

The Sacrifice

My drifting mind
Studded the tortured silence
With my strange, and haunting dreams.
Like shadows on a moon filled night,
Tall and uncertain.

A ring of trees encircled round a darkening field
As Her shadow passed through.

Like a pale and ghosting figure;
She moved
Between my waking and my sleeping
And I could not tell
What She might be boding me.

I wandered, fitfully, wondering –
What omen She had brought to me now.

The White Lady,
The Woman of the Raven
Sits in the branches of an oak,
Calling,
Telling Her frightening secrets
To anyone
Who dares to listen.

Lady –
Why have you touched me with madness?
Was it I who so long ago
Asked for this
Cried for this –
Make me your own?

No, I do not regret it –
Yet, I have self-sacrificed my personality
In the Name of Hidden Knowledge,
In the Name of Your Sacred Mysteries;
Until I, too,
Shall become a shadow,
Drifting
On
The
Wind.