

# The Song of the Jardin Venus

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On Seeing the House for the First Time

[Grand House & Garden]

Grand house, rising over the stark terraces,  
Like some emperor to watch all time  
And see all those running through  
Each of your hallowed halls.  
Gold dome, stretched like mosque  
Down sloping sides and pillars, which likewise  
Rise up against the grain-clouded sky--  
Lattice worked windows,  
And small stone bricks stacked and mortared  
(What secrets could these walls keep?)  
Lush green winding around dark, cold black steel  
    Poles that bar windows,  
    Poles that protect  
    Each colored shard of glass.

Grand House, rising over our live  
Whispering of what came before.  
And behind, stretching miles,  
The gardens of love and life  
Likewise whispers soft  
Myths of men past, now past on.

Each flower carefully place,  
A kiss to the Goddess patron,  
And each pool of water,  
Each stone--  
Another jewel on Jardin's throne.

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A Walk on a Spring Morning

[Temple of Aphrodite]

At the end of the long pool,  
Drawn out in long great tile,  
Showing the Patron Emerge  
From the sea foam shell  
There stands the temple,  
Open to the wind and yet  
Close and intimate to the heart  
That kneels before its altar  
Where that dangerous apple  
That Paris given fist  
Is clapped in eternal stone.

Laid out like long albatross arms  
To each side, simple columns  
Hold up the very heavens  
Where Gods look down and rule.

Prayer is daily made  
At this altar:  
Remembrance of the dead,  
Those cut down for love and vanity,  
Burnt and ragged in ruined Troy.

Prayer is daily made  
Praising the sea foam form  
Who gives the lightness life  
And seeds the gift within us  
Though Vulcan angers,  
And Ares is caught in the net of adultery--  
Still, the Great Woman wakes,  
And walks through her symbol laden grove:  
Through swans, and doves, and myrtle trees.

Oh! That your favorite is found

Captured in stone, amongst the woods,  
Smiled on by his Mother, and Apollo.

Oh! That I whisper your secret words  
And spring forth from your line,  
I am born of your sea spray,  
You loving thoughts, divine.

[The Illith Statues]

Singing Freedom from the reign of tyranny,  
We pay respect to our past greats,  
Including that grey descendant  
Or the Great Fae rebels, who was transformed  
Made tall, with broken wings--

Illith the Great watches through the leaves,  
Peers through the ivy.

Illith the Great watches through the leaves,  
And seems so satisfied  
At the worlds malcontent.

Dark statue, long hair,  
Moves as if in a dream,  
Stretched out in pose as  
Cleopatra might in romantic scene.

Freedom from the reign of tyranny,  
Though these past rulers still watch o'er  
The whole of their people--

Illith, stone and marbled, still gnaws,

If you look closely, you might observe  
Remains of her last victim,  
Bloody body  
Smashing against her teeth,  
Dripping, dribbling out.

The Illith statues,  
Sprinkled through the gardens,  
By fountains and forest dark fae,  
In the midst of a long ramble,  
They sneak up on a man and seduce him  
With no difficulty.  
So that one believes  
Any moment she might animate  
And angrily tear those before her in twain.

[The Maiden Lost]

Hands reach up from the ground  
As the pomegranate falls out  
Of her very fist--  
The Maiden shrieks  
And her foot falls, like Achilles',  
Down to the underworld.

She is flitting  
In and out  
Of existence  
And the seasons  
Lose their way.

Sometimes, I come to sit  
At this pool of sorrow,  
And look on that girl,  
Beloved daughter of Demeter.

Skeleton bone hand clenches,  
Pulls her down.

This is where I weep,

Like the long willow  
Wide across the garden  
Next to the pool of joy--  
Where there is joy there is sorrow.

Nearby, that old oak  
Of long happy life  
Is in bloom again.

This is where I weep,  
Beside Demeter,  
Who tears out her hair,  
Moans and wails-- a ghost.

[The Maiden Regained]

Lilies by chrysanthemums bloom,  
And from the darkness  
Comes not sad-faced Orpheo,  
    Palled through Eurydice's loss,  
    Fading away from any glory shined  
    By his gold-father, in chariot.

Instead, the Maiden emerges,  
With her mother wayside,  
While underneath, just visible,  
A patient Hades waits yearly return--  
When Death is King and mourning spread  
Across the fallen land.

Hades waits, while joy expands  
And kisses trees into cherry blossom flowers.  
Yet in the background, gently,  
The old woman willow weeps,  
Wails, and moans, for all she knows:

That the cycle will renew.

[The Remains of Atlantis]

Columns that held up the great  
Old ancient sorcerer society  
Now fallen, collapsed into themselves,  
Just as the continent split apart and drowned,  
Like the aftermath of an earthquake  
That shook off all but a little.

Columns that ran through the old palaces  
Great mirrored halls,  
Golden and sun-stroked by the Gods.  
Columns laying down as benches,  
As if left there by the wind,  
Scattered to this distant place by Zephyrus  
    In his eternal quest for permanent spring,  
    The Everlasting life of Resurrection.

Columns holding up the sky,  
And holding up the four winds  
That brush their way over Jardin Venus  
Kissing the Love Temple with all chastity  
    And good temperament.  
Kissing the Love Temple with all purity  
    Columns hold up the winds,  
    Who are ever confident.

Columns collapsed down into themselves  
Like a sinking shaft of some ore-mine,  
Still bejeweled in all the grandeur of the place  
From which they are blown-- here dropped  
Blessed by Aphrodite, her pink-passioned self,  
Sea foam forms bursting from the surrounding pools.

Columns stretch out through the evergreen lines,  
And Triton statues by the side  
Peer out angrily, a caution to those  
Who do not learn this nature's lesson  
Where Vanity into oblivion fell  
And the musky waters welled around  
    (Where cephlopod Gods sleep long aeons)  
And showcase architecture of the damned--  
These columns of Atlantis, Mu, Thule.

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Late Summer, Mind Wanders

[The Long Pool of Apollo and Aphrodite]

Poseidon, Demeter, and the Maiden  
All speeding in the richness of the land through all time,  
Wander in and out of lives and love  
From Hell to Heavens,  
And sea-foam sister chaste-kisses his cheek  
Friend of Ares and wife to Vulcan,  
    Angry thunder-builder,  
Knows just where she emerged,  
And lets her passion flow into the currents.

Long pool of reflection,  
Reflecting influence of two queens.  
The Ruler of Love mingles  
With the greatness of the Sea,  
Stretches past double branches--  
    Of joy  
    Of sorrow--



A great balance cross of symmetry  
Runs from the bottom of the garden terrace  
    Where those valley lilies,  
    Azaleas, and roses-incarnadine  
    Reaching outwards and inwards  
    As they breath, open and shut, through the day.  
Tight hewn hedges buttress each side  
From terrace and Great House down  
By the pools and length of gently rippling waters  
To Venus' Great Temple.

[Terrace Gardens]

Blooming lilies and fields of forget-me-nots  
Over a thin veil of white chrysanthemum.  
An aesthetic song played on harpsichord  
Drifting like that cacophony of the Cuckoo--  
Here it all means exactly what it says:  
Red Rose is Love; the statue is of My Lady herself  
    In all her splendor, gold dress, and veils.

Little fountains pour slight rain down onto Koi  
Floating and flapping their fish-wings  
And thanking the Sea, Love, and his Queens  
For their domains, little creek flowing between terraces  
Down to the long and stretching pool,  
And eventually surrounding the Temple  
Where like some long lost brethren,  
The Golden Apple lies.  
Lights from the House at night  
Cast shadows into this terrace-place  
To score the romance soft scene.

Lights from the terrace,  
Cast romantic, light

The shining bright King sun  
Into the House colouring the day.

See how Hemera and Nyx  
Daughter and mother  
Play one on the other  
Each casting their own lots  
To draw out similar means?

And see the lilies fold up nightly,  
While shady trees wrinkle over stone forms,  
And Chaos works her whim  
With Eros and Great Love  
Weaving magic every night,  
So cherry blossoming might fly in every spring breeze  
That blows common through the Jardin Venus.

[Nephele Carving]

Then, on the grand door,  
Great gold and silver lined,  
That opens the Great House,  
View the resemblance of that proud goddess  
Watching over the clouds,  
Made to punish Ixion  
When he lusted after Hera, Great Queen.  
From there the Centaurs,  
Whose gentle touch and sometime warrior ways  
Are seen throughout the Jardin,  
Sprung forth-- the Ixiondae.  
See how the Father God took pity upon the king,  
Offered him a place in Olympus;  
See how the Lapith, King of Thessaly refuted  
All hospitality, killed his father, and raped Our Queen.  
Then Zeus, angered, forms Nephele to rule clouds

An insubstantial form that blasts the infidel from Olympus,  
Blasts towards that Wheel in Tartarus--  
Forever spinning, forever burning,  
While clouds, daughters of Nephele,  
Still pass their way across the sky.  
Then tragedy as Helle, daughter by Athamus,  
Falls long miles down into the sea,  
Riding on the back of a golden lam.  
Brother Phrixus lives,  
And grants the fleece to King of Colchis  
Fate for the Argonauts to find--  
All in simple sketches  
Etched into the woodwork of the grand door.

[The Inspiring Chant of the Forest of Fae]

Wide willows open into oaks,  
Strong magical bearers of serpent eggs  
Danced upon by little gilded fairies,  
Likewise stuck to hazel,  
Great poet inspiration.

Path to the true self,  
Winding around the trees,  
Great green ivy showering,  
Making little houses, thatched  
For the gold, diminutive dancers.

Silver and drenched in the color of the sun,  
Look closely and you might see  
The mystical small permanent features  
Leaving rings of their dances  
And frozen in the daylight--  
Magical movement of the night.

Rows of poplars lead into the mystical forest  
And you can (if you chance to look)  
See the advance scouts as they scramble  
To warn their sisters and brothers of coming magic  
A mortal approaching,  
So they might pirouette to statuette  
And hide buried in a stone myth facade.

Sometimes at night, peering from the window  
Just look and see the dancing light, multitudinous colours.  
Sometimes at night, peering from the windows  
Look to see the tiny thousand-million glows  
Working miracles with their whisper mystic moon magic  
Grasping and twirling multitudes of colours.

Hiding behind the facade of myth, they turn to statuette--  
Warned by their magic brothers and sisters of the coming mortal.  
If you look, you can see them in the poplar rows  
That wind round labyrinth dark into the deep forest.

Drenched in silver and sun colors,  
You might see, looking closely,  
That these small features, mystical and permanent  
Leave rings at the edge of their fancy night dances  
But freeze when golden daylight comes--  
    Though they move magical at night.

Gold, diminutive dancers,  
Make little thatched houses  
Roofed by great green ivy  
That winds all around the trees  
    And shows the path to the true self.

Great poetic inspiration,  
Stuck upon the hazel,

A dancing, meeting place for gilded fae  
Who trip through their forest, strewn with serpent eggs  
That hide in old oaks, romancing wide willows.

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### The Cathedral & The Catacombs

[Cathedral Jardin Venus]

Long, geometric pools  
Rectangles and circles meet,  
Mingling as fountain-statues watch.  
Hedge rows and lines of flowers,  
Poppies, patches of lilies,  
Purple, red, and gold-- an Eucharis.

Rising from the center a clock tower,  
Imbued with a twisted heart,  
Wrapped around the balance-cross.  
And arbors surround,  
Waving in the wind--  
Mother Mary watching from a terrace  
Cut on top of the sanctuary,  
She and Saint Francis open their arms  
To love, and to the surrounding animals.

Two banks of windows.  
Three on each side,  
Each with its own story to tell.

One side a line of trees cut down,  
Stumps and youth deprived.  
One side with fiery flames,  
An eternal kingdom in a crown.

Father time above them all,  
His palm an hourglass, watches,  
Each bead of sand drop hour by hour  
As mortality flies past.

[The Catacombs]

Descend thou through the Gran House  
Down simple stone staircase:  
A swatch of red, like the blood of lambs  
                    Over the houses in Egypt,  
Stands right before the oaken door.

See tombs lined before the stairwell  
Great sarcophagi,  
Carved statues of men and women  
Adorned in veils and bathed  
By all those mystic symbols you might mention:  
Ankh, and Cross, and Delphic Tripod,  
Intermingling and marrying across the stone.

Great gold spires--  
Torches lit and casting shadows  
That billow and fall over the wall--  
Spires twist around and over each coffin  
                    And little lilacs lay died atop the lid.

And as the flames dance in and out like waves  
Over the ocean, where the Old Gods still rise  
And make their love

Born and reborn again, you find the spirits  
Of those here entombed and enshrined  
Dancing with the beat of some Goddess,

Some flicker on the wall.

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The Greatness of the Gardens

[In Praise of the Gardens]

Great flowers flowing out,  
Like a tide swallowing sea-sculptures  
Carefully left to Great Poseidon  
For his pleasure,  
In this garden of Love.

From the sea on a shell,  
Surrounded by servitors,  
And kissed by young Eros  
Who gently aims his bow.

When she came to romance  
Some young Athenian  
And take him to Olympus--  
She found him with her priestess  
And blew him angrily away.

A place she'd prepared  
On Earth for them to visit  
Great nuptial palatial gardens  
Spreading for miles and miles,  
By the remnants of Atlantis.

Here now you see her kiss,  
                                her love,  
Left as a mark of her desire,  
Before time and fate themselves

Swept it all away.

But now the flowers always bloom,  
The willows dip down and drip tears;  
Sea lilies and cattails sway.  
But now the statues are ivy-colored,  
And though they are auld,  
They are not rusted, cracking away,  
But seem to live anew each day.

The place is a living rebirth,  
And all death is only temporary.  
For soon in the land, the soil,  
For soon in the wind,  
Will all who herein be reborn  
And return eternal again.

[Great House]

Great golden and gilded house!  
Where many hours great are spent,  
In quiet repose  
Or joyous company.

Tell us what came before, Great House:  
Whisper your mythic history,  
The path that led thy builder  
To the last remains of the lost continent,  
Sunken for their pride.

Tell us what came before, Great House:  
Of the mortal love of the great sea-Goddess  
(Old nymph of Love) and her anger--  
Tell us of the betrayal of the truth of Venus.



Oh, Great House!  
We give thanks for your visage  
In the distance from even the great Temple,  
Where Love damned her own emotion,  
And visited a curse upon the man of her tryst  
transformed him to the post where she laid he apple,  
                    Golden and hers by Paris' words.

Thanks to you,  
Great house,  
To watch over all  
That transpires in your  
Oft-loved gardens.

[Le Jardin Venus]

As the sun sets  
Over those halcyon domes  
And through the statues  
Of Fae and Angels  
And the old heroes of myth,  
Flowers close,  
And the water stills, lulls  
To a gentle lapping  
Pushed only by soft wind.

As the sun sets  
Over Jardin Venus  
Where Love walked,  
    And was betrayed,  
Where Atlantis' remains fell,  
Where sorrow and joy intermingle  
And forests light up with fae folk-dance  
We walk away,  
Hand in hand,

Hear and heart--  
The magic of the place worked in our souls.

