

At the Crossroads

Sneaking under the gossamer archway of dusk,
I stand at the crossroads,
The point in the intersection where
Doubt no longer exists in the mind.
Darkness is the spell spat from the
yawning maw,
gaping cavern of flickering moonlight.
Her gaze imprints itself into my pupils,
shrugging itself
Into the crevices behind my eyes.
Trial and judgment wriggle into
that void of nested space,
the back hollows of my bones.

Horizon floods towards me in silken swathes.
The wingbeat of a thousand ravens,
Rhythm of a jackrabbit's kick in my ribs,
racing through my tendons in pure ecstasy.
Ushering in
shrieking sunlight for vision
The crushing tempest of beauty and chaos
Reminding me,

(with three voices,
In unravelling choices),

that mortality is
violent and explosive.

Shadows twist in slinking undulation
Flames kiss her naked skin in exultation.
Moon-silver cuts, blooming in saffron buds
Dance over the bespelled tongue.
Fingers painted silver in the looming moonlight,
I tenderly reach out, let the thorns of her presence
make scarlet connection
with ice-soaked, calloused hands
and the cold illusion seeping through.
Lucid beauty bewilders,
And the light finally
shifts.

With the distant chime of deathly knells
Gasping whines herald her,
Hounds at her feet.
Hecate, Diana, Lucina,

Facing me at the crossroads.

10. The Triple Hecate.

