

Cross The Lions Gate



Pagina Aeterna

Cross The Lions Gate I&II

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And so
the sun rose,
 bleeding
No violet majesty diffused
 wheels turn,
 rusty creaks,
 among the mutter and murmur,
strained hands, wrung gasps
Ascends,
 Beloved Star, Fates Harlequin.
Arrives, a self stuck pig.
Whisked to downy repose, by callousing hands
 spared a moment, shock sets in
 hands stained, make a mask of Sobek.
Writhing shriek, a whirl of violence
 with no object, but itself, sheer seeping
 from, ruby red rivulets
 traced, cross skin fair
ragged breathless speaks.
“I should be as mangled..”
“What defender are you
 that would pierce your very oath?”
strains a managed reply,
“One who’d keep it by the same.”
“Finding no fitting blade but his own,
 believing what he’d sworn was stained.”
barely ended,

“Fool! Truth has made it’s case
in the airy wound you now wheeze.”

“What heart held would deflect so?”

“With all it’s barrier from
bond we share between
you’d forsake all we’d drea..”

Croaking sincerity cuts,

“Forsake?”

“My only parting was with sense, blinded by the
constellation

we proffered and aspire to monument.”

“Spare us doubt,

Forgive my vanity, weary am I for all I campaigned,
‘gainst every weave, of those conspiring sisters fate
and here I lay unmade...”

Trailing the same,

as red ochre hand,

leaves mirrored stream

cross pallid face.

“So I am again

arbiter of tattered peace.

Awaiting my dispossession

by leaded scale

What sacrament made me so fairly sexed

the hand-maid to ambitions wake?

That I surmount to find ruin

with flail and crook
a widowed shepard,
Had I been granted my brothers member
or sisters dogged will
would I ever be left ever to such desolate surren-
der?"

Firm grasp, such strength recalled in lapse
"Exhaust these doubts
you know your task
Armed with what those past knew lack
I your vanguard faltered,
but you redoubt
Whom radiant I now bask
preserve the destiny we could not meet"

Wry smile, continued,
"I can't help but think of kindred closing
as I honored the man
the trinity of his being
lensed to focal you represent..
Where else should lieutenant proceed
but where former heart took it's heed?"

"Do you not imagine
foe surrounded where once was friend
in each pain
before his abject marble rest

he wished he was not
borne to be cradled hence
supplanter, usurper
but my love was twined the same
in some way we fulfill that dying wish
...but in elaborating, I am parched, please wine
for the life of me.”

it's taste, last lips kiss, he lay unmade
The lioness entombed, left a last sphinxes play.

Twilit' eve,
Shadows drawn,
but his stood tall.
Mourners and rites dismissed,
slab laid,
here it cast upon.

Intent
Fixed
Pondering on forms above.
Whispered,
barely heard amongst,
soft cricket song and distant dove.
“What of you princely beings,

have I not proved,
divinity can bleed?”
“Heir apparent to all beheld
 Manicured marble,
Garden plazas,
 Strident avenues.
Where at my beck,
countless swords would salute.
Man made mass,
Collective god,
 marshaled,
shifting destiny.
Momentum, you mere sinew proven..
 Could only dream arrest,
carried back where all roads lead”
 A moments beat,
 raised.
“Agrippa.”
 Stood quiet,
 as ever beside.
“What throne is Sol’s seat?”

 considered,
“He traces about the heavens,
finding none,

deigning to supplant,
he would be rebuffed.
Or making good, disrupt all order,
finding rule over pithy ash.”

pensive shift,
and replied.
“So here they lie,
what all
struggle, betrayal, deceit
for this..
Progeny foster,
and a last crown,
could they not suffer pride?
With all else bargained?
What venom sunk deep
in Antony’s heart?
Blearily proclaiming “King”
She,
clever and resolute,
binds me to contract,
at final cataract,
a Sphinxes play.
Finely meted,
weary strife, with all wicked measure,

