

"Incantation of a Bard at Sunset"
Eden Hirtzel

Evidence of my logolepsy
Agathokakologic-y
mixed & splashed with a bit of bats
straight from a belfry of dysology

or so they tell me
but the tarriless harridan tango
of ogham-descendants
is euphony
really

hidden in a bosky in the land of the She
is a clocktale crow of silver filigree
hear the raptors; here, they scree
but the screed's cacaphony
passes uncensored through you
and the scree
runs through veins like fire
let it fly, uncensored, uncensored
this is how it was meant to be

ah, yes, kings, arise to battle
ah, yes, rogues, arise to war
mayhem makes, rise tonight.

in Tannis
in Egypt
there lies a tomb of the wild
and a classical beauty lies beneath
the desert sands
a thousand reaching hands
still alive, unpetrified
up from the dunes and down from the sky
clamoring for a glance of a long-deserted desert eye

Speak to me, Cleopatra!

desert dweller

hagiarchy of minor crones
crowns, scorned-sinners reborn!
whip cast, whiplashed, stand before Britons unabashed
foxglove hate and forbidden fate

Boudica blessed, come to me!

incantation of minor recreation
majora arcanora, here we renounce the inner satan

or
do
you.

Breaking peacocks still leaves behind the feathers

Gods, queens, and heathens have one thing alike
they are all each other till you view them without light