

Fiat Lux

PENDRAGON

On a dark and weary Autumn day,
while I was wandering alone in fear,
the raining clouds were on the bay.
From a long time ago, my sky's never clear.

By surprise in the obscure forest I see
a golden-haired lady neath the linden tree,
sitting in stone, reading a book of poems untold.
Her image my vision bestowed; my mind unfolds.

She, of leonine presence, angel glistening form,
her bright green eyes in me suddenly turns.
My heart hastens, my body's in stone,
but there's no pain after all.
I cannot feel alone.

The most beautiful smile I've ever seen
this blonde *bella donna* gave to me.
With it a sunrise provoked, and the light aroused.
Only silence, nothing more, but a "*Fiat lux!*" exposed.

Shuddering woods, crippling deers,
forest spirits, deadly jigs...
Sound of Banshees' weeps!

Clarity comes to my mind as it does in the sky.
Perhaps I dreamed, or perhaps I've tried,
guide by a will-o'-the-wisp of sacred lore,
led to the void where all is silence and nothing more.

Is this an illusion or is this not?
Is it to love or need to be loved?
Is that a woman I behold? Or is that a ghost above?

Oh, blonde nymph of mystic woods,
that stand unshod in hemlock halls,
I must quest your love in further shores
and both will sail, both alone,
far away to Avalon.