

# An Original Hymn to Venus

**Post by “Joshua” of May 28, 2019 at 12:47 AM**

Good evening, all! My name is Joshua, and I'm rather new around here. I've been an Epicurean for some few years, and I have occasionally been possessed by the notion to write a longform materialist poem in English. In my vision (forever out of reach) this would correct the two major deficiencies in Lucretius; first, the many (albeit generally trifling) mistaken scientific hypotheses in his poem. And second, the temporal disadvantage that separated him from the death pangs of pagan philosophy and the subsequent brutal intolerance of revelation.

To make a long story short, I began such a poem by degrees but soon found the rhyme and meter burdensome. I may add to it further, or start again in blank verse as time allows, but in any case I'll post it here for your perusal. I am desirous of letting it out for several reasons. For one thing, because I shall be pleased to have feedback! But I offer it as encouragement also; in the hope that some here will be pleased to know that there is a quiet, brooding literature in the world, unknown to you but not altogether unconnected. (To be continued...)

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**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.

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### **Post by “Cassius” of May 28, 2019 at 6:12 AM**

JJEbert I am not an expert on poetry so my reaction is not worth much, but it immediately strikes me that what you are saying is \*understandable.\* I think you are off to a good start!

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### **Post by “Godfrey” of May 28, 2019 at 1:54 PM**

Excellent! It's got a nice flow, gathering steam as it goes. And a nice use of language!

#### Quote

I have occasionally been possessed by the notion to write a longform materialist poem in English. In my vision (forever out of reach)

Regarding "forever out of reach": baby steps! Putting oneself out there creatively takes a ton of courage (in some cases hubris). Maybe you've already been doing this, but sticking to a creative routine for an hour or so, say four days a week, builds momentum and over time leads to surprising results. Also, using a voice recorder on the road can be a way to get your ideas down. It may be possible to digitally transcribe the recording for later editing as well.

This all may be obvious, but I say it to offer encouragement back. There's a sense of your pleasure in your words, and you seem to have a drive (pun intended) to write more, so why not

find a way to maximize your pleasure in this activity? I hope I'm not being presumptuous.

I'd enjoy reading more.

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**Post by “Joshua” of May 28, 2019 at 2:48 PM**

Thanks awfully, gentleman! I'm beginning to feel that as I spend more time here, I shall certainly write more. Your idea about the recorder, Godfrey, is an idea I've had but have not implemented. Initiative and discipline; the very things I need. And not presumptuous in the least! I'll post more lines as they come to me.

-josh