

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.

