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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.

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?

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 phœnix -
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,
Lowing '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;
And the wench doth bawdness to blow,
Let me dawt thine twain -
And, twine 'hem apart.

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