

## THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

So close it swaddled me, and bound  
My being in the pure profound  
Of its own stealthy intimacy,  
Had Artemis come panting by,  
Silver-shod with bow and quiver  
Hunting along the reedy river,  
And called me to the chase, I should  
Have neither heard nor understood.  
Or had Zeus his dangerous daughter,  
Aphrodite, from the water  
Risen all shining, her soft arms  
Open, all her spells and charms  
Melted to one lure divine  
Of her red mouth pressed to mine,  
I had neither heard nor seen  
Nor felt the Idalian.

Between

My soul and all its knowledge of  
The universe of light and love,  
Thought, being, nature, time and space,  
The Mother's heart, the Father's face,  
All that was agony or bliss,  
Stretched an infinite abyss.  
All that behind me! but my soul,  
With no star left to point the pole,  
Witless and banned for grace or goal,  
Beggared of all its wealth, bereft  
Of all its images, unweft  
Its magic web, its tools all broken,  
Its Name forgot, its Word unspoken,  
Widowed of its undying Lord,  
Its bowl of silver broke, its cord  
Of gold unloosed, its shining ladders  
Thrown down, its ears more deaf than adders,  
Its windows blind, its music stopped,  
From its place in Heaven dropped,  
From its starry throne was hurled  
Beyond the pillars of the world—  
Borne from the abyss of light  
To the Dark Night!