

ODE TO VENUS

Goddess, why do you cry?
Are you upset they have cast you aside?
That they have forgotten your name
And leave cobwebs to ebb away at your statues' fame?

Dearest, do not fret that they no longer fall at your stone feet

For these creatures know not of love nor beauty.
Everything
To them is ephemeral.
They wish to be immortal
But know not of the Eternal

They may deny you and your story in the name of Science,
But they quiver to you and cry
 In the silence
As they mourn lost loves and search for your light.
These wretched beings - they do not deserve it but you
Bless their sight and grace them every night.

They say men hail from brother Mars and women from you, my Star.
Perhaps that is why I love them so -
With your fire coursing through their hearts
And skin as adorned as yours,
I cannot help myself from falling.

But do not spite them, dear Goddess, out of envy
For all is hollow next to thee.
I will remain here with my bowed head at your feet, Dear
Until the frothy, white horses of foam reappear.

Even then, my fire will remain unquenched, for
Burns would mean nothing if I could touch you once and
Though my light flickers,
I will love you quicker
And hope that at my eyes I can clutch
As they cower under your rain, drenched.