

# An Original Hymn to Venus

Post by "Joshua" of May 28, 2019 at 1:06 AM

Strange star! Light, lingering in the West, whoso  
Wouldst gleam this eve o'er silken river and  
The silt hills, and thread the hanging grotto  
Of dew-laden boughs with thy shimmering strand--  
You, who call forth the sun upon the morn,  
Setting fire to heaven, spreading light  
And vital heat to the meridian!  
In wondrous light all things on Earth are born,  
Reared, and given to passionate delight  
In the sweetness of life!  
Cytherean  
Maid, keep you by night to some secret  
Tryst? Awaiting a youth handsome and bold  
To steal over the garden wall and get  
Your hand in his, and kiss you as he holds?  
O Venus, you! Whose ancient light deceives  
Me not, skating along the face of things,  
For I know its weft, and find it delved deep  
In the roots and bones of Earth. Thy reprieve  
Falls sweet--Tarry here, counsel me to sing  
Of old seeds of truths grasped, and pleasures reaped!  
The lamp of Vesper hangs still, a pale urn

Watering our sleep with light and dewy dreams;  
But the motion of all things is return--  
Sink, and rise again. I trace thy gleam  
Wandering, alighting waves far past my sight,  
And sail thy wake on craft of human thought.  
Stars do not shine that men may calibrate  
Their instruments--float on! But my delight  
Shall be to wash on Grecian shores, where taught  
A sage long past whose simple truths abate  
All Earthly fears.  
That man, a Greek, fallen  
Into mortal memory--to stardust  
And starlight, scattering in the swollen  
Void those atoms that were the scene of lusts  
And terrors long conquered--Searching out the  
Grounds of wise choice and avoidance, he lived  
In this world a match even for gods  
In happiness. His voice echoes to me  
Across the centuries; he has contrived  
A path of wisdom, pleasant still to trod--  
A path incorruptible, laid forever.