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Cassandra

He gave to her, yet tenfold claim'd in return -
She hath no life but the one he for her wrought;
Proffer'd to her his wauking heart - she turn'd it down,
Ripost'd with a tell-tale lore of lies and scorn

Prophetess or fond?,
Tho' her parle of truth:
"I ken to-morrow - refell me if ye can!",
Yet the kiss and breath - Apollo's bane -
Sëer of the future, not of twain,
"Sicker!", quoth Cassandra

Still, is she lief and quaint in his eyne, a sight divine? -
A mistress fuell'd by his prest haughtiness -
If he did grant, wherefore then did he not foresee,
Belike egal as it to him might be?!

Prophetess or fond?,
Tho' her parle of truth:
"I ken to-morrow - refell me if ye can!",
Yet the kiss and breath - Apollo's bane -
Sëer of the future, not of twain,
"Sicker!", quoth Cassandra

'Or was he an éri'd being,
'Or was he weening - alack nay mo;
Her naysay' raught his heart,
Her daffing was the grave of all hope -
She beli'd her own words,
He thought her life, save moreo'er scourge,
She held him august, yet wee;
He left her ne'er without his heart.

Lorelei

Færie dearest, was it loe soothfast or a façade;
A serenade siren'd to lure - Zounds! not to court me?
A mænad, yet the sweetest colleen -
Certes didst thou me unveil meekly life pristine

Lorelei,
A poet of tragedies, scribe I lauds to Death,
Yet who the hell was I to dare?
Lorelei,
Canst thou not see thou to me needful art?
Canst thou not see the loss of loe painful is?

Dædally didst thou perform the tragic pasquinade,
For all years a damndest and driegh'd accolade -
Caus'd for all eyes mazéd to behold a mêlée;
In the midst did I swainly cast thee my bouquet:
The one and sole faggot that feedeth the fire,
Bellow'd bidingly by my heart's quailing quire

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Lorelei,
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Canst thou not see the loss of loe painful is?

Perchance author I thee this ikon'd apologue for aught,
Doth the wecht burthen thee?, then bethink thine afterthought:
'Tween Æther and 'Nether art thou the peerless phoenix -
Prithee, darlingmost! - court me rather than the peevish prolix

Angélique

Thou dawdl'd not bringing me fro Æther to Nether,
Still, duringly cling I on to this heather -
Dew-scentéd blossom; thou wast pristine,
The sweven of thee ne'er will I cede, my colleen
Drat this creature of memories ill,
Foolhardy and fey I may be, yet him I shall quell

'Vaunt! — Devil tyne —
Wadst thou wane fore'ermae;
Daunt — sinsyne thence,
Ta'en as a dint, Angélique?

Perforce and grinningly shall I maim in the vie -
Alas dastard! - hanging by the noose die

'Vaunt! — Devil tyne —
Wadst thou wane fore'ermae;
Daunt — sinsyne thence,
Ta'en as a dint, Angélique?

'Come not wont to this uncouth Devil!
Lest to a Devil thou wilt translate... my Angel

'Vaunt! — Devil tyne —
Wadst thou wane fore'ermae;
Daunt — sinsyne thence,
Ta'en as a dint, Angélique?

Acæde

Parch'd of words, parch'd of lauds,
Lorn and tyn'd fro my wame -
'Seech I more perforce indeed:
Lap I of thee: Thou art want

With dulcet gust thine floret,
Which I yet would not do -
Pray I thee for thine avail -
Lave me in it; I want more!

For my loe, not be adust

Come see as the wind: Chant -
I let thee come in -
Come see as the wind, Acæde

As of lote - upon thee dote,
Loving 'tis, true forsooth,
Tisn't a tongue, nay merely mote,
Thou art grandly mae than couth':
Eft and e'er doth it eke -
I am what I do behold

For my loe, not be adust

Come see as the wind: Chant -
I let thee come in -
Come see as the wind, Acæde.

Siren

Haste not thine wisdom, for the hollow is ta'en -
By whom, know I not; 'lack! am I of twain -
And as a crux - cede I my words -
Have I been 'sooth sinsyne

Fro my heart wilt thou ne'er
Be left without - come!

Thine voice is oh so sweet, I speer thine pine,
Ryking for me:
"List and heed", thou say'st
Chancing to lure

Skirl and skreigh, but for thine ears, aye, lown 'tis -
Dodge na 'way herefro, do come here in eath!

Mayhap luréd by the scent of lote -
'Od! - the foetid - eft hie back I mote;
For what I did my soul atrouncéd,
O! do believe me, 'twasn't a frounce

How I wish for thee again,
Will I give thee it: Troth

Thine voice is oh so sweet, I speer thine pine,
Ryking for me:
"List and heed", thou say'st
Chancing to lure

Skirl and skreigh, but for thine ears, aye, lown 'tis -
Dodge na 'way herefro, do come here in eath!

Samantha

Cede the wherefores and do na chide,
Maybe I am peenging - ween of joy;
Cede the wherefores and do na chide -
Thrawn and slab of leer I hold thee, and yore was 'gal

Riddance,
Sith the one

Venus

Circa mea pectora multa sunt suspiria
De tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere

Venus! - I trow'd thou wast my friend -
Professed to Heaven thou wouldst send;
As a disciple of a villain
Didst thou act the tragedienne

Iam amore virginali totus ardeo

Amor volat undique, captus est libidine

Venus! - I trow'd thou wast my friend -
Professed to Heaven thou wouldst send;
As a disciple of a villain
Didst thou act the tragedienne

Iam amore virginali totus ardeo
Circa mea pectora multa sunt suspiria
De tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere
Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radij
Sicut splendor fulguris, qui lucem donat tenebris.

Poppæa

Dream of a funeral, blest temptress - behest me! -
A funeral thou'lt hark, swarth murderess - the Devil,
Thine feral grith with me, Poppæa, be Hell's hap;
Waylaid the beldame bawd, the niggard: Laughing tragedy

And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Stay my adamant -
Suffer me to transfix thee;
And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Let me dawt thine twain -
And, twine 'hem apart

Of marrow, do na mell; I am Morelle -
The bosom'd Titivil; travail me; a fáin,
Subdue me with thine lote in oneness - make haste yet,
Displode me in a font - Poppæa, do what thou wilt

And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Stay my adamant -
Suffer me to transfix thee;
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Bacchante

Ado with a mean woe,
An ado as aglow:
Belying the paynim
Thou rewrot'st the tome -
An ivy-crown'd and dancing,
And fawn'd and trancing -
Espying the surly wud,
And heeding her not

Celebration

Afear'd of Bacchante,
And dost thou 'hold the yill? -
Behind is the sleepless;
Eyne 'holding na mo

Celebration

"Onto the paper scribe I the words that fro my heart move -
With every dight letter, with the ebb of ink,
The point of the quill my penmanship doth mirror;
Tales of theft and adultery,
Tales of devilment and witchery -

Tales of me."

Celebration

Bacchari