

# Sonnet VII

*by* M. F. Sullivan

Oh Triple-Crownéd who evades my sight,  
Guide me down proper crossroads in this life  
As you have promised to grant me your might  
And make of me eternity's fair wife.  
I wish to touch that which cannot be touched:  
To see what lies beyond human vision,  
With earthy eyes experience the vouched  
Of holy books, which stirs cosmic frisson.  
Lift high your lamp, O Double-Bodied nymph,  
And let its light open my mortal eyes  
To see without sanity's sorry rift  
Your holy body without fear or guise.  
    Oh, Saffron-Clad Melinoe, take heed  
    And manifest that which your earth-bride needs.

