

THE OLD WILL CLIMB

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In the sinister night I call
Under the obsidian star
And with my myrrh resin I color the air
In your shadowy name
Black wax carries my blessed torch
Flames of a falcon-spine wander in my thoughts
I see the companion luring grimly
Eyes of a predator thrust me like a spear
But it gives me joy, not wounds
And there, tall and black she rose
Ice holds the moment with us in darkness
Sharing, showing, taking
And she moves, like an old tree in the wind
As her hands are of black icicles
As her hair is long and of black ice
Her face picks me up like a mother her child
Into a caress of the deepest shadow
And she speaks with runes of iron
Burning into my spirit
The great snake shall now come
Black within and like you without
Poison is frozen in its form
And Will is manifested upon my grip
Thrust it into the underworlds she said
And the old will climb

