



Love Making

(To Anette)

From midnight till noon,
You outshone the moon.
I swoon - the infernal tune,
Of your rhythmical breath,
Your scent, my death,
O Goddess - I love you.

The coils of the snake,
Squeezing me awake.
We break - a lake,
Of your juices, and mine,
We laugh, feel fine,
O Goddess - I love you.

In even the darkest night,
The Silver Star's alight.
We unite - pure delight,
In love under will,
Life stands still,
O Goddess - I love you.

I may not be great poet (who will deny it?). Or a great lover for that matter. Judge me who will ... But knowing each act to be a sacrament, I thrilled. For in each deed to God I was lost. "Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none."

- Alas! - aphorisms on the Path. Bjarne S. Pedersen, 1996 e.v.