



Anathea. A poem by Rogue. October 13th, 2022.
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Anathea

Anathea

On a jagged peak
where the cliffs lie bleak,
and the fog rests just above the shore—
there's an ancient henge
that whistles in the wind
like a siren to a secret hidden door.

Grey flowers hug the ground
where the stones curve 'round
and a grave lies underneath the bloom;
they sway in the breeze
that soars above the sea
like whispers from the beauty there entombed.

It was oh so long ago
when the salty air would blow
those golden locks across her flawless face.
Bedazzling, her charms,
dreaming of her lovers arms
as the moon met the horizon's wide embrace.

And from this lofty perch
her eyes of blue would search
for enchantment in the clouds that sailed above.
For like the ocean she was wild,
both a woman and a child,
Anathea wanted only to be loved.

And the waning of October
brought a stranger here to know her;
beneath the waxing moon her eyes drew bliss.
She surrendered to his guile,
for beguiled knows no denial,
as he returned each evening after for a kiss.

When her handsome lover came,
paper hearts engulfed in flame
danced perfection spinning dreams of ever after.
From that field between the stones—
destined earth to guard her bones—
they traded promises for passions naked laughter.

Sculpting heaven out of time,
he pledged his heart, his soul, his mind—
and in return she granted him her magic.
With the starlight gazing down,
they lay encircled on the ground—
her grave to-be where happiness turned tragic.

For cruel is the world
to torture such a girl
with affections teased but never fully won.
For a promise to be true
lasts no longer than the dew
that evaporates beneath the morning sun.

When her elvish eyes awakened,
weeping forlorn not mistaken—
for the emptiness that beckoned from the tide.
Now a lover left alone—
nothing claimed and nothing owned
of the stranger who was absent from her side.

With a cold lamenting scream
like a banshee breaking dreams,
she called out a desperate curse upon the sky.
The solar sphere of day
hung it's head and crawled away,
leaving nothing but the loneliness of night.

And she waited there for no one,
for the spell would not be undone,
and the stinging winds could not erase her pain.
So she sang her song of sorrow
till the night became tomorrow,
and her tears were bleached and hidden by the rain.

And where her teardrops fell,
grey flowers shaped like bells
grew and spread beneath her slender broken frame.
And her wailing lamentation
replaced her lost elation
as the ancient stones gave warning to her name.

“Anathea, Anathea,
don’t despair dear Anathea,
for your heartbreak lasts but seven days for one.”
But their words could not dissuade her
from the dark disease that bade her,
from the memory of happiness now gone.

And the storms absorbed her anger—
and the heavens roared the danger,
as a tempest from the rocky cliff was born.
And upward waves were reaching
as the agony beseeching,
swirling hate from love betided from her scorn.

“Anathea, Anathea—
calm your rage now Anathea!
Calm your fury now and bid the storm subside!”
But the winds grew ever stronger;
the torrential night grew longer,
as that rocky cliff was swallowed by the tide...

Now some say that she was taken,
and others say she leapt, forsaken—
though not one of them was there that night to see her.
But in the aftermath they found her
on the very shore that drowned her,
the beautiful and broken Anatheia!

And to the jagged peak,
where the stones stood bleak,
they carried her and buried her between 'em.
Her pale frail face
in silence found some grace,
as was laid to rest the beauty Anatheia.

Yet on certain autumn nights,
far from people, sound, & lights—
on this very peak where once reclined a dreamer.
You might hear her jilted tune
play beneath the blood red moon,
and if your heart be broken you might see her.

A phantom on her perch,
her un-living eyes now search
for enchantment in the heavens high above.
For in life she was unbending,
though Death's claim was not her ending,
as the ghostly girl still searches for her love.

And if a tempest claims October,
icy anger boils over,
and some swear they see her flying in the storm;
a silhouette suspended,
a specter still offended,
as she searches for her love forevermore.

On a high and jagged peak
where the cliffs lie bleak,
and the fog rests just above the shore—
there's an ancient henge
that whistles in the wind,
like a siren to a secret hidden door.

Grey flowers hug the ground
where the stones curve 'round,
and a grave lies underneath the bloom;
they sway in the breeze
that soars above the sea,
like whispers from the beauty there entombed—
like whispers from the *two souls* there entombed.