

*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*