

The Song of the Jardin Venus

by Jackelope Random

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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.

* * *

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.

* * *

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.

