

# Dance with the Divine

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Lit 301 — Romantic Poetry, WS2024/25

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(Raegann)



# Freedom's fruit

As thee crave freedom,  
As do I —  
Running from Eden,  
Praying not to die.

Thee crucify our leaving,  
Say I was unbelieving.  
Do not fault me for choosing freedom and mind,  
Over the act of them being 'kind'.

For it is a blessing,  
The hissing creature came  
Our transgressing —  
Is thy freedoms claim.

# Ode to the Soil

So I lie with the leaves,  
during All Hallow's Eve;  
colours falling from the sky,  
all the while I lie.

Counting the palette,  
orange, yellow, red;  
yet all I see — is the Dead.  
the Dead around me,  
the Dead embracing me;  
Soil glides through my fingers as I greet Them.

# Ode to the Soil

And soon we dance,  
around the sparkling glowing flame,  
all in trance,  
following the Dark Mother's frame.

But as the yellow orb returns,  
I come back from those veiled worlds.  
In-between the colours,  
falling from the sky,  
smelling still our Mothers,  
all the while I lie.



# Eternal Blessings

Drops of water glisten on the green,  
the flame of heaven peeking down at me,  
    little daisies trying to be seen,  
a luminous sheen from the Lady's holy tree.

Bowl of rosemary and water in hand,  
    rushing to the cliff's mystery woo,  
washing myself — may lustrous liquid mend,  
    for I no longer wish to feel blue.

# Eternal Blessings

Cleansed of heavy heart's hurt,  
I sit on abyss' edge,  
weathered guardian, voices unheard,  
except Beauty's emerging from depth as I pledge:

O' Αναδουμένη with great adoration I look from below,  
crossing three times the circle — I plead for thy blessings  
on me to bestow.



(Lamot)

# Love's Devotee

O' Goddess almighty,  
O' Oupavíá the great,  
— to Thee I call,

Robed in Beauty, pink, and white,  
the Goddess, the mighty,  
she stands high.

To Thee I bring rose, myrrh, and pearl,  
while my thoughts so wildly whirl.



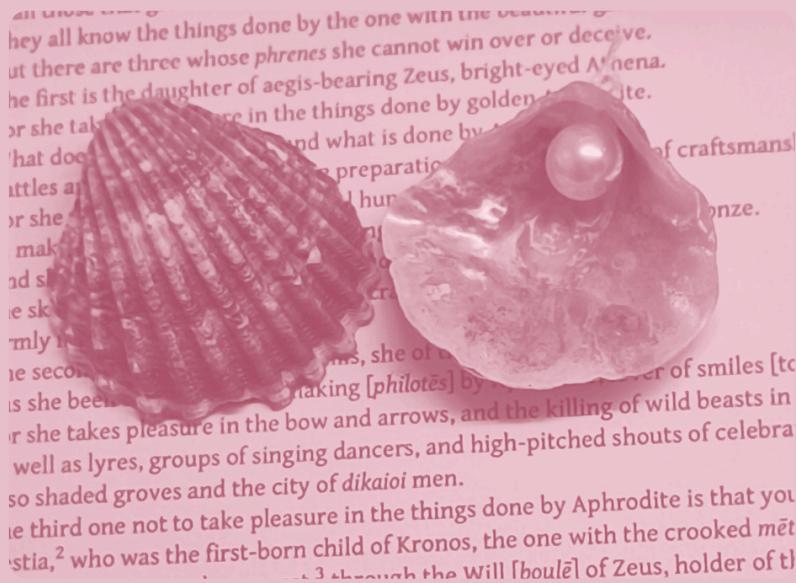
# Love's Devotee

Vanilla smoke enveloping the stone,  
right where once Σελήνη's brother has  
shone.

Αφροδίτη Ἄνθεια,  
the Heavenly Divine,  
Thee bring Light, Darkness, and Shine.

For Thy blessings of Beauty,  
for Thy blessings of Love,  
— with delight I sing,  
praising the Rose's blessings from above.

They all know the things done by the one with the golden hair,  
but there are three whose phrenes she cannot win over or deceive.  
The first is the daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, bright-eyed Athena.  
Or she takes pleasure in the things done by golden Aphrodite.  
What does she care about what is done by the daughters of craftsmen!  
Battles are not her concern, nor preparation for war.  
Or she makes no secret of her pleasure in the bow and arrows,  
and she loves the killing of wild beasts.  
She skilfully makes the spear and the shield.  
Only in the love of beauty does she rejoice.  
The second is the daughter of Zeus, she of the golden hair,  
is she bee-like, always making [philotēs] by her smile, a power of smiles [to]  
or she takes pleasure in the bow and arrows, and the killing of wild beasts in  
well as lyres, groups of singing dancers, and high-pitched shouts of celebra-  
so shaded groves and the city of dikaioi men.  
The third one not to take pleasure in the things done by Aphrodite is that you  
Eustia,<sup>2</sup> who was the first-born child of Kronos, the one with the crooked mēt  
3 through the Will [boulē] of Zeus, holder of the



# SOURCES

Lamot, Hilde. "Aphrodite's Rock (Petra Tou Romiou)." Pinterest, <https://pin.it/3xWJV2t5x>. Accessed 15 Dec. 2024.

Raegann. "— APHRODITE." Pinterest, <https://pin.it/3OWQ5MgZV>. Accessed 15 Dec. 2024.

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Trier den: 18.12.2024

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Eva Kelly". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.