

# Ninth Love Poem and Ninth Song of Despair

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Ninth Love Poem: Goddess

A woman who is loved  
could live forever.

Every moment  
a new waterfall, a stone  
bridge in the symphony  
of canyon wrens,  
a kaleidoscope of trust  
as strong hands catch  
a fearless heart  
across the glitter  
of our circus tent.

Yes, everything, wild  
roses, oh look, another  
lizard, goldfinch, hummingbird,  
and all the stars outlining  
your infinity and mine.

Each morning an anchor  
of fire, an angel stretching  
to be something more.

My name is Love  
and I want to go home.  
This shouldn't surprise you,

though perhaps it does.

### Ninth Song of Despair: The Knight and the Lady of the Well

Like a proverbial house cat never forgets  
that she was once worshipped in Egypt,  
a goddess never forgets.

An ancient story tells of a knight  
(with long dark hair, of course)  
who rides by a well, and a lady  
offers him water in a chalice, and later  
some wine. Soon they are married  
and live in long and loving partnership.  
She is a goddess it turns out.

One day the knight gets restless, asks  
for leave to travel and find new adventure  
and she says: Go. (What else could she say?)  
So he rides off into enchanting distractions  
and after some time he forgets.

Imagine being married to a lady,  
a goddess, and you forget.

I will confess in my life I have  
forgotten you at times while out  
in the vast mesmerizing  
world. I understand these things.

But my heart is mostly with her,  
as she perhaps places a damp cloth

on the forehead of a feverish child,  
or the trees around her grow tall,  
unknown and unnoticed.

When will you remember? The well  
has changed since you last saw it.  
The wind tugs at its walls.  
A goddess never forgets.

