

Nocturnal Poisoning

Xasthur

Artemis be near me
In the arms of the ancient oak
Where daylight hangs by a lunar noose
And the horned, hidden one is re-invoked
Evolution has been recalled
Beneath the spread of a Magickal Aeon
I stand enthralled
...In the whispering forest...
"Pale, beyond porch and portal
Crowned with leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands."