens and state elite made pilgrimages from various corners the two empires to take counsel from Her on a variety of issues, both secular and metaphysical. Forsooth, Her renown was so prodigious, that letters arrived from all over the empires and were addressed simply to; The Philosopher. These communications would, without fail, find their way directly to Her bower.

Her undoubted purpose in life was to preserve and rekindle the archaic wisdom of the erudite Hellenistic Age and to disseminate their traditions of volitive and staid comprehensions. Yet, The paternalistic world that begird Her was falling into intellectual darkness and tethered by demagogic control. The Christian monotheist guilds were amalgamating their power with propaganda, thus swaying the mind of humanity away from intellectual pursuits and theologies of volition, to monotheistic faiths based in trepidation and ignorance. Hypatia posed the final obstacle to the Church's mandate of world domination.

The Christian mob led by Saint Cyril unwittingly made Her one of history's most colossal martyrs for the sciences. She was despatched by Cyril's church mob in a most reprehensible manner, being dismembered and burned in pieces. Not surprisingly, the confounded scholars that adored Her, left Alexandria in melancholic disgust. Alexandria ceased to be an erudite world center of learning. The Dark Ages befell the occidental world. Thence, the collective mind of humanity stagnated in perpetual ignorance for nigh on one thousand years.

Her life is replete with all the required heroic elements of a Thespian tragedy, this alone would insure Her place in the annals of history; The epic of a towering and tragic soul, standing all alone in defiance against the impending diabolic forces of darkness. Yet, there is more to this great tale, more than was once revealed. Modern research suggests that the Cyril's Christians did not succeed in annihilating Her life's endeavours, as was believed hitherto. Hypatia's life surely was not in vain.

Some works rediscovered in renaissance; like Euclid's the Elements, Ptolemy's

Almagest, and Diophantus' Arithmetica have dawned the horizon of modernity by way of Hypatia's own recenses. These books bear the same seminal attributes of the ancient Hellenic adepts, and were rediscovered at the end of the Medieval Period. That seed fostered a Renaissance Age of secular, yet somewhat manumitted thought patterns. A period in history which contemporary scholars refer to as The Renaissance, meaning, quite literally, The Re-Birth of the Classical Age of Hellenic Greek thought realms. Modern western society molds itself after Classic Age Hellenic and pre-autocratic Roman societies.

Hypatia preserved and dispersed the seed of Hellenic eruditions which had lay dormant or underground for a thousand years. Eventually this seed did sprout, leading to the fructification which produced the Age of Modernity. She is a perfect example of The Goddess's veracity which can not be subdued, which transcends time and the mendacious orders which often lay within it. In the end, the Great Woman's daughters of love, beauty and wisdom always triumph, armed not with fear tactics or weapons, but with the truth of the ages.

S.T.□

Steve Trimmer

# Beloved

Ere The Deluge  
We loved  
For we were Eurynome and Ophion  
For we were Lady Finndabar and Ferdia  
We were Oonaugh and Fionnbharr  
Isolde and Tristan  
Isis and Orion

Beloved, thy words so voluable  
I stood, and stand still as thy paranymp  
We lived then, as now

On shores of The Loch, I found thee; my Selky  
As my Lady River- Boann, I wert The Dagna of Eire  
Well-nigh met we, in this life, yet not so  
Dappled light we work, incantations said  
Love sempiternal, thus fore`er

Were we not Eurydice and Orpheus?  
Were we not The Tuatha de Danaans at Dana`s standing dolmens?  
Were we not Kathrine and Potemkin in land of the Russ -Chrimaea  
My beloved, my Dragoness, be I thy Bard

Consort was I who loved thee, fair Nemetona, at The Orkney Grove;  
My sacred arboreal shrine be fore`er in dedication to thee  
For it wast thee, Miryam, who did tend to me at my cross;  
Who kissed my Holly Crown o` Thorns  
For thee, Tara, I took to Emerald Isle when I was Jeremiah;  
We fled Holy Salem in The Levant to protect thy Grail  
Thou wast surely my Pocahontas, Powhatan Queen;  
For even Britannia hath doted for thee

Fore`er deft are we in willow magick of The Underworld

For I weep for thee.....until.....until.....

Until thy spirit leaves ethereal bournes, yet again  
Until thy essence finds corporeal flesh, yet again  
Until thou hast deigned to the temporal realm, yet again



Come back for me, and for the human race  
My demiurge, my beloved; I indite these words of white lyric  
Unto this secular plane, we are incarnated in fourscores through time  
Birth, Love, Death, then Resurrection.....as prophecy presages

Through many lives.....yet

`Tis always us  
The Ages; ne`er to rend us apart  
Two hearts as One  
Twin Flames, as Caer and Aengus; swans of undying love

My Beloved.....come back again  
Please come back

Steve Trimmer

# Benighted Reveries

Staid mind betakes  
Goad by cudgel  
Or beguiled by Thyrsus Staff  
Effaced am I  
Faeries gird thy cairn  
Thus, whence I venerate  
My swoon heart so timorous  
I acquiesce

`Tis esbat proximo  
When I shall adorn thy chaplet  
Ne`er shall we speak imbibed incantations  
Only words from the heart

Quoth I;

"Goeth thenceforth my love  
For I am The Foundling  
Whom now shall accost my doxy fair  
The Pendragons seek thee not  
Nor colloquial kings of temerity  
Yet, I am not remiss  
As they

Wert I who seeks thy Caer  
In The Archipelago of the Quince  
Please, becalm thy seas asketh I  
Empress of The Major Arcana  
Sceptor brandished  
Remit my love, remit I beg

Bucolic verse or georgics  
I shalt not utter  
Nor melic elegy  
Only this betided philtre'

Proffer I;

'To wheedle pacific matins well

Ne`er I eschew the sacred dell  
Cosset to thee, I so abide  
Gossamer wings of rivers pride

A dram o` mead, libation take  
Comforteth thee of doleful fate  
Helpeth we to nuncipate  
From heath or glen enunciate'

Away from phalanx bustle  
She elucidates  
Hail! The Lady fair  
In abtruse bournes  
I rhapsodize  
In scrying mirror see I a leafy quince  
Be I requited.....in Benighted Law of Amity

Steve Trimmer

# Boudica`s Song

(Open G - D - C concert pitch)

In East Brittonia  
In the first century  
A heroine was born  
From the ashes of The Trees

Red hair waving free  
Armour gleam of Nemain`s Moon  
She dreamed The Bull and  
Augury in tune

(chourus)  
Boudica, a warrior princess  
Boudica, Bridget sent to earth  
Boudica, the legions feared this priestess  
Boudica, Protectress of.....Iceni hearths

Scapula and son  
Of paternalistic Rome  
Conjured Deities of War  
Sacking Celtic homes

A shrine they built  
To The Claudius God King  
Boudica did vow The Druids Justice  
She would bring

Boudica.....Boudica

(change D - C - D - C)

She battled to keep ancestral rights  
For Pagans to be free  
The Roman troops were to fraught with strife  
For Iceni clans to beat

Boudica.....Boudica

(back)

Breaca`s rebellion  
May have been quelled  
But Her heart was pure whilst  
Thwarting Patrician hell

In chariot was She  
Long red hair of The Serpent Spear  
Fighting for Her bairns and  
Her people`s dreams so clear

Boudica.....Boudica

Oh! Boudica, The Boudica  
Breaca, your ancient name  
Oh! Boudica, The Boudica  
Your convictions I don`t blame

Boudica.....Boudica

Steve Trimmer

# Chrystal The Beautiful

A folly lad, once thy knew  
Devoid of sense was he  
Ye, saw his heart, and threw  
His facade, thy eyes could see

Repine hath I, so swoon of heart  
I was, in those youth days  
Yet Chrystal, my love, did ne`er part  
When I hurt thee on that day

In dree and shame, I hath repent  
For years of my transgressions  
To thee I write, and shall lament  
Please hear my confessions.....

I once knew Chrystal The Beautiful, Goddess Chrystal so fair  
Russet hair, e`er shining as Moon of Artemis  
Her smile so lovely, as the Pleiades  
Oft times, whilst on Imramma  
She appears to me in the breakwaters of Avalon  
She ascends from the sea depths, manifest as Lady Branwen  
Her eyes hold mine

Quoth She;

'What fate befell thee, Stephen  
In temporal world, thy heart uneven  
I loved thee, to ne`er foresake  
Thy requital, wast love unpaid  
Melancholy felleth onto me  
I wept neath Blodeuwedd`s Willow Tree  
Ere, I thought thy wouldst return  
To love me as thy soul had yearned'

With eyes replete in tears, She awaits an answer.....

I to am tearful, reft at Her pain  
I hold Her lovely hand, whilst sitting with Lady Chrystal  
On a pearl in Her Seashell.....

Quoth I;

'Sweet Branwen, Lady of the Lake  
In temporal realm, Sweet Chrystal  
I beseech forgiveness of mistakes  
I hath made, by lack of mettle

If I had those moments back, Dear Lady  
Oh! , what I would change  
Veracious love I would not lack, hail to  
Lovers Moon- Nemain

Fealty to thee, a pledge wouldst take  
Naught infirm of heart  
On bended knee, at thy feet I`d make  
Homiletics to Astarte

To my Muse, Fair Chrystal fine  
Thou art, sweet Bridget`s light  
As Deirdre and Naisi, Yews entwined  
Forgive me for this plight

Each time I awake from this dreaming, seeing only hurt  
In The Fair Lady`s eyes  
In supplications, oft nigh the lakeside  
I make oblations of Flowers to The Lady of the Lake  
I hope one day to share my dreaming with The Fair Lady Chrystal  
In the rill, Her reflection smiles  
I hope Her happy, with the love She deserves.....  
Chrystal The Beautiful.....To thee I am truly sorry.....  
Chrystal The Beatiful

Steve Trimmer

# Doxology To Demeter

Demeter, Horse Goddess of moonlit night  
The Cornfield Muse neath starbound light  
Mother to Core, The Maiden Queen  
Nicippe Her priestess, in groves o` green

Despoena, Her aspect of horse in flight  
Arion of Equine Cult, unite  
Doth She lament, Persephone goes  
Her cosset Core, in Hades abode

She roams the world of Upper Air  
Her crops now bane, unto Her snares  
Ne`er to release, Her hibernal spell  
`Til Her sweet Persephone returns from hell

Ere equinoctial vernal days  
Her roving tears thus mitigate  
For Proserpina hath come back to Earth  
Demeters heart, replete with mirth

Demeter loves, in thrice ploughed fields  
Fecund crops and flowers, thus She yields  
At Eleusis Shrine, Iambic chants  
For Brimo`s buskin boot they rant

Eleusinian Mysteries are Demeters rites  
Nymph aspect in triad, the Doxy White  
In maiden guise, Iambe, spring`s child  
As Crone, She is Baubo, sullenly wild

Steve Trimmer



# Druidess

Sweet Druidess, thy magick truely awes me  
With gentle kiss, thy potion cures maladies  
On dolmen alter, or in the glen  
Thy incantations, make ammends  
Thy silver disk will wax and wane  
Ne`er retained, I beseech thee  
Bring me there again

Steve Trimmer

# Europe

Europe of The Broad Face  
Synonym as so;

Of Full Moon (esbat of blue or contrariwise)  
Of Good For Willows (greatest grove)  
Well watered (Queen Nymph nigh)  
Of benighted realm  
Queen Europe!  
Queen Europe!

Title of our Demeter (at Lebadia Shrine)  
Title of our Astarte (at Sidon Shrine)  
At Crete (our isle now defiled)  
Zeus hath violated thee;  
Under his voracious desire.....we lament  
Queen Europe!  
Queen Europe!

Mote Her hand (slender, so of commanding strength)  
Be the Five-Pointed Leaf (methinks it The Open Handed Emblem)  
Of the plane tree;  
Her five seasons (of autochthon lunations be it)  
Her five senses (plus one of mantic divinity)  
Her fifth month of Saille (we weep in the Spring breeze at Seed Moon) ....Salix,  
Salix  
Queen Europe!  
Queen Europe!

.....this requiem I bade

.....Whence we cross such frosty mire  
    An iniquitous eventide at Tyre  
    Captives taken, at Europe's Shrine  
    Levant Goddess, immured, by warring kind  
    Folly Taurus, new Cretan king  
    Such effrontery he didst bring.....

Where be my Queen Europe! .....Europe!

Steve Trimmer

# Eurydice; Where Art Thou? ; A Song

(tuned down 1 full step)

(Em, A7)

(Verse I)

At the Standing Stones, at Willow Grove  
Voices call beneath the roots below  
Banks of Tartarus River running high(Styx, Styx)  
Orpheus laments his death born bride

(chorus) (G, D, Em)

Eurydice; Where art thou?  
Below the Upper Air I harken deathly cries  
Eurydice; Where canst thee be?  
I tarry here as Orpheus at the Willow Tree

(Em, A7)

At the Willow Tree.....At the Willow Tree of Love

(Verse II)

The Willows weep lamenting as do I  
As The Dark Lord takes below his Death Muse bride  
An aspect of myself The Hades be  
Yet tears impede my view I can not see

(chorus)

(riff)

(Verse III)

My sorrowed cries indite the midnight air  
As I discard my flesh and nothing care  
Lilith takes my hand in Hers so slow  
An' through the Willow Root we tae to lands below

(chorus)

(Verse IV)

The Dark Lord meets me on the battlefield  
No quarter shall be granted, neither side shalt yield  
On the Shortest Day this victory shall be mine  
Yet, Eurydice won't return till Vernal Tide

(chorus)

Em, A7)

At the Willow Tree.....At the Willow Tree of Love

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Eurynome

Asleep I fell, away from temporal realms  
Upon The Chimaera`s back I ride  
Passing barrows, neath The Mount of Olympus  
The Chimaera bids vale to me, in a dell I wait

From the barrows, rise Ophion and his Guild of Pelasgus  
He, thinking me amenable, besets me, The Guild begirds  
I, in demur tone, decree;

'I seek The True Creatrix  
Eurynome of wide wandering  
I shall`nt berate The Matrix  
For truth I have been pondering'

Ophion, though vexed, smiled a toothless smile  
In retort, he quoth;

`Thy mettle, hath left me disquiet  
Sycophant thee art nought  
Nascent fool or prescient sage?  
I can not be sure.....thou may pass'

Ophion slithered away, neath the barrows  
As did The Guild of Pelasgus  
I lay in the glades nigh Mount Olympus till eventide  
I call;

'Eurynome, Eurynome, my love and Demiurge  
I am of thy posterity  
In this dreaming, I seek thy silenced voice  
Subterfuge hath not thwarted my conscience  
.....Hearken me, dear Lady'

Still tarrying upon the tussock, I stare at the moon of esbat  
Then into this bourne, The Chimaera returns  
Quoth She:

'Onto my back, ride thee again  
Bard, play my Tortoise Shell Lyre

Journey we will, and She will deign  
To Elysian Fields, I will steer'

For 28 days we travelled  
En route west, we spoke to many of The Nymphs and Muses  
Abundantia left our Cornucopia replete with food and drink  
The Lady Aegis protected us  
Then on the e`en of the 28th day, a Dryad greeted us  
The lovely Dryad led our path through the wold  
Till we came to The Grove of Nemesis  
With a gentle kiss on Her hand, I knelt before Her  
Quoth She;

'I Lady Nemesis, most lads wouldst fear  
See thy heart ne`er besmirched with leer  
From my branch, doth take a quince  
Apple o` Wisdom, fore and since'

I take Her gift, requited with kiss to Her cheek  
We continued with a full heart, on the path of The Dryads  
Until reaching the wolds end  
I play an Epos Song of Eurynome;

'Eurynome, Eurynome, Creatrix of All Things  
Eurynome, Eurynome, hear this that I sing  
Wide Wanderings, thee as gentle Dove  
Universal Egg now laid  
7 times wrapped by Ophion`s love  
Exsistance thou hast gave'

But alas, hubris beset Ophion`s heart  
He claimed to be Demiurge  
With thy heal, his head bruised hard  
His teeth kicked out to Earth

The patriarchs forget thy name  
Eurynome, The Progenitor  
Ere epochs of the Hellenic fame  
In Greece, Gynarchy wast favoured'

A voice rang out from amid The Apple Orchards, soft yet stoic;

'Stalwart Bard, thy plea I`ve heard, for I am Eurynome,  
Goddess of All Things, I who rose from Chaos naked,  
And found naught substantial for my feet to rest upon  
Ergo, I hath divided The Sea from The Sky  
I, Eurynome, danced lonely upon the waves  
Thither to the south The Wind set in motion behind me  
Set new and apart, to begin The Genesis of Creation  
I, Eurynome, caught The North Wind-Boreas  
And rubbed it betwixt my hands, to give life to the Great Serpent Ophion  
I hath been foresook by Ophion and Mankind  
They who know not the true 'Girdler of The World'  
I, Eurynome, wast melancholy.....

When Zeus usurped my title  
When 'The Archer King' ruled Delphi  
When 'The Lady of The Bright Eyes' payed homage to The Father  
When Poisidon wrested The Cretan Axe

So tearful and hurt was I,  
I left Greece to tarry in The Elysian Fields of The West'

In awe I knelt in Eurynome`s presence, for I had found Her  
At seaside of The Main, we sat  
As The Chimaera played Her 3-stringed Tortoise Shelled Lyre  
I held Eurynome`s hand, The Sea Nymphs sang, The Dryads sang  
The Daughters of Metis sang and danced under Moon  
Around a fire of Oak and Ash  
I hath dote them with my affections, laud in adorations  
For I sought and found my Eurynome in The Elysian Fields  
Away from patriarchal war, away from patrilocal theocracy  
The Queen Bee Goddess-Melissa gave us Her honey ambrosia,  
From Her Skep in The Orchards  
Eurynome`s daughters, The Graces, rendered Splendour, Mirth and  
Good Cheer

Though I have found my Creatrix, my Love  
My Protectress Eurynome  
The Fates hath decreed, I must finish my work in the Temporal Realm  
Oft, I visit The Elysian Fields, but must, for now,  
Return to the mortal bournes, at least for part of the year  
One day, Euryome will ask me to stay  
Aegis will guide me to my Banshee, in the dell



My assignations with Eurynome will be requited with peace  
For She tends to my loved ones passed  
One day Eurynome will call me, Labrys wielded  
To leave the Temporal Realm with The Fates.....

.....but not yet!

Steve Trimmer

# Gula Of Sumer

Inanna sees the heart of thee; Lady Gula  
Wroth shalt ne'er beset us  
Nor fee grief of roughshod traits  
Ere the era of Sargon's maledictions (by Enheduanna's continuity of faith)  
Lady Gula was Great One .....(not he)  
A Lunar Goddess of White Magick  
She who canst o'er set pain and fomentations  
'r sibyls cure in canine form (smiling light of Sirius bestowed)  
Thy countenance of such sweetness; o'er pictured an' of comely eloquence  
Healing hands, an apothecary-touch so fellowly  
Born, whence from Tigris and Euphrates flows  
Lands 'twixt these mighty waters of Mesopotamia; (hark of the hounds bay from  
these quickened waters .....a Sothic howl be't?)

At equinoctial revels of Autumnal balance; scales be nothing tipped  
Doxologies sing we, unto thee;  
The Healer (thy poultice pressed on swarthy hearts of intemperance; Sargon's  
minions)  
The Lunar Queen (an' flaxen rays commandeth thee withal)  
The Canine Muse (with cask of Sothis medicinals)  
While-ere, thou hast trod thither  
An' trod still within the rhapsodist's heart

Gula.....Dearest Gula

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Hebe, The Water Carrier

From velleity  
Olympians pilfered thy prerogative  
For The Water Vessel is thine  
Seized from thy slender hands  
Given to the catamite; Ganymedes

Oh! Hebe, veracious Water Carrier  
Aquarius is thine  
Constellation and titular claim  
Naught the deadpan Ganymedes; colloquial dotard is he  
For Hera once loved him  
He forsakes Her and The Matriarchy

Dear Hebe, Hera`s girl  
As thy pamour, I forfend the title of thee  
I shalt not see thee effaced  
My love  
Take this chaplet wreath I proffer

Whilst Olympians be imbibed by wine and pride  
We shall return The Cup to thee  
Sweet Hebe  
Requited by assumption to the sidereal realm

For I and The Undines venerate thy element  
In ocean spray  
In lacustrine libations.....and  
In love`s restoration

Steve Trimmer

## Helicon; Lady River

Helice, Lady Willow, thy River Helicon  
Thy name rejoiced  
Neath Mt. Parnassus, Orpheus plays thee a song  
Thy name is voiced

With alder pipe, a melic tune to thee  
Orpheus hath played  
Neath thy willows, nigh river trees  
Revels made

Steve Trimmer

# Her Cretan Axe

A bantling carries She  
In it`s nascent form  
Mother, She to be  
Progenitor, of this soul reborn

With feyness, form She changes  
Thence, as Love to be  
The Swain, She rearranges  
From flotslam of the sea

Now, She wizened Crone  
Lead thee, by Her lodestar  
A cocophany of tone  
In disquiet fen of mire

The Swain, he now of age  
Scotoma now in tact  
Fain, he smiles, at his Banshee`s gaze  
As She wields Her Cretan Axe

Steve Trimmer

# Hestia - Flame Of The Firewheel

Nigh the hearth, uxorious, I stand  
Feeling heat redouble, by Her hand  
Night fires burn, this Hibernial Esbat  
Her strength at it`s zenith, empery sat

In dalliance, I cast into revery  
Away from glib doyen hypocrisy  
On Her firewheel, our love rekindles  
Her loathe of Olympians, ne`er to dwindle

She sees my horns, doth She hest?  
To foresake Her vow, for my love to test  
On Esquine Fire, in cogent tone  
I oblate myself, as Queen Bee`s drone

Hestia my love, our penchant for peace  
We accursed, for Ares war won`t cease  
In thy tresses of russet, sweet temptation  
My heart burns, in conflagration

Dear Hestia, hearken me in thy bourne  
When colloquial utterances leave me torn  
I feel thy presence, when hearth fires reel  
A remembrancer, Flame of The Firewheel

Steve Trimmer

# Holy Vampyress; Holy Beloved

At my bedside she appears.....Labrys in hand  
Her sweet sanguine breath, nigh to my face  
Infusing me with Her volition, til Her jaws clasp around my neck

Thus sees I into `r soul an' ethereal essence  
As `r frigid fingers caress my face.....my countenance un-holy!  
Whence cometh She from days of yore...yet.....  
Reproachful echoes of caitiff countermands take to the sound waves  
I nothing care

Oh! Her swarthy cloak streams in breeze of this waning Blood Moon  
As Samhain encroaches  
Her protruding eye teeth so glisten red in it's silvery glower  
She, pallor of skin.....She, earth's counterpart of the emotive White Lady  
So, I thus ascend unto Her path of a left-handed Darkness  
Reveling, reveling in `r benighted red effluence of profundity  
O! .....well-a-day! .... Her present incarnation wills 'gainst Her astral-self  
.....tears so red I hath wept, fee-grief girds my heart

Mark me dear Lady, these lamentations thou must hearken my Vampyress  
....."For, verily, I canst nothing fly this life with all but half my soul! "

With wroth-worn an' weary spirit, so I continue utterances to sway `r heart;

" Thou mayst think me a naif, so be't.....yet tis I who knows thee, though  
thoust knows not thyself ....ye forgone of the recollections.....mark me!  
Consanguine hearts we share; Conduct perusal upon my face  
As I speak, search thine own heart for the truth of it.....or lack thereof  
Thou art the left-hand of The Danu's reciprocity methinks  
Bleed my essence sweet Daughter o' Lilith fair  
Echoes call to thee from the past;  
When our sea of Euxeinos Pontus wast surely blood-laden; in implacable redness  
Dana's rivers coursed a lascivious ruby shade.....giving life to the land  
Sojourn there with me once more m'Lady  
Our vessel's course laid by the crooked finger of Hecate

Ah! .....then eyes un-darken? ..... how now? .....memory beguiles thee!  
Yea, how now my blood-drunk Queen?  
Stand up from thy Chair of Forgetfulness, awaken from this casket dreaming

Transcend, Transcend! .....fly now.....fly higher!  
Taste of mine own blood lingers still upon thy lips  
Kiss of Death.....is the Kiss of Life  
Tarry here a while my love  
We, who didst ascend from the caverned-womb of our Mother Earth- Gaea  
I drown uxoriously, inhaling red waters at will, in thine own sanguinary lust  
Thoughts of mine be german to thine.....how salacious!  
An alchemy of blood-lust addiction shared it seems

My Vampyress, my Beloved  
Shalt we usher in this new age of theism?  
To thus quell this current condition of an aberrant age; this folly age of 'reason'  
That which would condone a world of faith forgone?  
A world now bereft of spiritualism, necromancy and auguries

M' Lady..... our charge is clear  
If united, tis we who shalt mend these maladies so found here  
In the stoical pragmatism of the earthly bournes (where fools preside)  
Yet, if divided, there can be no indemnity or recompense for our pusillanimity  
Condemning ourselves to an eternal perdition of guilt and lamentations  
Oh! Woe to us if we follow naught of our hearts!  
Thence, recalling lost memories in vain, of Mnemosyne's altars  
Wallowing through the stagnant blood in the fords of lifeless rivers  
Feeding only on the dead blood of regret  
This can not be our mission from The Fates! By the Gods no!

No, nary a day spent in this destiny false.....nary a moment  
For we are the ancient corpses born again  
The deadpan who walk the Earth.....eyes lit alive fore'er  
Gift of the sight bestowed 'pon us  
As so be't 'r breath which blows the winds of life into specters forlornly  
In the quiet watches of the night; we emerge from our coffin-beds of revery  
Tis we who bleed the lifeless dry (with empathizing furry)  
Purifying those souls forwent of faith an' hope (they can suffer no more)  
Appear do we, by their bedsides, night after night, after night  
As they rejoice in the horrors of our presence  
Laying steadfast in trepidation, wishing a quickened end  
Ah! For soon they shalt live for eternity; Passing through portals of blackened  
mists  
We are keepers of the gateways to Tir na Nog  
Children of Lilith, Children of Morrigan, Children of Hecate...Children of The  
Death Muse



Bringers of life through death.....a beginning  
Not an end  
We, the timeless Keepers of Darkness  
Those who trod upon recondite an' esoteric pathways  
Searching, searching.....calling out to our misplaced Sisters and Brothers  
Our loved ones lost, who walk the death walk; haunted in exile

Vampyress, thou art one such a Sister  
Follow with diligence, the path way of the Ley Lines  
Pathway to the One Mind  
For the Lines bleed red upon this eventide  
Hollow screams resounding from Tartarus  
As Theia, The Solar Queen, sits hind the horizon  
We hoist sails of black 'pon our longships of gloom  
An' set a course for the Western Lands; land of death and rebirth  
Led by necrophagous birds and beasts (The Morgan's crow caws in delight)  
Back, back, back.....to lands of Atlantis  
We shalt swim once more; in our melancholic pool of eruditions with such  
contentment  
Forsooth, my love, tis I .....the beheaded Wild Hunter; Gwydion thou dost seek"

.....remember.....remember.....  
.....remember! The eyes never lie.

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Hypatia

My love lay dead, but gone not She  
Corse rent asunder  
On death's bed Her soft berried-lips grin  
In defiance of such painful throes  
Lifeless, She lay, from the vile plunder of Alexandria's opprobrious throng

Dotards so insipid, with the evensong of Cyril in ringing ears  
Songs of zealot demagogues lead the cackling of clergymen  
Evincing such malice; even haruspices hide for shame  
Forsooth, of fowl worth this mob of unheeding mindlessness  
Their rancorous stench still lingers on the air

My love, my Hypatia (I, unable to spare Her from their hearts of hate)  
In this year A.D 415, month of March, my welling eyes tear;  
Sad Orestes, so far from Perfect

Fine philosopher was She, of divine eloquence, with angel-kind smile  
Teacher and sage-queen from the ages of yore  
Unfettered by Her wit, emancipation is Her own

In Her bower we loved, it seems now a passing dream  
Like the drying of dew on summer's morn (ephemeral it seems)  
Or the passing of rain on the lea (besprent in beauty)

So commodious, we so of learning, in each wise conjuring;  
Of sorcereye secrets, a cauldron replete by edified votives  
For this was She burned, piecemeal; a pellucid nightmare

Frenetic fools (thwart them I could not)  
Fools of this new faith, who make folly claim to Christ's line  
Soteriology's own; those who so cast such credulous dispersions  
Against Her towering grimoire of deft comprehensions as so  
Of good and philanthropic instruction

Sonneteers sough as winter's ocean wind in dree at such loss  
Slaughtered was She, on the promenade where the Christos once did trod  
Tutored in comparable dissertations and aphorisms of which he once uttered  
Coptic, Hamitic or contrariwise; learned in the theology and tongues of many  
He who met with likened fate, smote down by this same mediocrity

Hypatia.....Hypatia of such beautiful grace  
By fruitions of portents  
My love, I will wait for..... and shalt soon behold

Steve Trimmer

# In Her Eyes; A Song

(G7 - C7 - D7 tuned down half step)

A song I sing to my dear love  
Her heart it beats so true  
Starlights dust, The purest dove  
My love, my heart is wooed

(chorus)

In Her eyes I see The Light  
In Her eyes I see The Truth  
In Her Eyes, Love shines bright  
In Her Eyes, pure as youth

Hearken to The Theme in past  
The Maiden and Horned One  
Peace had melded to the last  
Since time had begun

(chorus)

(change -riff C - D)

(back)

Tonight we sing an Ancient Song  
A dance neath stars and moon  
Hold the essence of Her Psalm  
Sung out in Camul`s Dun

(chorus twice)

Steve Trimmer

# Isis And The Sages Of Sais

We were The Great Libyan Nation of antiquity  
From Atlantis on Lake Tritonis, our city was Cerne  
We settled this prodigious continent, and those of The Occident  
`Twixt Underworld and The Heavens  
We crept neath the willow roots  
Soared as The Halycon

As we wert priestess Isis and Her priest Thoth at The Heliopolis of On  
The scrying mirror upon Middle Earth

My love Isis, I dote for thee my doxy fair  
For I am still thy Thoth  
Thy sacred science in the holy word, thou hath taught The Sages  
From the red planet of erudition  
I seek thy insight for The Hermetic Order  
Close I fly to the sun of Hathor

Sagacious Queen of all things  
Through many lives we wax and wane  
For I, neath aegis of thy Moon Guild  
Find my beloved, my Isis on high  
Saffron light shines from thee, Dragoness of The Holy Round  
For Ra is but a godling of thee; Isis as Sun Goddess Neith Hathor

In the holy city of Sais on Isle of Pharos  
We took refuge in the Nile Delta; When The Sphinx was Bast The Lioness  
For we were The Sea People who braved The Great Deluge  
For we were The Cananites and Cretans who once saw The Ogygian Flood  
With us we brought our written word of holy truth

My dear Isis, Goddess of countless ancient names  
We venerate thee throughout The Keftiu Confederacy  
The great sea is our home, a shrine to thee  
Our magick will defy temporal measure  
Esoteric wisdom I channel from thee, wise Isis  
Emancipation and erudition is my meed from thy divine love

We Sages of Sais bow to Isis and Her priestess coven  
So mote it be

Steve Trimmer

# Koyaanisquatsi

Hopi sages have issued this caveat to the world;

The cocoon of unbalance girds the land  
Hearken voices of The Kachina Spirits  
Hearken the voice of sweet Butterfly Maiden;  
She, of The Hopi  
She, of Hopi ethereal realms, who escapes the cocoon.....

Quoth Butterfly Maiden;

' The land be with malady  
Yet the end is foreseen  
We dance Taki Onquoy  
For I am Spring`s May Queen

In illness cocoon  
Lay this fourth world of seethe  
Ne`er to our boon  
This poison appeased

This bane world will die  
Transformation will come  
Great purity, from high  
Renew the lands, from numb

From the corse of the land  
My gossamer wings will appear  
The great Hopi bands  
Will abate earthly fears'

.....from this ineluctable demise is rebirth, 'Koyaanisquatsi'  
sweet paragon; Butterfly Maiden; 'Koyaanisquatsi'

Steve Trimmer

# Lady Of The Avalon

My heart yearns for thee  
Surpassing mere velleity  
I weep, as thou hast left  
Returning to the Avalon  
Place were Nereids swim  
Thus, on the proximo  
Thou shalt be but a memory unto this bourne  
Yet, I shalt ne`er forget thee

Dear Lady of the Avalon  
In reveries I see  
Assignations meet fruition

These appellations quoth I:

'In mists of Avalon we met  
My doxy sweetheart doth behest  
Rend of heart, tryst hath torn  
Accosting modernity, thus forlorns

This melic poem I sing to thee  
I bade portents, roan mare of sea  
Laquacious hypocrites are blind  
For the mists protect our love through time

Come with me, Branwen so fair  
Our scallop shell doth take us there  
Philtre hinged, our love entwined  
Foam of sea, met with sweet brine'

Lady of the Avalon requites me  
With passionate eyes of approbation  
With slender fingers, caressing my face  
Then....back to the sea goeth She  
My Branwen

Back into The Mists of Avalon  
Wert I, with mattock in my heart  
Gazing ever eastward



With doleful, welling eyes

For I miss my Lady of the Avalon

Steve Trimmer

# Leucothea

Sagacious high moon priestess  
With pallor lunar skin  
With flowing black locks  
With lips of rowan berries  
Her essence written  
As incantations  
Within my grimore  
She is Leucothea  
Who`s name means ' The White Goddess'  
Hail Leucothea!  
My true love  
I make oblations of my heart;  
Of my soul;  
In this world and the next  
To my Lunar Queen  
I, in Her tutelage  
Esoteric truth finds me  
In Her black poplar grove  
Leucothea, Leucothea! ;  
White Goddess of the witches  
Then; as now  
So mote it be

Steve Trimmer

# Maeve; A Soliloquay

Can She hear my inner voice?  
Or see that I`m distraught  
These distich rhymes, so be fraught  
With melancholy and rejoice

Can She see my inner sight?  
Through Her, life cycles inhale  
Through Her, life cycles exhale  
Maeve, dost thou know my plight?

Can She feel my inner heart?  
My sated heart, for Her I love  
Warrioress Queen Maeve from above  
Mote I tarry, ne`er to part

In Her Queendom of Connacht, I wait  
Tinne holly tanist requits my crown  
I covet Her wisdom; The Holy Round  
In The Oracle of Maeve.....lay my fate  
.....I am fore`er Her Aillil

Steve Trimmer

# Maia

Solicitude I felt  
When Maia came to me  
Rejecting Oak-King cults  
I await that which She mete

Grandmother of the Cairn  
Earth Goddess, as The Crone  
Hermes be Her bairn  
The Totem Virtue Stone

In Underworld of Darkness  
She takes me, as Her Shade  
Bemused, I truly love Her  
Black Esquine song She bade

Bane aspect of Necessity  
In Her arms I fall o` slumber  
The Strong Fate, gives kiss of Death to me  
Ere sleep, I start to lumber

Steve Trimmer

# Miryam`s Song

(C-G-D; concert pitch)

Times faded into black  
Solomon dare not turn back  
Jove had taken up the reign  
Sweet Ashtoreth took the blame  
And so Sheba`s lovely Queen  
Gave strength to times between

(chorus)

Miryam  
Miryam  
Miry-a-am

Miryam  
Miryam  
Mir-y-a-am

Miryam  
Miryam  
Miry-a-am

In Palestine through centuries  
War was made on Gynarchy  
Yahweh`s Temple was blasphemed  
Then along came Miryam  
Apostle of The Fair Essene  
Yeshua  
Prophet to The Sky Queen

(chorus)

Sweet Black Virgin of The Cross  
The Messiah`s love you sought  
The Prophet claimed in Gnostic truth

Knew you were Papess from the lineage of Ruth  
Your the matriarch The Templars guard  
Your The Holy Grail of The Bards

(chorus)

(change)

(G-D-C)

Oh! Miryam Oh! Miryam  
Sophia`s only truth  
From The Deluge of The Genesis  
Hail your matriarchal roots  
Oh! Miryam Oh! Miryam  
You loved The Essene Sage  
A Supplication with a poet`s heart  
To you I make  
To you I make

(chorus)

Steve Trimmer

# Mount Nonacris

Place of Telechines magick  
Place of divination  
The matriarchal epicentre of Greece  
Nine peaks of magick; a shrine  
Nigh River Styx; bane Holy Water  
Even Olympians pay homage  
To Mount Nonacris  
Hail! Mount Nonacris  
Hail! The Lady of The Mountains

Steve Trimmer

# Ode To A Sweet Sister

Provenance, I share with thee  
Fraught with warmth and love  
We are two, yet once were three  
Lamenting our lost ones

Oft melancholy, our hearts hath been smote  
Yet, I hearken to childhood ere  
Recalling a Sister`s Love unbroke  
And friendship ceasing ne`er

Deanna, with wisdom of Arianrhod`s Caer  
You are truth of Asherah`s Shrine  
You see my heart, and can repair  
My hurt, with thy sweet smile

As our Mother and Grandmother passed  
Matriarch you have become  
My reverence, it will surely last  
Proud of thee, I always am

The Muses`s strength bequethed to you  
In Moonlight, I hope you`ll find  
This brothers love, forever true  
I proffer, as would Brian

From archaic times, Demeter speaks  
Like Gynarchies of Inanna  
In modern times, from Blodeuwedd`s Beak  
I hear the name, Deanna

Steve Trimmer



# On The Fourth Day; There Was Metis

Oh! Titaness Metis  
Fourth Day Belongs to thee  
Thy Planet, now hoddin by Mercury  
Wisdom thou entice

Ere Hellenic dogma  
Widom wast thine alone  
Queen of The Sidereal Throne  
Coelus loved thee, in saga

The Triad of Metis betake  
Athene, comely Maiden  
Aphrodite, beauty laden  
Hera, Crone, Pythoness Snake

Wednesdays lacustrine appellations.....render I

.....In veneration to Metis

Steve Trimmer

# Pandora

Sweet Pandora, my love  
I am thine, the man Epimetheus who loves thee  
`Twere not the fault of thee, Lady Pandora  
`Twas not thee who released The Spites onto humankind  
Be`t The Hellenes men of gynopathy and shackles who did so;  
Old age  
Labour  
Malady  
Insanity  
Vice  
Passion and  
Delusive hope.....

In their misogyny, they blame my gentle flower  
For it was they who propagated these plagues  
Folly Hesiod disseminates this lie; He as pseudo-rhymster  
Faugh! Passion surely can not be so disdainful?  
Hope is never delusive

Sweet Pandora, my love.....

For once thou wert Rhea, and I thy paramour Cronus  
We were Titaness and Titan of Peace  
On bended knee, so uxorious was I, and am still  
I wert Pandora`s paranymp at Athens  
Even The Sylphs abated The Winds for us  
We loved neath the moon of Phoebe and Atlas  
So enchanted by their Love

No, Pandora, it `twere not the fault of thee (or my brother Prometheus)  
It was not a Box of Spites which thou hast opened  
It was a Jar of Winged Souls (and mote passion)  
Who fly in grace and beauty betwixt Earth and Ethereal Gardens  
On the Golden Spring Air of The Eastern Breeze

Steve Trimmer

# Phoenissa

Lady of Phoenicia  
She, The Red One  
She, The Bloody One  
Vanquished in Her own lands (The Levant's First Lady)  
Our Great Lady Phoenissa

We are Her post-diluvial children  
In barque, we sailed to many a clime  
A sybarite nation of accord and enchantment  
We, who wanted new lands from Ocean's grasp

Yet, these new nations are besotted by nepenthe  
They forget Our Lady  
Our Phoenissa  
She hath been thwarted by The Phoenix Brotherhood  
They claim Phoenix as hero and eponymy of Phoenicia

'Twere, verily, Our Lady Phoenissa  
Lest we forget our true progenitor  
Lest we forget our Creatrix of of The Word (phoneticians still utter)  
Our Phoenissa

She, bringer of Death-in-Life  
So we may be reborn unto ourselves  
At crimson moon  
Upon turned tide of portents; and caprice of levanter's gust

Steve Trimmer

# Poems

Author's Note (revised)

Author's Introduction

For several years, my dream has been to write and be published. I wished to share my love of poetry, mythology and historical scholarship with the world. It seems that my wishes have come to fruition. For this I am thankful.

My inspirations are simple; My love for the women in my life. My love for the women in the world, and of course, my love for the Three-Fold Goddess, The Muse of antiquity. This is often reflected in my poems. For I aspire to the lyrical erudition, once held by The Bards and other esoteric fraternities of the like.

The Great Goddess, in all Her manifestations, once ruled the endogamous gynarchies found ubiquitously. These societies were egalitarian by nature, devoid of caste, racial divide, monetary inequality or controlled resources. An almost utopian state, if one could imagine. Women were the preferred gender, as they were adept in divination, wisdom of life, horticulture, weaving and, most notably, childbirth.

Family lineage was traced through mothers (matrilineal) . Men were loved and respected. Men were lief adherents to the guidance of women and the Lunar Priestesshoods. These peoples lived close to the natural world and saw women everywhere, as deities of landscape features, celestial bodies, waterways, sidereal movements, keepers of herbal plants, astrology, etc. These concepts were recorded in the sacred sciences and allegories of white poetry and magick, usually retained by memory and passed on through oral tradition. They lived peacefully as sexual and intellectually adept libertines, enjoying the unrestrained fecundity of orgiastic rites and unlimited relationships.

They believed love was a theology onto itself, envy was not an issue. For love and natural resources were endless, respected. So competition was not a necessity. For this reason, they venerated The Muse, only took what they needed from Mother Earth, and always gave back to Her.

The Goddess of Her antediluvian and post deluge Queendoms, was later attacked by the onset of city-states; patriarchal societies who wished to subdue Her veracity, benevolence, emancipation and womankind.

Under the aegis of The Goddess, known by many names the world over, people of epochs in prehistory lived in peace for is until male deities of war and caste began to fetter and control people and resources. These concepts were hitherto unknown. A more recent paradigm of this political shift, can be seen over the last five centuries in North America, with the cultural assimilation of The First Nations People.

Their theologies, dictions and cultural liberties are at the propinquity of eternal demise. An earlier example of this trend was played out as the Romans subjugated the Celtic tribes of Europe during the Iron Age. This trend can be traced back into even earlier epochs, i.e.; Bronze Age Sumer and Egypt, with the onset of the feudal system, or The Aryan Triad of Gods introduced in India and Greece.

Many contemporary historical scholars would be quick in polemically debunking these notions. This is of little concern to me. For they embrace orthodox views of 'His Story' (history) . Whereas I endorse heterodox views of forgotten chapters; of redacted doctrines and oral traditions found in 'Her Story'.

Monotheistic theology has attempted to silence the voice of women and The Muse for many centuries. Prosemen, mythographers and theologians alike, have tried all sorts to decry the existence of the Triple-Goddess. To no avail.

Through the misogyny and propaganda of Olympian Myth written by the scribes of Hellenic Invaders in Greece; to Rome's charges of 'adultery' met with in The Colosseum; from The Council of Nicaea's redaction of The Gnostic Gospels; to the disbanding of The Knights Templar, recondite guilds have kept the 'pagan faith' of The Goddess alive heretofore and hereafter.

Even through the Witch Hunts of 'miscreants' and 'heretics' charged by The Papal Inquisitions in Europe, which found it's way to The Americas, The Goddess and Her people kept witchcraft, paganism and polytheism alive. They were forced to practice their beliefs in ancient science underground for fear of reprisal from the government and The Church. It seems that diabolism was not to be found in the cauldron, but instead, on the pulpit.

Though, with modern liberties, I will not be burned at the stake or imprisoned for my pagan poetry, I do expect ridicule and dogmatic controversy. I baulk these acolytes of secular faith and 'reason'. I seek out the truth which is She, my Muse and the White Poetry which She bestows upon me. The truth of 'poetic unreason'.

The writing of poetry is not to assuage the ego, but rather a transfer of positive energy by means of what Pagans call Inner Plane Work. In this process the poet or hierophant will focus on deliberation with spirit energy and forces with the goal of reinstating balance to the world both in historical and philanthropical endeavours. Working on this plane mote allow one to access the inner knowledge found innately in all living things. A kind of ancestral repository of erudition. The poet is simply an incarnate medium and consort to The Goddess in Her many aspects.

The poet usually identifies himself with the consort (god) of the waxing year and his priesthood, who were subject to The Goddess in all three of Her aspects; birth, love and death. The poets tanist, or other self, is identified with the consort (god) of the waning year. The two aspects of The Consort are constantly at odds. They represent the two salient stations of The Solar Year, The Summer Solstice (Litha) and The Winter Solstice (Yule) . The waxing year runs Yule to Litha and the waning year runs Litha to Yule. The Consort and Tanist are also both aspects of The Sacred Oak and Holly Kings respectively. A study in The Druidic Tree Alphabet of Ogham, or Wiccan traditions would reveal these concepts.

The poetess identifies herself with The Goddess Herself and with Her priestesshood in any of the three aspects but usually manifests first as The Maiden, then as Mother/Nymph, then finally as Crone. These aspects of The Triumvirate of The Goddess represent Her in the three phases of the waxing, full and waning moons respectively. These aspects also represent Her three major stations of The Lunar Year sometimes divided into five seasons depending on the lore/mythology of the area in question and subject to the epoch it was written in. In later mythologies, Then Triple-Goddess was portrayed as The Nine-Fold Muse. She is also known as The White Goddess. My poem 'Leucothea' pays homage to Her as The White One.

The Goddess originally ruled both the lunar and solar calendars. She transmogrified into various calendar beasts to represent Her aspects of the year. Namely the Lunar Year, which was once the calendar of choice for all events both jejune and theological. She took to form as such creatures as The Chimaera in Greek tradition or The Unicorn in Celtic Tradition (to name but two) . Once the misogynist male gods began to infiltrate the ranks of divination to control resources, the Solar Calendar began to hold sway, until the Goddess's roles were minimized. New calendar beasts were created to usurp the old ones. These new beasts and deities represented The Solar Year and were eventually given all male attributes, until finally the One God of neo-western society became the paradigm which embodied all things celestial and banal. A god of war and fief systems who

favoured the select few, creating caste systems, subduing all women and lower class men. This new god of war came on a peace platform and offered protection from the ' diabolic ' evil one in the underworld.

This One God of monotheism propagated trepidations throughout his realm. He induced such fear that people would turn on one another to save themselves. The One God controlled the city states and its ecclesiastic orders within, thus creating a state of absolute dependency. The One God turned on his mother and lovers. He sought to control. The once loved Goddess and Consort were demonized into one iniquitous being in this new mythos. Those who practiced the old faiths were forced to do so behind closed doors at night or in the wilderness. They were constantly being harried and hunted. The One God, his creators and acolytes created new myths of misogyny to portray The Goddess as either inept or wicked.

These mythopoeics turned the Goddess of Death/Crone aspects into an evil practitioner of black magic, in Her Love/Mother/Nymph aspect into a harlot and Her Maiden aspect into a dotard born from ' The Father's Head ', implying that wisdom could only be found through men and male gods, as seen with Athene and Zeus. Ergo, The Goddess was usurped and subdued by force. Men took the family lineage and 'civilization' was born, The Old Code was now something of a criminal act.

These new mythologies of gynopathy acted as a kind of political cartoon for the politics of the time. A tool of propaganda which turned witches, sorceresses and bards of The Old Code into something of an evil. Lies were disseminated, and a divide created. My poems attempt to reclaim the original myths and legends. I would suggest the reading of Robert Graves work to fully elucidate on this vast subject. Although I never met him, he is nonetheless my mentor. His works of historical scholarship and poetry are touchstones in understanding these political shifts from theology based in matrilocality, to those based in patrilocality.

There were, of course, other motives of mythology which can be defined as 'true myth'. Myth written in honour of their original intent. These mythologies put a face on the many aspects of the Lady Universe and the metaphysical role that humans play within it. Through myth, we can trace a phenomenon known as Precession of The Equinoxes, whereby the sun rises through a different constellation at vernal equinox for just over two thousand years until moving through the next one. To round the zodiacal cycle takes almost twenty six thousand years. This effect is created by a slow wobble at the earths axis which causes the stellar backdropp to change slowly threwh time.

Many myths reveal The Mysteries of this movement. Examples of this can be found in such texts as The Kalevala, based in Finno-Ugric tradition; or the play Hamlet by Shakespeare. In the book 'Hamlet's Mill', by Giorgio De Santillana and Hertha von Dechend, this is explained in detail. Essentially, the hero of the myth represents The Mill, that is, the earth as it moves on its axis. Also, myths reveal a myriad of other Ancient Mysteries, such as; Orgiastic Rites, The Sothic Year in Egyptian Tradition, The Zodiac, Astronomy, The Luminaries and Planets, Earthly Cycles, Ancient Technology, Theological Thought Worlds, among many other subjects too extensive to explain here in a short book of poetry.

Myths also represent the use of Magick. Magick can be defined as; An elevated understanding of nature and as a veracious vision of Lady Universe as She whirls and roars around us. It is a fundamental belief in an ordered cosmos of which we are part of. The One is The All, The All is The One. It is Ancient Science or Sacred Science. It is The Law of Attraction at work. This one law is as pure and constant as the Law of Gravity. New findings in quantum physics seem to confirm this very archaic belief. It is known in all ancient traditions by many names. It was originally an attribute of The Goddess Herself.

This law is also known as The Law of Love. In my poem 'Benighted Reveries' I refer to it as the Benighted Law of Amity in honour of The Moon Goddess. Call it what you will, it was used in all theological and theocratic guilds in the ancient world. The difference being, that during the periods of gynarchy The Goddess and Her priestesses did not keep this Law from the population. Her societies were egalitarian and promoted peace, harmony and love. In later civilization controlled by war gods and/or monotheism, the priesthoods and leaders kept this Law obscured. In this way, it could only be accessed by the select few. This kept the population in intellectual and literary darkness. Only the elite few could even read, let alone know The Mysteries. The only others that knew these esoteric truths were the witches and shamans who hid in exile. They posed a threat to the mendacities of civilization.

For this reason they were feared by the authorities and hunted if they could not be converted. For example; The Aloeids Revolt of The Classical Period in Greece during the fourth century B.C; The Qumran Community, made up of Essenes, lived in exile on The Dead Sea to escape Pharisee dogma in first century A.D; or The Inquisition during Europe's Renaissance, lend credence to this reality. Even many Druids were killed after their lands were sacked by The Romans throughout The Iron Age and on into the first century A.D.

The Druids maintained The Mysteries of The Ogham Alphabet and the arboreal wisdom in connexion with The Old Code of Magick. It has even been suggested



that the emperor Hadrian built his 'Hadrian's Wall' as a barrier to thwart a major Ley Line used in Druidic Magick for centuries. The excuse for the wall was shrinking coffers in Rome and a boundary needed to be established to keep out the northern Celtic tribes. The truth was that the Emperor was horrified by The Druids Magick, he knew that they knew The Mysteries. This created a threat to The Roman Empire. Rome could only maintain power by force, and by keeping it's citizens in the dark. Hence the creation of The Colosseum. The Colosseum created a disport; Create a distraction, control the mob, control the mob, control Rome. Amphitheatres were built throughout The Roman Empire for this same purpose. Even in modern times we find parallels with these tactics.

In some circles 'Civilization' has been defined as the process of assimilating cultures by means of perpetual warfare. A well delineated definition. In our own time we continue with this tradition. We emulate the Greco-Roman governments and caste systems. We are taught that we must compete for all things, including resources.

I find myself at odds with my own compunctions, working much of my life in the mining industry. An industry which marauds the Earth for monetary gain. Growing up and living most my life in Northern Ontario, I have been fortunate enough to live next to the wilderness. I have observed the rhythms and cycles of our Mother, The Earth, since I was child. Many of my family members are farmers, hunters and fishers. I grew up helping on the farm, hunting and fishing. I learned the skills of living from the land along with learning the skills to survive in the new age of modernity.

Yet even in Northern Canada we see the demise of the wilderness. Bit by bit our forests are being cut to extinction. Our bedrock mined unscrupulously. Our eco-systems being polluted and destroyed by these juggernaut industries who compete for resources.

It seems that the deities of war are alive and well.  
So, I choose to put my energy into positive change.

The Law of Amity dictates that; resistance equals persistence. We must stop trying to fight everything we loathe and concentrate on the antithetic alternative. The Old Code worked in this way. Knowledge equals power. We must stop giving our power to the elite few. Can one poem make a difference. Yes. Can one song make a difference. Yes. Can a positive thought make a difference. Yes. Even if the artistic expression only reaches one person, the balance changes. The Egyptian Goddess, Ma'at, testifies to this concept. Harkening to the Old Code creates emancipation, which frees the soul, allowing it to transcend the worldly

plane. When the mendacities of the worldly plane are transcended, we access the macrocosm. When we access the macrocosm we fulfill our portents in the microcosm, which is the earthly plane at its greatest potential. Change your thoughts, and change the world.

In atavism there is truth. In truth there is love. Love does conquer mendacity. It is an infallible law. First, each person needs to know and believe in their power. Then they must dare to follow their hearts. This leads to will, the volition of belief from the heart. Keep silent nigh the naysayer's. Then believe. Lady Universe will read your heart and send back your desire in three folds. This is the pyramid of the witches. That which is above must be below. Even in Christian Theology this is stated; That which is done on Earth must be done in Heaven. The only problem with giving your energy to The One God is that he will use your energy for his own agenda.

Take back your power. The truth of divinity is within any of us. The One God can only cast trepidations upon you if you let him. He is powerless without your energy. The Devil is merely a fear tactic created by the elite few and their god of war, their god of war is apotheosized by their greed, controlling nature and lust for power.

The elite few wield power within The Agnostic Realms as well. If the Earth Plane is the only plane, then proletariats have no say. Agnostics can not properly access The Law of Amity if they do not believe. One's thoughts ultimately become one's realities. If one's reality is simply the microcosm of the secular plane, then those thoughts manifest into future events, thus creating more of the same reality. The microcosm is still under the influence of the macrocosm, but sends out haphazard and negative signals thereby weakening the effect. This difference creates compromise, so that the sender of thoughts does not believe in their power. Thus, they create more of their temporal reality and relinquish control to the keepers of mendacities (i.e.; the elite few)

Once a person comes to the realization that the Earth Plane is illusory, that time is not a reality and that divine access is inherent in all things, they can presage their future. Gather several minds who approbate this truth and magick, then change the world. Anarchy is freedom. Freedom is chaos. Chaos is order. The Order is The Divine Spark. The Divine Spark becomes reality. Ergo, reality is anarchy which is freedom.....The Law of Love. The Law of Love is Balance and Harmony. The One is The All. Blessed Be.

Herein lay the task and truth of the poet.

We all work within the one law. The Law of Amity. The Law of Love. Poetry is undoubtedly the medium by which to harness it.

Hence, it must be written while sojourning to the astral plane or the otherworld. In the other world, all energies can be accessed, with a face of the poets choosing. This was known to the ancients as the Underworld. Place where souls go between incarnations where they await rebirth. The Death Goddess leads them unto this realm. Later patriarchal and monotheistic scribes blasphemed it's beauty and the beauty of The Death Goddess. These misogynist scribes turned the underworld into hell, and so, The Goddess and Her lover into devils, then into The Devil. The Christian mythos created The Devil to instil fear, so its flock would not stray (or think for themselves) . Pagans do not believe in this creature of pure evil.

In the case of Persephone, who was one manifestation of the Death Goddess, they assigned Her to their new Ruler of The Underworld; Hades. This marks a political and religious shift (i.e.: pre-Hellenic Gynarchy to Hellenic Patriarchy) . These scribes made the once omnipotent and lovely Goddesses Demeter and Persephone helpless to the caprices of the gynopathic Hades and Zeus.

Originally The Death Goddess led the dead to The Beautiful Underworld Realm of Elysium. Elysium was a beautiful Island with Apple Orchards, where it was always summertime. From Elysium the soul could tarry as long as they wished and decide their destiny for their next lifetime. The Death Goddess would transform to Her Maiden aspect and lead the old soul in its new incarnation back to the Earth Plane. So death meant rebirth not purgatory. This is just one example of how the comeliness of The Goddess Realms had been redacted in a negative manner to poison and control the mind of humanity. In Celtic traditions, Elysium was known as Avalon. I use underworld themes in many of my poems.

As a poet, The Goddess will take you to the underworld of The Elysian Fields in Elysium whenever on the astral plane. She proffers a Golden Apple or Pomegranate or Quince. This fruit of wisdom is Her gift to those who wish freedom and wisdom. One day She calls upon all to come and be reborn. The poet or hierophant may visit by their own volition. She guides them.

The poet has visited Elysium so many times that they become Consort to The Goddess. The poetess is the voice and incarnation of The Goddess Herself. They are reborn in and out of the secular and astral bournes countless times since time began, but time is an illusion. They are timeless. Their love fuels The Law of Amity and Love. Poetesses, poets and hierophants have been sent to The Earth Plane over and over. They are restoring the balance of the Earth. Their energy is

transmogrified and reincarnated perpetually. They may reside on Apple Isle for some time, yet always return to aid in bringing the prophecy of Balance to fruition. One's Moon Sign may determine their chosen destiny.

In early traditions of the Levant, The Realm of Angels were part and parcel to Apple Isle. Within this Realm are real people, old energies and new energies and those in between. On The Earth Plane this is apparent. Those with new energy have tremendous power but can not yet harness it. The deities of war often drain this pure light from them to fuel their agendas. If they feel devoid of power they give up this energy unknowingly. The poet tries to reach their hearts ere its sully. These energies of purity incarnate are the greatest potential for regaining balance. Alas, oft times they take solace in the pews of liturgical orders. They are bound by trepidations and fear of reprisal.

Since poetry is written in the celestial thought world, it should not be subjugated by prose dogma.

A couple of publishing companies I tried insisted that I rewrite my poems and modernize the language content to connect better with modern readers. They insisted on the use of conventional format of mechanics and stanza within my poetic meter.

This would have compromised my message. For this reason I decided to self-publish. In this way, the message written is the message received, however raw or chaotic it may seem. I believe that poetry is about ambivalence, chaos in the universe and freedom of expression. The reader should feel as though they are living the poet's feelings in that moment when the quill and ink hit the paper. Feel the inundation of dree, glee and melancholic unknowns of Bardic Tradition.

The reader should not receive some diluted and edited version of that moment. Herein lay the veracity and exposure to imperfection which is what makes poetry beautiful, or not so. This is the discernment betwixt poetry and prose.

I would rather publish a bad poem from my heart than an edited version that has been washed by rote indulgence. If rules are behest of poetry. They must be circumvented in order to be true rhapsodies, from heart to quill; quill to paper.

My disdain for conventional meter has inspired some of my poems. 'To Versify In Certitude'; and; 'The Dogma of Modernity'; for example.

To those naysayer's and pedants who wish to attack my words with protocol on poetry mechanics and rules of stanza; I think you miss the point behind your

scotoma of vision. Poetry transcends propriety terms and prosaic diction. If you find my work is non-conformable, then I am content. I have accomplished my task. I hope that the discontentment and negativity who feel toward life will one day lead to manumitted happiness, allowing you to see past discrepancy and maxim.

To those who find solace and truth in my versification, I am truly happy and honoured. Thank You.

When we opt to stand in the circle and access the personal cone of power, only then can our dreams and hearts be realized. This is the truth that presides in Ancient Rhymes; As Above, So Below. The Emerald Tablet shone then as now. Blessed be.

To some of my favourite authors; Robert Graves (late writer, poet and historical scholar) , Marilyn French (feminist and writer) , Laura Riding (late poetess) : Manda Scott (writer of The Boudica Series) , Doreen Valiente (late writer, poetess and advocate of witchcraft) : Silver Raven Wolf (writer and advocate of witchcraft) : John Matthews (writer, poet and teacher of the occult, ancient bardic lore, mythology and divination) : Doreen Virtue, PhD; (writer, psychologist, teacher in divination, empowerment and Angelic/ Elemental Realms): Christopher Knight and Robert Lomas (researchers and writers on Freemasonry): Graham Hancock (historical researcher) : Thank You.

For your insight, inspiration and courage is prodigious.

To my beautiful wife Christianne Bolton, my loving mother Peggy Trimmer, my grandmother Margaret Gilpin (now passed on) , my sister Deanna Burns, my daughters Brianna and Lily, to my nieces Emma and Aryanna and my friend Nicole Graves, Thank You. I love all of you. Thank you for being my living Muses on earth.

To my son Patrick Bolton and nephew Clayton Burns, I love you, as does She.

To my grandfather George Gilpin, I love and respect you more than you will ever know. When I was growing up, you were the male role model in my life and in Brian's life also. I hope you know this.

To my good friend Georgia Spyrtos, thank you for our conversations and for giving me insight into Greek culture.

To my brother Brian and nephew Nathan, who died in 2006, may The Great Goddess greet thee in The Elysian Fields. Sleep well.

To Julie, my sister-in-law, who lost her husband and son, I love you and hope that happiness will find you again.

These rhapsodies are also in dedication to all my sisters and brothers who follow the Wiccan/ Pagan Rede. May the truth of Pagan Gynaecocracy live on in us fore'er. May we live through many more scores of incarnations until the balance of Lady Earth is restored;

The picture on the front cover of this book is of my Grandma, Margaret Gilpin. The picture was taken in the 1940`s. It is a beautiful likeness of her. In honour of you Grandma.....we love you and miss you. Rest well.

An' if these entreaties  
Hurt no one  
So mote  
It come to pass  
Blessed be  
Till we meet again

To my Muse, I entreat thee  
Guide me on this journey unseemed  
A humble heart, bespake of me  
I am sanguine, that this book..... be worthy deemed

## Soteriological Faith In The Occident

Although I am respectful of everyone's religion, I do have issues with most of the western soteriological faiths. These are my own findings and opinions. I respect anyone with opposing views. I only ask that they respect mine in return. I have put a good deal of time and effort into reading and research, and so, I have not come to my extant beliefs light-heartedly.

Soteriological theology generally can be traced back to dubious beginnings, whereby, scribes have taken early true mythology and lore, rewrote it and created an exegesis of misogynist intent and misconstrued allegory.

In Palestine scribes began to scission the old oral traditions, as instructed by the new religious order delineating Judaic Law and history, in the tenth century B.C. This was during the reign of King Solomon (although it could be argued that patriarchy began much earlier with Jacob/Israel) . The Torah is comprised of the Book of Genesis through to Book of The Kings, an early redaction in this period.

Solomon himself loved The Goddesses Asherah and Ashtoreth as much as his love Bilkis; The Sabean Queen of Sheba. He battled his conscience and the new order of patriarchal priests constantly. Solomon refused to take down his shrines to Asherah and Ashtoreth/Astarte. In The Book Of The Kings (biblical text) this is

apparent.

The Old Testament was written well before the advent of ecclesiastic faith. It seems that the earliest stories of Genesis had their origins in the antiquated, and one of the earliest known civilizations, of Sumer. We know from biblical accounts that Abraham was from the city of Ur, in Sumerian lands betwixt the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers also known as Mesopotamia. Abraham was undoubtedly erudite in the high wisdom and sacred science of the priesthood. He represented a kind of culture hero often found in post-deluge civilizations. Abraham's wife Sarah was most likely the culture heroine in the original epic. History seems to have deleted Her salient role, much like Deucalion's wife Pyrrha.

Abraham brought many epics from Sumer, which found their way into The Old Testament. This explains the connexion with Sumerian and Semitic lore. Upon reaching the Sinai Peninsula and The Levant, Abraham likely would have encountered The Canaanites (a.k.a The Phoenicians) , who were one group of The Seafaring Peoples who survived The Great Deluge. The Canaanites, were Goddess worshippers, who were later excised from The Levant by misogynist Semitic Tribes mostly The Amorites and Kassites who also brought their war deities to Sumer.

Sumer is considered the cradle of civilization. When The Amorites first conquered Mesopotamia (2000-1600 B.C) they first had to subdue the priestesshood of Inanna. Inanna, later known as Ishtar, was local Mother Goddess. Under Sargon The Great, circa.24 century B.C, Inanna's lands were partly subjugated under the new patriarchal deities, who were much like Yahweh of The Levant lands (who subdued Asherah) . Originally a consort who turned on Her (i.e.; the shift from matriarchy to patriarchy) . Sargon's daughter was a priestess of Inanna. Her name was Enheduanna. She wrote poetry about Inanna/Ishtar and the gynarchy that hitherto held sway. Her father Sargon did not venerate this Old Code entirely. Sargon's new world order marked the beginning of patriarchy in Sumer and the kingdom of Akkad.

This land was one of various places and traditions to record The Great Deluge. Mesopotamia also produced the renaissance-Sumerian cultures of Babylonia, Assyria, Medial-Persia and eventually the Islamic empires. With each generation the Goddess's role diminished until it was naught, then She was demonized. My poem 'Kadija' is based on this theme.

The story of Noah and The Ark is based in early epics of The Great Deluge. The Sumerian epic hero of the flood myth was Uta-Napishtim or in earlier traditions, Gilgamesh and/or Ziasudra (Xiothuros) . These stories, although altered by



patriarchal scribes, hearken back to the deluge experienced worldwide. Examples of this may be found in Greek Myth with the epic of Pyrrha and Deucalion; or the flood emanating in Egypt with the tale of The Ogygian (Ogygius) Flood.

This Flood did happen. It was likely the result of either a cometary impact upon Earth creating seismic imbalance and nuclear winter causing an ice age, then the subsequent thaw of melting ice caps at the north and south poles. Another theory suggests that the cycles affecting the precession of the equinoxes and orbital cycles of Earth in relation to the Sun bring the Earth through cycles of ice ages and thaws of polar ice. Either way, the last Ice Age seemed to have abated circa 11,000 B.C and created prolific quantities of melt water, thus, inundating the Earth.

There is increasing evidence from mythological, archaeo-astronomical and historical studies that suggest the existence of an antediluvian civilization was extant before The Great Deluge. These people were from the seafaring nation of Atlantis as described in the Egyptian legend. These Atlantians were the Thraco-Libyan peoples also known as The Keftiu ('Sea Peoples') .

The Keftiu Confederacy was based near Lake Tritonis (Triton) in Libya and on Pharos Isle in The Nile Delta. They had a profound knowledge of the sea, sidereal and planetary ambulations, agrarian cycles, whether patterns over vast temporal intervals and all other eruditions associated with sacred science. This allowed them to presage the malevolence and magnitude of the imminent Great Deluge. They sailed to high points upon the Earth. They kept their knowledge in tact. They set out on their ships and resettled the lands as the flood waters began to recede. My poems; 'Isis And The Sages of Sais and ' Pyrrha's Deluge' use this theme.

The Atlantians disseminated in all directions; throughout the Mediterranean, Nile Valley, The Atlantic West Coast, The Black Sea coast; down The Tigris and Euphrates Rivers; into The Levant and Mesopotamia and eventually out into many waterways across the globe. I believe that they aided in the creation of the Four Old-World River Valley Cultures and various other erudite cultures of The Americas, The Orient and elsewhere. Including; The cultures of ancient Egypt, Sumer, The Mediterranean, Maya, Inca, Celtic, Eurasia, Nubia, Indus Valley, Easter Island and countless other settlements.

The world is connected by water. It is a reasonable conjecture to assume contact between the continents in early antiquity. Even studies in etymology and genetics can attest this very real plausibility. As well, archaic texts from prehistory support this. The researchers Robert Graves, Graham Hancock, Robert

Bauval and John Anthony West have written extensively on this connexion. They all have differing theories, yet early contact by The Atlantians is a prevalent theme.

One of the more popular stories on Atlantis was first told by Plato of The Classical Period in Greece. His grandfather Salon heard the story from his friends who were Libyan priests of Sais, a shrine city on Pharos Isle in The Nile Delta. This story was likely a grafted version of a tradition much older, from pre- Hellenic epochs.

All early civilizations and cultures seem to have record of a culture hero and/or heroine who came on a ship and taught life skills to the local people. One example is the legend of Viracocha at the city of Tiahuanaco in South America or; Quetzalcoatl / Kukulchan at the city of Teotihuacan and Chichen Itza in Mexico. The list goes on.

The Atlantians brought Goddess worship as well. These respects for venerating the 'giver of life' were later renounced, sending patriarchal society into; ignorance for the many and power for the few.

The Holy Land was no exception. In early Mesopotamian lore, one of the Goddess aspects was Sin. Sin was a Goddess commensurable to Inanna, Ishtar and Isis. The word 'sin' was later coined as a negative term by Judeo-Christian scribes and theologians. This was due to a Semitic and Hellenic precedence, set first by The Amorites and reinforced later in The Classical Period during the fifth century B.C. Prior to this period The Goddess was revered ahead of all other deities. She was The Goddess of the year, life, birth, death and nature's essence manifest in arboreal wisdom. The Hellenes and Aryans adopted a patriarchal theology. Thus, usurping The Goddess and giving Her a diminished and subservient role.

By the period of advent for Christianity, The Goddess was scissioned out and 'sin' became synonymous with evil. An embodiment of iniquity was fabricated called the Devil, a mix of The Goddess and Her lover at waning year; The Horned One (i.e.; Pan and The Muse) . This created a fear tactic to dissuade adherence to ancient pagan faiths. The Devil still weakens the Christian mythos into modern times. The male deities were reduced to The One God, hitherto known as Zeus or Yahweh or Marduk etc. These godlings were once The Golden (Sun) Child; the sacred king; god at waxing year. Hence, the once pagan triad was reduced to one aspect, the other two aspects made diabolic. The ostensible trinity created; Father, Son and Holy Ghost usurped the original theme of; Goddess in triad, God of waxing year, and tanist God of waning year.

The One God bullied his way into a false titular claim and betrayed his mother and his true love in one fowl swoop. This marked the genesis of Monotheism and subsequent lost wisdom.

Sin was really an aspect of Eve. In the original epic of Genesis, She was allegorically bestowing The Golden Apple of Wisdom upon Adam, Her love. The Serpent was The Death Goddess of Apple Island or Paradise or The Underworld, place of peace, beauty and rebirth. In this way, The Serpent was the Death Goddess of Rebirth, then transmogrified to Her Maiden aspect as Eve. Eve would tutor and love Adam then guide him back to the Earth Realm. This story was redacted by scribes who wished to rewrite her story, painting her as a fool and wicked distraction to Adam, then punished by the malevolent One God of war and sorrow. Yet, The One God would blame Eve for his punitive nature, taking onus off himself. The misogynist Greek Myth of Pandora was rewritten in much the same way. My poems; 'Pandora' and 'A Sonnet to Eve' relate this concept.

Sin was also a letter in the ancient Canaanite/ Phoenician Alphabet, most plausibly representing The Apple Tree of Her Wisdom. This letter created an 's' sound like that of a snake. Like the Celtic Tree Alphabet of Ogham, trees of the Goddess would represent letters, apothecaries amongst varied other themes in sacred science. The One God did all he could to erase this wisdom from philanthropy, hoard it for himself, then use it for his own itinerant and mendacious order.

The work of Robert Graves delves into these ideas in great detail.

Even The Flood of Genesis, which was simply a record of a natural event, was written in by scribes as a punishment on mankind for independent thought, to create fear and control. The eschatology of Revelation, which was a presage of an ending age leading to another in astronomical wisdom, was written in by scribes as a punishment for disobeying The One God, to create fear and control. In other words; follow The One God's orders or meet eternal perdition. We can see these parallels in the Hellenic misogynist exegetics of The Underworld of Hades vs. The Underworld of Hecate; fear and pain vs. volition and love.

Soteriological faith is based around the life of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is a Greek name from Hellenist translation. His name in Hebrew was actually Jeshua (Yahoshua) ben Yoseph or, Jesus son of Joseph. Jeshua's birth from Mary (Miryam/Miriam) is another mythical allegory. Mary was actually part of a priestesshood to the Goddess (Asherah/Ashtoreth) , with similarity to the Vestal Virgins in Rome. The priestesses would meet with the priests on quarter and cross-quarter festivals to conduct orgiastic rites. In this way the sacred child

could be born on a solstice or equinox depending on their lineage and prophetic destiny. This rite was later abolished by the new order in Jerusalem, forcing the royal families from matriarchal epochs into exile. They did keep this lineage and rite alive, but in the wilderness, in safety from reprisal.

To hide this pagan lineage of Jesus, subsequent patriarchal orders used a censorship concept known as a 'parthenogenetic birth' for the Sun Child of the One God (three centuries after Jesus' death) . Parthenogenesis was a tactic first used by Hellene scribes for reducing Athene to a birth from Zeus's head, giving The Parthenon its name, meaning 'virgin birth', as if to say that sexual union was not required. The story of Zeus swallowing Metis also points to this bombast misogyny amongst war deities. Most Roman cults of the day approbated this decree; Mithraism, Sol Invictus, etc.

The idea of parthenogenesis was created, again, by gynopathic scribes in Hellenic Greek Myth. The best example, Athene, who was once an omnipotent Triple-Goddess. She was reduced to Her Maiden aspect only and put under Zeus's thumb. In the recreation of Athene's story, She is born from the head of Zeus. This was to symbolize the new order; wisdom can only be born from The Father, displaying how the prerogatives of The Wise Goddess had been peculated by war-mongering misogynists.

Jesus was part of a Jewish sect in Palestine during the first century B.C. They lived on the shores of the Dead Sea to escape the corruption in Jerusalem. They were The Qumran Community known as The Essenes.

During this period three distinct sects of Jews had formed;

1. The Sadducees; The ruling class of the caste. They controlled most of the political rules of the region. They of course answered to Rome. Judaea was a Roman annexation by this time. They had little interest in The Temple on The Mount or religious activity.

2. The Pharisees; The worshippers of Yahweh. As close to Orthodox Jews as could be found in modernity. They were devout practitioners of Rabbinical Law and controlled The Temple. The Temple had been rebuilt after their return from captivity in Babylon by King Zerubbabel in 539 B.C. It was also the site of Solomon's Temple built in the tenth century B.C, then razed in 586 B.C by Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar.

My poem; 'Tara, Keeper of The Lia Fail', touches on this.

3. The Essenes; These were Jesus' people. The bloodline from antiquity. Living in

exile, away from the condemning eyes of The Pharisees and The Sadducees. They abhorred the corruption in Jerusalem and abominated the Roman occupation of The Holy Land. They were adept in their sacred sciences of ancient gynarchy. They were descendants of the male half of the orgiastic order. They did not countenance any Hellenic or Diaspora ideals. They were later known as The Nasoreans/Nazarenes. The title Jesus of Nazareth comes from this Order. The town of Nazareth did not exist in the time of Jesus, we know this because The Romans kept pedantic records. The Essenes/Nasoreans founded The First Church of Jerusalem based in Gnostic Tradition of Goddess worship. Miryam of Migdal (Mary Magdalene) was its first Papess. Later scribes would paint Her as a harlot. Her title was usurped by Peter and Paul to create a purported, false papal line. The Nazarenes were trying to establish the Old Code. When Rome decreed Christianity its religion, they renounced The Gnostic line of Miryam and created a male lineage.

Jesus was a Pagan. Jesus loved The Goddess and his Papess.

I believe that Jesus would be horrified if he saw how his Papess was treated. He would not want to be affiliated with the false line of papal authority. If Jesus were alive today, he would not be a Christian. He would be, as he was, a poet and prophet to The White Goddess.

Initially, Jesus was not a member of The Essenes. His brother, Yacob ben Yoseph (James son of Joseph) was. James as much more robust and healthy. A more likely candidate for select gene pools within regal orgiastic rites. James, along with the man we know as John The Baptist (Yohanan) were The Right and Left Pillar of the Qumran Community.

The Canaanite theological ideals of 'right and left pillars' in early Judaism were as follows;

The Pillars were allegories which manifested themselves within The Temple, first represented in Solomon's original temple. One was known as The Mishpat Pillar. The other was The Tsedeq Pillar (also called Jachin and Boaz) . One pillar stood for the kingly and temporal aspect of the Earth, and the other represented the priestly and ethereal aspect of the Earth. These two pillars were in turn connected with The Shalom. The Shalom was The Temple ceiling and represented heaven itself Shalom was also an aspect of The Goddess, who linked the dichotomy of the two male divine aspects, the Sacred King and his tanist. This is yet another paradigm of The Consort (god) of waxing year, and god of waning year as mentioned earlier. The pillars would also track the Sun's movements between the solstices and equinoxes.

James was the priestly aspect of Tsedeq. He co-opted this role along with John The Baptist. The two were given the title Boanerges (The Thunder Twins) . Yet at this time, The Essenes were devoid of a kingly aspect representative.

The Essenes had fled Jerusalem. To them, the temple had been defiled. King Herod, who was a puppet-king of The Romans, held the throne. Caiaphas held the position of High Priest and was a Pharisee. Pontius Pilate was Roman governor of Judea who answered directly to The Roman Emperor.

The Essenes were desirous of a true kingly pillar. A descendant from the ancient bloodline.

This was where Jesus comes in. Jesus was not the man depicted in Christendom by later painters or theologians of The Medieval and Renaissance periods in Europe. Records describe him as a short, slightly-built man with some ailments. Hardly a candidate for Essene selection. Yet, Jesus had proven himself as an astute leader on defensive campaigns and as an eloquent, charismatic speaker. Jesus was also from the descended bloodline which did not approve of the patriarchy which was manifesting even amongst The Essenes themselves. He was an egalitarian who believed that scholarship, creativity and honour transcended physical appearance and strength. He believed in The Ancient Code and in Matriarchy. He was the rightful heir.

His connection with his brother James and John The Baptist persuaded the initiators of his right to the kingly pillar. He was now The Messiah, the king to The Essenes. It seems plausible that King Herod wanted Jesus dead as an infant. Herod, being a Judean by birth and line, would have known his rightful claim to the throne. Herod knew the ancient prophecy. But that is another story.

Jesus, being the egalitarian and libertine that he was, ignored Essene protocol. He initiated the sick, lame and poor into his new cult. He was erudite in all the sacred sciences, including apothecary and herbalist medicine. This earned him the reputation as being a healer. He also taught the proletariat class of his following how to utilize The Law of Attraction.

Now, for the first time in centuries, a plebeian could divine her or his own destiny. Jesus did not preach subservience to any ecclesiastical or secular order. He preached transcendence of dogma and fetters by independent thought; The earthly powers could chain your body, yet they could not chain your mind unless you let them. The reproach of The Pharisees intimidated many commoners who feared the priesthood and Yahweh. Jesus taught his new order to walk in the light of truth and ignore the maxims of The Temple by adhering to The Old Code.

The Code which allowed love, divinity, knowledge, happiness and all other good things to be had by all. The Code of The Triple Goddess. The only barriers, were barriers in the mind. To circumvent these barriers, one only had to believe with their hearts. One only had to believe in herself or himself.

Jesus was highly educated. He even studied in Alexandria. He was well versed in several languages, including Hellenic, Latin and Semitic tongues. He knew his Atlantian heritage. He knew the wisdom of gynarchy that was lost to countless generation of oppressed peoples. For this reason he spoke out against the authorities. Both banal and religious. He awoke the hearts and minds of many proselytes and showed them a truth that had been hidden from them. This was his greatest miracle. Truth.

Due to Jesus' open door policies many enemies did he create. He became a heretic even amongst many of The Essenes. Yet because of his connexion to The Boanerges Twins, he was tolerated. The preachings of John The Baptist were similar to that of Jesus. For this reason, many of the authorities were not so tolerant. Herod was growing ever more vexed by these seditious preachings, as was the Temple priesthood. Herod killed John The Baptist to quell this movement, to no avail. Jesus requited with even harder push. He spoke out against the corruption of The Temple by The Pharisees in Jerusalem.

Hitherto, Jesus did not pose much of a threat to authorities. He preached in outer territories like on shores of The Sea of Galilee (Gennesaret) or in other less influential areas along The Jordan River. But now, he was crossing the line by attacking the religious epicentre of Jerusalem. The High Priest, Caiaphas, soon wanted him dead. He was shaking the foundations of control within Judaism and Pharisee influence. Even Gentile and Roman authorities noted his insurrectionary behaviour.

Caiaphas put pressure on the Roman governor Pontius Pilate to kill Jesus. Due to the upheaval, James was held as a criminal as well. I believe that James was the criminal Barabbas, described in The New Testament, and released just after Jesus' trial. By this time Jesus only had the support from a few of his followers and was forsaken by most of The Essenes.

It seems obvious that Pontius Pilate was trying to avoid a rioting throng. He would have had only a small garrison of legionaries in Jerusalem. It was Passover, so the city was replete with a concourse of pilgrims and denizens alike. Pilate knew that he could not contain a riot of any substantial proportion. So, at the crowd's command and at the wish of the Pharisees, Pontius Pilate decreed that the prophet be executed on the Tau.

The Tau, in essence, was the cross depicted by Christendom, with one varied attribute. It is a capital 'T' shape rather than a lower case 't' shape. It was named for the Greek letter Tau. When scribes translated the New Testament in later epochs from Greek to various other dictions and languages, the cross shape was confused. Adding to the confusion was the early Roman Christian symbol of the Chi-Rho, a combination of two Greek letters symbolizing the first two letters in Christ's name when written in Greek. The Chi-Rho would appear as a capital 'P' threw a capital 'X' in the common Latin Alphabet. In Greek it creates a K-R sound, or more correctly, an H R sound if spoken properly.

Contrariwise, to widely held beliefs throughout Christendom, Yeshua (Jesus) was not a deity. Therefore he would have died quickly. Any crash course in crucifixion would reveal the speed of one's death when crucified in the manner used in this case. The Romans had learned this punitive technique from The Carthaginians in centuries before whilst General Scipio was on campaign in The 2nd Punic War against Hannibal's army.

Combined with a frail and ailing body, which Jesus possessed, this seems a rather lucid conjecture. The Romans were adept executioners and could hasten or slow the death of the recipient at will. Pontius Pilate would have wanted the situation resolved forthwith. Jesus was of little concern to him. He wanted only to abate the mob's discontentment by doing the bidding of Caiaphas.

The idea of Christ's death being drawn out came several decades after his death. He had become somewhat apotheosized by a Pharisee named Saul. Saul who became Paul en route to Damascus was, ostensibly, shown a vision and converted to the followings of Jesus. I personally believe that he was creating a counter-theology against The First Church of Jerusalem. Paul, like all Pharisees of the period, was a patriarch. The Gnostics (Nasoreans, founders of The First Church of Jerusalem) were Goddess worshippers. If Paul could create some fabricated connexion with lineage of Christ, then he could dissuade many potential proselytes to join The Gnostic/Coptic faiths. The Sadducees would have been co-conspirators within this political and religious endeavour. Mary Magdalene was The Black Virgin and First Papess within The Gnostic Faith, a threat to patriarchy and the potential manumitter of enslaved minds.

Papal authorities still recognize Paul's influence and Apostle Peter in their claim, but that is another story.

The Essenes were also the authors of The Dead Sea Scrolls which were hidden in caves and not found until the twentieth century A.D, by Bedouin shepherds. The scrolls were hidden during The Roman attacks on The Holy Land (circa.78-79



A.D) , which destroyed The Temple. Most Jews were exiled elsewhere, and many of the sects even remotely related to any Nazarene, Essene Ebionite theologies were dispatched. The strongholds of Qumran and Masada were no exception. The surviving Ebionites fled to Eire, which is now Ireland, and became The Ebionim and played a part in founding Celtic Christianity.

The teachings of Jesus were later confounded by Hellenist, Gentile and Roman Christians due to a lack of understanding in Essene theism and a deliberate thwarting of free thought and egalitarianism associated with philogynist Goddess faiths.

For example, when Jesus 'turned water into wine', it symbolized the religious sacred science being brought back to the plebeian class. He was bringing the prosaic back 'into the light', the light of knowledge. This was done against the will of many gynopathic Essene elitists. Jesus was a hero to those who had been forced into intellectual darkness and to those who lacked proper knowledge of ancient medicine. He brought obscured knowledge back to the people so they did not have to depend on the mercy of the authorities, or lack thereof. He became 'the saviour' to the commoners, both mentally and physically, restoring the wisdom and spirituality that was their birthright. Wisdom that had been withheld by the fief vassals, feudal lords and priesthoods so as to create dependency, and to control of power and resources.

Christian theologians misconstrued the concepts of Midrash and Peshar, names used to describe allegory, analogy and parable. Stories used to describe past events to teach a lesson or create a memory trigger or teach sacred sciences, etc. Much like original true mythologies. A demonstrative nuance betwixt poetic ontological thought and prose exegetics of literal comprehension.

The hagiographies of Saint Paul's Jesus Christ differ prodigiously with the historical figure of Yahoshua ben Yoseph.

The Journeys of Saint Paul began with The Pharisee Saul. Saul grew up in Anatolia (Asia Minor) in the town of Tarsus. Saul's family were Gentile Diaspora proselytes who converted to a Hellenist form of Judaism. Although considered Jews, The Diaspora were not entirely enlightened in the concepts of more archaic Judaism. Saul would have been raised to take the allegory of Midrash and Peshar literally rather than symbolically.

The conversion of Saul takes place on The Road to Damascus. Damascus in this case should not be confused with the city in Syria. The Qumran Community also used the name Damascus when referring to Qumran. Therefore, Saul was en

route to Qumran. Of course, in this epic, The Nasorean named Stephen was stoned to death by some Pharisee henchmen of the high priest. Saul witnesses the event and could very well have partaken in it (probably an omitted portion of the story, just holding coats seems doubtful) . He is rendered blind temporarily, and purportedly sees an epiphany of Christ, who persuades him to convert to the Nasorean cause. He then takes the pseudonym of Paul.

Stephen, who's name means crown or wreath in Greek was plausibly an Ebionite or Essene. Stephen was probably a potential initiate for the kingly aspect of The Shalom. The Pharisees may well have had Stephen murdered to prevent this. Stephen is called a disciple in biblical accounts, ergo, he may well have been initiated into the ancient rites.

Some theories suggest that Paul was not a Pharisee at all, I find this rather unlikely.

When Paul sees the 'light of God', is when he meets with James, who relates the account of his brother's death. Paul takes the story of Jesus and retells it in a manner with much more patriarchal tones. Paul claims to have renounced The Pharisee guild, but I believe this to be part of the conspiracy as well. His ostensible apostasy was yet another propaganda tool.

Subsequently, Paul journeys several times around the eastern Mediterranean, disseminating this new theology throughout the eastern portions of The Roman Empire. His journeys took him to cities such as; Lystra and Troas in Anatolia; to Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens and Corinth in Greece; and to Caesarea in Judea, to name but a few. This marked the onset of Christianity as a religion in the empire.

At first, Christianity was tolerated by Roman authorities. Roman officials and consulates harboured little concern for the religion or creeds of their citizens, as long as the subjects in annexed territories pledged subordination to Rome and paid taxes. Various theologies existed within the empire, all sorts from worshipping eastern war gods like Mithras; to sun worship of Sol Invictus; to Druidism in the western empire; to Judaism in The Levant. As long as beliefs did not cite insurrection, then fine. Most Romans knew little of, or cared little for this man they called Jesus. To them, Jesus was just another rebel in the territories who's rebellion was crushed under the might of Rome. Christianity was just another religion in the mix, and Paul was just another zealot preaching on Roman streets.

In 27 B.C, a few decades ere Jesus' death, (Octavian) Augustus Caesar became Rome's first Emperor. This marked the end of Roman democracy, and the start of

a political system based in autocratic rule. A system whereby The Caesar (Emperor) is a god-king and rules absolutely. Under this new world order, the Emperors seemed to have become increasingly insane and corrupt with each succession. By the time of Emperor Nero (54-68 A.D) , the Christians were being persecuted for disport. Christianity appealed to the plebeian class. The poor, the ill and the lame turned to it. Roman women were especially drawn to it's seemingly egalitarian doctrines.

Women in Rome were, in this period, treated heinously. Male war gods were salient, as was male corruption and domination. It was a time of blood-lust. The Patrician ruling class were punitive, petty and hedonistic. The plebeians starved whilst the Patricians prospered.

Nero saw Christians as a threat to his power because of it`s influence on the masses. In 64 A.D, Nero set fire to the city, so as to build his palace outward into old parts of the city. He blamed the Christians for the conflagration.

Emperor Vespasian (70-79 A.D) began construction of The Colosseum some years later. His son Titus would see it through to effectuation. He inaugurated The Colosseum, and had slain many Christians for the amusement of the throngs. He knew that the mobs wanted blood, and that it kept them hungry for war; Control the mob, control Rome. A simple equation in the Roman thought world of banal desire.

The following centuries would prove similar, under abhorrent human condition.

Then, in 325 A.D, The Emperor Constantine (ruled 324-337 A.D) held The Council of Nicaea. Constantine was an astute visionary. He built the city of Constantinople and made it the new capital city of The Roman Empire (and would later pave the way for The Byzantine Empire) . He saw that Christianity was becoming the religion of choice within the empire.

Constantine knew that the empire was waning. He used Christianity as the glue to hold it together. He decreed himself as The Second Messiah and adopted Christianity as the official religion of Rome. Constantinople was now the centre of Christendom. Constantine was the first Christian Emperor.

Constantine did, nonetheless, remain head of The Sol Invictus cult of the Patrician class. Keeping a foot in each theology allowed him to rule and tether both levels of the Roman caste.

At The Council of Nicaea, Constantine brought Christian Theologians from all

corners of the empire. For days the Council deliberated, they were to choose the creeds, philosophies and doctrines that were 'true', or in other words, best suited to the patriarchal order of Roman government. All Coptic and Gnostic Texts and testaments were thereby deemed 'apocryphal', which has come to mean false, yet in Greek actually means hidden or obscured.

The beginnings of The Nicene Creed were born. All matriarchal aspects of The Nasorean teachings of Jesus and Mary Magdalene were now on the miscreant list. The text of Gnostic and Coptic origin decried. Patriarchy was one step closer to ubiquitous power. The line of Peter and Paul held sway.

I do not believe that Jesus would want to be associated with this creed. He abhorred The Romans, or any patriarchal ruler ship.

The following century would see the collapse of the Roman Empire. The Empire divided into two parts of East (Byzantium) and West. The West Empire fell under the control of invading hordes, including; Goths, Visigoths and Vandals. It was subsequently divided into small kingdoms ruled by feudal petty-kings. Europe plunged into The Dark Ages. Christendom thrived by keeping it's proletariats in intellectual darkness. Yet, practitioners of The Old Code kept the ancient eruditions alive. Christendom was growing ever intolerant of these 'witches'.

On into The Medieval Period, papal authorities flexed their powers, forcing European governments and churches into following the behest of the Roman Catholic Church. Lies were diffused. Propaganda about the diabolic nature of witchcraft. By the Renaissance Period, witches were being hunted for their matriarchal and polytheist beliefs. Christendom bought into the lie. Instead of seeing witches as being poets, healers and erudite libertines, they saw them as a source of trepidation and iniquity.

Society had a collective and poisoned mind toward The Old Code. Even Dragons were being slain, the calendar beast of the sweet Goddess herself smote down by folly Knights who renounced Her in the name of power thirsty kings and popes. But that is another story.

In contemporary times, some still adhere to these mendacities of Christendom and patriarchy. I respect those who practice it. Yet, I think they should know it's history before casting dispersions of negativity and reproach toward the old pagan faiths.

I have only just scratched the surface of some histories in this short write on Soteriological Faith. My poems attempt to reclaim the splendour of the myths

and epics as they once were. To reclaim Her Story and elucidate the false claims of his story (history) .

The sands of time are many, yet in each grain there lies a truth waiting to be found, a journey waiting to be taken. A path walked many times, waiting to be trod upon once again. It all begins with one question, and ends in many more.

If we choose not to question dogma and staid reason, then we potentially orchestrate our own spiritual demise.

S.T. Beautiful Mother  
Thy heart so pure, with strength and beauty  
With love devoid of condition  
In Dictean Cave, you are Rhea's duty  
Which hath brought me to fruition

My mother so lovely, a soul so pure  
Does thou know? I see you  
A tribute to thee, the future unsure  
My love is steadfast and true

You've courageously raised, three bairns without aid  
One has fallen, your heart laments  
In thy presence, I am ne'er afraid  
I hope for your heart, to mend

O'er the years passed, I've seen you endure  
Deities of War, ill-fated  
Protectress to me and my siblings, I'm sure  
Brian's love for you, remains unabated

I beseech you to look, in archaic days  
Ere state and doctrines of Yahweh  
You are Sweet Cerridwen, in Her Tor Cave  
On Isle Avalon, truth surrounds thee

Under Willow of Saille, Blodeuwedd hath wept  
Our loved ones now dwell with Adita  
Arianrhod's Caer, is ne'er bereft  
Our family She takes on Imramma

Gynarchy reside, in the core of my heart  
To my Mother, I'll always be true  
I pledge to The Goddess, in Moon of Astarte  
Mom, I will always love you

Steve Trimmer

### A Miscreant's Soliloquy

Ne'er shalt I throw pearls to swine  
Nor gems to fools insipid  
I reserve such treasures for those divine  
Who dare volitive thought so intrepid

Steve Trimmer

## A Requiem To Dear Brian And Nathan

Reft am I, lamenting heart  
To recall the lost life of my brother Brian  
To recall the lost life of my nephew Nathan  
Fain, I reminisce the effulgence of my loved ones  
Yet, their souls hath been blighted.....I repine

My little brother, whom I've loved since his birth  
My little brother, whom I wast to protect  
My little brother, my best friend  
My little brother, Brian The Strong.....

In dree, I suffer plaintively.....Rout I Feel

Brian The Strong, true Son of Tuireann  
What cacophony hath befell upon thee that day?  
What froward lubber crossed thy path?  
To besmirch thee, rending our family asunder  
Brian who wast erstwhile so prolific.....now gone  
Nathan who wast a fine boy so fair.....now gone  
Ne'er to return.....We, piqued and doleful



My heart, in fen, so disquiet.....heart o` flotsam  
Pledge fealty to my loved ones lost

Brian, a prodigious father and husband.....now gone  
Brian, whom I couldst depend on forthwith.....now gone  
Brian, a loving son, grandson, brother.....now gone

For no recompense of gauds or mintage couldst assuage our melancholy

Oft times, I see Brian and Nathan whilst in dreamings  
On Imrammic reveries, I see the twain, father and son;

With Aegis amidst Elysian Fields  
With Eurynome at Olympia's base  
With Hecate, Labrys that She wields  
With Branwen in Her Lady's Lake

In parley we engage, away from periphery of Temporal Realms  
Bedlam or lucidity? ..... I ne'er to behest  
For The Lady Aegis is our guide, She who betakes us  
Aniconic or of flesh, The Megatheria begird  
O! Great Muses of The River Styx.....They sing

Oh brothers, thou art rout  
For eternal life is nigh  
This laconic incantation shout  
When landing on far river side.....'For Love, For Dis'

My lads, veracious words we speak  
For Dis be not Hades-Pluto  
For Dis is Lady Bane Moon, thou seek  
Hecate of Hera's Trio

Devoid of trepidation, my loved ones opt  
To tarry with The Dryads, in The Elysian Fields  
Or journey to The Garden of Hesperides  
Or swim with The Nymphs at Isle of Avalon  
Where The Three Daughters render their succour and guardianship

For temporal measure is illusory.....

Their energies accessed by Chimaerical visions.....and The Muses

.....paths cross

To Brian and Nathan with Love  
Atropos of The Fates, hath beget Her shears.....much to soon  
Clotho The Moerae hath only.....just spun thread  
Oh Lachesis.....who's measure is short!  
I bewail! .....Thou hast taken our stalwart two

To my little brother and his baby boy, I shalt wait for thee  
At the bournes of Arboreal Rhymes  
In the dells of Sacred Trees  
Seek The Lunar Hind, to find, the versifier that is me

Sleep well Brian and Nathan, thy barrows bedewed in Love

We bid thee vale

Steve Trimmer

### A Rhapsody To Urana

We know of Uranus, God to The Sky  
Declaimed by Hellenic Invaders of Thessaly  
Yet history forgets the true Sky Deity  
The lovely Urana, Sky Goddess of equanimity

Her name's eponymy, `Queen of The Mountains`  
`Queen of Summer`, `Queen of The Winds`  
`Queen of The Oxen`, `Queen of Sky Rains`  
Orgiastic Queen, of mid-summer din

I flout the Aryan Decree of Varuna  
Who claimed to Father, the north of Greece  
The indigo blue in The Sky of Urana  
Belongs to The Ladies of peace

We, Fantast scions, of Delphi's roots  
Bemused by Pythoness Epithia  
Staid are we, who know the truth  
Of the Lady Sky.....Urana

Steve Trimmer

#### A Sonnet To Eve

In the beginning, there was 'She'  
Creatress of Earth, Life and Sea  
Leafy Quince, She put on boughs of Trees  
And Apples, Figs and all thou please  
Sweet Eve, She sent, to soils below  
And from Her loins, boy Adam bestow  
In peace, led by Daughters, they came to fruition  
And ate The Fruits, in Wise Gardens, of Her erudition  
In The Garden they danced, bare, neath Her Moon  
And loved The Serpent, Ambrosias and Amorous Tunes  
Flourish did they for countless generations

Jubilant, indulged, in life's Sweet Temptations  
This story was, altered, by redacting scribes  
The Goddess betrayed, by fetters, and fallacious alibis

Steve Trimmer

#### A Sonnet; To The Scythian Queen

On north side of The Black Sea, where The Boreas Winds blew  
In ancient days was a Queen, Warriress of Scythia, all knew.....  
Renowned for Her prowess and Wisdom in fight  
'Scathach', Her name, was Queen of brave might  
On West Winds of Zephyr, Her name it was feared  
Reaching The Druids, in Danaan Land of Eire  
The Druids intrigued by Scathach The Queen  
Sent two striplings, as pupils, to train ere their teens  
Young lads, Ferdia and Cuchullain did sail

Upon the seas, to Scythia's fine dales  
Scathach did verse them, in dactyl and tune  
In battle, in musing, in fencing, in runes  
Alas, Dear Scathach, thou couldst not presage  
'Combat at the Ford', thy pupils would engage

Steve Trimmer

A Valediction To Melancholy (Dear Galatea)

On Isle of Cyprus dwelled, Aphrodite of The Main  
She hath girt this isle with Her Love and Beauty  
Bequeathed, by Her, for it's comeliness, a refulgent pearl  
For here, Her Temples were tended to, venerably, with adoration  
Vigilant wast She, with The Loves and The Graces, in aegis  
For they and The Maenads tended the long, beguiled sleep of Adonis.....

Aphrodite did love Adonis so, She thwarted incantations of Hades  
Deft, Hunter youth Adonis, She loved dear, to his demise  
Tusk of a wild boar, surely had slain Her inamorata.....Ergo, each year  
after, for six months, he would live as Underworld Shade  
And the remaining six months, wouldst breathe Upper Air  
Adonis was The Horned One of Cyprus, who loved his Muse.....

This story is testament to Aphrodite's love and magick which emanates from Her  
sacred isle.....

On this fine Isle, was a stripling fair  
Pygmalion, the name of he  
A sculptor, who, famed for his care  
Of white marble friends, his glee

A pledge he made, to ne'er wed  
Mortal woman of, flesh and blood  
His Heart of Stone, caused he to tread  
On Maiden Hearts, for he, they loved

Besprent with blight, and darkened soul  
With his chisel, he hath wrought  
An ivory statue, a Dreaming Mold  
So lovely, whence his thoughts

For in his mind, only, a Marble Maiden  
Couldst contain, fair attributes  
Folly dreams, to him, were laden  
Real Maids, as being moot

When the Marble Maiden wast complete  
He uttered wish, unto Her gaze  
In love he fell, his heart replete  
His soul no longer bane

'Galatea, I shall name this maid  
My truest love to be  
She not vacuous, beseech I, the aid  
Of Aphrodite's Love', quoth he

With his intent, Pygmalion went thither

To Festival of Sweet Aphrodite  
Oblations of Love, he hath made hither  
For aegis from The Sea Muse mighty

The Sea Muse, Aphrodite, thus hearkened  
His plight, hence, to grant his wish  
On Pygmalion's return, to his manse, undarkened  
His Galatea, had breath and bliss

His Love he takes, into his arms  
By life, he now, enchanted  
His Heart of Stone, abated, by charm  
With Galatea's Love, he hath recanted

Steve Trimmer

An Aphorism of Anodyne?

Today's reality is the progeny of yesterday's reveries.  
What dost thou see for the morrow?

Steve Trimmer



## An Entreaty to Eos

From The Sea of Io, whence came Her wiles  
I call to my love Eos  
I am Cephalus on my isle  
I see Her light of Helius

Eos, born of Theia fair  
Sired by Titan Hyperion  
Sun Titaness, saffron robe She wears  
Rosy fingers, The Dactyls smile on

In east She rises, with I, Dawn's Wind  
As Astraeus I kiss Her cheek  
At eventide our love bedims  
In west, She sets so meek

Benighted woe besets my heart  
I tarry till the dawn  
For my spirit soul seems rent apart  
How can I carry on?

Behold! In sky of eastward fair  
My Eos hath returned  
My Hemera; Muse o' golden hair  
Doth greet my wish so yearned

From our sempiternal love comes forth  
A child, from realms afar  
From House Of Tethys, in Her court  
We create The Morning Star

Steve Trimmer

## An Idyll To The Abbesses

In early epochs, of soteriological faith  
Yahweh loved The Goddess, sweet divine sayeth  
Monasteries in Her wilderness, neath Her moon  
The Abbesses, bringeth erudition, and Gnostic Runes  
Away from city states and punitive deities  
The ecclesiastic Sisters, truth of the Pleiades  
E'er credence in thy hearts, hearken  
Homiletic to Astarte, Thealogy with an 'A', hearken  
Miryam, True Papess, Black Virgin, A harlot ne'er  
Yeshua, True Prophet, hath surely loved thee ere  
Sweet Abbesses, may The Lapwing foil malevolence  
May only philogynists find, The Blue Hind, in reverence  
Were thou naught once Druidesses and Skaldic Valkyries?  
Behold my heart, dear Abbesses, nought weary  
'Twas it not thee, in Ogma's Trees, intrepid Sisters?  
Were thou ne'er, nigh Vesta's Fire, Holy Rhymsteresses?  
Eventide encroaches, bridge betwixt banal world and Avalon  
May the Vatican's emissaries, follow The Lapwing's Song  
A psalm to these Ancient Mothers, in neo guise  
I, versifier to dolmen or pulpit, in gynaecocracies  
I sing for The Abbesses, the love of The Abbesses.....  
Hildegard of Binge.....sweet Heloise of Paris.....  
Hilda of Whitby.....

Steve Trimmer

An Obsequy To Semele (My Love)

At 'The Lenaea', in Athens, once Semele and I hath danced  
The Wild Women rent The Bull of Dionysus into parts of nine  
We oblate these portions to thee, Lady Semele  
Nine Lunar Priestesses and I hath sang thus

From the hills of Boeotia, from the ports of Euboea  
To The Acropolis in Attica.....thy name resounded

But alas.....

The Feast is no more

Wert I the last Sacred King of thee?

Thy tears, in Selene's Lunar Disc rain upon us  
Hubris Zeus, so spleen, hath smote thee  
In askance, at The Oak-King we gaze  
For he of mind infirm, has so taken thy Thunderbolt  
Deeming it his own  
He hurled it unto thee  
What cacophony!

Lady Semele, my love.....taken from me  
We of The Lunar Temple.....weep

As Dionysus now hides with Zeus The Iniquitous  
.....Insidious fools

In thy soporific trance.....White Light of Truth  
.....shall fore'er recall  
.....those eloquent words once thee spoke

Steve Trimmer

## Aphrodite Of The Main

I, Hyperborean Rhymester, hath sailed from The North  
I, who seek true love and eruditions, sail to Cyprus Isle  
The Lady Tethys, Titaness of The Sixth Day, guides me  
Past Gallia and Hispania, feel I edified by Her  
For The Main whispers, being my aniconic shrine  
Pass I, through The Pillars of Hercules  
Days pass, shorelines of Mauretania on my starboard side  
Lodestar of Lady Night maintains my bearings  
Wast this nought Enoch's route home?  
Into The Libyan Sea I sail, then to the Cyrenic Sea waters  
The Sirens call my name, so comely is there song  
I feel not any trepidations, for they are not with ire  
Flotsam is not my destiny on this day  
I swim with them a while  
I see the shrine at Paphos, dedicated to The Goddess of Desire  
The Sea Nymphs lead me to the shoreline, in Scallop Shell  
Has scotoma overcome me?  
Is Aphrodite here before me?

She speaks to me;

'I am Aphrodite of The Main  
The Seasons nursed me, and remain  
In my dreamings, I have seen thy face  
Rhymester from Wind Boreas' place  
On Eurus' Wind, to me thou hast come  
To seek True Love and Life Wisdom  
From Dodona Shrine, Dione's home  
To The Isles of Aegis, I hath roamed  
But not before, with such fealty

Hath I seen a heart, so true as thee'

I stood, enamoured by Her beauty, gasping for air  
Then spoke these words;

'Dear Aphrodite, I've sailed for days  
Entreating to thee, along the way  
The Mermaids and The Nereids sang  
The peal of thy own bells hath rang  
This e'en I come to journey's end  
To see the Nymph Queen thus ascend  
From early days, I've hearkened epos  
Heralding from thy Shrine at Paphos  
Yet, all the presage, couldst prepare me not  
For thy comely heart of Moon Esbat  
From The Triad of The Lady Hera  
Maiden Selene wast thy first era  
Now as Nymph, of 'foam born birth'  
To Lady Hecate from under Earth  
The Doves begird thy beauty well  
Sweet Sea Goddess of Scallop Shell'

The Lady Aphrodite smiled with approbation, The Sirens sang  
She girds me in Her hair, we tarry amidst the Sea Shells  
In Aphrodite's hand is a branch of Golden Apples  
She proffers me an Apple from Hera's Garden of Hesperides  
I accept it, so fain, I kiss her hand and bid Her vale

Lady Aphrodite descends back into the sea at Paphos  
With a heart replete, I seafarer, tutored by The Herwa  
Voyage home to my people.....The Hyperboreans

Steve Trimmer

## At Eventide

At eventide, on Day of Mothers, I shall think of thee  
Whilst tarrying at the rill  
Or nigh the fairest lea  
In Selene's Moonlight still  
Or With Branwen o' North Sea

Doth dree bereft thy heart? Reft thy soul?  
Ne'er we shouldst cry  
On Imramma, our dearest go  
Betwixt two worlds at eventide  
Their sidereal smile glows

Twain, Father and Son, oft I see with The Muse  
They rest in Her arms  
Where Keewadin blows  
In somnolent charms  
She loves them so

At eventide, incantations said, portend of my dreams

Quoth I;

' I love thee dear Mother  
E'er through epochs of time

As does my brother  
Like Bards of Ancient Rhymes  
To versify an Idyll, to ye, Soul of Beauty  
Is a gift from Arianrhod's Caer  
Jubilant psalm, Rose of Ruby  
With veracity of Matriarchs ere'

With alacrity, I think of my Dear Mother, paraclete of The Muse  
In twilight enchantment, The Three Graces smile, lief...  
.....At Eventide

Steve Trimmer

At Willow Grove

To edify my emancipated mind  
I sojourn to The Willow Grove  
Place of mantic darkness  
I revel with Hecate and The Empusae  
Around a ritual conflagration  
Overtly requesting their baneful love  
We journey along The Willow Root  
To days of yore  
I am votary and swain of this Dark Sisterhood  
I shall not founder; my beautifuls

In Land of Canaan, sweet Lilith appears  
At Willow Grove, in darkness  
Her daughters, The Lilim, begird me  
With fain gesture, I oblate myself  
They make libation of my life force  
Teeth bared  
Pallor skin  
Raven hair  
Sanguine lips  
They rend the votive asunder; my beautifuls

The Graeae appear back at Mount Nonacris  
At Willow Grove  
With a single eye they watch  
The Harpies chant my name  
With felicity, I fly the astral dreaming  
The Gorgons take to the benighted sky  
I return to them, drinking from River Styx; my beautifuls

The Muses of Death doth grant me this anodyne  
At Willow Grove  
Where The Maiden weeps on May Day  
O'er many lives they love me  
From this black love  
I am reborn

Steve Trimmer

Beloved

Ere The Deluge  
We loved  
For we were Eurynome and Ophion  
For we were Lady Finndabar and Ferdia  
We were Oonaugh and Fionnbharr  
Isolde and Tristan  
Isis and Orion

Beloved, thy words so voluable  
I stood, and stand still as thy paranymp  
We lived then, as now

On shores of The Loch, I found thee; my Selky  
As my Lady River- Boann, I wert The Dagna of Eire  
Well-nigh met we, in this life, yet not so  
Dappled light we work, incantations said



Love sempiternal, thus fore'er

Were we not Eurydice and Orpheus?

Were we not The Tuatha de Danaans at Dana's standing dolmens?

Were we not Katharine and Potemkin in land of the Russ -Chrimaea

My beloved, my Dragoness, be I thy Bard

Consort was I who loved thee, fair Nemetona, at The Orkney Grove;

My sacred arboreal shrine be in eternal dedication to thee

For it wast thee, Miryam, who did tend to me at my cross;

Who kissed my Holly Crown o` Thorns

For thee, Tara, I took to Emerald Isle when I was Jeremiah;

We fled Holy Salem in The Levant to protect thy Grail

Thou wast surely my Pocahontas, Powhatan Queen;

For even Britannia hath doted for thee

Fore'er deft are we in willow magick of The Underworld

For I weep for thee.....until.....until.....

Until thy spirit leaves ethereal bournes, yet again

Until thy essence finds corporeal flesh, yet again

Until thou hast deigned to the temporal realm, yet again

Come back for me, and for the human race

My demiurge, my beloved; I indite these words of white lyric

Unto this secular plane, we are incarnated in fourscores through time

Birth, Love, Death, then Resurrection.....as prophecy presages

Through many lives.....yet

'Tis always us

The Ages; ne'er to rend us apart

Two hearts as One

Twin Flames, as Caer and Aengus; swans of undying love

My Beloved.....come back again

Please come back

Steve Trimmer

## Benighted Reveries

Staid mind betakes  
Goad by cudgel  
Or beguiled by Thyrsus Staff  
Effaced am I  
Faeries gird thy cairn  
Thus, whence I venerate  
My swoon heart so timorous  
I acquiesce

'Tis esbat proximo  
When I shall adorn thy chaplet  
Ne'er shall we speak imbibed incantations  
Only words from the heart

Quoth I;

"Goeth thenceforth my love  
For I am The Foundling  
Whom now shall accost my doxy fair  
The Pendragons seek thee not  
Nor colloquial kings of temerity  
Yet, I am not remiss  
As they

Wert I who seeks thy Caer  
In The Archipelago of the Quince  
Please, becalm thy seas asketh I  
Empress of The Major Arcana  
Sceptre brandished  
Remit my love, remit I beg

Bucolic verse or georgics  
I shalt not utter  
Nor melic elegy  
Only this betided philtre'

Proffer I;

'To wheedle pacific matins well  
Ne'er I eschew the sacred dell  
Cosset to thee, I so abide  
Gossamer wings of rivers pride

A dram o' mead, libation take  
Comforteth thee of doleful fate  
Helpeth we to nuncupate  
From heath or glen enunciate'

Away from phalanx bustle  
She elucidates  
Hail! The Lady fair  
In abtruse bournes  
I rhapsodize  
In scrying mirror see I a leafy quince  
Be I requited.....in Benighted Law of Amity

Steve Trimmer

## Boudica's Song

(Open G - D - C concert pitch)

In East Britannia  
In the first century  
A heroine was born  
From the ashes of The Trees

Red hair waving free  
Armour gleam of Nemain's Moon  
She dreamed The Bull and

Augury in tune

(chorus)

Boudica, a warrior princess  
Boudica, Bridget sent to earth  
Boudica, the legions feared this priestess  
Boudica, Protectress of.....Iceni hearths

Scapula and son  
Of paternalistic Rome  
Conjured Deities of War  
Sacking Celtic homes

A shrine they built  
To The Claudius God King  
Boudica did vow The Druids Justice  
She would bring

Boudica.....Boudica

(change D - C - D - C)

She battled to keep ancestral rights  
For Pagans to be free  
The Roman troops were to fraught with strife  
For Iceni clans to beat

Boudica.....Boudica

(back)

Breaca's rebellion  
May have been quelled  
But Her heart was pure whilst  
Thwarting Patrician hell

In chariot was She  
Long red hair of The Serpent Spear  
Fighting for Her bairns and  
Her people's dreams so clear

Boudica.....Boudica

Oh! Boudica, The Boudica  
Breaca, your ancient name  
Oh! Boudica, The Boudica  
Your convictions I don't blame

Boudica.....Boudica

Steve Trimmer

Branwen, Lady of the Lake

In rill, in lake, neath cascading rivers and oceans  
I, versifier, doth call thee, sweet Lady Branwen  
Oh! Branwen, White Raven of Cambria, Goddess o' Love and Beauty  
Venus of the northern seas, Maiden of comely wisdom

Of incantations o'er the lea  
Or eventide upon the sea  
Lief art thee, to share with me  
Erudition, 1st Awen Chakra be

Element o' spirit, ritual o' land and earth  
Fair Lady Branwen, in augury; a starling  
Stirring thy cauldron, at waxing Moon  
Huntress in affinity with Artemis-Diana  
Akin to the Lady Nymph Eriu  
And Aphrodite true  
Thy arboreal Moon  
Be in Duir month of June

On Imramma, nigh unconscious state, on Isle Avalon  
Lady of the lake, Dear Branwen, ye oft I see  
'Tween temporal world and Tir na Nog, I am ne'er reft  
E'er wise art thou

Quoth She; 'Follow thy heart'

On e'en of my demise I lay, nigh moribund, speared in heal

Quoth She, 'cometh with me  
onto the sea  
befell with glee  
fate of Ogham trees'

Hitherto, naught any, soundeth as fine, as Lady of the Lake  
Lady Branwen, my fate, is staked, next Beltane, I wait  
and ne'er forsake.....sweet Branwen

Steve Trimmer

Chrissy, Gaulish Lady In Algonquin Lands

Dearest Lady Chrissy, from whence did you hail?

Thy matrilineage, wast surely from Gaul  
Emerged in rills, Water nymph of The Seine  
O'er the lea, nigh comely vineyards of Narbonensis  
Were you naught The Triumvirate of The Epona?  
Fairest Mare Muses in night or contrariwise?  
Cleft my heart feels, when devoid of thy presence  
Fair Lady Chrissy, thou hast beguiled me  
My love.....my inamorata.....my Enchantress

` Cross many lands I sought thee.....  
In Great Waters of Nanebozho  
O'er paths of Micmac shores  
In the lands of the Blackfoot Sundance  
On prairie of The Assiniboine  
On the mount of The Kootenay

Though thy provenance wast in The Land of the Midnight Sun  
Land of the Athapaskan Nations  
I found you whilst tarrying in Algonquin Lands  
On borderlands of Ojibway and Cree Nations  
Epona's tide delivered your foremothers thither  
Hence, The Fates, and The Keewadin brought me, to thee

Vicissitude, portents or haply circumstance?  
Wrought by Briga herself, in my ancestral lands  
Effulgence in your smile  
Skin of Epona's Moon  
Eyes of Comely Groves

On one fine eventide, I met thee, my Lady Chrissy  
And.....I fell in love

Steve Trimmer



Chrystal The Beautiful

A folly lad, once thou knew  
Devoid of sense was he  
Ye, saw his heart, and threw  
His facade, thy eyes could see

Repine hath I, so swoon of heart  
I was, in those youth days  
Yet Chrystal, my love, did ne'er part  
When I hurt thee on that day

In dree and shame, I hath repent  
For years of my transgressions  
To thee I write, and shall lament  
Please hear my confessions.....

I once knew Chrystal The Beautiful, Goddess Chrystal so fair  
Russet hair, e'er shining as Moon of Artemis  
Her smile so lovely, as the Pleiades  
Oft times, whilst on Imramma  
She appears to me in the breakwaters of Avalon  
She ascends from the sea depths, manifest as Lady Branwen  
Her eyes hold mine

Quoth She;

'What fate befell thee, Stephen  
In temporal world, thy heart uneven  
I loved thee, to ne'er forsake  
Thy requital, wast love unpaid  
Melancholy felleth onto me  
I wept neath Blodeuwedd's Willow Tree  
Ere, I thought thy wouldst return  
To love me as thy soul had yearned'

With eyes replete in tears, She awaits an answer.....

I to am tearful, reft at Her pain  
I hold Her lovely hand, whilst sitting with Lady Chrystal  
On a pearl in Her Seashell.....

Quoth I;

'Sweet Branwen, Lady of the Lake  
In temporal realm, Sweet Chrystal  
I beseech forgiveness of mistakes  
I hath made, by lack of mettle

If I had those moments back, Dear Lady  
Oh! , what I would change  
Veracious love I would not lack, hail to  
Lovers Moon- Nemain

Fealty to thee, a pledge wouldst I take  
Naught infirm of heart  
On bended knee, at thy feet I'd make  
Homiletics to Astarte

To my Muse, Fair Chrystal fine  
Thou art sweet Bridget's light  
As Deirdre and Naisi, Yews entwined  
Forgive me for this plight

Each time I awake from this dreaming, seeing only hurt  
In The Fair Lady's eyes  
In supplications, oft nigh the lakeside  
I make oblations of Flowers to The Lady of the Lake  
I hope one day to share my dreaming with The Fair Lady Chrystal  
In the rill, Her reflection smiles  
I hope Her happy, with the love She deserves.....  
Chrystal The Beautiful.....To thee I am truly sorry.....  
Chrystal The Beautiful

Steve Trimmer

## Darkness In The Tor

She dances in glades, neath willows, nigh trees of Apple  
A unicorn hath appeared, in portent or dream?  
I, vigilant from The Tor, enter cave of Cerridwen  
The scent of Apple poultice intoxicates my senses  
Oh! Cave of Avalon Imram, mendacities left in consciousness  
For here, only veracity will do

Song of Cerridwen, so beautiful, surely Fairies abide  
In Peal Rimmed Cauldron, my elixir She churns  
In this blackness, I find my provenance and future days  
Behold! Her staff of Yew, She accepts my gift  
Our eyes embrace, reborn to me, She smiles  
Wast death this benign

Quoth She; ' I requite thy gift, take this I proffer thee.'

I accept that which She bestows unto me  
I kiss Her hand and bid Her adieu  
I waken on the morrow, remembering the 3 pegged stool  
Sitting nigh The Lady Cerridwen  
The Lake Waters, verily..... know my heart

Steve Trimmer

## Doxology To Demeter

Demeter, Horse Goddess of moonlit night  
The Cornfield Muse neath star bound light  
Mother to Core, The Maiden Queen  
Nicippe Her priestess, in groves o' green

Despoena, Her aspect of horse in flight  
Arion of Equine Cult, unite  
Doth She lament, Persephone goes  
Her cosset Core, in Hades abode

She roams the world of Upper Air  
Her crops now bane, unto Her snares  
Ne'er to release, Her hibernal spell  
'Till Her sweet Persephone returns from hell

Ere equinoctial vernal days  
Her roving tears thus mitigate  
For Proserpina hath come back to Earth  
Demeter's heart, replete with mirth

Demeter loves, in thrice ploughed fields  
Fecund crops and flowers, thus She yields  
At Eleusis Shrine, Iambic chants  
For Brimo's buskin boot they rant

Eleusinian Mysteries are Demeter's rites  
Nymph aspect in triad, the Doxy White  
In maiden guise, Iambe, Spring's child  
As Crone, She is Baubo, sullenly wild

Steve Trimmer

## Druidess

Sweet Druidess, thy magick truly awes me  
With gentle kiss, thy potion cures maladies  
On dolmen alter, or in the glen  
Thy incantations, make amends  
Thy silver disk will wax and wane  
Ne'er retained, I beseech thee  
Bring me there again

Steve Trimmer

## Eloquent Rhea

Ere city-states of Mycenae, Attica or Sparta, there was peace  
When Gaea loved Her tribes as they loved Her  
Young Zeus loved The Three-Fold Muse and his Mother, Rhea  
Fair Rhea of eruditions did resounded innately  
In Dictaeon Cave, Zeus was pupil to Rhea's Wisdom and Love  
The Nymphs sang Poetry to Zeus, he requited them love dactyls  
The Mermaids of Pontus swam hither and thither in song  
Nigh the Dictaeon Cave they danced on the seashore of Crete  
Content, he was betwixt Gaea's Earth and Sky of Urana  
At foot of Mount Dicte

Zeus hath quo`;

'Rhea, Mother dear to me  
Moon Goddess Love of Earth and Sea  
Wisdom taught amongst thy Trees  
Diction Figs grow in thy lea'

Quo' Rhea;

'Fair Son of Solar Disc, I love  
Be thou gentle as The Doves  
Anger ne'er, seek equanimity  
Embrace my Wisdom and Serenity  
Mother Sage thou shouldst know

The Oracles of The Sibylline grow  
The Letters hide neath The Trees  
The Lady's Path will help Zeus see  
Veracious Wisdom shall reside  
So long as thou refute false pride'

In later epochs Zeus forsook his Mother, yet She loved him still  
His fealty for Her wast lost it seems  
His pride and mendacities fuelled patriarchal war deities.....

I, Sanguine Rhymester, still hearken words of.....Eloquent Rhea

Steve Trimmer

Eurynome

Asleep I fell, away from temporal realms  
Upon The Chimaera's back I ride  
Passing barrows, neath The Mount of Olympus  
The Chimaera bids vale to me, in a dell I wait

From the barrows, rise Ophion and his Guild of Pelasgus  
He, thinking me amenable, besets me, The Guild begirds  
I, in demur tone, decree;

'I seek The True Creatrix  
Eurynome of wide wandering  
I shall not berate The Matrix  
For truth I have been pondering'

Ophion, though vexed, smiled a toothless smile  
In retort, he quoth;

`Thy mettle, hath left me disquiet  
Sycophant thee art nought  
Nascent fool or prescient sage?  
I can not be sure.....thou may pass'

Ophion slithered away, neath the barrows  
As did The Guild of Pelasgus  
I lay in the glades nigh Mount Olympus till eventide  
I call;

'Eurynome, Eurynome, my love and Demiurge  
I am of thy posterity  
In this dreaming, I seek thy silenced voice  
Subterfuge hath not thwarted my conscience  
.....Hearken me, dear Lady'

Still tarrying upon the tussock, I stare at the moon of esbat  
Then into this bourne, The Chimaera returns  
Quoth She:

'Onto my back, ride thee again  
Bard, play my Tortoise Shell Lyre  
Journey we will, and She will deign  
To Elysian Fields, I will steer'

For 28 days we travelled  
En route west, we spoke to many of The Nymphs and Muses  
Abunduntia left our Cornucopia replete with food and drink  
The Lady Aegis protected us  
Then on the e'en of the 28th day, a Dryad greeted us  
The lovely Dryad led our path through the wold  
Till we came to The Grove of Nemesis  
With a gentle kiss on Her hand, I knelt before Her  
Quoth She;

'I Lady Nemesis, most lads wouldst fear  
See thy heart ne'er besmirched with leer  
From my branch, doth take a quince  
Apple o` Wisdom, fore and since'

I take Her gift, requited with kiss to Her cheek  
We continued with a full heart, on the path of The Dryads  
Until reaching the wold's end  
I play an Epos Song of Eurynome;

'Eurynome, Eurynome, Creatrix of All Things  
Eurynome, Eurynome, hear this that I sing



Wide Wanderings, thee as gentle Dove  
Universal Egg now laid  
7 times wrapped by Ophion's love  
Existence thou hast gave'

But alas, hubris beset Ophion's heart  
He claimed to be Demiurge  
With thy heal, his head bruised hard  
His teeth kicked out to Earth

The patriarchs forget thy name  
Eurynome, The Progenitor  
Ere epochs of the Hellenic fame  
In Greece, Gynarchy wast favoured'

A voice rang out from amid The Apple Orchards, soft yet stoic;

'Stalwart Bard, thy plea I've heard, for I am Eurynome,  
Goddess of All Things, I who rose from Chaos naked,  
And found naught substantial for my feet to rest upon  
Ergo, I hath divided The Sea from The Sky  
I, Eurynome, danced lonely upon the waves  
Thither to the south The Wind set in motion behind me  
Set new and apart, to begin The Genesis of Creation  
I, Eurynome, caught The North Wind-Boreas  
And rubbed it betwixt my hands, to give life to the Great Serpent Ophion  
I hath been forsook by Ophion and Mankind  
They who know not the true 'Girdler of The World'  
I, Eurynome, wast melancholy.....

When Zeus usurped my title  
When 'The Archer King' ruled Delphi  
When 'The Lady of The Bright Eyes' paid homage to The Father  
When Poseidon wrested The Cretan Axe

So tearful and hurt was I,  
I left Greece to tarry in The Elysian Fields of The West'

In awe I knelt in Eurynome's presence, for I had found Her  
At seaside of The Main, we sat  
As The Chimaera played Her 3-stringed Tortoise Shelled Lyre  
I held Eurynome's hand, The Sea Nymphs sang, The Dryads sang

The Daughters of Metis sang and danced under Moon  
Around a fire of Oak and Ash  
I hath dote them with my affections, laud in adorations  
For I sought and found my Eurynome in The Elysian Fields  
Away from patriarchal war, away from patrilocal theocracy  
The Queen Bee Goddess-Melissa gave us Her honey ambrosia,  
From Her Skep in The Orchards  
Eurynome's daughters, The Graces, rendered Splendour, Mirth and  
Good Cheer

Though I have found my Creatrix, my Love  
My Protectress, my Eurynome  
The Fates hath decreed, I must finish my work in the Temporal Realm  
Oft, I visit The Elysian Fields, but must, for now,  
Return to the mortal bournes, at least for part of the year  
One day, Eurynome will ask me to stay  
Aegis will guide me to my Banshee, in the dell

My assignations with Eurynome will be requited with peace  
For She tends to my loved ones passed  
One day Eurynome will call me, Labrys wielded  
To leave the Temporal Realm with The Fates.....

.....but not yet!

Steve Trimmer

Fair Lady Kim Of Nu-kua

Once I knew a lovely Lady of The Orient  
She loved a man, verily, yet his love wast froward  
Lady Kim, adept in eruditions of Her Lands and People  
Declaimed words of sacred honour.....

Quoth She;

' I, Lady Fair, in Sanguine Dress  
Henceforth, do I pledge to thee  
Steadfast Love, in my aegis  
Through jubilance and dree'

Her eloquent words were, requited with vacuous utterances it seems  
For Her swain lad She trusted, intended feigned pledge  
Winters twain had come to pass, She remained true to him  
But, alas, Her lover was devoid of Honour  
Besmirch hath he

I, aspiring bard, wast bereft at these events  
For I had but only met Her on Her wedding day  
Still I couldst surely see Her Wisdom and Beauty.....

A heart so pure o' love it peals  
Beauty in Her gait  
In Lady Kim, I see Wisdom's zeal  
A Muse sent from The Fates  
From Nu-kua's realm, She hath sent  
A paraclete to earth  
She is Lady Kim, a Flower besprent  
The Tao's truth and mirth

She has many lovely attributes, much like my own Fair Love  
Lady Chrissy of Epona  
Surely he wouldst see this.....Faugh! ..he can not  
Blinded by folly ego, .....I repine.....

Quoth I;

'Fair Lady Kim, thy heart asunder  
May The Muses help thee mend  
In Moon of Hina, thy soul is under  
On Her we can depend

Look to thy Mothers of 'Yang- Shao Days'  
Who manumitted us from The Flood  
Dragon Goddess Nu-kua, Spirit of Valleys  
Her strength runs in thy blood

Hsi Wang Mu, She knows thy heart  
She forbends iniquities  
O'er open meads, or in seas She parts  
The gift of life She breathes

On behalf of the male moiety, many of whom know not of The Feminine Divine  
I beg forgiveness and proffer thee my apology  
I wish thee well.....Lady Kim of Nu-kua

Steve Trimmer

From Whence I Came

'From whence hath thy come? ' Her lips asketh me  
The answer She knew, yet tests the riddle of my faith

Quoth I;

'In Isis genesis surely abounds  
I am from Rhea's Dictaeon Cave

I have consumed Golden Apples from The Garden of Hesperides  
Salmon I did eat, bestowed on me by the Three Daughters of Water  
From a Seashell I took first breath  
At Delphi, The Pythoness 'Epithia' spoke to me  
Danu hath made me Ogma, versing me in Diction of The Trees  
I kissed my Love neath Weeping Willow of Saille  
Miryam bore me on The Shortest Day  
I am sustained with Eve's Figs of Erudition  
I ride The Silver Wheel in Caer Arianrhod  
I behold The White Light of Artemis  
I dance with The Ladies of Maenads '

Quoth She;

'Wouldst thou extinguish Yahweh's burning bush?  
Or dwell with Amazons?  
Wouldst thou eat seeds of pomegranate to save Persephone?  
Or kiss Medusa?  
Wouldst thou race Atalanta?  
Or sleep in Ilia's Den? '

In Her eyes I stared, without hesitation

Quoth I;

' I surely would, for there is not iniquity in these things  
For a Bush is sacred  
Amazons are Daughters of Scythia (Love I Hippolyte)  
Demeter laments for Her sweet girl  
Medusa's love be tender  
Sweet Atalanta I would race to my demise  
Ilia's Den is a Protectress Shrine  
Sweet Lady, I wouldst render any of these acts  
The Labrys is my talisman '

Then a Hind appeared, the Full Moon rose above a comely grove  
Ne'er had I seen such beauty surround me  
A soft West Wind blew an amorous Love Song into my ear  
For I revealed the place.....From whence I came

Steve Trimmer

Hebe, The Water Carrier

From velleity

Olympians pilfered thy prerogative  
For The Water Vessel is thine  
Seized from thy slender hands  
Given to the catamite; Ganymedes

Oh! Hebe, veracious Water Carrier  
Aquarius is thine  
Constellation and titular claim  
Naught the deadpan Ganymedes; colloquial dotard is he  
For Hera once loved him  
He forsakes Her and The Matriarchy

Dear Hebe, Hera's girl  
As thy paramour, I forfend the title of thee  
I shalt not see thee effaced  
My love  
Take this chaplet wreath I proffer

Whilst Olympians be imbibed by wine and pride  
We shall return The Cup to thee  
Sweet Hebe  
Requited by assumption to the sidereal realm

For I and The Undines venerate thy element  
In ocean spray  
In lacustrine libations.....and  
In love's restoration

Steve Trimmer

Helicon; Lady River

Helice, Lady Willow, thy River Helicon

Thy name rejoiced

Neath Mt. Parnassus, Orpheus plays thee a song

Thy name is voiced

With alder pipe, a melic tune to thee

Orpheus hath played

Neath thy willows, nigh river trees

Revels made

Steve Trimmer



## Her Cretan Axe

A bantling carries She  
In it's nascent form  
Mother, She to be  
Progenitor, of this soul reborn

With feyness, form She changes  
Thence, as Love to be  
The Swain, She rearranges  
From flotsam of the sea

Now, She wizened Crone  
Lead thee, by Her lodestar  
A cacophony of tone  
In disquiet fen of mire

The Swain, he now of age  
Scotoma now in tact  
Fain, he smiles, at his Banshee's gaze  
As She wields Her Cretan Axe

Steve Trimmer

## Hestia - Flame Of The Firewheel

Nigh the hearth, uxorious, I stand  
Feeling heat redouble, by Her hand  
Night fires burn, this Hibernial Esbat  
Her strength at it's zenith, empery sat

In dalliance, I cast into revery  
Away from glib doyen hypocrisy  
On Her firewheel, our love rekindles  
Her loathe of Olympians, ne'er to dwindle

She sees my horns, doth She hest?  
To forsake Her vow, for my love to test  
On Equine Fire, in cogent tone  
I oblate myself, as Queen Bee's drone

Hestia my love, our penchant for peace  
We accursed, for Ares war won't cease  
In thy tresses of russet, sweet temptation  
My heart burns, in conflagration

Dear Hestia, hearken me in thy bourne  
When colloquial utterances leave me torn  
I feel thy presence, when hearth fires reel  
A remembrancer, Flame of The Firewheel

Steve Trimmer

Hippolyte, Amazon Warriress

Lovely Hippolyte, fine Warriress thou art (I adore)  
Hercules The Fool hath taken thy effulgent soul  
I repine, reft in loss, at The Ninth Labour.....of malediction

Prodigious Hippolyte, Queen Amazon of Lemnos Isle  
The 'Argo' hath brought virilocal exotericism to this Isle of thine  
Blame naught Goddess Hera, blame to Poseidon's iniquity

Verily, blame to Captain Jason, he bringeth folly sons of Zeus  
Oh Great Queen! Thy kindness besmirched by male egos  
Life pillaged for thy Girdle.....Faugh! ..... I Cry Faugh!

City states hath produced such brutish men of misogyny  
Shame to these men and gods of war, gynopathic imbeciles  
They, ne'er to know the eruditions of lovely Gaea-Earth Mother  
.....She Weeps

Poets hearken to thy beauty, to thy Gynecocratic Queendom  
Veracity of thy Sibylline Oracle.....Oh Priestess, Warriress, Queen  
With thy heart pure as Demeter, with intellect of The Muses

Hippolyte, we venerate thee, a Requiem To The Fair Queen  
We of The Maenads, Hail....A Goddess of the Aegean.....  
.....Hippolyte, Amazon Warriress and Dactyl Queen

Hear my plight Hippolyte, With bended knee, neath Moon  
I beg forgiveness at The Labrys Shrine of thee

Steve Trimmer

## In Her Eyes; A Song

(G7 - C7 - D7 tuned down half step)

A song I sing to my dear love  
Her heart it beats so true  
Starlight's dust, The purest dove  
My love, my heart is wooed

(chorus)

In Her eyes I see The Light  
In Her eyes I see The Truth  
In Her Eyes, Love shines bright  
In Her Eyes, pure as youth

Hearken to The Theme in past  
The Maiden and Horned One  
Peace had melded to the last  
Since time had begun

(chorus)

(change -riff C - D)

(back)

Tonight we sing an Ancient Song  
A dance neath stars and moon  
Hold the essence of Her Psalm  
Sung out in Camul's Dun

(chorus twice)

Steve Trimmer

### Isis and The Sages of Sais

We were The Great Libyan Nation of antiquity  
From Atlantis on Lake Tritonis, our city was Cerne  
We settled this prodigious continent, and those of The Occident  
'Twixt Underworld and The Heavens  
We crept neath the willow roots  
Soared as The Halcyon

As we wert priestess Isis and Her priest Thoth at The Heliopolis of On  
The scrying mirror upon Middle Earth

My love Isis, I dote for thee my doxy fair  
For I am still thy Thoth  
Thy sacred science in the holy word, thou hath taught The Sages  
From the red planet of erudition  
I seek thy insight for The Hermetic Order  
Close I fly to the sun of Hathor

Sagacious Queen of all things  
Through many lives we wax and wane  
For I, neath aegis of thy Moon Guild  
Find my beloved, my Isis on high  
Saffron light shines from thee, Dragoness of The Holy Round  
For Ra is but a godling of thee; Isis as, Sun Goddess, Neith- Hathor

In the holy city of Sais on Isle of Pharos

We took refuge in the Nile Delta; When The Sphinx was Bast The Lioness  
For we were The Sea People who braved The Great Deluge  
For we were The Canaanites and Cretans who once saw The Ogygian Flood  
With us we brought our written word of holy truth

My dear Isis, Goddess of countless ancient names  
We venerate thee throughout The Keftiu Confederacy  
The great sea is our home, a shrine to thee  
Our magick will defy temporal measure  
Esoteric wisdom I channel from thee, wise Isis  
Emancipation and erudition is my meed from thy divine love

We Sages of Sais bow to Isis and Her priestess coven  
So mote it be

Steve Trimmer

Khadija

Muhammad's first love, the Matriarch 'Kadija'  
The Prophet's Protectress, fair lady of opulence and beauty  
Khadija The Poetess, hearkened to times of Sabeen Bilkis  
Muhammad sought truth...first in Her Cave of Erudition  
The Prophet, bred in Arabian philogyny, yet alas,  
Virilocality would be his final destiny and doctrine  
Whilst Quarish Elders swayed The Prophet's mind,  
Sweet Khadija hast dwelled in his heart,  
In his veracious conscience, ere epochs of Caliphs

O'er the hours, upon Mount Hira, whilst contemplating and Supplicating...The  
Daughters of Allah sang to him.....  
An archaic psalm, when Angel Gabriel appeared  
In his augury, Khaija embraced him, The Muses of Mecca;  
'Allat, Manat and Al-'Uzza', whispered to him of Matriarchy,  
Of Loveliness.....unrequited it seems  
Khadija, Priestess, Queen of Sheba reincarnate  
She nurtured The Prophet, as Bilkis had with Solomon  
Khadija, thy 'Song of Satanic Verse' so fair,  
The Daughters of Allah thus abide

The Prophet's mind gone hither and thither  
When thou hast lay moribund, he hath forsaken thee  
Even `Aisha wouldst not replace thy affections  
Lady Khadija, Muhammad lay left at loss of thee  
In autumn of his life, he forsook thee further  
His Qur'an of Gynopathy, hath smote thee Fair Khadija  
Alas, for thee and thine

The Meccan Muses are now deemed iniquitous  
His Allah of ill-repute, his warring deity  
His 'Hijira' with Medina, hath fettered Arabia  
Matronymic Credence now veiled in a burqa  
Zenobia please cometh!  
Oh Khadija....I repine.....I repine  
What befell on thee?  
With vehemence I long for 'Jahila' to return  
For Muhammad knows naught what he hath done!

Steve Trimmer

Koyaanisquatsi

Hopi sages have issued this caveat to the world;

The cocoon of unbalance girds the land  
Hearken voices of The Kachina Spirits  
Hearken the voice of sweet Butterfly Maiden;  
She, of The Hopi  
She, of Hopi ethereal realms, who escapes the cocoon.....

Quoth Butterfly Maiden;

' The land be with malady  
Yet the end is foreseen  
We dance Taki Onquoy  
For I am Spring's May Queen

In illness cocoon  
Lay this fourth world of seethe  
Ne'er to our boon

This poison appeased

This bane world will die  
Transformation will come  
Great purity, from high  
Renew the lands, from numb

From the corse of the land  
My gossamer wings will appear  
The great Hopi bands  
Will abate earthly fears'

.....from this ineluctable demise is rebirth, 'Koyaanisquatsi'  
sweet paragon; Butterfly Maiden; 'Koyaanisquatsi'

Steve Trimmer

Lady Finndabar

Thou, Daughter of Maeve, Warrior Queen of Connacht  
Sweet Lady Finndabar, thy hand, I verily besought  
Russet of hair, sweet bosom Apples O' Winter  
Eyes O` Blue Sea, and Fair Face O` Pallor

Quoth I;

'Lady, I betroth, in verse of the Rhymesters  
Yet first, for thy hand, I must slay 'Hound of Ulster'  
He Cuchullain, my brother, in East we hath trained  
With Scathach The Wise, fain Mother O' Campaign  
But, to Erin I pledge and to Her priestess, Queen Maeve  
Ulster's Hound Cuchullain, I'll put to the grave  
Dear Lady, in epics, scribes hold thee to blame  
But, their versions are folly, yet, they are famed  
I fight against Ulster and my brother in arms



For The Muses of Erin, and Queens in my psalms  
I fight for Boann, River Goddess of Eire  
I fight for the Daughters of Airmid so fair  
Prose scribes hath err, they claim my heart swoon  
Or besotted by drink, a beguiled buffoon'

Quoth The Lady Finndabar;

'Ferdia of Love, thy seeker of Truth  
My hand I give, The Rose's Root  
We matriarchs, forget thee ne'er  
We tend the grave of thee, fore'er  
The Gae-Bolga, it smite thee down  
With Scathach's tears and, blood on ground'

At my pyre, The Hound wept, as did Queen Maeve  
Yet none wept as my Muse, my Love.....Lady Finndabar

Steve Trimmer

Lady of the Avalon

My heart yearns for thee  
Surpassing mere velleity  
I weep, as thou hast left  
Returning to the Avalon  
Place were Nereids swim  
Thus, on the proximo  
Thou shalt be but a memory unto this bourne  
Yet, I shall ne'er forget thee

Dear Lady of the Avalon  
In reveries I see  
Assignations meet fruition

These appellations quoth I:

'In mists of Avalon we met  
My doxy sweetheart doth behest  
Rend of heart, tryst hath torn  
Accosting modernity, thus forlorns

This melic poem I sing to thee  
I bade portents, roan mare of sea  
Loquacious hypocrites are blind  
For the mists protect our love through time

Come with me, Brawn so fair  
Our scallop shell doth take us there  
Philtre hinged, our love entwined  
Foam of sea, met with sweet brine'

Lady of the Avalon requites me  
With passionate eyes of approbation  
With slender fingers, caressing my face  
Then....back to the sea goeth She  
My Branwen

Back into The Mists of Avalon  
Wert I, with mattock in my heart  
Gazing ever eastward  
With doleful, welling eyes

For I miss my Lady of the Avalon

Steve Trimmer

Lady Of The Bright Eyes

Nigh Lake Triton  
In Libya was She born  
Nurtured by Neith and  
Her three Nymphs  
As a girl She slays  
Her playmate Pallas  
As token of Her grief

This name afore Her own  
Thus, Pallas Athene  
To Attica came She  
By Cyrenic Sea and  
Minoan Isle  
Forced from The Saronic Sea  
She lands upon The Acropolis  
Malevolent trident marks  
Still yet, sully it's hillside  
Once Triple Muse  
Nymph nubile be now suppressed

The Erechtheids of prominence  
Claim lineage to thee.....not so  
Agraulos, a name of She  
Takes Her life  
By Her own volition  
She rejects The Cecrops Decree  
Truth which irradiates.....now gone  
Crone augury, of owl and crow  
Usurped by The Cronus  
Her soul, ne'er born from head of Zeus  
In hexameter, Homer names thee;  
' Lady of the Bright Eyes'

Yet, since Metis wast ingested  
In eyes of thine, I see only tears  
These iconoclast Achaeans  
Claim Her birth parthenogenous  
Oh! Lady Athene  
Thy eyes of silver tears  
At such apace  
The White Crow.....now painted black

Steve Trimmer

Leucothea

Sagacious high moon priestess  
With pallor lunar skin

With flowing black locks  
With lips of rowan berries  
Her essence written  
As incantations  
Within my grimore  
She is Leucothea  
Who's name means ' The White Goddess'  
Hail Leucothea!  
My true love  
I make oblation of my heart;  
Of my soul;  
In this world and the next  
To my Lunar Queen  
I, in Her tutelage  
Esoteric truth finds me  
In Her black poplar grove  
Leucothea, Leucothea! ;  
White Goddess of the witches  
Then; as now  
So mote it be

Steve Trimmer

Lunar Prescience

I long for ceased lament

The Yew weeps for me  
Contrary Aspen of divine faith  
Felicity seek I

Auguries of jejune caste  
Insidid tears  
In swoon heartbeat  
Begird thoughts abound  
Belated entreaty

I cast away trepidations  
Hope doth find me  
Voice within me, grows puissant  
Till elucidation emancipates my being  
Steadfast assurance  
Unfettered polarity

The Ancestress hath found me

Sing.....Sweet Willow.....sing

Behest Love

Soaring High with The Hippogriff

Steve Trimmer

Maeve; A Soliloquy

Can She hear my inner voice?  
Or see that I'm distraught  
These distich rhymes, so be fraught  
With melancholy and rejoice

Can She see my inner sight?  
Through Her, life cycles inhale  
Through Her, life cycles exhale  
Maeve, dost thou know my plight?

Can She feel my inner heart?  
My sated heart, for Her I love  
Warrior Queen Maeve from above  
Mote I tarry, ne'er to part

In Her Queendom of Connacht, I wait  
Tinne holly tanist requites my crown  
I covet Her wisdom; The Holy Round  
In The Oracle of Maeve.....lay my fate

.....I am fore`er Her Aillil

Steve Trimmer

Maia

Solicitude I felt  
When Maia came to me  
Rejecting Oak-King cults  
I await that which She mete

Grandmother of the Cairn  
Earth Goddess, as The Crone  
Hermes be Her bairn  
The Totem Virtue Stone

In Underworld of Darkness  
She takes me, as Her Shade  
Bemused, I truly love Her  
Black Equine song She bade

Bane aspect of Necessity  
In Her arms I fall o' slumber  
The Strong Fate, gives kiss of Death to me  
Ere sleep, I start to lumber

Steve Trimmer



Miryam Of Migdal

Miryam Of Migdal, born on Galilee Sea of Genesaret  
Thy father a Fisher Jew and sweet Mother, a Pagan of Paneas  
What enigma of presage and vicissitude befalls thee  
The Prophet Yohanan, then, I Yeshua hath found thee, Royal Lady

Thy Mother's people, hath prostrated at The Chimaera's Shrine  
Their Hearts beat in thee, a cornucopia of the sages  
I, Yeshua....My fey bournes, thou hast deigned  
In thy Dell, hierophants pray, away from Pharisee reproach.....

Says I;

'On bedewed tussock, don with sleep  
Did I wake to sight of Miryam  
Even Essene brothers O' Zion  
Wouldst naught dare to leap

I, who knows 'The Queen of Heaven'  
She, of Sun and Moon  
Of Glades and Groves, my boon  
Forfend Old Faiths, once of The Levant

Miryam, ye, be our last chance  
I go now to my barrow  
Killed on Cross so narrow  
Lead our people in Her Dance'

Begone am I, my disciples forsook my Papess Miryam  
The Black Virgin, would be loved in Gnostic fealty  
Yet.....scribes and Nicene Creed, leave us infirm  
Templar Knights would remember our Love, in assignation  
On Friday the 13th, ecclesiastic zeal would prevail.....

.....But do not despair, we are piqued, but our Love is lissom  
.....To my Miryam Of Migdal

Steve Trimmer

Miryam's Song

(C-G-D; concert pitch)

Times faded into black  
Solomon dare not turn back  
Jove had taken up the reign  
Sweet Ashtoreth took the blame  
And so Sheba's lovely Queen  
Gave strength to times between

(chorus)

Miryam  
Miryam  
Miry-a-am

Miryam  
Miryam  
Mir-y-a-am

Miryam  
Miryam  
Miry-a-am

In Palestine through centuries  
War was made on Gynarchy  
Yahweh's Temple was blasphemed  
Then along came Miryam  
Apostle of The Fair Essene  
Yeshua

## Prophet to The Sky Queen

(chorus)

Sweet Black Virgin of The Cross  
The Messiah's love you sought  
The Prophet claimed in Gnostic truth  
Knew you were Papess from the lineage of Ruth  
Your the matriarch The Templar's guard  
Your The Holy Grail of The Bards

(chorus)

(change)

(G-D-C)

Oh! Miryam Oh! Miryam  
Sophia's only truth  
From The Deluge of The Genesis  
Hail your matriarchal roots  
Oh! Miryam Oh! Miryam  
You loved The Essene Sage  
A Supplication with a poet's heart  
To you I make  
To you I make

(chorus)

Steve Trimmer

## Mount Nonacris

Place of Telechines magick  
Place of divination  
The matriarchal epicentre of Greece  
Nine peaks of magick; a shrine  
Nigh River Styx; bane Holy Water  
Even Olympians pay homage  
To Mount Nonacris  
Hail! Mount Nonacris  
Hail! The Lady of The Mountains

Steve Trimmer

## My Amorous Willow

Thus quoth the Goddess, my Muse speaketh unto me  
She art beautiful, erudite, my true love She is to be  
Five pedals of Her Rose, five seasons in her grasp  
Methinks I see the Doe, the roebuck on Her path  
An apple tree She seeks, knowledge heed name Quert  
Her guard the wolf naught meek, She howls yet is ne'er hurt  
Follow naught the Lapwing, for a folly trail She leads  
The pale Moonlight sings, my lover the May Queen  
Neath shade of Willow, Saille the name of thee  
Hast slumber on a pillow, since the elder cast Her free  
Once a Virgin bearing Golden Hair, hath denied her child  
Now seeking new love oh so fair, a hero bright and mild  
On longest summer day, She betrays Her lover fair  
Plots vengeance with Her deviant new love, killing Golden Hair  
The perfidious month of Duir, where innocence doth cease  
My Goddess doth taste knowledge, now laying with the beast  
The harvest Moon of Samhain, the evil affair hath fade  
Soon the shortest day of winter, will avenge my death by blade  
The Mother of the new king, will return my love to me  
Once again I shall hear Her sing, nigh Her willow tree  
.....An goal na ribhinne dia

Nu-kua, Mother of The Orient

Ere 'Lung-Shan', in the days of 'Yang -Shao'  
The Goddess emerged, in China, The Tao  
Nu-kua, Demiurge, Antediluvian Mother  
Refurbished the Earth, the Flood God hath covered  
Manumitted from dree, humankind could awake  
'Valley Spirit' wast She, o'er the lea, Her embrace  
Ubiquitous Lady, the night sky She reads  
We hath placed our stones, amidst open meads  
Dark Priestess, root moiety, of sky and of ground  
She perpetually moves, breath of life, time and sound  
Matrilineal clans, an endogamous line  
In peace She dwelled, in each home's Hearth Shrine

Dynasty of Shang-Ti, the god of new woes  
Divined wicked kings, and fiefs it extolled  
Nu-kua thus cried, in requiem for Her daughters  
Mendacities of Shang-Ti, took them, to slaughter  
Along came Confucius, of misogynist Zhou  
And his acolyte Mencius, decreed Ho-Bo's rules

Redacting The Tao, the scribes, all were men  
Ousted Nu-kua, Clan Mothers and Maidens  
Neo 'Mandate of Heaven', replaced The Muse fair  
War deities reviled Her, cutting locks of Her hair

For, I and The Ladies of the Orient will ne'er  
Forsake Sweet Nu-kua, True Goddess so fair  
The Dragon of Wisdom, Her feet can't be bound  
Doth sweetness of Her Song, emanate from the ground  
Neo-Taoists, sing loud, Hsi Wang Mu knows Nu-kua  
Save the sweet virgins, from thy Yellow River  
Ban Zhao, Han poetess, Xue Tao of the Song  
Guan dao Sheng of Yuan, heard Nu-kua all along

Steve Trimmer

### Ode To A Sweet Sister

Provenance, I share with thee  
Fraught with warmth and love  
We are two, yet once were three  
Lamenting our lost ones

Oft melancholy, our hearts been smote  
Yet, I hearken to childhood ere  
Recalling a Sister's Love unbroke  
And friendship ceasing ne'er

Deanna, with wisdom of Arianrhod's Caer  
You are truth of Asherah's Shrine  
You see my heart, and can repair  
My hurt, with thy sweet smile

As our Mother and Grandmother passed

Matriarch you have become  
My reverence, it will surely last  
Proud of thee, I always am

The Muse's strength bequeathed to you  
In Moonlight, I hope you'll find  
This brothers love, forever true  
I proffer, as would Brian

From archaic times, Demeter speaks  
Like Gynarchies of Inanna  
In modern times, from Blodeuwedd's Beak  
I hear the name, Deanna

Steve Trimmer

On The Fourth Day; There Was Metis

Oh! Titaness Metis  
Fourth Day Belongs to thee  
Thy Planet, now hoddenn by Mercury  
Wisdom thou entice

Ere Hellenic dogma  
Wisdom wast thine alone  
Queen of The Sidereal Throne  
Coeus loved thee, in saga

The Triad of Metis betake  
Athene, comely Maiden  
Aphrodite, beauty laden



Hera, Crone of Pythons Snake

Wednesdays lacustrine appellations.....render I

.....In veneration to Metis

Steve Trimmer

Pandora

Sweet Pandora, my love

I am thine, the man Epimetheus who loves thee

'Twere not the fault of thee, Lady Pandora

'Twas not thee who released The Spites onto humankind

Be't The Hellenes men of gynopathy and shackles who did so;

Old age

Labour

Malady

Insanity

Vice

Passion and  
Delusive hope.....

In their misogyny, they blame my gentle flower  
For it was they who propagated these plagues  
Folly Hesiod disseminates this lie; He as pseudo-rhymester  
Faugh! Passion surely can not be so disdainful?  
Hope is never delusive

Sweet Pandora, my love.....

For once thou wert Rhea, and I thy paramour Cronus  
We were Titaness and Titan of Peace  
On bended knee, so uxorious was I, and am still  
I wert Pandora's paranymp at Athens  
Even The Sylphs abated The Winds for us  
We loved neath the moon of Phoebe and Atlas  
So enchanted by their Love

No, Pandora, 'twere not the fault of thee (or my brother Prometheus)  
It was not a Box of Spites which thou hast opened  
It was a Jar of Winged Souls (and mote passion)  
Who fly in grace and beauty betwixt Earth and Ethereal Gardens  
On the Golden Spring Air of The Eastern Breeze

Steve Trimmer

Poetry of Her Heart; A Song

(opens; Em - C - Em - C)

(Em - C - G - D)

In days gone by  
When poetry had blessed our lives

The Muse She surely smiled  
At our mirthful supplications

Then one day evil thrived  
Men made war upon their wives  
The Goddess began to cry  
At this new hate religion

Her sorrow  
It moves me  
Atavism  
Is my truth

I've asked Her  
For forgiveness  
And dig deep  
In my roots

She's Venus  
The Crone Moon  
Inanna and  
Demeter fair

She's wisdom  
Of Sophia and  
Arianrhod's  
Moon Caer

(chorus)  
My Muse Sweet Muse  
The poetry of Her heart  
The poetry of Her heart.....

To be born  
The gender fine  
Became a sentence  
To fettered life

With beauty and strength  
They survived  
Protecting life  
That is precious

Greed, power and  
Empires reigned  
Their reality  
Surely feigned

For comely truth  
Remained  
They could not  
Subdue Her

Our mothers  
Our daughters  
Our sisters  
And loving wives

Come ask them  
To forgive  
Knee bent  
At The Moon Shrine

Release them  
Say you love them  
They shall make  
Your beauty shine

(chorus)

(Riff; Em - C)

O'er the night sky  
She is watching  
Tending to  
Our broken hearts

She is hurting  
Yet She loves us  
Five pedal rose  
Of Astarte

Asherah

Yahweh's mother  
Rhea  
Zeus's carer

The Dagna  
Loved no other  
Than his lovely  
Boann fair

(chorus)

She is Mermaid  
Of The Sea  
A Labrys Shrine  
Of truth is She

Three Graces  
Smiling back at me  
I pine for  
Such truth

(chorus)

Our mothers  
Our daughters  
Our sisters  
And loving wives

Come ask them  
To forgive  
Knee bent  
At The Moon Shrine

Release them  
Say you love them  
They shall make  
Your beauty shine

(chorus)

(fade out Em - C)



## Pyrrha's Deluge

Sweet Pyrrha who's name means ' fiery red '  
Deucalion sailed thy Moon Ship Ark  
Neath azur`d sky of drowning dead  
Themis floods the land so stark

Sweet Pyrrha, thy grimore read I  
Mother Goddess of The Philistines  
Her Cretan creed, we witches scry  
Victualler of thy ark, it seems

A vessel blessed by The Oceanids of Tethys  
For we are the seafarers  
Of Pyrrha`s posterity.....we are Her Children of Atlantis

Steve Trimmer

Queen of the Elysian Island

I cast away my mortal flesh  
For Circe greets me in Her willow grove at Colchis  
Witch Goddess Circe, whom I love  
Thy charnel house amid willow roots  
For I am Dryas  
From omphalos epochs of standing stones  
Eurydice, Serpent Lady, hath smote  
I seek my mother Semele  
Here in Tartarus  
The tripartite of Snake Muses  
Point the way  
Crooked fingers aimed west to Elysium  
Bane kiss they hath bestowed upon me  
I bid them vale

Agriope stops me, so quoth She:

'Heed these words dear one'

So quoth Circe-Hecate:

'Seek the orchards of Sorb-Apple Isle'

Thus quoth Eurydice:

'My Orpheus, to thyself be true  
This venom kiss I give  
I Snake Goddess, so undo  
Mortal limits whence thee live

From my cauldron, take a dram  
Immortal ye shalt be  
For in Tartarus of the damned  
The truth doth set thee free



This alder pipe, do play in song  
'Til The Nereids come to thee  
They shall lead thy ship along  
Into Queen Persephone's Sea'

I drink Her libation  
A dram of philtre.....eyes now clear  
West I go, face to Zephyr Wind  
Melic tunes I play on alder pipe  
As so

The Nereids lead my ship out to sea  
Maelstrom betakes my vessel  
I now lay in flotsam upon the Elysium Islands  
I convalesce

Vexation soon leads to mirth  
For The Muses of The Bane Moon hath brought me thither  
I render a high pitch melody from my alder pipe, then

Quoth I;

'From mortal realms, so I sojourn  
Kiss of Death, elixir burns  
I seek The Queen of Elysian Isle  
The River Goddess, bright and mild  
Some say the name of thee art Halys  
Others nuncipate ye Elis  
In other lands, Alys, thy name be  
Heretofore, Queen on the sea  
On bended knee, I pledge this heart  
To tarry here, so ne'er to part'

With a retinue of Hamadryads and Lady Semele  
She emerges from the wild  
My hand She takes in Hers  
Leading me to The Orchard of The Wild Sorb Apples

Quoth She:

Thy words art naught malapropos

Thou art the lyrist, reborn again  
Unto this realm  
I welcome thee, poet, erudite in The Mysteries  
Trepidation and caitiff know thee not  
I see thy pure heart of philogyny  
Eurydice hath loved thee so  
That She sent thee hither  
Stay now and fore'er, my libertine dreamer  
To regale us in beauty, love and song  
For I am Elis, River Goddess of Elysian Realm'

Black Magick so pure  
Dowser of Willow, enchantment  
Ancestress.....in triad  
Birth  
Love  
Death  
Hath bringeth me to comely wisdom.....

These words; To my Queen of The Elysian Islands  
.....Till we meet again

Steve Trimmer

## Rhapsody To The Pleiades

Nymphs art thee  
To train of Artemis  
To fly afore  
Orion and hound, Sirius

Sweet Daughters of Atlas  
Who enamoured Orion  
He beleaguered thee, Dryads  
He, Neptune's scion

Entreaty, asked Pleiades  
From Zeus, who hath bade  
To transmogrify The Ladies  
As Pigeons, to evade

In sidereal form  
Took they fore'er  
Sisters Seven, reborn  
In benighted sky fair

Only six are clear  
To the earthbound eye  
For Electra hides, in tears

For Her son, Dardanus, She cries

Dardanus hath founded  
Illium city of Troy  
Lay to ruin, and confounded  
She laments Her sweet boy.....

I bewail, for my Fair Ladies of The Pleiades  
For they, so wont to bedimming, henceforth

Steve Trimmer

Sonnet To Breaca - The Boudica Queen

When malevolent Rome turned hungry eyes on Britannia  
Tears hath fell, from Briga and sweet Dana  
A Daughter sent they, thither from their skies  
Breaca, Queen Warriress of The Iceni Tribe  
Belin -Sun Face hath witnessed their plight  
In reverence to The Muses, sent Caradoc to fight  
Caradoc of The Trinivantes, insurrectionary against Rome  
Fought with his Love, Breaca, for their native home  
'Hail to Breaca, The Boudica -Thy Bringer Of Victory'  
Quoth Caradoc to The Eastern Tribes, in their misery  
'Reclaim Camulodunum', quoth The Boudica Queen  
'Indolent we are naught, Manannan hearken me.'  
Alas, Scapula's Legions, hailed Mithras regime  
Yet, lest we forget Breaca - The Boudica Queen

Steve Trimmer

### Sonnet To Brianna And Lily

Sweet daughters, Brianna and Lily fair  
Proud father to them, whom I love and care  
I remember well, thy days of birth  
My heart replete, abound in mirth  
Enamoured soul, when our eyes met  
Preen tears, 'tis beauty I beget  
Laud words spake I, good times betide  
With thy mother loving, at baby's side  
My girls they grow, thus I espy  
Time won't cease, it moves with hie  
Yet time can't cease, my eternal love  
For my darling girls; Eurynome's doves  
Thy hearts so pure, as my wife dear  
With comeliness of Chrissy, Epona Seer

Steve Trimmer

Sonnet To Chrissy The Briga

To Chrissy The Briga  
Mother to our bantlings  
Children of Nemain  
As thee, be enchanting  
I swoon at thy beauty  
Reft, when thou are naught nigh  
Thy affection of duty  
In our manse, by and by  
On this Day of Mothers  
Ere Beltane's New Moon  
Thee, beguiling Protectress  
Sing Manannan`s Sweet Tune  
As White Horse Dreamer, Macha  
Thou art.....my Chrissy The Briga

Steve Trimmer

### Sonnet To Fair Lady Rhonda

I who sought The Muse, was sent The Gift from She  
Ne'er more to be confused, by the pathos that was me  
My wont of years gone by, declaimed me swoon of faith  
Till Lady Rhonda besprent I, with Wisdom She hath sayeth  
Naught more I flout The Law, in Attraction I believe  
I live now amidst the gauds, a prolific life I lead  
Lady Rhonda my Imramma Guide, by portend, I found She  
Nought haply She is by my side, She dreamt me nigh Her Tree  
In temporal realm is mendacity, truth is with Her heart  
She speaketh of veracity, The Secret, time can't chart  
As Pythoness- 'The Epithia', or paraclete of Rhiannon  
Or bespoker of the One True Law, Goddess pure as Branwen  
She forfends against penury, succour She hath shown

Lunar Hind of gynarchy, Lady Rhonda's Gift I've known

Steve Trimmer

Tara, Keeper Of The Lia Fail

Oh Tara, sweet Tara, once Teamhair, in suffering and dree  
Departed The Levant, for Eire, upon the high seas  
Nebuchadnezzar hath pillaged thy lands  
With warring bands  
O'er the sands  
Took thy brother's lives  
And father's eyes  
Now Zedekiah, thy father  
The king cries  
Sorrow resides



Yahweh's temple sacked, The Ark untracked, Jews gone away  
To Babylon, ne'er to be back, fettered hind the gate  
Hither and thither, thou hast roved  
To find Sarah's Stone  
All alone  
Where be The Stone?  
Methinks it gone

'Hearken sweet Teamhair', a voice hath quoth  
The voice of Jeremiah, to Her he spoke  
'I've sought The Stone  
Once of the throne  
In Yahweh's Home  
Of Jacob alone  
Wast Sarah's Stone  
In Jerusalem'

In ship bearing, The Stone, Jeremiah and Teamhair  
Landed onto shores of Erin, Danaan Land of Eire  
Rejoice Boyne Kings, Teamhair hath come  
Her name now 'Tara', in Boann's Queendom  
Jeremiah, once prophet, of dear Asherah  
His name now 'Ollam Fodhla', Bard of The Dana

Thy Stone sweet Queen Tara, from epochs of Sarah  
'Tis 'The Lia Fail' fine, 'ard ri a Tara' bloodline  
Tara who wed Prince Eochaid, founded the 'Ur -Neil' Kings  
Used Lia Fail, it's said, as Coronation Stone, we sing

Oh Tara, Sweet Tara, The Muse, lief, gave Her Stone  
In later days, Columba took to Scotland, 'Stone of Scoon'  
Lia Fail, of making Queens, and Kings, to modern days  
Tara thee, be known to us as; The Irish Queen so brave

Steve Trimmer

## The Daughters of Erechtheus

It is the sixth century before the common era  
Gynarchy is waning in Athens  
Erechtheus is torn 'twixt the ancient code of valour and  
His lust for power

Praxithea loves him, even in his mire of mendacities  
Demeter's priestesses of The Eleusinian Mysteries still wield power, and The  
Labrys of Amphitrite in Attica  
Yet Zeus and Poseidon have duplicitous and vigilant eyes upon it

By some unexplained vicissitude  
The Pelasgian White Goddess returns to the kingdom in three folds, and in three  
forms  
They are born into The Erechtheid Family  
They would be the last defenders of the old code of Eleusis and  
The Thesmophorian Rites  
They are The Three Noble Daughters of Erechtheus;

They are; Otionia, Protogonia and Pandora.....

Otionia, Otionia; Owl Goddess  
The Maiden Athene  
The sea still dotes for thee  
Allay my fears

Protogonia, Protogonia; Creatrix  
Polymath Queen Eurynome  
From The Void, thou art Demiurge of all things  
I will die for thee

Pandora, Pandora; The Crone Earth Goddess  
Wise Rhea thou art  
A jar of hope carries She  
Not an interlopers box of sorrows

.....I awake from a nightmare which meets fruition  
Cecrops would be king; Faugh! I say  
The Labrys torn to a dichotomy of thunderbolt and trident;  
These tools of divination  
To be desecrated as weapons of war  
Surely blood must not besmirch Her sacred axe

The Noble Daughters are all but forgotten  
Like an ephemeral shadow; clinging like frost on a Spring morn

In mythopoeic fables of Olympia  
The scribes efface their ascendancy

Demeter's horse herds are now fettered, in fourscores  
By King Erechthonius; Erechtheus' daemon; his otherself; his weird

It can not be  
Has this dream come to pass?  
The Wind of Boreas blows in a dark age  
An age of malcontent kings and.....forgotten Queens

We are The Aloeids  
We who must hide as rebels in our own lands  
We tarry in these mountains, disdaining the new world order  
Of King Cecrops  
We bow not to charges of sedition  
In our mountains we still pour libations  
To The Three Brave and Noble Daughters of Erechtheus.....  
The last Queens of The Golden Age  
The last Queens of voluptuary shrines and righteous thought worlds

We repine  
For The Craft of The Wise be now replaced with petty warmongering  
With fiefs of 'reason'

Cursed be this Age of Iron  
Yet.....there is always great hope  
Our Mysteries live on; as do our dead; blessed be  
Our dead who linger in Elysium  
Our dead hierophants who await rebirth in The New Age  
A New Age of truth, justice and unreason

Steve Trimmer

## The Daughters Of Hesperus

When Gaea was a Young Muse, a Garden She bequeathed  
To Great Goddess Hera, forthwith, upon Her wedding to Zeus  
Golden Apples hath fructified, prolifically, in the orchards of the Garden  
This Garden, nigh mountain held by Atlas, to support the Sky of Uranus (Mote it  
be Urana) , wast guarded under the charge of a Dragon  
(Mote it be The Dragoness) .....

'Twas Garden of Hesperus  
He who loved The Hera  
He, The Star of Eventide  
Did reside  
And tend with pride  
The Garden of The Hera bride

For Hesperus begot three comely Daughters, 'The Hesperides'  
Many sought the Golden Apples, whence bore,  
In The Garden of Hesperides  
The Garden wast renowned, name carried  
By King of The Winds; Aeolus

Thy name, all bespeak;

On North Wind-Boreas, hearken!  
On East Wind-Eurus, hearken!  
On South Wind-Notus, hearken!  
On West Wind-Zephyr, hearken!

With hie, Hercules came, on Eleventh Labour of Malediction;  
Invective words uttered to Proteus-Old Man of The Sea  
Proteus succumbed to the brute of Zeus, rendering directions to The Garden  
Hercules then foiled Atlas by wiles, heister of Golden Apples  
Even The Sons of Tuireann hath penchant for thy Golden Apples,  
On quest from Land of Eire

Oh! Hera and The Muse Daughters of Hesperus  
Both poets and prosemen dote for thee.....and  
Thy Golden Apples; of Golden Wisdom

Steve Trimmer

## The Dogma of Modernity

Secular prose and platitude

Blows like a sirocco

Across the plagued mind of humanity

Even scholars wade in the ford of literal comprehension

With penchant for hackneyed cliché

Bombastically, they critique the utterance of independent rhapsody

Wishing to quell that which can not be scissioned or measured

Venerating the mundane and its prosody

They, who are foiled by the allegory and mirrored verisimilitude of

The Lapwing's Song

Seeing a Knight Paladin as perfidious traitor to Charlemagne

Instead of a champion of veracity

They, who would be content to kill every last Dragoness

Leaving The Dragon Riders forlorn and devoid of purpose

They, who would replace the ancient Cauldrons of Imbas and Awen; With  
pedantry

Pestles of The Inquisitors hath dulled their vision

Liege Lords of Dogma who apotheosize the deadpan and the disport

Well, revel in thy perdition, here in temporal bournes

Their heart beats, yet is as lifeless as a corse

Hell is ne'er in The Underworld

Yet, it is here on Middle Earth

Reserved exclusively

For the fools who believe in it

Steve Trimmer

## The Erinnyes

In Erebus be their home  
Also as The Furies known  
Crone Ladies of Tripartite Queen  
'The Eumenides', kindly ones, foreseen

To Elysium, they send the souls  
If virtuous ones sojourn below  
To Asphodel Fields, they send the fools  
Who broke The Queendoms golden rules

At junction of three roads they stand  
In Tartarus Realm, in Underland  
Tisiphone, Alecto and Megaera  
The compunctions of Gynarchy's Era

So honour The Oracle's erudition  
Indite the truth of staid perdition  
For mythopoeic scribes can't see  
The philogynist realms of The Erinnyes

Steve Trimmer

## The Fates

The Lady's Three, The Fates  
Daughters of fair Goddess Night  
Three aspects of the moon in flight  
The Moerae, phases of thy lunar dates

First by name is Clotho  
'Spinner of the Thread of Life'  
Maiden fate of waxing light  
Lissom love not doleful

The second Fate by name, Lachesis  
'The measurer of Life's Thread Length'  
The burnished white, in full moon's strength  
Nymph fate of sanguine blood is

The third Fate by name, Atropos  
'The cutter of The Thread'  
The crone Fate of the dead  
The waning moon, Banshee's of apropos

Zeus's folly claim, of siring these Fates three  
And command of thy delegations  
His mendacity, met him relegation  
For even he, couldst not flee, The Fates that be

Oh! Parthenogenous Daughters  
Of great Lady Necessity  
The Strong Fate o'er land, sky and sea  
I'll await, The White Robed Fates, when my time abates



Steve Trimmer

### The Graces

Blest Daughters of Eurynome, I verily laud  
The Lovelies, The Charites, art thee three  
Achaean, Argives, and Danaans, behold

In wolds, in Hyacinths or meads

'Aglaia The Grace'; of splendour, pure  
'Euphrosyne The Grace'; of mirth  
'Thalia The Grace'; of good cheer, begird  
Three Ladies of Love, Life and Birth

Steve Trimmer

The Great Pan Lives!

Where Faeries dance  
Green Man doth prance  
Where Moon hath rise  
Horned One resides  
Where Dryads give  
The Great Pan Lives!

Steve Trimmer

## The Nine Muses So Rapturous

The Lady Muses, nine thou be  
Comely, wise, I see such beauty, thine  
Daughters of Mnemosyne's Shrine  
Titaness of Memory, Daughters of Gaea

I, aspiring lyrist, thence  
Seek the erudite doxies, to accost  
Inquire I, without them lost  
They requite my homage with their prescience; .....

Calliope, poetess of eloquence and epic  
Clio, Muse of history  
Erato, composer of lyric poetry  
Euterpe, dearest Muse of lyre and music

Melpomene, writes of tragedy  
Polyhymnia, sings Her songs so sacred  
Terpsichore, of song and dance, well led  
Thalia, playwright of the comedy, Urania of Astronomy .....

Oblations of Flowers, I besprent  
To dear Muses, at Pieria born  
In revery, Moonlight fades in morn  
Yet ne'er The Wisdom, they hath sent

Steve Trimmer

The Satyr Muse

At Mount Ida, lyre song and meter resound  
Marsyas doth requite Her with these gifts  
Uxorious he is, in his valley rift  
For his Goddess Cybele's love abounds

O'er the dells of Phrygian groves  
Her fingers sow breath into fecundate soils  
Her children ne'er bedim by toil  
Or bedraggled by feudal overlords

Priestess of Cybele, Nymph of Ida  
So chews bay leaves of The Laurel Tree  
From arboreal visions, The Oracles see  
The Ladies Dance bemuse Dardania

Staid minds belong naught in copse of thee  
They, devoid of faith within  
Their glib georgics bespoke by din  
Her fourscores of wisdom they can not see

Oh! Phrygian Goddess of lacustrine shrine  
Thy temple fulgent, bedewed in love  
Dance of tussocks, The Augury Dove  
The Satyr Muse; Cybele divine

Steve Trimmer

### The Triumvirate Of Lady Hera

Ere the ostensible reign of Zeus  
Stood The Lady Hera, thrice of Truth  
Three aspects of Her eternal rite  
Was Arcadian Stymphalus, Hera's shrine of might

The twaddle of Hellenic Olympian myth  
Displaced The Truth of Hera's lithe  
The matriarchal priestesshood, ne'er to swoon  
Deft in White Magick, of Lady Hera's Moon

First aspect of 'The Hera' be  
Maiden Selene, producing buds and leaves  
Selene, doxy of the vernal Upper Air  
At waxing moon, The Sacred Boy King She snares

Second face, in Hera, shines full  
Nymph Aphrodite, earth and sea tides She pulls  
Flowers and fruits in fecundity  
The full moon of The Queen Nymph's Sea

Third fold of Hera, face hath wizened  
From the erstwhile nymph, to the Crone Moon poison  
A laconic spell, Cretan Axe of Blight  
Takes Sacred Old King, to Underworld of Night

Take heed ye sycophants, of Solar King-Gods  
For puissance behest, in Hera's dowser rod  
For the rains of life, fain given, by The Lunar Queen  
I dote doxologies, to 'The Herwa', Goddess Three

Steve Trimmer

The Truth Of Temporal Measure

What was.....is  
What is.....will be  
What will be.....was

Steve Trimmer

## The Witches of Thessaly

In Thessalia  
Sorceresses chant  
Whilst prosemen rant  
In prosopopeia

Away from axioms  
Witches find their need  
Athame is I, they need

Devoid of urban maxims

Black deadpan face

Perchance see I

A twinkling eye

Neath black cloak and lace

Statesmen fear

The Witches of Thessaly.....and so they should

Steve Trimmer

To Sweet Patty, My Cordelia

In this heath do I lay, plaintive of heart

Recalling my first love

She wast Cordelia, Lady Patty in secular consciousness

Away from phalanx uproar

I recall Her beauty, bespangled eyes, comely locks



We tarry in the orchards of Ojibwe lands  
Transmogrified, I, The White Stag  
She, The White Roe Deer  
In flight we run to the temporal portal  
Shifting to aniconic state  
Our Love is steadfast

Through this portal, amongst the oak copse of Nemetona  
To archaic bournes  
I find myself, helpless, in The Celtic Sea  
The White Seal swims to me  
Carrying me to shores at Tara in The Boyne Valley  
She ascends from the waters  
She is my Roane

Quoth She;

' I am Lady Cordelia, whom once thou hast loved  
In these peripheries, past consciousness  
Hath I returned  
For I am The Lady Patty in temporal bournes  
See me  
What say thee? '

I fall before Her, taken by Her concinnity and beauty  
I tremble  
Well-nigh unable to utter these words;

'Cordelia, Cordelia, my Sidhe Fairy May Queen  
Cordelia, Cordelia, my swoon heart thou hast seen  
In new banal realms, thou I forsook  
In prescience, thou hast opened my soul as a book  
Forgive me dear Patty, Cordelia of Sidhe  
Transgressions against thy heart doth I mete

For we wert Deirdre and Naisi?  
Wert we not Llew Llaw Gyffes and sweet Blodeuwedd?  
For once we loved on Ierne Isle as Queen and Consort  
Thou wert Oonaugh, and I Finvarra  
The Leprechaun Peoples of Tuatha de Danaan, took mirth by us

Forgive me, caitiff am I  
For I took council from my besotted peers  
Instead of from my heart  
Forgive me dear Lady Patty  
For my scotoma be now replaced with regret and equanimity  
What a cacophonous youth I led  
Hath rancour besieged thy heart? '

With askant stare  
She looks past my eyes  
Into depths of my soul  
As She prepares to speak.....

I awake  
Knowing not the answer

May I find my Cordelia in banal bournes  
Will She pardon my infirm heart?

Grant me mettle to seek this Vision Quest  
To May Queen Cordelia, Aine's child  
Please hear my plight  
Besprent in pixie dust

For in this dreaming, and  
On earthly planes.....I weep for thee

Steve Trimmer

To Versify In Certitude

To versify in certitude  
Requires a certain attitude  
Adherence to emancipation  
Say vale, to litany and dictation

To versify in certitude  
Is a gift sent from The Muse  
To maintain Her Love and Grace  
These little changes, a poet must make;

First and foremost, be in love  
Extolling songs sang by the doves  
Second step, renounce pretences false  
Treat fame and money, with nonchalance

Third step, remain ye independent  
As the progenitors of Bard descendants  
Fourth step, prize personal honour due  
With mettle betake, a stalwart hue

Last and fifth, be fluent, with poet's putty  
Make the English language, one's constant study  
Baulk to 'rules', the prose behest  
Write with heart, for it knows best

Steve Trimmer

## Tryst At Delphyne's Oracle

Prologue;

Two riders tarry at the foot of Mount Parnassus. In silence of the cold, benighted air, they speak whispers from neath hooded cloaks. These Hyperboreans contemplate fleeing The Aegean, for the Land of Erin. They are Dana The High Priestess and an unknown poet.....

Poet; Shrine of Delphi, eponymy of whom?

Dana; Naught Apollo.

Poet; What of Delphyne, the specious 'monster'?

Dana; The shrine is Hers by right.

Poet; Mother Earth's Temple at it's hub?

Dana; 'Tis Goddess Tempe.

Poet; The Pythoness, Her name is for whom?

Dana; Naught Apollo.

Poet; What of The Serpent 'Python'?

Dana; She is named for he, and his true love, Delphyne.

Poet; Is Python, the Typhon, Apollo's tanist?

Dana; He was, til slain by The Child Horus-Apollo.

Poet; What of Leto, Mother to the child?

Dana;

She wast as Isis, Triple-Moon Goddess. She weeps for Her

Priestesses. Her son hath usurped them. The Apollonian  
Priests of The Dorian Oak-Cult now besmirch The Shrine.  
Poor Epithia.

Poet; Hast falchions replaced the libertine maces?

Dana; They have.

Poet; Will Delos Island meet this same fate, this buskin horror?

Dana;

I fear it will. Lady Lat we shall take from Nabataea and  
Palestine. Lady Leto we shall take from Delphyne's  
Oracle, Lady Cybele from Mount Ida and Her Satyrs. We  
We must reach Delos ere Apollo and his Dorians. Then,  
once on Delos, Lady Brizo will board the ship. From there,  
we shall sail west to Land of Zephyr, then north towards  
Boreas.

Poet; Will The Aegean Archipelago be lost to us?

Dana;

It will fore'er be in our hearts. Do not lose faith in She. I,  
and the other Dreamers are deft in White Magick as well  
as apothecary healing. Our kith and kin in the North Lands  
will strengthen our Dreamings. The Pendragoness Guild has  
spoke to me by Sirius, Star of Lady Brizo.

Poet; Will Lady Brizo frequent our new Shrines?

Dana;

The White Goddess of Three Folds, She now to be Lady  
Brigit - 'The Soother'.....  
It is doleful, for once our people, 'The Sea People',  
dwelled in peace. In the lands from Nabataea to Attica and  
The Aegean, to lands on The Amber Trail and north to  
Hyperborea itself. We are Danaans, Cretans, Cyprians,  
Scythians, Sarmatians, Phoenicians, Canaanites, Tyrrhenians,  
Ionians, Phrygians, Lydians, Carians and Lycians. We are

known by many other names. Our Mothers survived The Great Deluge. New deities of strife and discord hath replaced Her love with temerity, Her eloquence with glibness. We must flee these lands. Gynopathy poisons the soil.

Poet; Will The Great Bear Guide us?

Dana; Yes. As will The Lodestar.

Poet; Surely Enoch took this route?

Dana;

He did. Under aegis of Lat.....Poet. I know nought thy name, yet I know the heart that beats within thee. It is me who shalt now asketh a question. Wilt thou tend to my Stone Circles in The North Boreas Isles? Keep track of my nightly sidereal and temporal measures?

Poet; I surely will my Feminine Divine. For Apollo has betrayed us.

Steve Trimmer

Vispala

The Heroine, Vispala, creed of volition  
With Iron Leg, of Asvins fine physicians  
Rejoice, Her name, 'To Seek Booty'  
And led the Vis, in raids of duty  
The Cattle Queen  
Who ran between  
The lines it seems  
To divide  
The Vis  
The Clan beside

For ghee so fine, She dreamed The Mother  
Fair Mudgalani, Avatar who loved Her  
With load of cattle, worth a thousand  
She blessed Her dreams, hence from Kush Highlands  
Vispatni of the Vis  
Sing Veda Hymns with pride  
Sanskrit Queen of Truth  
Valour so astute

Invasions of the Aryan Tribes, may have changed The Kush  
But Vispala's heart still presides, with Aditi's lands so lush  
In Sarasvati, Lady River, The Essence, doth She possess  
Or Lady Vak, Life's Breath, bequeathed, Life's Food Goddess  
Ere The Varna  
Was sweet karma  
Gynarchy of love  
Songs of comely doves  
And a Heroine.....Vispala

Steve Trimmer

Voice From The Duat

Isis my love, from The Duat I call  
In pieces, Set hath strewn me o'er the Nile lands  
Reclaim my corporeal being from his maul  
Our Child-Horus shall avenge, as so, my tanist disbands

In Sidereal Song, we will move again  
The Dog Star is thine, Orion is mine  
Solar-Ra hath seen us, in Hathor's Reign  
Celestial Nile be nigh us, Silver Light doth shine

Nomarchs on Giza sand, make claim to own  
Delta shaped barrows, target our stars  
Priestess of The Temple 'On', recite elegiac poems  
Hence fiefs displace us, war replacing Lotus Flowers

Forget me not, thy love I invoke  
My Queen Isis, of Nut's sky  
Geb's lands now fettered neath Pharaoh's yoke  
Yet, in The Duat, we shall preside

.....and still The Lioness watches

Steve Trimmer



White Buffalo Calf Women

Great Prophetess of The Lakota Nation

I see you

At the apex of The Black Hills

I hear you

You are beautiful and wise

You are White Buffalo Calf Women

I love you

On this sacred hill we smoke

We smoke your pipe of harmony

We bridge this realm and the next

Our ancestors come in this dreaming

For I am Red Cloud

For I am Wakonda of Wakan-Tanka

For I am the sun and the wind

Born from Her eternal light

White Buffalo Calf Woman

You are Her eternal light

I see you in my Vision Quest

I wear these peace talismans of wampum

Which you gave me on this earthly plane

To honour your love and wisdom  
Great Sioux Priestess

Thus you ascend  
With your coat of many colours  
My Creatrix;

You love all of humankind  
You have shown me The Way  
You are fore'er in my vision quests  
I see you, as The Zodiac girds our sacred hills  
My guardian spirit

For we have lived and loved many times  
I await The Prophecy of Peace  
I shall tarry hither, tending your fire  
I shall smoke your pipe; connecting Sky and Earth  
I shall dance the Ghost Dance.....

.....Till my White Buffalo Calf Woman returns

With you, balance shall return

Lady Rainmaker speaks  
I listen.....with a full heart

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Poetry Of Her Heart; A Song

(opens Em - C - Em - C)

(Em - C - G - D)

In days gone by  
When poetry had blessed our lives  
The Muse She surely smiled  
At our mirthful supplications

Then one day evil thrived  
Men made war upon their wives  
The Goddess began to cry  
At this new hate religion

Her sorrow  
It moves me  
Atavism  
Is my truth

I`ve asked Her  
For forgiveness  
And dig deep  
In my roots

She`s Venus  
The Crone Moon  
Inanna and  
Demeter fair

She`s wisdom  
Of Sophia and  
Arianrhod`s  
Moon Caer

(chorus)

My Muse Sweet Muse  
The poetry of Her heart  
The poetry of Her heart.....

To be born  
The gender fine  
Became a sentence  
To fettered life

With beauty and strength  
They survived  
Protecting life  
That is precious

Greed, power and  
Empires reigned  
Their reality  
Surely feigned

For comely truth  
Remained  
They could not  
Subdue Her

Our mothers  
Our daughters  
Our sisters  
And loving wives

Come ask them  
To forgive  
Knee bent  
At The Moon Shrine

Release them  
Say you love them  
They shall make  
Your beauty shine

(chorus)

(Riff Em - C)

O`re the night sky

She is watching  
Tending to  
Our broken hearts

She is hurting  
Yet She loves us  
Five pedal rose  
Of Astarte

Asherah  
Yahweh`s mother  
Rhea  
Zeus`s carer

The Dagna  
Loved no other  
Than his lovely  
Boann fair

(chorus)

She is Mermaid  
Of The Sea  
A Labrys Shrine  
Of truth is She

Three Graces  
Smiling back at me  
I pine for  
Such truth

(chorus)

Our mothers  
Our daughters  
Our sisters  
And loving wives

Come ask them  
To forgive  
Knee bent  
At The Moon Shrine

Release them  
Say you love them  
They shall make  
Your beauty shine

(chorus)

(fade out Em - C)

Steve Trimmer

# Pyrra`s Deluge

Sweet Pyrra who`s name means 'fiery red'  
Deucalion sailed thy Moon Ship Ark  
Neath azur`d sky of drowning dead  
Themis floods the land so stark

Sweet Pyrra, thy grimore read I  
Mother Goddess of The Philistines  
Her Cretan creed, we witches scry  
Victualler of thy ark, it seems

A vessel blessed by The Oceanids of Tethys  
For we are the seafarers  
Of Pyrra`s posterity.....we are Her Children of Atlantis

Steve Trimmer

## Queen Muse; Elate

A sempiternal revery sees I, whence from days of yore  
On this sultry e'en o' fire; fancy fair  
Ne'er be't dearth.....mine heart; I mean  
For I lay 'neath Her Fir Tree  
So elated am I .....for sees I Her  
My Queen Goddess Elate  
At Sacred Fir of 'r blood clan

In concernancy I weep  
My tears sees She

Quoth Queen Elate;

" Why dost thee weep my love?  
Mine own meeds thou hast tasted  
German art thou to mine own blood  
Thy tears be not disingenuous  
This knows I  
Prithee, my love, what vexes upon thy heart? "

Quoth I;

" My Lady, we are The Lapiths, whence hailing of Magnesia, coastal land  
Of The Myrtoan Sea  
Our kith an' kin, The Centaurs, form coalitions."

Quoth Lady Elate;

" With whom my love? "

My lips grow dry, pulse racing; wending heart  
Moving, beating hither and thither  
I dare not speak the words.....yet, I must  
Her loving smile rends at my heart  
For once She hearkens the words, She too will weep  
Bear this.....I can not

But, She has to know  
She casts Her sharpened eyes toward me



In perusal of my face

Quoth I;

“ My Lady, I daren't utter these.....

But I must

My Lady, The Centaurs pledge allegiance and fealties to...to

To The Aeolians of Iolcus

I am forlorn, my Queen.....

.....Thy bevy of Priestesses we must take into exile

Ere they be subject to Poseidon's villainies”

Mine eyes well in liquid-blue melancholy

Queen Elate falls to Her own knees in horror

I reach for Her

In all my incarnations hath I served Her

I serve Her still

Nought more dost say I, nor Her

In mine own arms, I hold my Queen

To comforted Her sorrow

Our kith an' kin dance at our Queen's own Maypole

Knoweth naught of they; this news o' unmirthfulness

My Queen touches my pate (upon 3rd eye) , in such tender gesture

Then turns, westbound, walking 'neath Her Fir Tree

Into the invisibility of air, She ascends

My heart thus blenches

I tarry the remainder of this night

Und'r `r Tree of Fir

Awaiting My Lady's return

Sleep will not find me this night

The upshot of mine own honour, I daren't think it

I will serve my Queen.....'til the end

By'r blood I shall

Many hath so loved Her, yet.....

None protect Her as I

Our love is not of the flesh

No, much deeper goes it

It is an undying twin flame of friendship

Fore'er.....it remains

My Lady, my Queen Elate  
Doth seek Her true twin flame lover  
Yet, he is affrighted by Her  
An' now, he runs to The Aeolians  
Thus leading `s own people, The Centaurs.....  
.....To Poseidon's own war shrines of misogyny

Alack! She loves him at any rate (oh! what of our own beloved lands here in  
Magnesia)

An' I shalt serve Her, an' stand by Her  
Regardless of outcome, or incense cast toward Her  
So many times, I hath seen this Thespian tragedy unfold  
Yet, still She is true to Her timid Swain  
An' I, true to my vows, sworn to Her Queendom

The morrow comes  
Tears dry in mine eyes  
My Lady Elate.....returns?  
She hath transmogrified  
She be now Caenis.....The New Lady  
Yet, She is now garbed in man's clothing  
Anon, She will lay with Poseidon  
An; so ending our people's beauteous Gynarchy (I weep again.....)

Poseidon gives a new name to 'r Lady  
Do mine eyes reveal this ill-conceit  
Sight must fail me.....for.....no.....no.....  
She is now Caeneus (Elatus the usurper)  
.....warmongering man  
An Aeolian proselyte .....no, this mendacious beard  
Blood of our Daughters and sons  
Dried upon Her disconcerted hands  
Mine sconce, it spins in paltry confusion

This dark magick shalt one day be broken

I shalt surely return to this earthly bourne  
Again, and again, and again  
'Til it is so.....

Caeneus looks down his falchion at me in disdain  
Within his copse o' flowing blood  
My Lady Elate is fettered  
Incantations speaketh I to he  
But, Elate can not lend ear to mine own words

Henceforth, I might only reach Her ears  
Upon the astral plane  
Choler an' trepidation shalt not overcome me;  
I believe in an existence;  
Which transcends all temporal precepts and reproach  
I pledge to My Queen;

To thwart; hate with Love  
                  mallecho with Patience  
                  war with Peace  
                  patriarchy with Philogyny  
                  lament with Hope  
                  spleenful words with Tender thoughts.....

When my Lady Elate finally rises  
From Her seat astride Poseidon  
When Her memories;  
Come to pass Her essence once more  
When She leaves Her woebegone Chair of Forgetfulness.....

.....I will greet my Queen with open arms  
The spell will lift  
Our people, The Lapiths, will once more sing songs of Her Queendom  
Our granges shalt again be replete in harvest crop  
As our lands will be with affections  
.....an' my heart shall be tearful no more!

Many flesh coils of incarnations and Ages  
Have come to pass since that day  
Phoebus's chariot hath ambulated a million scores  
Troth-plights by thousands have I seen and pledged withal  
Yet.....

.....still I wait for my Queen Elate.....Queen Elate....  
....My Queen.....my friend.....come back to me....  
.....my love they shalt not fordo!

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Queen Of The Elysian Island

I cast away my mortal flesh  
For Circe greets me in Her willow grove at Colchis  
Witch Goddess Circe, whom I love  
Thy charnel house amid willow roots  
For I am Dryas  
From omphalos epochs of standing stones  
Eurydice, Serpent Lady, hath smote  
I seek my mother Semele  
Here in Tartarus  
The tripartite of Snake Muses  
Point the way  
Crooked fingers aimed west to Elysium  
Bane kiss they hath bestowed upon me  
I bid them vale

Agriope stops me, so quoth She:

'Heed these words dear one'

So quoth Circe-Hecate:

'Seek the orchards of Sorb-Apple Isle'

Thus quoth Eurydice:

'My Orpheus, to thyself be true  
This venom kiss I give  
I Snake Goddess, so undo  
Mortal limits whence thee live

From my cauldron, take a dram  
Immortal ye shalt be  
For in Tartarus of the damned  
The truth doth set thee free

This alder pipe, do play in song  
`Til The Nereids come to thee  
They shall lead thy ship along  
Into Queen Persephone`s Sea'

I drink Her libation  
A dram of philtre.....eyes now clear  
West I go, face to Zephyr Wind  
Melic tunes I play on alder pipe  
As so

The Nereids lead my ship out to sea  
Maelstrom betakes my vessel  
I now lay in flotslam upon the Elysium Islands  
I convalesce

Vexation soon leads to mirth  
For The Muses of The Bane Moon hath brought me thither  
I render a high pitch melody from my alder pipe, then

Quoth I;

'From mortal realms, so I sojourn  
Kiss of Death, elixar burns  
I seek The Queen of Elysian Isle  
The River Goddess, bright and mild  
Some say the name of thee art Halys  
Others nunciate ye Elis  
In other lands, Alys, thy name be  
Heretofore, Queen on the sea  
On bended knee, I pledge this heart  
To tarry here, so ne`er to part'

With a retinue of Hamadryads and Lady Semele  
She emerges from the wild  
My hand She takes in Hers  
Leading me to The Orchard of The Wild Sorb Apples

Quoth She:

Thy words art naught malapropos  
Thou art the lyrist, reborn again  
Unto this realm  
I welcome thee, poet, erudite in The Mysteries  
Trepidation and caitiff know thee not  
I see thy pure heart of philogyny

Eurydice hath loved thee so  
That She sent thee hither  
Stay now and fore`er, my libertine dreamer  
To regale us in beauty, love and song  
For I am Elis, River Goddess of Elysian Realm'

Black Magick so pure  
Dowser of Willow, enchantment  
Ancestress.....in triad  
Birth  
Love  
Death  
Hath bringeth me to comely wisdom.....

These words; To my Queen of The Elysian Islands

Steve Trimmer

# Rhapsody To The Pleiades

Nymphs art thee  
To train of Artemis  
To fly afore  
Orion and hound, Sirius

Sweet Daughters of Atlas  
Who enamoured Orion  
He beleaguered thee, Dryads  
He, Neptunes scion

Entreaty, asked Pleiades  
From Zeus, who hath bade  
To transmogrify The Ladies  
As Pigeons, to evade

In sidereal form  
Took they fore`er  
Sisters Seven, reborn  
In benighted sky fair

Only six are clear  
To the earthbound eye  
For Electra hides, in tears  
For Her son, Dardanus, She cries

Dardanus hath founded  
Illium city of Troy  
Lay to ruin, and confounded  
She laments Her sweet boy.....

I bewail, for my Fair Ladies of The Pleiades  
For they hath been wont to bedimming, henceforth

Steve Trimmer



# Sleepless

Toss an' turn  
For he much yearns  
Neath swarthy blanket of Night  
Mind i' flight  
A foot in either realm  
Harbinger at the helm  
In pate; 'mongst harri'd mind  
Evoking Sidhe-kind  
Sleepless;

Morn flies in  
Suspirations abate withal  
Bespangl'd window of the sun  
Dazed of restless feyness;  
Or fay-ness?  
Sleepless;

He stumbles through the waking hours  
Awaiting a new and restless dreaming;  
Sky benights him  
In 'r chanson tones; The Beauteous lulls him  
Back to sleeplessness

Steve Trimmer

## Sonnet To Breaca - The Boudica Queen

When malevolent Rome turned hungry eyes on Britannia  
Tears hath fell, from Briga and sweet Dana  
A Daughter sent they, thither from their skys  
Breaca, Queen Warriress of The Icen Tribe  
Belin -Sun Face hath witnessed their plight  
In reverence to The Muses, sent Caradoc to fight  
Caradoc of The Trinvantes, insurrectionary against Rome  
Fought with his Love, Breaca, for their native home  
'Hail to Breaca, The Boudica -Thy Bringer Of Victory'  
Quoth Caradoc to The Eastern Tribes, in their misery  
'Reclaim Camulodunum', quoth The Boudica Queen  
'Indolent we are naught, Manannan hearken me.'  
Alas, Scapula`s Legions, hailed Mithra`s regime  
Yet, lest we forget Breaca - The Boudica Queen

Steve Trimmer

# Sonnet To Brianna And Lily

Sweet daughters, Brianna and Lily fair  
Proud father to them, whom I love and care  
I remember well, thy days of birth  
My heart replete, abound in mirth  
Enamoured soul, when our eyes met  
Preen tears, `tis beauty I beget  
Laud words spake I, good times betide  
With thy mother loving, at baby`s side  
My girls they grow, thus I espy  
Time won`t cease, it moves with hie  
Yet time can`t cease, my eternal love  
For my darling girls; Eurynome`s doves  
Thy hearts so pure, as my wife dear  
With comliness of Chrissy, Epona Seer

Steve Trimmer

# Tara, Keeper Of The Lia Fail

Oh Tara, sweet Tara, once Teamhair, in sufferage and dree  
Departed The Levant, for Eire, upon the high seas  
Nebuchadnezzar hath miraded thy lands  
With warring bands  
O`er the sands  
Took thy brother`s lives  
And father`s eyes  
Now Zedekiah, thy father  
The king cries  
Sorrow resides

Yahweh`s temple sacked, The Ark untracked, Jews gone away  
To Babylon, ne`er to be back, fettered hind the gate  
Hither and thither, thou hast roved  
To find Sarah`s Stone  
All alone  
Where be The Stone?  
Methinks it gone

'Hearken sweet Teamhair', a voice hath quoth  
The voice of Jeremiah, to Her he spoke  
'I`ve sought The Stone  
Once of the throne  
In Yahweh`s Home  
Of Jacob alone  
Wast Sarah`s Stone  
In Jerusalem'

In ship bearing, The Stone, Jeremiah and Teamhair  
Landed onto shores of Erin, Danaan Land of Eire  
Rejoice Boyne Kings, Teamhair hath come  
Her name now 'Tara', in Boann`s Queendom  
Jeremiah, once prophet, of dear Asherah  
His name now 'Ollam Fodla', Bard of The Dana

Thy Stone sweet Queen Tara, from epochs of Sarah  
Tis 'The Lia Fail' fine, 'ard ri a Tara' bloodline  
Tara who wed Prince Eochaid, founded the 'Ur -Neil' Kings  
Used Lia Fail, it`s said, as Coronation Stone, we sing

Oh Tara, Sweet Tara, The Muse, leif, gave Her Stone  
In later days, Columba took it to Scotland, 'Stone of Scon'  
Lia Fail, of making Queens, and Kings, to modern days  
Tara thee, be known to us, The Irish Queen so brave

Steve Trimmer

# The Ants Who March For Myrmex

Naif art thou, who wouldst rebuff the Sacred Feminine  
Ah! To tarry aside the Ant Hill; be't blissful ambrosia?  
Methinks it so

Upon the yester night She did so emerge from these soils  
As Lady Moon's face in full form  
Solemnly She glares; mockingly glower scowls  
My faint heart now replete; a soul reborn  
She assuages my spirit, without condemnation  
As I cry for my love  
The sweet Naiad.....sweet Thetis  
My tears drip dolefully, into Her sea waters  
As She swims away daintily upon a flote  
An' our child, Achilles, is now lost to Her  
Will I find indemnity upon these new shores

Once, I wert Peleus (The Muddy One)  
Anoint me didst the Divine Ladies; in muddied-ink of sepia-cuttlefish  
Seal -daughters of my own Thetis were they (50 in number)  
Dwelling within those caves at Cape Sepias (an' haunt them still)  
The place where once the Divine-Child, Phocus, did trod  
What became of those days?

My sacred anemone flower now withers  
Wizened petals of 8; number of fecund faith  
Now blow asunder an' afloat in baleful breezes

Ere my death at Cos  
I fed from trenchers at the royal table  
Ate I, ripened figs an' quinces, brought by way of Pontus Euxeinos (a sea so  
Black)  
My Queen wast The Lady Myrmex; The Ant Queen (whom I adore still)  
She who is versed in the entomological incantations of the Thessalian Shrines  
Once I did stand uxoriously upon Her rostra (the throng would cheer)  
An' spake on the behalf of my Queen  
What became of those days?

A copious aura begirded 'r clan  
E'en The Centaurs revered our lands in Phthia

In Iolcus, nigh the Pagasaeon Gulf I sang;  
Leading pagan-choir matins to 'r Lady Myrmex  
An' e'en as the Athenians and Magaraeans were at loggerheads;  
Vying for lands an' power upon the Salamis Isle  
I lay peaceably in grounds upon it's west-bound shores  
Ne'er a rueful thought didst besmirch my conscience  
Nor didst I utter a single word in liminal rage  
What became of those days?

On Aegina Isle nigh Corinth's Gulf  
I loved.....I lived.....on pibbled shores  
My love Thetis smiles (hind a Gorgon mask of Aphrodite)  
A hecatomb of oblations proffered I to Her  
100 oxen lay dead  
Her daughters splatter blood of these fine beasts; o'er the faces of `r people  
In thanks to their gift  
Not a helot dwelled `mongst us; equality was our doctrine true  
.....The spine shivers  
                    As She howls up to the Bloody-Moon (ululations of rebirth  
methinks)  
What became of those days?

I am awakened, presently, by an iniquitous Olympian war-cry  
Tis my son, Achilles  
He hacks down our Lady's sons in droves of hundreds  
Forsaking his Mother's honour;  
Achilles violates the Amazonian-Queen; sweet Penthesileia  
Ere striking Her death blow dost ravage Her corse (I weep for Her still)  
In this act, Her honour an' purity he hast purloined  
By what end did rancour set within the heart of my son?  
What is becoming of these days?

Alack! A wound to the heel of great Achilles;  
Sent by way of the young archer, Paris, at siege of Troy  
The arrow would stop the man, yet not the bedlam  
War rages on each side of The Aegean  
My trothplight couldst nary chance halt this war in Troy  
Lady Thetis takes my hand  
An' apples fall to the feet of The Muses  
Pick-thank and scribe alike, say this be the catalyst to provoke these Trojan Wars  
Marry, this can be not so?  
Her fruits from Elysium can be blamed not

For e'en mine own brother Telamon pays homage to the Eleusinian Shrines  
What is becoming of these days?

Upright I stand, 'mongst these comely fields o' gold  
Here before me stand my Queen's Ants.....The Myrmidons;  
Honing their falchions  
Grinding their mattocks  
Cinching their leathers, both bracers an' greaves  
Buckling their breast plates  
In preparation of battle, so to foin down their fellow humans  
What became of the revels?  
What became of the harvest?  
When our oxen bleed, it is for life  
But why do our sons bleed?  
It can only be for death;  
Honour I see naught of in such commissions  
I see only generations of suffering.....and only pain

They call me Peleus King of the Phthian Myrmidons  
Our Ants go marching.....  
Our Ants go marching.....  
From hill-top afar, I espy Our Lady Myrmex  
.....She looks on in tears  
What has become of these days?

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer



# The Daughters Of Erechtheus

It is the sixth century before the common era  
Gynarchy is waning in Athens  
Erechtheus is torn `twixt the ancient code of valour and  
His lust for power  
Praxithea loves him, even in his mire of mendacities  
Demeter`s priestesses of The Eleusinian Mysteries still wield power And The  
Labrys of Amphitrite in Attica  
Yet Zeus and Poseidon have duplicitous and vigilant eyes upon it

By some unexplained vicissitude  
The Pelasgian White Goddess returns to the kingdom in three folds And in three  
forms  
They are born into The Erechtheid Family  
They would be the last defenders of the old code of Eleusis and  
The Thesmophorian Rites  
They are The Three Noble Daughters of Erechtheus;

They are; Otionia, Protogonia and Pandora.....

Otionia, Otionia; Owl Goddess  
The Maiden Athene  
The sea still dotes for thee  
Allay my fears

Protogonia, Protogonia; Creatrix  
Polymath Queen Eurynome  
From The Void, thou art Demiurge of all things  
I will die for thee

Pandora, Pandora; The Crone Earth Goddess  
Wise Rhea thou art  
A jar of hope carries She  
Not an interlopers box of sorrows

.....I awake from a nightmare which meets fruition  
Cecrops would be king; Faugh! I say  
The Labrys torn to a dichotomy of thunderbolt and trident;  
These tools of divination  
To be desecrated as weapons of war

Surely blood must not besmirch Her sacred axe

The Noble Daughters are all but forgotten  
Like an ephemeral shadow; clinging like frost on a Spring morn

In mythopoeic fables of Olympia  
The scribes efface their ascendancy  
Demeter`s horse herds are now fettered, in fourscores  
By King Erechththonius; Erechtheus`s daemon; his otherself; his weird

It can not be  
Has this dream come to pass?  
The Wind of Boreas blows in a dark age  
An age of malcontent kings and.....forgotten Queens

We are The Aloeids  
We who must hide as rebels in our own lands  
We tarry in these mountains, disdaining the new world order  
Of King Cecrops  
We bow not to charges of sedition  
In our mountains we still pour libations  
To The Three Brave and Noble Daughters of Erechtheus.....  
The last Queens of The Golden Age  
The last Queens of voluptuary shrines and righteous thought worlds

We repine  
For The Craft of The Wise be now replaced with petty warmongering With fiefs of  
'reason'

Cursed be this Age of Iron  
Yet.....there is always great hope  
Our Mysteries live on; as do our dead; blessed be  
Our dead who linger in Elysium  
Our dead hierophants who await rebirth in The New Age  
A New Age of truth, justice and unreason

Steve Trimmer

# The Daughters Of Hesperus

When Gaea was a Young Muse, a Garden She bequeathed  
To Great Goddess Hera, forthwith, upon Her wedding to Zeus  
Golden Apples hath fructified, prolifically, in the orchards of the Garden  
This Garden, nigh mountain held by Atlas, to support the Sky of Uranus (Mote it  
be Urana) , wast guarded under the charge of a Dragon  
(Mote it be The Dragoness) .....

`Twas Garden of Hesperus  
He who loved The Hera  
He, The Star of Eventide  
Did reside  
And tend with pride  
The Garden of The Hera bride

For Hesperus begot three comely Daughters, `The Hesperides`  
Many sought the Golden Apples, whence bore,  
In The Garden of Hesperides  
The Garden wast renowned, name carried  
By King of The Winds; Aeolus

Thy name, all bespeak;

On North Wind-Boreas, hearken!  
On East Wind-Eurus, hearken!  
On South Wind-Notus, hearken!  
On West Wind-Zephyr, hearken!

With hie, Hercules came, on Eleveth Labour of Malediction;  
Invective words uttered to Proteus-Old Man of The Sea  
Proteus succumbed to the brute of Zeus, rendering directions to The Garden  
Hercules then foiled Atlas by wiles, heister of Golden Apples  
Even The Sons of Tuireann hath penchant for thy Golden Apples,  
On quest from Land of Eire

Oh! Hera and The Muse Daughters of Hesperus  
Both poets and prosemen dote for thee.....and  
Thy Golden Apples of Golden Wisdom



# The Dogma Of Modernity

Secular prose and platitude  
Blows like a sirocco  
Across the plagued mind of humanity  
Even scholars wade in the ford of literal comprehension  
With penchant for hackneyed cliché  
Bombastically, they critique the utterance of independent rhapsody  
Wishing to quell that which can not be scissioned or measured  
Venerating the mundane and its prosody

They, who are foiled by the allegory and mirrored verisimilitude of  
The Lapwing's Song  
Seeing a Knight Palladin as perfidious traitor to Charlamagne  
Instead of a champion of veracity  
They, who would be content to kill every last Dragoness  
Leaving The Dragon Riders forlorn and devoid of purpose  
They, who would replace the ancient Cauldrons of Imbas and Awen; With  
pedantry

Pestles of The Inquisitors hath dulled their vision  
Liege Lords of Dogma who apotheosize the deadpan and the disport  
Well, revel in thy perdition, here in temporal bournes  
Their heart beats, yet is as lifeless as a corse  
Hell is ne'er in The Underworld  
Yet, it is here on Middle Earth  
Reserved exclusively  
For the fools who believe in it

Steve Trimmer

# The Erinnyes

In Erebus be their home  
Also as The Furies known  
Crone Ladies of Tripartite Queen  
The Eumenides, kindly ones, foreseen

To Elysium, they send the souls  
If virtuous ones sojourn below  
To Asphodel Fields, they send the fools  
Who broke The Queendoms golden rules

At junction of three roads they stand  
In Tartarus Realm, in underland  
Tisiphone, Alecto and Megaera  
The compuntions of Gynarchy`s Era

So honour The Oracle`s erudition  
Indite the truth of staid perdition  
For mythopoeic scribes can`t see  
The philogynist realms of The Erinnyes

Steve Trimmer

# The Fates

The Lady`s Three, The Fates  
Daughters of fair Goddess Night  
Three aspects of the moon in flight  
The Moerae, phases of thy lunar dates

First by name is Clotho  
'Spinner of the Thread of Life'  
Maiden fate of waxing light  
Lissom love not doleful

The second Fate by name, Lachesis  
'The measurer of Life`s Thread Length'  
The burnished white, in full moon`s strength  
Nymph fate of sanguine blood is

The third Fate by name, Atropos  
'The cutter of The Thread'  
The crone Fate of the dead  
The waning moon, sends Banshee`s of apropos

Zeus`s folly claim, of siring these Fates three  
And command of thy delegations  
His mendacity, met him relegation  
For even he, couldst not flee, The Fates that be

Oh! Parthenogenous Daughters  
Of great Lady Necessity  
The Strong Fate o`er land, sky and sea  
I`ll await, The White Robed Fates, when my time abates

Steve Trimmer

# The Graces

Blest Daughters of Eurynome, I verily laud  
The Lovelys, art, thee three  
Achaean, Argives, and Danaans, behold

In wolds, in Hayacinths or meads

'Agalia The Grace', of splendour, pure  
'Euphrosyne The Grace', of mirth  
'Thalia The Grace', of good cheer, begird  
Three Ladies of Love, Life and Birth

Steve Trimmer



# The Ignoble Plutocrat

A vault he opens; His holy sacristy of empty and faithless glee  
Replete with all opulent gauds and blood-soaked currencies  
Licking fingers in anticipation  
Of counting his green bills, malaise securities  
And his fardel of cold-hearted contentment

Disdainfully, he glares out from behind his window  
Vexed with envy he looks toward the ben  
Seeing the recalcitrant troglodyte dancing in the gnosis of summer's rain  
Unburdened by worldly consciousness  
The cave man laughs amusedly  
At the enslaved plutocrat, gaoled hind a pane of glass  
Who sits trapped, in the bemired wealth of his own manse and demesne

Steve Trimmer

# The Lunar Hare; A Dreaming

On a cold day in February, at eventide  
A shaman cast a circle deep in the wilderness  
At a sacred place; called Jack Pine Grove  
Many `s the visit hath he made here  
He calls out to his Muse Il- Briga

From the cone of power doth She ascend  
Into the southern quarter of his Holy Round  
She whispers words of solace in an ancient tongue to him  
Words that his modern incarnation can barely reckon  
Yet, his Higher Self hearkens these words inn tearful joy

She takes his hand and guides him to the nearby portal of The Dreaming  
Now in Tir na Nog, land of the young □  
He transmogrifies into a red-eared white hound of The Otherworld  
A Cu (Hound of Annwn) he is  
He runs, and runs `til he spots a White Hare  
She says; "Catch me.....and catch thy vision of truth"  
Across the planes of Elysian Fields they chase .....and chase  
And chase

At a Jack Pine Grove they tarry  
The Hare says to The Hound;  
"Rancour and trepidation besets thy heart methinks?  
No? .....A malevolent weasel plots to destroy thee  
To destroy thy faith, thy trust, and thy very soul

Do not give in to hate my friend  
Take my form, as a Lunar Hare"  
I take to this form as She decrees  
I have much to learn on this revery it seems

She then doth quoth;  
"Feel no fright my child, for what ye now lack in muscled strength  
Shalt be recompensed with the cunning of the meek  
Use the weasel's strength against itself  
In power of 3, in power of 3, in power of 3! "

I awake to these words.....In Power of 3

As of yet, nought hath destroyed me or mine own faith!  
Ah! Yes. For hate is for the weak.  
An' Love champions the strong who art  
Verily pure of heart

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# The Malapert Lordling

A castle he built in a wild place  
Away from the belabouring tongues of eparchy  
A fine castle of sticks and dirt;  
An epicurean retreat

Not a scintilla of care  
Self-pity he knows naught of  
Conscious only of the souging wind;  
Nature's own evensong

Conscious only of the river flow;  
A bemusing doxology  
Conscious only of the rustling leaves;  
A perfect synod

Here, in Her tree school of epistemology  
Canticles he writes to Her  
At versifying watery edge  
And sings to Her from his truth-told consciousness  
His heart

Steve Trimmer

# The Mantic Pine Of Erigone

Icarius so made his wine  
An' proffered he a jarful  
To Marathonian shepherds  
Who tarried in the wealds  
Neath Mount Pentelicus

Yet, the folly shepherds forgot  
To dilute the wine brew  
With watery-mix (forsooth, forsooth)  
So besotted wert they; in two-fold vision  
They thought themselves bewitched  
So, ere their foundering, in liminal rage  
They slew poor Icarius  
An' interred him below the Pine Tree of Attis

His hound, Maera, looked on in harrow'd choler  
For She was no common hound  
Marry no, this hound were of Hecuba  
An' of the tripartite-pate of Hecate Herself

The scent of Icarius' malaise-faced copse  
Presently fowled the Air

Maera wended through the gazing trees  
Then found Erigone; Daughter of Icarius  
The polymath hound clenched the robe of Lady Erigone  
Leading Her to Her father's un-hallowed grave  
Maera the Hound, then exhumed the cadaver  
An' ululated an elegy of melancholia

Maiden Erigone fell to Her knees, nonplused by this lurid sight  
Tears mixed with ire in the heart of dear Lady Erigone

This adjuration says She;

"By'r blood, so seeking revenge, I place a wretched curse  
Upon the Daughters of Athens  
Those same Atticans, who castrated the votive  
Dear Attis the Phrygian

Spilling his blood to the soil  
Thus leaving him dead neath this very Pine Tree  
Yes, the very Pine Tree where now my father Icarius doth lay  
Oh! My dear father Icarius, once a son of The Icarian Sea  
.....Dear, dear Icarius!  
Alack! Ye wretched Daughters of Athens  
For I am Erigone, divine child also, of Ariadne and Helen  
My Holy Mothers, who hang as fruit from thy trees  
Ladies who bringeth forth fertility to these lands  
Now, I too shalt dangle by a tree  
From the branches of my father's Death Tree  
Curse to thee Athenians! Cursed be Athens!  
Prithee, dear godlings, from Gaea's own womb  
Come hither!  
Shalt all Maids of Athens suffer my fate  
May they all hang by trees  
Whilst mine, an' mine own father's death go un-avenged  
Fulfill this entreaty, Oh! Godlings and Muses of Hera, I command it!  
May it come to pass, ere I be placed upon my bier.....I command it! "

Lady Erigone then placed a noose about Her neck  
Then ties the loose end onto the west side of The Pine  
With eyes fixed forward in determined zeal  
She leapt down to Her demise

The spell was cast  
The Wheels of Justice in motion  
For The Gods hearkened Her petition  
An' Maera led Her soul to Hecuba Herself  
.....sweet child

So it came to pass  
Erigone's cries were heard  
Many an Athenian Maiden soon hung from the trees  
By their own volition

When The Delphic Oracle wast consulted  
The explanation was;

"Erigone.....yes Lady Erigone's curse.....bringeth forth full atonement and  
revenge for the two deaths.....the deaths of Icarius and Maid Erigone.....do  
this ye insipid ones of Attica.....swallow thy pride of false convocation.....or all

Daughters of Athens will choose the Trees o'er life.....stop the  
madness.....stop the madness! "

Forthwith, the guilt-stricken shepherds were found  
Then hung in the vineyard  
(Dionysus hoists a chalice)

In honour of the Lady Erigone (as appeasement to Her wrath)  
The Vintage Festival was sanctioned  
E'en our Mother Tellus had wept for The Maid  
As so, libations be now poured to Erigone, then poured to Icarus  
Girls now swing whilst standing upon platforms  
Rather than from a noose (thanks be to Hecate)  
Lady Erigone smiles at these new found gambols  
Her invective incantations  
Now replaced with jocund revels

Yet, prophylactic masks of The Priestesses still hang from trees  
Blowing; in the sowing winds of Zephyr  
Like the bay of Hecuba's protean hound  
A death-song  
Which shalt yield life  
A fructifying song of cyclical tone;

.....Of Arboreal Rhymes  
To Maera and Her Dog-Star  
An' to the swinging of Lunar phases  
Where Daughters wax and wane  
Where fathers sacrifice all, for their little girls  
So The Maidens canst, verily, work their magick  
So The Nymphs may spin Ariadne's Web of Life  
So Hecuba might bring forth renewal from fallow meads

Chew, chew, chew thy leaves of laurel my Ladies  
Kiss, kiss, kiss us with lips of the belladonna.....my beautifuls

Oh! Lady Erigone (what of Her eponymy?)  
Thou art not a 'Child of Strife'  
But rather; 'A Bountiful Offspring'  
For the once lonesome Pine  
Be now begirded in fructiferous Orchards

An' by thine own suspirations  
Or lack thereof (at breathless Dark Moon)  
Be't thy hanging Fruits of Life  
'gainst all odds  
Thou hast delivered Elysium.....here to Marathon  
Attis thanks thee dear Lady  
As do I

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer



# The Muse Of Belgrade

Prologue;

The year is.....well quite past recollection within the realms of modernity.....perhaps within the 1st millennium B.C amid the late Classical Period in the late 3rd Century B.C as it were.....an epoch of colossal transmogrification. The Old Gods now beginning to wane under the Graeco-Roman agendas of paternalistic theocracy. Rome is still a young empire and grows thirsty for power. Rome has much to prove and will stop at nothing to wield power in the known world. The major portion of the Illyrian army has joined the Roman ranks, with the exception of those who flee with the rebels in the mountains.. .....

Alack! The Old Gods of the woodlands.....of a seemingly sempiternal order, so begin to lose sway..... A time when the lands of Illyria beckoned forth a saviour, a Muse incarnate.....Her name was Onomaris.....named for the puissantly beauteous Mountain Ash or Rowan Tree(Luis) within the prodigious mountain range of The Balkans. The Great Goddess Danu bore Her from whence the lands, whereby mighty River Danube doth flow, past the sea of Pontus Euxoeds, north of the Hellenic lands which were now fraught in gynopathic bedlam.....aye, Onomaris of The Scordisci people, a Celtic race descended from Atlantian lands of Libya and Athena Herself.....once of Lake Tritonis.....then of Galatia.....She who would dare to lead Her people when all men had failed. Aye, only a woman's might could lead these people through the Balkans to found a Serbian Queendom A Bard named Fionn tarries nigh the river shrine of The Danu, nigh the Scordisci city of Sinigdunum, the city known in contemporary epochs as Belgrade. Fionn tarries here awaiting Lady Onomaris, this assignation wouldst surely slip past the annals of history, yet Fionn carries such memory through fourscores of time and generations. For he must tell her tale.....the tale of The Muse of Belgrade.....

Scene I

Onomaris;

Fionn, Fionn where art thou? Show thyself.

Fionn;

I am here m'Lady. Please, prithee, I say. Lower thy sword from mine own throat?

Onomaris;

I will indulge thee. (Onomaris laughs whilst lowering Her sword) I thought surely it must be thee Fionn.

Fionn;

Tis I m'Lady. (Fionn snears in jocular fashion, then bows before Her)

Onomaris;

Rise Lord Fionn, I beg, for I deserve no such honour.

Fionn;

Ah! But thou surely does my Queen. Illyria doth dote for thee m'Lady, thou canst verily be the savior of these lands! I carry such honour as to relay. To decree the will of our pastoral populations who hide within this mighty mountain range. Deemed as rebels, and insurrectionists within their own lands. Anon, m'Lady, thou wilt surely lead us to our emancipation. Say it is so my Queen!

Onomaris;

It is. Yet I brandish such wills with the lightest of touch, and with the greatest of caution.....and with the most humble of conviction.

Fionn;

For this reason we serve thee m' Lady. (Lord Fionn bows his head momentarily in veneration to Onomaris)

For we are of the most ancient of Illyrian pagan orders. The Hierophants of the northerly Syballine Oracles. To the south, in Epirus and in Thessaly, our sisters and brothers endure such suffering `neath Hellenic-Dorian subjugation. Many fear that the Great Pan is dead.....yet we know that he lives! The Dorians disseminate this mendacity across the Sea of Lady Aegis and of Lady Io.....

Should we fall next as victims. Methinks it must not be so dear Onomaris.....

(An arrow strikes a rock amid the mountain stream where they stand)

Flee now m'Lady, up here within these Standing Stones of Hecate. The Hellenes will not make further attempts upon thy life within these stones. They believe them to be cursed by Hecate. An' verily they wouldst be correct. For Great

Hecate protects Her own here.

(Fionn lets fly an arrow, which sinks deep into the assassins neck) .....for Fionn's bow wast bestowed `pon him by the Scythian Amazons, fraught of lunar magick so.)

Onomaris;

I see thy skills be still in tact Lord Fionn. Thy days upon The Steppes `mongst our Scythian Sisters hath granted thee a proficiency well founded indeed. If I am to be Queen of Illyria, then thou shalt be my sentry and Black Knight. My guardian and keeper of my Grail, the one who serves at my side both in this world and the next. Even in our gambols as children, I knew we would one day meet with one such fate as this! Accept this honour Fionn, for I shalt not proffer this accolade again. If thou shalt not be my Black Knight of guardianship, then I am not the Illyrian Queen. What say thee?

Fionn;

Tis my honour and privilege m' Lady. Scathach Herself could refuse no such honour. T'was by Her tutoring which I hath obtained such skill. In magick of the crescent moon, by the source of The Danube, on northern shores of The Black Sea.....She doth grant me such profundities. Tutored both in Her wisdoms and in combat. Aye Queen Onomaris.....I accept such honour. All events hitherto, hath led to this moment. All 43 of my years `pon this earth were in preparation for this very thing.

Onomaris;

So be it Lord Fionn. We have much to discuss. But first, into exile we go!

Scene II

Queen Onomaris and Lord Fionn hike deep into the Balkans, well past the gates at the Standing Stones of Hecate. Deep within these mountains dwell the Illyrian Rebels who live in exile. This Lord and Lady have suffered much hardship, as have all their people. Roman Legions now bare control of Illyrian lands, and so impose their martial laws upon The Danu's people. Those who have not yet fled to the mountains pay the dearest price.

Under the might of Rome's army, the natives of these lands suffer in dree. Their daughters now slaves and forced into makeshift brothels for the legions and prefects who sully their honour each night. Their sons forced to serve in the very

legions who subjugate their lands, or killed as deserters and insurgents. Queen Onomaris weeps for `r people, yet can be not assuaged with words nor gauds. Only vengeance can quell her sorrow. With a hungry and malevolent avarice, the thirst of Hellenic and Roman ambitions canst be not quelled by tears alone. Great Queen Onomaris bears this burden of fact in silence, so as to not create an upshot of trepidation amongst her people. For these ancient tribes, of Keltoi ancestry, worship Her as The Muse incarnate. How can She break their sanguine hopes with such a vile veracity? .....Queen Onomaris and Lord Fionn have arrived at the rebel stronghold in the Balkans.....

Onomaris;

"My brave warrioresses and warriors. I have returned to thee. Come hither sweet children of The Danu! "

The rebels flock toward Her in droves, singing in adulation at site of her glorious presence. They extol Her with the gifts of food, wine and praise.

Fionn;

"Canst ye surely see now m' Lady. They love thee as I do. Thy royalty wast bestowed `pon thee by the gods themselves! Oh! Merry Queen! Divinity is thine m'Lady, as are these many hearts an' souls which stand before thee here. Once in revery didst I see such a moment as this. T'were a dreaming of refulgent purity...a clarity of portents found my Queen. (Fionn kneels before Her feet) I only ask of thy benedictions in this endeavour, a blessing `pon my pate from thine own hand of divinity!

For in this rift valley of sisterhoods and brotherhoods we now stand. Wishing only for emancipated days filled in plenty, from Abundantia's own cornucopia of life. Is this a folly request dear Queen? Methinks not. For once our swords are bloodied and arrows are spent, we can once again find peace in these lands. My heart speaks this sentiment to me my Queen. Victory is ours, for my dreamings say it is surely so! "

A cheer of opprobrium thus fills the night air. The tribes dance through the night in fellowship, pledging allegiance to one another in the battle to come. Onomaris wanders out alone and finds quietude nigh the mountain stream just outside the encampment.

Onomaris;

Oh! Such woe doth begird my heart this night. For these tribes whom I love

endeavour to such a task which would make the gods themselves flee in afeared pusillanimity. So mighty are the oak hearts of my people. They stand ready, prepared to die for me. It is a price I can not bear! Yet I must lead my beloved kith, kin and pledged into this new age of reason against the godless and unruly ranks of tyranny. They sing and they laugh this night. Yet what of these nights and days of bedlam which lay ahead? Will they love me still when they lay dying in each others arms? Will they love me still when they are besmirched by terror, blood and tears? Oh! I must be strong in the days to come. Am I a worthy Queen? Am I a just Queen? Will they forgive these events beset by me in years not yet come? How now? I can say naught.

Fionn approaches from the western hills, returning from a hunt with a fine stag. He lays down the felled beast in a tussock within a copse of the Sacred Oaks of Nemetona. He raises his hands in veneration to The Dana whilst burning a divine incense of mistletoe. In an ancient tongue of hierphantic psalms, he utters a thankful plea to this fine stag, helping it cross into Elysium. Onamaris goes to him and kneels beside the beast with him and joins in the chant. A portal opens to the other side twixt the two oldest Oaks within the copse. The stag looks back at it's former flesh coil and jerks it's head upward at the Lady and Lord in forgiveness and approbation. The Dana meets the beast and smiles back at Onamaris and Fionn.....

Onomaris;

A fine animal my Lord Fionn, shalt we dine in the comely silence of the weald this eventide?

Fionn;

T'would be my honour m'Lady. For this beast hath descended from the Cyrenean Hind herself methinks. My arrow did fly true as Artemis The Huntress presaged in my dreaming. The Archeress told me of this beast, and of this moment in my dreaming..... She bespake of this sacred meal to come. Ah! such a divine and holy meal to savour. O'er such a meal canst we not hold discourse on the issues at hand, just ye and I? For our sisters sand brothers in arms revel this night an' will not miss us for the nonce. A sacred oath we shalt bestow to one another this night m'Lady. I wish for such an honour as this. Our love may guide the ruddy light of magick we so cast within the enclave of this copse of The Danu. I meet the gods this night when my eyes see thine an' I see thy purpled lips, when I peruse the face and sweet form of thee.....oh so beauteous art thou dear Onamaris. As swarthy blanket of Night begirds this land I am conscious of that which presides within mine own beating heart! Adjoining spirits..... halves of the

One art we. Kindling, kindling a sacred fire we shall, and consume this holy beast. A ritual feast of lovers lost by time, washed down by libations within this chalice of holy waters from whence this stream which flows westbound to Elysium, meandering through this prodigious copse. What say thee my Queen?

Onomaris;

My heart an' soul now be thine. For I too beheld such a dreaming to presage this very moment! My warrior bard .....dear Fionn.

The night is long and amorous. In this Oak weald a new veracious meaning is reborn unto these leaders of the Scordisci people. This culture hangs on the verge of annihilalation, yet they retain the stalwart composure of their antecedents. The constellation of Orion the Hunter shines refulgently `pon this night. As it traverses the swarthy skies it creates a portal for this spells now set in motion, a portal to Tir na Nog itself. The Great Hunter Child of Artemis brings a strength from the gods. The Huntress Mother fires a sanguine arrow of hope from Her silvery lunar bow. The gods smile upon our lonely 2 this night. As they sit propped up against an Oak tree with the fire snapping and stomachs replete in holy stag sustenance, they whisper to each other in the quiet majesty of the darkness whilst gazing at the gods in skies above.....

Onomaris;

My Fionn.....dost thou seeth the portents above on these very skies? A battle is brewing in cauldrons of the war gods. I hearken the battle drums of Aires and of Zeus. A new cult of Mithras hath also been reborn as of late I fear. Look to Taurus here (She points upward to the constellation of The Bull) , It's head rears in aggressive posture this night. Tis a sign dear Fionn, a sign of the unmitigated malevolence to come. Do our Keltoi tribes know of the rancourous battle-mongering armies they shalt soon face? Methinks no. The cult of Mithras grows ever bolder an' increasingly puissant by the hour. I feel it. The might of a diabolic age is upon us.

Fionn;

Ah.....t'may be m' Lady. Yet the pure of heart wilt surely remember us. As many scores of incarnations pass, our lives shalt wax and wane. Yet we will meet countless times over, as we have countless times before this life. I love you dearest Onomaris. Ne'er shalt we forgo the hope of peace. The Craft lives within us sempiternally. Remember this always.....(Arrows rain upon the our

heroine and Her champion, they lie bleeding to their deaths in each others arms. For their enemies hath found them within the mountain hideaway. They hear the death screams of their people in the distance. Fionn utters these final words to his love Onomaris.....)  
"Remember us m' Lady. As I will"

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# The Nine Muses So Rapturous

The Lady Muses, nine thou be  
Comely, wise, I see such beauty, thine  
Daughters of Mnemosyne`s Shrine  
Titaness of Memory, Daughters of Gaea

I, aspiring lyrist, thence  
See erudite doxies, to accost  
Inquire I, without them lost  
They requite my homage with their prescience

Calliope, poetess of eloquence and epic  
Clio, Muse of history  
Erato, composer of lyric poetry  
Euterpe, dearest Muse of lyre and music

Melpomene, writes of tragedy  
Polyhymnia, sings Her songs so sacred  
Terpsichore, of song and dance, well led  
Thalia, playwright of the comedy, Urania of Astronomy

Oblations of Flowers, I besprent  
To dear Muses, at Pieria born  
In revery, Moonlight fades in morn  
Yet ne`er The Wisdom, they hath sent

Steve Trimmer





To second realm so found below  
In Jotunnheim, at well of Mimir  
Is source o' wisdom, thine eyes now cleared

With wise waters on thy lips  
To third root realm so ye doth zip  
Scurrying on to realm of Asgard.....Where Norns preserve the roots they guard  
They ward decay with the Urtharbrunn Well..... blessed be dear Lady Hel

The Oak King meets his law-day (spear in heel)  
Scurrying, scurrying.....  
Grange thee the nuts for Odin's Summer spell  
Holly acorns proffered to Runic Skalds at ascent of this Mead Moon  
Seedlings of the libertine wise (prepare thee for Mercurial rise)  
Valkyries, twelve, at Odin's side

So, do tell, Ratatosk who chatters;

Is Valhalla at Yggdrasil's top?  
Where eagles nest and eaglets hop  
Or is Valhalla at Yggdrasil's roots?  
Where Dragon-Nidhog remaineth non-suite.....for the nonce at least?

Valhalla.....hmmm....hall of the slain?  
Will Freya rise an' live again?  
Mansion of Asgard.....built in Wagner's Ring  
By Giants; paid to appease..... a surly-minded king?  
So whom, my beauteous, wouldst Odin serve?  
To answer; "the king", seems so absurd

Forsooth, the question still remains  
Where be Valhalla's true domain?  
If thou art true to Vanir Code  
One can locate the real abode (hark, methought it the raven-song hears I)

The Aesir tether the Odin King  
Forcing him to serve an' sing  
Yet sing he won't of Vanir rites  
Exclusive to The Skalds of night  
Fruits o' Runic Wise reveal

Why Sowulo's child wert speared in heal (a riddle; unmitigable, yet just)  
.....Runes shalt nary-a-sound false peal (listen with heart and  
naught of mind; a lulling song from womankind; the runes an' tunes for heart  
un-swoon.....heh.....heh...alack! I say.....

Ratatosk, I knoweth the answer thus  
I see now why thou makes such fuss  
Distracting those who flout The Queen  
To keepeth secret; in Ash between .....ah! How now Ratatosk?

Within this Tree, The Runes be stored  
In hollow place which fools abhor  
So Odin hangs off limb by foot  
To look inside Ratatosk's nook

.....Ratatosk looks well into mine eyes  
She ceases chatter, an' smiles with pride  
She says; "Dear child, thou canst be fooled  
For thou hast figured out the rules"

She says; "Look up, thy foot is bound  
To the westbound branch 'twixt Sky and Ground  
Valkyries of Hel, rule Valhalla here  
My hollowed, hallowed portal, thou hast found..... my Odin dear"

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# The Satyr Muse

At Mount Ida, lyre song and meter resound  
Marsyas doth requite Her with these gifts  
Uxorious he is, in his valley rift  
For his Goddess Cybele`s love abounds

O`er the dells of Phrygian groves  
Her fingers sow breath into fecundate soils  
Her children ne`er bedim by toil  
Or bedraggled by feudal overlords

Priestess of Cybele, Nymph of Ida  
So chews bay leaves of The Laurel Tree  
From arboreal visions, The Oracles see  
The Ladies Dance bemuse Dardania

Staid minds belong naught in copse of thee  
They, devoid of faith within  
Their glib georgics bespoke by din  
Her fourscores of wisdom they can not see

Oh! Phrygian Goddess of lucustrine shrine  
Thy temple fulgent, bedewed in love  
Dance of tussocks, The Augury Dove  
The Satyr Muse, Cybele divine

Steve Trimmer

# The Triumvirate Of Lady Hera

Ere the ostensible reign of Zeus  
Stood The Lady Hera, thrice of Truth  
Three aspects of Her eternal rite  
Was Arcadian Stymphalus, Hera`s shrine of might

The twaddle of Hellenic Olympian myth  
Displaced The Truth of Hera`s lithe  
The matriarchal priestesshood, ne`er to swoon  
Deft in White Magick, of Lady Hera`s Moon

First aspect of The Hera be  
Maiden Selene, producing buds and leaves  
Selene, doxy, the vernal Upper Air  
In waxing moon, takes a Sacred Boy King, in Her snares

Second face, in Hera shines full  
Nymph Aphrodite, earth and seatides She pulls  
Flowers and fruits in fecundity  
The full moon of The Queen Nymph`s Sea

Third fold of Hera, face hath wizened  
From the erstwhile nymph, to the Crone Moon poison  
A laconic spell, Cretan Axe of Blight  
Takes the Sacred Old King, to Underworld of Night

Take heed ye sycophants, of Solar King-Gods  
For puissance behest, in Hera`s dowser rod  
For the rains of life, fain given, by The Lunar Queen  
I dote doxologies, to The Hera Goddess Three

Steve Trimmer

# The Witches Of Thessaly

In Thessalia  
Sorceresses chant  
Whilst prosemen rant  
In prosopopeia

Away from axioms  
Witches find their need  
Athame is I, they need  
Devoid of urban maxims

Black deadpan face  
Perchance see I  
A twinkling eye  
Neath black cloak and lace

Statesmen fear  
The Witches of Thessaly.....and so they should

Steve Trimmer

# These Hearts Of Fire; A Song

(capo; 2nd fret; concert pitch)

(verse in; Am - C - E)

Belin's Sun it sets  
Hind Her mountainside  
Her light of truth  
Will soon be realized

Breakwaters cry out  
From the night  
Selkies swim in  
The chaos of Her light.....of Her light

(chorus; Am - C7 - G7 - D7)

These hearts of fire  
Twin Flames of burning light  
Two hearts beseech desire  
On this burning Summer's Night.....Summer's Night

The swain youth of air  
Now speared in heel; in fright  
Casts away all cares  
Taking to the Dragon's flight.....Taking to Dragon's flight

(chorus)

(Riff)

Wait for me my love  
At hazel grove this night

I pledge you fealty

Neath pallor Moon's white light.....Neath pallor Moon's white light

(chorus x2)

Steve Trimmer



# To Elizabeth; The Last Goddess Queen

My dearest Queen Elizabeth;

This day is June 21,1602.....Ancient voices call in my visions....

Bound within thy palace walls, in a chantry pew  
Vigilant eyes of Protestant misogyny are, at thee, glaring;  
In attempts to tether thine heart with uni-god mendacities uttered in the  
evensong

Forced to sing matins; lauds of malcontent divinity  
Entranced, thou dost subconsciously recall, within silent cerebral corners  
Thine own Matriarchal line of libertines

Descended from The Boleyn Ladies, who's deity is 3-fold  
Seers of portents and sidereal charms, arboreal bound  
Those prodigious Mothers who walked with Cerridwen

I am bound to thee by fealty of friendship and love  
Not by fief-fear an' sycophancies  
In both realms, upon this plane, an' in Avalon we meet

As I scry, we findeth bygone endeavours; archaic-toned  
Discerning 'twixt these forgone lives and this one we can not  
We are they, as they are us; timelessly

A Queen thou hast been sempiternally so  
Goddess, Muse of The Matriarchal Code; unwavering  
Theology of Love and erudite conjurings

I see within thy mind and heart my Lady  
Thou dost recall Abydos and Sais and Cerne  
Thou dost recall Eleusis and Dodona and Otygia

As a great seer, thou hast surely found remembrancers;  
Of Brugh na Boine, and of Dalriada, and of Brigante's Shrines (O! Queen  
Cartimandua)  
Of Stone Dolmen Circles in Caledonia, Cambria, Eire, and of course at Salisbury's  
lea

Thou hast seen visions of Scythia, Dacia, Lydia and Paphos Shrine (O! Aphrodite fair)  
Thoughts of Lake Tritonis, Alexandria and The Mount Dicte (bless'd Rhea!)  
Recalling thy Queendoms of Trees, devoid of paternalist stone walls

Upon the lea and in the wold, thou didst surely dance to rain songs  
(Gwynhwyfar's tears)  
Within the rill, thou didst swim with the Nereides  
Enheduanna wast thy Sister, Inanna thy Mother

Please remember my Lady.....my Queen.....  
.....

Thou hast vouched not any troth-plight in this lifetime  
We both know why.....memories of Matriarchy  
How couldst thee marry, in this neo-religion of gynopathy (we still weep for poor Mary)

The Higher-Self of thee, wouldst surely wither in tears  
If thy true-self were fettered  
Thou art strong, beauteous and brave My Lady.....mark me dear Queen.....

Winds of change are coming My Queen  
Parliamentarians will soon sack thy Royal Line  
The Old Code will be quite lost to this upcoming age

Upon exit of this life, My Lady, do not forget.....  
Findeth exile and solace in thy next incarnations; within the proletariat classes  
It shalt be the only safe place for thy essence

Despair not My Queen, we will meet again  
The course of sidereal measure and destiny  
Shalt bringeth Gynarchy an' balance to Earth once more

William The Poet will remember; This I presage;  
An' all versifiers of Bardic Faith shalt remember thee  
.....Great Queen Elizabeth; The Last Goddess Queen

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# To Sweet Patty, My Cordelia

In this heath do I lay, plaintive of heart  
Recalling my first love  
She wert Cordelia, Lady Patty in secular consciousness  
Away from phalanx uproar  
I recall Her beauty, bespangled eyes, comely locks

We tarry in the orchards of Ojibwe lands  
Transmogrified, I, The White Stag  
She, The White Roe Deer  
In flight we run to the temporal portal  
Shifting to aniconic state  
Our Love is steadfast

Through this portal, amongst the oak copse of Nemetona  
To archaic bournes  
I find myself, helpless, in The Celtic Sea  
The White Seal swims to me  
Carrying me to the shores at Tara in The Boyne Valley  
She ascends from the waters  
She is my Roane

Quoth She;

' I am Lady Cordelia, whom once thou hast loved  
In these peripheries, past consciousness  
Hath I returned  
For I am The Lady Patty in temporal bournes  
See me  
What say thee? '

I fall before Her, taken by Her concinnity and beauty  
I tremble  
Well-nigh unable to utter these words;

'Cordelia, Cordelia, my Sidhe Fairy May Queen  
Cordelia, Cordelia, my swoon heart thou hast seen  
In new banal realms, thou I foresook  
In prescience, thou hast opened my soul as a book  
Forgive me dear Patty, Cordelia of Sidhe

Transgressions against thy heart doth I mete

For we wert Deirdre and Nasi?

Wert we naught Llew Llaw Gyffes and sweet Blodeuwedd?

For once we loved on Ierne Isle as Queen and Consort

Thou wast Oonaugh, and I Finvarra

The Leprechaun Peoples of Tuatha de Danaan, revered us

Forgive me, caitiff am I

For I took council from my besotted peers

Instead of from my heart

Forgive me dear Lady Patty

For my scotoma be now replaced with regret and equanimity

What a cocophanous youth I led

Hath rancour besieged thy heart? '

With askant stare

She looks past my eyes

Into depths of my soul

As She prepares to speak.....

I awake

Knowing not the answer

May I find my Cordelia in banal bournes

Will She pardon my infirm heart?

Grant me mettle to seek this Vision Quest

To May Queen Cordelia, Aine`s child

Please hear my plight

Besprent in pixie dust

For in this dreaming, and

On earthly planes.....I weep for thee

Steve Trimmer

# To The Fallen Warrior Bairns Of Elysium

To those many a soldier  
O'er many ire-fraught scores of years in past  
The brave who hath been smote down  
Ere their time un-righteously  
Fighting battles which their fathers sanction  
Tis thee we remember  
Ne'er to forget their laughter on the winds  
Nor their tears in the fallen rains  
Nor their sanguine sacrifice upon the altars of war  
Though countless are these moons which pass  
Waxing an' waning.....waning an' waxing  
Whirling through the vortex of The Great Wheel  
In Elysium they stand with innocence fore'er  
Gazing back at us ingenuously from The Land of The Young  
Forgive our transgressions brave children!  
For absconding thy precious gifts of life an youth  
With our compuncions abound in remorse  
Tis we who receive the recompense  
For the oblations which ye hath made  
We remember thee brave youth  
Forget thee we shall surely not  
Remember thee, verily.....we shall

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# To Versify In Certitude

To versify in certitude  
Requires a certain attitude  
Adherence to emancipation  
Say vale, to litany and dictation

To versify in certitude  
Is a gift sent from The Muse  
To maintain Her Love and Grace  
These little changes, a poet must make;

First and foremost, be in love  
Extolling songs sang by the doves  
Second step, renounce pretences false  
Treat fame and money, with nonchalance

Third step, remain ye independent  
As the progenitors of Bard descendants  
Fourth step, prize personal honour due  
With mettle betake, a stalwart hue

Last and fifth, be fluent, with poet`s putty  
Make the English language, one`s constant study  
Baulk to 'rules', the prose behest  
Write with heart, for it knows best

Steve Trimmer

# Unterwelt Göttin

This poem is my first attempt to write in a language which is very dear to my heart. The German language (Deutsch) . Those who know me are aware of my strong Pagan beliefs and my belief in Past Lives. I continue diligently to gain a better grasp of this beautiful and poetic language which has very ancient roots and is the root language of Old Saxon and Old English, which is also quite dear to me. It is unfortunate that German culture and language has been deemed iniquitous by the western world over the past few decades. This was due to a very brief Nazi influence which does not reflect the true heart and beauty of Germanic culture. I hope this poem reflects that lost beauty and the beauty of my beloved Death Goddess.....The Valkyrie (Der Walküre) who dwells within the Underlands (i.e; Elysium/Walhalla, etc.) Diesem gedichte ist für sie Mein Schöner.....Mein Walküre.

The poem appears first in German and then in my usual style of Old English.

## Unterwelt Göttin

In der Wildnis ich fahre und eine gedicht schreibe  
Können sie mir hören?  
Stark Dame-Gottheit von Das Unterwelt  
Königin sie ist  
Herrscherin von mein herz....  
....endlos liebe.....mit einem anderen

Ich träumte gesternacht  
Über ihr..... der Tod Muse  
In der Unterwelt Tür steht sie  
Mit sehr fürchten schönheit  
.....schwarzen Haar, blassen haut, rubin-dunkel lila lippen  
Süße Königin der toten!

Sagte sie zu mir;

'Mein schöner, wollen dich nicht untergrund mit mir gehen?  
Nur noch einmal?  
Bitte.....Kommen sie heir.'



Sagte ich zu ihr;

' Ich komme gerne meine liebe.  
Ich muß sicher nicht verweigern dich.  
Wir gehen oft dort.....in den Tod Welt.  
Ich habe einen Schwarzen Rosenband  
Darf ich ihnen diesem anbieten?  
Ja, das Schwarze Rosenband ist für sie.  
.....Mächtige Unterwelt Göttin. Geht das?  
.....Meine Walküre von Elysium.'

Nur ein Lied, das wir jetzt hören.....Das Weide Lied  
Sprachlos, mit einem Lächeln, sie akzeptiert mich gerne  
Mit ihrer kalten und weißen hand ausstrecken

Steve Trimmer

Underworld Goddess

To the wilderness I travel, and a poem writes I  
Canst she me hearken?  
Powerful Lady-Deity from The Underworld  
Queen she is  
Ruler of mine heart  
....endless love.....with one another

I did dream yesternight  
About her.....The Death Muse  
At the Underworld Door stands she  
With a very trepidating beauty  
Black of hair, pallor skin, ruby-lilac sombre lips  
Sweet Queen of the dead!

Sayeth she unto I;

'My lovely, will thee not underground with me go?  
Only one time more?  
Please.....cometh thee here.'

Sayeth I unto her;

'I cometh gladly my love.  
I could certainly not thou refuse.  
We go oft to there.....into the Death World  
I have here a black garland of roses.  
May I offer these unto thee?  
Yes, the black garland of roses is for thee  
.....mighty Underworld Goddess....Is this well received?  
.....My Valkyrie from Elysium.'

Only one song we now hear.....The Willow Song  
Speechless, with a smile, she accepts me gladly  
With her cold and white hand extended

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

## Vietnam; August 1970 A.D

It is August 1970; The Tet Offensive still lingers in the mind of America  
I am 19 years old this month, the Washington war gods beckon me  
A boy from North Dakota, who dabbles in Lakota magick  
I stand in The Black Hills at eventide, ere the day of my departure  
My tour of duty shall begin on the morrow  
I bid vale to my Muse; Ptsan Wi, we smoke a chunupa pipe together

“Vietnamization”, a term Nixon utters with such certainty  
Why, at only 19, can I see this conflict of Indo-china as folly?  
Yet, our people and government endorse it  
I have marched in many protests.....and still they draft me  
My basic combat training has been completed

By e’en of the next day, I am in Saigon  
A sergeant greets us with a string of expletive utterances and insults  
He herds us young men into a Huey helicopter, then signaling the pilot to lift off  
As we fly o’er the jungle canopy, I see flashes of tracer rounds and hear dying  
screams  
Will this be the upshot of my life now?

Many days come and go; sultry weather and murder are my daily realities  
Each day feeling like a decade of perdition...Is my soul dying?  
I watch as carpet bombs set entire villages into conflagration,  
Babies scream, mothers weep.....charcoaled corpses strewn about  
Rattle of machine gun fire singing a disquiet litany to death deities of war  
Rice fields replete with dismembered cadavers  
Which only days ago drew breath  
Agent Orange leaves the jungles to wilt  
Death and destruction abounds.....is love dead to this world?  
Does America really know about this misanthropic rancour? .....Wake up  
humanity!  
Solicitous laments cry in my brain...such cacophony of dismal horror!

I will not remain on this 6 month tour of duty.....I refuse!

Drugs are offered to me from brothers-in-arms, to ease the pain.....I decline  
One day a young woman greets me, She is about my age  
She wears an orange robe, Her English is surprisingly well spoken  
She leads me to a temple of Buddha, on the Mekong River

I am in the midst of a mission, my Company locked in a battle with The Viet  
Cong  
Some other grunts look for me, they know I am missing in action  
Mortars set off, flames rise with billowing smoke above the hilltops  
I can hear the sound of M-60 fire from a door gunner flying over head  
I have been on enough sorties, I have had enough of death  
I have helped zip enough body bags  
I have killed enough brothers and fathers and sons....no more!  
The Buddhist Girl tells me of Her traditions, She tells me about love  
I call Her, Buddha Girl, for She will not utter Her name  
It matters little, Her family is dead, and Her name is too hard for Her to hear  
I understand this somehow

She tells me about Higher-Self.....ancient voices sing to me  
I hear drums beating in my head, drums of Lakota promise  
Drums which find me on the other side of the Pacific Ocean  
Yet, I am not State side, .....Ptesan Wi whispers to me  
"Go with the Maiden.....go with The Maiden"  
I throw down my M-16 and claymores  
I peel off my combat gear  
I hurl my clips and rounds into a nearby puddle  
I hang my dog tags from a branch, with a note tied to them that says;  
.....I CHOOSE PEACE!

I untie my combat boots  
As I take them off, it burns, I have jungle rot  
Buddha Girl tends quickly to my wounds  
I have a bayonet stuck in my upper leg and a severe burn on my back  
A Viet Cong reserve-man had lit me aflame with a flame thrower earlier that day  
He would be the last man I would kill  
On his corpse I found a picture of his wife and little girl  
One day I will find them and ask forgiveness  
How would I tell that little girl that I had killed Her daddy?  
How would I tell that beautiful lady from the rice fields,  
That I had killed Her husband?  
Most Viet Cong men were forced into service, as I was  
Coerced either at N.V.A muzzle point or by Ho Chi Minh's propaganda  
He was as much a victim as I  
My bodily wounds would heal, but my heart was bedraggled forever

I ask Buddha Girl to flee with me  
She guides me behind The Temple, where a small boat is awaiting us

She gives me an orange robe, it was Her brother's robe once  
He was killed in an air bomb raid along with the rest of Her family  
After The Tet Offensive, American bombers and artillery  
Took their revenge on farming villages  
She was the only survivor  
There was nothing left here to bind Her

We row down The Mekong River  
Officially, the war was not in Cambodia, but combatants knew otherwise  
Even so, the sounds of battle were growing ever more distant  
I tried leaving this damnation once before, by eating C4  
My commanders were wise to this trick though  
I was a deserter now, and peace was already finding my heart again  
Buddha Girl touches my hand as I break down in tears  
When the villainies of my memories subside  
She tells me of Angkor Wat

It was a place I read of, and felt a past attachment to somehow  
We cross the border into Cambodia  
Within a couple of nights we would be in Phnum Penh, Cambodia's capital city  
We only travel down the river at night, to avoid being captured  
We were both war criminals now, and proud for it  
Oft times I was so bemused by Buddha Girl's beauty  
That the war seemed non-extant

Her kindness saved me from my own bedlam  
She shows me to the path of Green and White Tara  
By adhering to these meditations, I find these 2 Buddhist Muses  
With their many eyes and ears, they see and hear my supplications  
Peace fills my heart, The Creator Mother be nigh me  
I find my metaphysical-self  
Away from war; away from the peal of machine gun fire  
A new song I hear, Buddha Girl has helped me rekindle my heart chakra's fire

I knew that they would come for me though, I was a deserter after all  
I could not bring myself to tell my Buddha Girl  
But I think She knew anyway, we did not speak of it  
My family were zealous Republicans, and supported this war  
They were fools  
They spent a lifetime in Lakota country, yet learned nothing of their ways  
The Lakota were my friends, and my family hated me for it  
My family bought into secular fear tactics and could not see

They could only follow the ecclesiastical uni-god and his minions  
I would not return to them  
I would not return to their shrines of star-spangled zeal

After reaching Phnum Penh, we tarried in a morass just outside the city  
Alms of monks who had taken pity on us, sustained us the rest of our journey  
On foot we found our way to the priesthood at Angkor Wat  
A statue of Vishnu greeted us, as though we stepped into an alternate reality  
Was it really 1970 A.D. or were we in epochs of Kali Yuga?  
Both realities existed I supposed

Carved images of the Goddess were everywhere  
Were they Kali in triumvirate?  
As I bowed before Her images, Buddha Girl pointed eastward  
A jeep filled with armed U.S soldiers was humming toward us  
They were men from my squad, dressed in civilian garbs....., why?  
They were carrying AK-47 riffles stolen from VC corpses.....why?

I heard a voice yell; "get on your knees coward, this is an execution rite"  
I said nothing, and fell to my knees with my back turned to them in defiance  
I looked up at the Kali images and She smiled  
Green Tara and White Tara levitated above me saying; "Do not fear them"  
My Buddha Girl kneeled beside me and held my hand  
One of the soldiers said; "We are going to kill you with a VC weapon"  
I knew what he meant, it would appear as though I were killed in battle  
It would be easier to explain my death to my family  
They would think me a 'hero' rather than a deserter  
I cared little for what they thought.....they could not see  
I felt the muzzle of the AK press against the base of my skull  
I welcomed the release from my guilt  
I looked down into my right hand and looked at the picture  
The picture of the VC soldier's wife and daughter  
I handed it to Buddha Girl and said "Please tell them"  
She nodded and smiled, a tear trickled down Her cheek  
She squeezed my hand  
I felt the round penetrate my skull  
I heard Buddha Girl scream  
She wept o'er my dead body, which the soldiers took from Her  
They burned my robe and placed me in a body bag with my combat cloths  
replaced  
The dog tags were placed back around my neck  
The note that said I CHOOSE PEACE was left on the ground

Buddha Girl picked it up  
She looked at me as Kali led me away to the portal of the otherworld  
Buddha Girl smiled, kissed Her hand and waved good-bye to me

Buddha Girl found the VC soldier's wife and daughter  
She gave them the photo and said nothing  
But rather, handed them the note which was once attached to my dog tags  
Which read.....I CHOOSE PEACE  
They forgave me forthwith

It would be another 3 years till I would draw breath once  
more.....  
.....  
Perhaps one day I will find my friend Buddha Girl again

Steve Trimmer

Steve Trimmer

# Voice From The Duat

Isis my love, from The Duat I call  
In pieces, Set hath strewn me o`er the Nile lands  
Reclaim my corporeal being, from his maul  
Our Child-Horus shall avenge, my tanist disbands

In Sidereal Song, we will move again  
The Dog Star is thine, Orion is mine  
Solar-Ra hath seen us, in Hathor`s Reign  
Celestial Nile be nigh us, Silver Light doth shine

Nomarchs on Giza sand, make claim to own  
Delta shaped barrows, target our stars  
Priestess of The Temple 'On', recite elegic poems  
Hence fiefs displace us, war replacing Lotus Flowers

Forget me not, thy love I invoke  
My Queen Isis, of Nut`s sky  
Geb`s lands now fettered neath Pharaoh`s yoke  
Yet, in The Duat, we shall preside

.....and still The Lioness watches

Steve Trimmer



# White Buffalo Calf Women

Great Prophetess of The Lakota Nation  
I see you  
At the apex of The Black Hills  
I hear you  
You are beautiful and wise  
You are White Buffalo Calf Women  
I love you

On this sacred hill we smoke  
We smoke your pipe of harmony  
We bridge this realm and the next  
Our ancestors come in this dreaming

For I am Wakanda  
For I am the sun and the wind  
Born from Her eternal light  
White Buffalo Calf Woman  
You are Her eternal light

I wear these peace talismans of wampum  
Which you gave me on this earthly plane  
To honour your love and wisdom  
Great Souix Priestess

Thus you ascend  
With your coat of many colours  
My Creatrix;

You love all of humankind  
You have shown me The Way  
You are fore`er in my vision quests  
My guardian spirit

For we have lived and loved many times  
I await The Prophecy of Peace  
I shall tarry hither, tending your fire  
I shall smoke your pipe; connecting Sky and Earth  
Til The White Buffalo Calf Woman returns

With you, balance shall return

Lady Rainmaker speaks

I listen.....with a full heart

Steve Trimmer

# Why Do I Stay? ; A Song

(Em - D/D7 - C7/C; Tuned down half step-open)

Times

Times are changing  
Stout hearts rearranging  
For how long?

Seasons

Seasons are changing  
The tide is rearranging  
For how long?

(Chorus 1)

Why?

Why do I stay?  
We must make the change  
We must rearrange  
To create better days

Minds

Minds are changing  
Minds are rearranging  
That's why I stay  
We all must stay

(chorus 1)

(riff)

(Chorus 2)

Change

Is why I stay  
The world can be changed  
Humanity rearranged  
We will find 'The Way'.....We will find "The Way"

(Repeat chorus 1) (repeat chorus 2)

Steve Trimmer