

Come now, luxuriant Graces, and beautiful-haired Muses.

The fragmented utterances of Sappho
call through the ages, flowing
in the swirling winds of
Time.

Pearly light filters through the
turning leaves of the
trees that stand stagnant in the
Distance.

Gold, umber, ochre, crimson
leaves fall, distorting the small
world with a curtain of colour and
Beauty.

*As a wind in the mountains
assaults an oak*

The silence rings out as
searching eyes rest upon
pages turned gently in the breeze of
Night.

A soft alluring smile shared,
two warm bodies lean
together and a
Whisper,

*"I tell you
someone will remember us
in the future"*

The shattered verses of the Tenth Muse
are comforting in the cold, reminiscing
the sacred words of those long

Gone.

How extraordinary it is to read the
musings of those from times long
forgotten and feel them deep within the
Soul.

*Sweet mother, I cannot do my weaving—
Aphrodite has crushed me with desire
for a tender youth*

Is my whispered reply, the
silence of the dark carrying my
fervent sentiments to
Aphrodite.

This profound dedication
shall never be worthy
of any
Language.

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