

Dance with the Divine

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Lit 301 — Romantic Poetry, WS2024/25

Dr Britta Colligs



(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' Ουπavía 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.

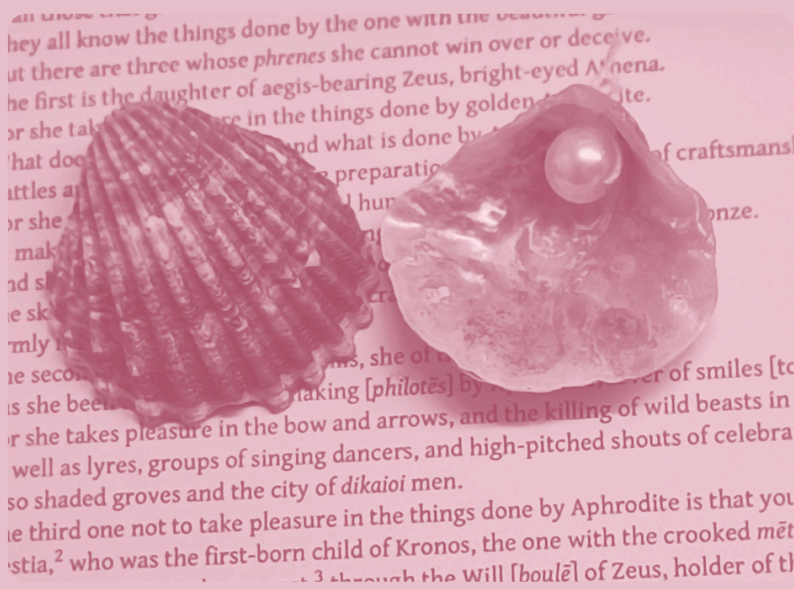


Love's Devotee

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.



Sources

Lamot, Hilde. "Aphrodite's Rock (Petra Tou Romiou)."
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<https://pin.it/3OWQ5MgZV>. Accessed 15 Dec.
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Trier den: 18.12.2024

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Emma Kelly', with a large, sweeping flourish extending to the right.