
Serenading the Muse

A Selection of South African Pagan Poetry



Compiled for the SAPC

by Morgause Fontelève and Aurelius R Maximus

With the contributions by
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GREAT HYMN TO LUNA

by Aurelius 2000

O Gracious Luna Queen of Darkness, Hear our adoration
As we raise Power and Voice in Thy Honour ...
Thou who walketh the sky by night and by day.
Thou art the soul of Nature that giveth life
To the ebb and flood of waters within and without ...
Renewing our faith in Death as the Portal
Through which exits the old and cometh the new.

Thy oracles, wisdom and cures ye give freely
To those who seek within and venerate Thy counsel!
O wanderer of the Heavens
Guard our sleep and send us our Dreams ...
In Thee we find Beauty.
For all acts of Love and Pleasure are Thy rituals!

Thou hast been with us from before Time
And Thou art that which is attained at the end of Desire.
Thou holdeth the key to the Multiverse and unto Thee do we return,
Let Thy worship be in the heart which rejoices!
By Maiden, Mother and Crone Thy Law we fulfill ...
An ye harm none, do what Thou wilt!



⊕ LD IIIAN

by Smaug March 2008

Old man, lying there
Not the man I fondly remember
Just a shard of his former self
Mind alive, body impaired

A shining star in the shadows
A spiritual light.....
Shining beyond the darkness
Bringing joy to all around him

Time was long, but years spent well
Blessed with family, loving and caring
None would deny his constant loving
Taken from us, but ahead lies his path

Six and ninety years spent preparing
Enlightenment to reach
Nothing for granted, his prayers released
Ever more in heaven above

In memory of Pieter Mattheus Fourie. 25th August 1911 to 1st March 2008



MERRY MEET AND MERRY PART

by Morgause Fontelève, September 2008

I call unto the verdant earth,
I call unto Heaven's all-powerful Lord,
Thirsus-bearing Master of the Universe,
I raise my arms through the mists of time
To Thee whom I will unto me.

Bounteous is the land where Thou art found,
Warrior wanderer of the stars,
Dark King of the firmament above,
Giver of protection, warmth and love.

Seat of Wisdom pray for us,
Breathe into my mind oh Celestial King,
Sacrificial ruler of the Round,
Giver of terror, health and prosperity.

I thank Thee for the powers and faculties
With which Thou has gifted me,
May I use them to bring Thee honour,
May I use them to make folk wise.

Through Thee everything moveth,
Ithyphallic God of Witches.
Be a light unto my feet
And a troubadour unto my senses.

Merciful father of the forest wild,
Stay close to me and my kin.
Come Serpent Lover and windeth Thy coils
Around my devoted heart;
Conqueror of Death and fear, be mine!

Liberator from ignorance,
Kind and gentle lover of the soul,
Tamer of the mind and fortifier of blood,
Oh, Lord of Misrule,
Take us upon thy steed to peace and contentment.

Sweet balm of restoration,
Masterful healer and provider,
Carve thy music upon my heart,
Merry meet and merry part.

DHARMA

by Jean-Luc van Rooyen

Blessed be, mother and child.
From the womb, learning, exploring.
This child will never find a life less boring
Than the life of a nature child.

The trees are sworn, to shelter her from harm,
The animals are her military arm. To protect her
From harm, to be a friend and teacher. Even to her
Father is the preacher that teaches love and respect.

Mother is to nurture, and be a guide on this journey,
To pass on the wisdom she needs. She to like the oak will
Blossom in time. Into motherhood she to will pass.
Her knowledge she will be trove to her little seed.

So is the path as it was meant to be, so is the way that was
Prepared. We faltered and fell, went astray from the path.
We no longer hear the wild; we no longer feel the love.
Return we must or in pain to remain.

Heed the calling, forget greed and the lust.
Not all can be bought by money; we can not eat the dust.
Return we must.



THE ROCK

by Jean Luc van Rooyen

I am the rock on which ships break.
I am the rock on which the lighthouse
Stands and beacons the ships;
That steers them to their doom.

I am the rock on which the sirens lie,
Their calls luring sailors to their doom.
I am the rock that never moves, never changes.
I am the rock on which even the mighty ocean breaks.

I am also the rock that shelters the weak against the oceans.
I am also the rock on which solid foundations can be built.
I am the Rock, brittle, scarred and cut. Ugly and covered
By scars and the growth of the very thing I protect.

I am the rock. I am he who has always been
There, will always be there and will not move.
I am the Rock.



THE PENTACLE

by Smaug

Five points, air, fire, earth, water, spirit
Child, youth, maturity, old age and death
Four quarters and the New

The seasons set before us
The cycle of the Goddess and the God
So pure in it's simplicity

Through Magickal evocation
I am renewed



ALL THINGS RENDERED THREE TIMES THREE

by Morgause Fonteleve 18 Nov 2008

The Goddess has touched my heart today,
Her nimble finger touched my weary heart,
I tilted my head and I heard her say,
"Blessed you be, Merry Meet and Merry Part".

The Goddess has breathed new life into me,
A gentle breeze that was warm and kind.
She bade me remember to always be happy,
Her wisdom, Her teachings inside me to find.

Always "In perfect Love and Perfect trust,
Gather together to celebrate the yearly round,
My threefold Law abide ye must,
To obeying my Rede from hence you're bound".

The Goddess she left me, just adding one thing,
"Under the Full Moon you'll make love and sing,
All your wants to me you can bring,
Be a light to one another and shield everything".



JUDGE NOT

by Jean Luc van Rooyen

Pray that you don't find fault with the man , who limps or stumbles along the road , unless you have worn the shoes he wears , or struggled beneath his load. There may be tacks in his shoes that hurts , thought hidden from view , or the burden he bears , placed upon your back might make you stumble too.

Don't be harsh with the man who sins , or pelt him with your words or stone , unless you are sure , yes doubly sure that you have no sins of your own. For you know perhaps if a tempter's voice should whisper as soft and sweet to your ears as it did to his when he went astray , it could cause you to stagger too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today , unless you have felt the blow that caused him to fall , or felt the shame that only the fallen know . You may be strong , but still the blows that were his if dealt to you in the same way , at the same time , might cause you to stagger too.....

Judge not unless you are ready to be judged.



⊕ DE TO ⊕ PRIAPUS

Friday 15 November 2008

To you who dwell concealed within the Sun
I raise my heart, my arms.

I invoke Thee, O lord of rigid purity
And bow to the organ of my veneration,
Mystic symbol of adoration,
Concupiscence and gratification.
Emanation of Divine Power,
Natural emblem of physical harmony,
Consubstantial with divine essence
Deus, endow us with procreation
And not mere licentious behaviour.
In thy excess and perverse turgidity
I partake in divine felicity,
Eternally-begotten,
Eternally splendid, ruling Priapus,
Self-illuminated lord Sylvanus,
Horned and powerful divinity,
Principle of absolute indivisibility.
Darling of the women of Isernia,
Divine mind of perfect wisdom,
Let us witness the tumid languor
Which succeeds thy action and vigour;
May we revel in the dewy essence of thy fertility.

I invoke Isis and Eleusinian Ceres,
Celestial Venus and Proserpine,
Nysian dancers mimicking Universal Order,
Corno, Concha Veneris, Mano Fica.
Pervading spirit without form,
Manifestation of sublime reality,
Reason for which I am now ordained.
I find refuge in thy Union,
Am anointed in its solemn sacrament,
Most exalted prolific communion,
Ether, eternity and necessity,
Safeguard mankind's destiny.

I raise my lamp to Thee Phallic Deity,
In adoration and devout purity,
I now repeat mine own soliloquy,
For Thou art the reason I am now ordained.



SONG TO HAYDEN

by Morgause Fontelève, December 2008

I strike an enticing beat upon my drum
And observe your responsive little body
Rise to the rhythm inside your Mum,
Energetic ripples dancing across her belly.

I am humbled by your connection to the Mother
Through your Mom, linked by the umbilical tie,
Am moved by the tender touch of your brave father
As he cups you both; in his protection I hear you echo your Mother's sigh.

I wish you love and good health little Hayden,
For the rest your parents will see to and provide,
Salt of the earth, they are upright and Pagan,
In the Goddess' Love you three will flourish and always abide.

I honour your little soul whom I already know,
The blessed Moon I will trace on your brow,
To love and protect you this is our family vow,
As in many a lifetime, to come, then and now.



THE CHANGE

by *S. Maion SilverBear*

I am a Witch and I am the change.
I walk the paths of day and night
with equal measure, guided eternally
by the celestial light of harmony.
With blessed feet I tread the road
that winds towards the core of infinity.
Never hindered by things I cannot handle
always striding forward, hope in my heart
the knowledge of illumination
my constant companion.
I see the world:
as above, so below.
I see the people:
as above, so below.
I am a Witch and I am the change.
I am the essence of hope.
I see the world
for what it is, and what it can be,
and I love both.
I see the people
for who they are, and who they can be,
and I love both.
I am tender and caring;
my empathy knows no bounds.
I am passionate and willful
and my anger knows no defeat.
I am everything and I am no-thing
and I fear neither.
I am the world:
as above, so below.
I am the people:
as above, so below.
I am a Witch and I am the change.
My weapon: the mysteries
taught to me by the stars and sung
by the cicadas on a warm day,
my lullaby the sighing wind at night.



UNTITLED

by S. Majon SilverBear

Hand in hand with the Goddess I guard
the gates of time
the God teaching me the chords of wisdom
while eternity spins its looping thread.
I see the cycles of the worlds roll by
tolling the bells of forever: of the past,
the now, and the yet to come
and I rejoice in them, secure
that no harm shall fell me in the presence
of the great shadows
of the pillars of the universe.
I am the sacrifice:
as above, so below.
I am the cycle:
as above, so below.
And I am the transformation
as above, so below.



SCARS

by S. Maion SilverBear

Flowers falling leave no scars
nor does the wind tear apart
small things, such as ourselves—
small essences, caught in the whirl
of a moment. We drift ceaselessly
to the shaded grass, only to be lifted
back to the stars. They breathe for us
to come; they sing of the moment
when we will come.

Flowers falling leave no scars
nor do roots buried beneath the earth
feel any pain. Only gain at small wonders--
the rain, feeding a million tiny specks
pounding together as one,
a tireless heartbeat. Vigilantly
they breathe for us
to live; they drum always of the moment
when we will live.

Flowers falling leave no scars
but tears mark a cheek, the line
of a face turned to the dark, ecstatic—
names at the edge of a whisper
rising to meet a story neglected.
Untold, these fears of men claim
they breathe for us
to be purified; they burn for the day
when we will be purified.



⊕ F DEATH AND MIND

by Morgause Fontelève October 2008

You whom I carry enveloped inside of me like bitter gall,
Constant reminder of life's transient nature,
Osseous frame of my earthly form.

I salute you!

Is it not sweet to feed off my pain and laughter?
Grow through the spilling of my tepid tears?
Achieve amusement from the flaws of my mortal character?

Oh you, born of the womb of my mind,
Mighty torrents robbed of glee and courage,
Unreasoning friends, corpses now dried up.

Ancient sages outstripped of guile and guidance,
Mushroom-born pebbles borne before the stream,
Every river must reach the sea,

And in it, we all cease to be!



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

by Morgause Fontelève October 2008

Offer sweet figs and nuts to the Goddess,
Only the ripest and finest figs for Her,
Honey-dewed, dripping with mellifluous moisture,
A promise of sweetness, a promise of sunshine warm.

Let teeth sink into the softest and coolest green flesh,
Parting the fruit, opening it to the realm of taste and hunger,
Food for the howling stomach, taste for the villainous tongue.

O raise your dead beneath this mighty tree,
Douse thy warts and boils with its milky sap and see,
Lessons hard, She comforts Thee,
Die to be reborn again. So Mote it Be!



FORESTS ARE MARCHING

Damon Leff

“Do not o man, in your limitless pride
forget the value of even the lowliest of these,
for without their leaf and flower and fruit,
without their bark and wood,
without their perfect and selfless cooperation,
you and your world would be undone!
These mighty masts are moving
Even as we speak, marching across the sands.
They will grow upon your grave in blessing or in curse,
But they Will overcome.”

GOD, THE DEVIL, AND THE HORNED GOD

Damon Leff

I'm sitting minding my own business when I notice a disheveled and grey old man stumbling across the woodcutter's recent carnage. He is headed for my direction and mumbling to himself, his eyes darting this way and that as if looking for a strong branch with which to whip an elephant. He doesn't see me sitting under a tree watching him. I pretend to be a rock and look pointedly at nothing in particular at my feet hoping he will not see me and pass by. There's nothing worse than having your early morning meditation disturbed by an angry old three-foot without front teeth and a permanent bottle grin. So I sit, and who should land just above me on a quiet and invisible branch but a Loerie with a message for another bird too far away to possibly hear. That's when his eyes grabbed me and shook the shadows from me. I thought it best not to be rude and stood up to meet him with a handshake.

He ignored me. It's not that he ignored so much as looked through me and saw only the Candlewood and Yellowwood trees behind and on either side of me. There I stood mouth agape and slightly insulted. I watched him cross the river-stones and head off toward the source of the low grinding background noise on the hilltop. I knew there was going to be trouble just by the way he used his cane as he quickly climbed the slope toward the wood mill. He was an old man, but he did not lean on or use that cane of his so much as strike out with it and jab it fiercely into the earth in front of him.

Perhaps it was the way his eyes forced me to pay attention to him when he looked in my direction, or perhaps idle curiosity, but I got up and followed him at some distance to the gate of the mill. I sat down under a sorry Wattle a little way off where I could see him, cane leading, heading straight for the foreman of the woodlot. You should have seen the tension ride along the faces of the woodcutters and stackers. A few among the small number of people there took advantage of the slight disturbance to slink behind the bulldozer. Others began to role a newspaper smoke or wander across the small lot to a can fire. It was cold that morning, nearly the dead of winter. The wind began blowing gusts of chill moist air from the ocean across the lakes. The foreman, a large and slightly bald man saw the cane in the corner of his eye as he turned around to see who was walking toward him and ducked just in time.

The foreman ducked and slipped and landed hard in thick, wet, oily mud, the same mud he had just ordered tones of gravel from a near-by quarry to cover up. The old cane took advantage of the unusual circumstances, planted itself firmly on the foreman's forehead, and remained there as if frozen. Onlookers sniggered behind their cold and blistered hands but made no move to assist or hinder either of them.

Of course by now I'd joined the group around the open and quite pointless fire. This was one argument I was not going to miss. I knew it was important, like the argument between Joan of Arc and the Bishop. It had a hanging kind of enchantment to it, or at least a killing one. I'd heard an argument like this before between three wizened old ladies who share a cottage on the beach. But that's another story. So I listened.

"We had an agreement. Leave the indigenous trees alone. You can have the rest. You'll bloody well take the rest whether I like it or not anyway. We had an agreement and you, you swine of a motherless herd, you chopped it down. I've come to collect what you owe me."

"I owe you nothing you son of a bitch!" The foreman tried to scramble backwards, away from the cane on his forehead, but he could not move. He sat. "Take that stick and shove it up your arse. Get away from me. I owe you nothing."

The old man lifted the cane from the foreman's face and struck him hard on the head, "Pig, follow me!"

He turned and walked toward me, his cane hanging limp by his side. His eyes grabbed me again and there I stood, without a stick to defend myself or the will to do so.

"I am sorry they chopped down your beautiful Ironwood tree horned friend. I know it was your favourite one. Never mind, the debt is paid and we'll grow another shall we?" He turned and left me standing beside that little fire with a very fat and bewildered pig trailing behind him.



THE MERMAIDS OF KLEINKRANS

Damon Leff

I was standing on the rocks in the warm sun on Gericke's Point repairing my net when the 'water woman' found me and wouldn't leave me until I had promised against my will to go immediately to the old Elderwood Cottage at Kleinkrans.

"You've got to go to Elderwood, Cern. You've got to go now. The sisters are at it again. It won't stop this time unless you do something".

"And what am I supposed to do? I'm fixing this net and then I'm catching some fish. Don't drag me into this. You women can sort out your own quarrels".

"Cern, if you don't go right now you'll not be catching any fish in this ocean today. Here me Cern, I mean it".

I felt like a goat on a very tightly bound rope. It was not worth having the ocean throw you ashore before you'd even cast your nets, so I went. I left my nets with her to mend and walked west along the coastline to the Little Cliffs. I could hear them yelling at one another from a distance.

These women are weavers, but that day their tongues did the weaving and their hands lay idle. As I approached the cottage the white elder beside it nervously glanced at the roof of the house and again pulled hard on its roots in a futile attempt to move itself further away. The door swung open and before I had a chance to take cover, a broom came flying through the open passage and hit me squarely on my chest. Now there are a few things a creature like me does not appreciate and one of them is being hit by a self-conscious broom even if only accidentally. I think the broom blushed for a second before it dropped to the ground and lost consciousness.

I stepped into the entrance and stood with my hands on either side of the door-frame and sang a little song I know. It's one of those odd little rhymes that I guessed would silence everyone in the house long enough for me to say what I had come to say...

"Mute make, silence take, sound break, till I speak again!"

The three ladies looked stunned only for a moment before they each silently turned to look at me with cold and unforgetting eyes. There was no way out but to step in and sit at their hearth and wait, wait until I had figured out what it was I needed to say. I sat and looked nervously at the driftwood fire. I knew they could see what I was thinking. These women are the daughters of 'bak-oor' Gert and a water-woman from Oudtshoorn. They say Gert could hear a baboon's thoughts before it even started thinking. I also guessed that my little spell had worked, which meant that as soon as I broke the silence they would waste no time telling me why and how I should mind my own business. So I sat and watched the driftwood transform itself into heat and light and waited.

At sunset they stopped glaring at me, sat down at their stations and began to work. The youngest sat at her spinning wheel. The oldest sat at the loom. The plump one sat off to one side, a pair of scissors on her lap and a needle and thread in the other. Now and then she would look up at me through the corner of her eyes for only the briefest of moments.

At midnight the three sisters put down their tools and gathered around me. I sat with my back to the fire, and almost died when the oldest sat beside me and said, "You are not the boss of us satyr, even if you are King of the Forest. We were mortified by your savage gall little goat, but your spell was ineffective against us. We are not in the habit of being told to be silent in our own home".

The plump one added, "But your blind courage has reminded us of the insignificance of our petty quarrels and of their influence on those with whom we share this beautiful land".

She smiled at me as she spoke and pressed a small white handkerchief into my hand. On it she has embroidered the words Peace requires Patience.

When I left the cottage and stepped onto the white moonlit path between the glittering sea and dark hills I heard them laughing. Hell I felt stupid.

IN VERITAS MORTEM

by Morgause Fontelève

(Dedicated to Aurelius, December 2000)



Great treasures await us at
The end of Life's Labyrinth ...
But first the feared Minotaur of misinformation
Must be defeated.

Ours is the struggle within ourselves
Between our Higher and Lower natures.

There within the maze within,
There after the battle with the
Beast within,
Lies the realization of treasures
Beyond our imagination!

Come, take my hand
And together we shall walk
The Path to Wisdom!

In Perfect Love and Perfect Trust!
In Veritas Mortem!

A WORD OF THANKS



The SAPC wishes to extend heartfelt gratefulness to those who submitted their poetry and short stories for the glory of the Goddess and our Craft.

May this little literary work inspire others to decant the beauties of our Earth and the Old Ways.

So Mote It Be!

Morgause Fontelève
SAPC Registrar
