

*Selected Poetry by
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Merlin and Nimüe

Can you believe that Merlin, by his art
Did not foretell the ending of the day
When 'pon his yearning loins and his heart
Twined the sensual beauty of Nimüe?

Darkest black night, no blessings from the moon;
Yet purest of ecstasy and magick
Bodies twisting, loving, they both did swoon
Did she really think he was hers to trick?

The cost to him was low: prisn'd in a tree
To Nimüe it was high: she deemed she'd die
She knew not of his allies who would free
Merlin to go once forth again to fly.

Never try to trick an immortal who
Always thinks ahead whene'er he would woo.

Pagan Irish Carol

Yuletide now is come;
Let's all prepare for mirth,
Which fills the Sky and Earth
To greet the sun's rebirth!
The earth-fruits in the fields,
Where'er they still do lie
Rejoin their quiet mother,
Until the sun grows nigh.
Swift breezes waft the white snow,
Whose beauty rare attires
The Earth as she lies sleeping
Beneath the Yule log fires.

Wand'ring frozen Earth,
'midst Oak and Ash and Thorn
The longest night upon us,
E'en stout hearts makes forlorn.
Our hands are joined together
Our fingers intertwine
Our circle draws the dawning
that will the stars outshine.
Swift breezes waft the white snow,
Whose beauty rare attires
The Earth as she lies sleeping
Beneath the Yule log fires.

Time has come upon us:
Great brightness now does soar
The sun returns to warm us
And cheer our hearts once more.
The light has come from darkness
Its warm rays make it clear:
The Earth will yet awaken
To nurture us through the year.
Swift breezes waft the white snow,
Whose beauty rare attires
The Earth as she lies sleeping
Beneath the Yule log fires.

(adapted from "Irish Carol",
Irish Traditional)

But Tonantzin Lives

Before the conquistadores came
They knew her
She knew them.

Before the blackrobes came
They knew her
She knew them.

Before the bishops came
They knew her
She knew them.

The land was taken
The people were taken
And the blackrobes thought:

'We have taken her away
She will be theirs no longer
She will not ever Be again
In saecula saeculorum.'

But Tonantzin lives:
Compassion in the heart of the people.
But Tonantzin lives:
Even under the name from the blackrobes.
But Tonantzin lives

The Name of Compassion matters not;
Whether Tonantzin or Guadalupe
Kwan Yin, Durga, or Artemis
What matters is the hearts of the people.

For do not even the blackrobes
Associate Compassion with Guadalupe
Under the many names she has
In many cultures in the world?

*"Memorare,
o piissima Virgo Maria,
non esse auditum a saeculo,
quemquam ad tua currentem praesidia,
tua implorantem auxilia,
tua petentem suffragia esse derelicta."*

Death Speaks

*"DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so...
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die." – John Donne, 1610 CE*

Death
and Life

We Are.

We are the children of Time
And without Death
and Life
and Time
There Is Not.

Life there cannot be
Without Death;
Death there cannot be
Without Life.

Neither of us can be
Without Time.

Time is to Be.

There is no Be without Time;
There is no presence of Being
Without Me
Without Life
For there is no Without.

Without Me
There is no Air
There is no Fire
There is no Water
There is no Earth
And Spirit is Formless
And Spirit is Void
And Spirit is Unaware
And Spirit is but is Not
For It knows Not that it Is.

So, humanity, be not proud
For while I can Die;
So will my sibling Life
As that happens
And all will return to the formless
To the unaware
And even Time may perish...

"...And with strange æons, even death may die..." – H. P. Lovecraft, 1921 CE