



In the Pit of Poseidon
by
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Preface

She had spread her legs from sea to shining sea. Set up shop on every street corner where she had stood and turned every home where she had hung her hat into a brothel. I am not sure if she was a good girl gone bad or a bad girl gone good but one moment with her could easily convince any man to reconsider or rather redefine their visions of heaven.

Often of late I had wondered where and when I would again behold the mask of the muse and which of ten billion faces would appear behind it. In retrospect, considering how and when it happened, I am amazed that I did not see it coming. It was November 2nd, El dia de los Muertos, the day of the dead.

It was a great awaking. Across the room a woman smiled. At first I did not recognize her. Over the centuries I had known her by many names: Calliope, Cleo, Euterpe, Thalia, Urania, Jennifer, Jessica, Morgan, Misery. Again she would make herself know to me and this time she would call herself Lilith.

Through her eyes one could follow a pathway to paradise and perhaps a parkway to despair. They were littered with broken dreams and lost horizons. What visions of passion, peace and serenity beckoned my footfall that day. Be still my beating heart.

Introduction

This work is not about lofty ideals. It is not about the environment or the rain forest. It is not about poverty, the children or the ozone layer. This bit of business is about love, lust, larceny and lunacy. It is about that divine madness which like the arms of Cervantes great windmill can cast you upward unto the stars or downward unto the mud.

Lilith ... In the pit of Poseidon
By
T. Crawford-Crawford.

Dedication

In dedicating this work I am reminded of a lyric from the classic song performed by the Mommas and the Papas in the 1960's.

“Life will never be exactly like we want it to be”

With those words being dutifully noted, let it known to one and all that:

“This is dedicated to the one I love”

Prologue

It is very important to keep in mind while reading this work that although it is written in a semi-allegorical fashion, it is not a work of fiction. Every word of it is true.

On lost Innocence

I wonder what is it about wayward and wanton women, witches and waifs that make me fall so madly and passionately in love? I know that somewhere in my distant past, there must be some madness or obsession which prompted me to this state of insanity. Where was the purity and innocence that I have lost ever so long ago?

Recently someone, a lady friend asked why I continued to view the world through the eyes of a very jaded child. She asked what event in my life could ever have led me to my present lifestyle. It was a fair question and when someone asks such a question so honestly and openly I attempt to provide an equally honest and open answer. So I reflected upon it and was suddenly hit by a distant memory. It was the memory of a movie that I had seen long, long ago. I remember the moment vividly. Aldo Ray was playing a soldier in a war movie. He had been badly or rather fatally wounded and was sitting propped up against a tree. His company had to move on to complete their mission and out of necessity had to leave him behind. In the scene after all of the men stoically walked past saying their cheerful good-byes his Sergeant, stayed for a moment to have a heartfelt chat with the dying soldier. He gave him a cigarette and asked if there was anything else he needed. Aldo Ray, playing the dying soldier you remember, boldly and bravely responded: “No Serge you go on and don’t worry about me”. The Sergeant after a moment’s reflection asked: “Are you sure?” ... “In the pink Sarge”, the soldier responded “in the pink”. These were the dying solders last words. Imagine! The last words ever to be spoken by this brave and valiant soldier were “In the pink”.

So there you have it! Who the hell writes this stuff anyhow? What mystic philosopher puts pen to page for such a purpose? That day I lost my innocence. The stark realization washed over me like a tsunami of enlightenment. From the cradle to the grave in the pink was the preferred state of man. From that moment on I set out upon my path living a lifestyle of blatant bohemian debauchery.

Now that being said, allow me now pass along a conclusion. At times in life I have been famous while at other times in my life I have been infamous. Through it all, in reflection I have learned one thing. Life can be a whole lot of fun.

White Terry Cloth Robes

Many a grand and luxurious hotel provides for their customers a white terry cloth robe. Now I have never been a white terry cloth robe kind of person. I would rather rap myself in the warmth of a woman than in a white terry cloth robe. I find it far more rewarding to steal the heart of a woman in any given hotel room than to steal a white terry cloth robe. I guess it is just me! I would rather have a luxurious woman than a white terry cloth robe. I would rather have the soft, loving touch and attention of woman than a soft white terry cloth robe. It seems that I would much rather find a woman who would dry my tears and ease my fears in any given hotel room rather than a white terry cloth robe.

The Poem and the Pearl

**In the arms of insanity sleeps the fool
For I am no more than dust and rust
Drawn unto this planet only as a matter of cosmic coincidence
And the force of gravity
She on the other hand is the ether
Ever wafting between wind and wave
She alights only momentarily
To stand between the rose and the rainbow
She is a girl, a lady, a woman, a songstress and a chanteuse**

(Funny how the French have a different word for everything)

**She is in need of nothing
Yet still she walks alone upon the beach seeking something
What does one write to such a girl, to such a lady?
What does one give to such a woman?
A songstress and a Chanteuse
Ever hovering
Alighting only momentarily
To stand between the rose and the rainbow
What does one write?
I have only my words
Perhaps one day they will be read
I possess only one gift that is born of the sea
Born of the wind and the wave
Perhaps one day it shall be worn
By she who alights for only one moment
To stand between the rose and the rainbow
I have nothing to offer but this poem and a pearl**

The Calling

**Moonwhisper calls and I hearken
For only unto me does she confide the secrets of the sky song
Her prolonged breath mists the horizon
When she calls out to the turtle dove
What history, magic and science have those eyes beheld?
What knowledge long past?
Again she cries out
And this time it is Calliope who answers with songs melodious and
sweet
What magic ensues when moon and music meet?
Time and tide no longer hold sway over this mist enshrouded
universe
Dance and drama join us as does rhyme, rhythm and reason
We love with poetry and prose
We dance with delight in the darkness
This night only the moon and the mist hold reign over magic and
the muse**

Food for Thought

For one to venture into the philosophers garden without the stone philosophical is an insanity of the highest order. In the end and in the long run the name of the rose is always comedy and even the gods themselves, laugh, at the fool who walks on less then solid ground.

If any one given person could view the earth on which they stand, from pole to pole without obstruction, they would surely go mad. To see nothing is to realize everything, and the weight of that realization, could, and surely would, crush even the strongest of all spirits, if only from the sheer nature and the gravity of the situation.

I think therefore I think I am should have been the proof, the answer and the joke. What does it matter in the long run which came first, the chicken or the egg? Who the hell cares? Either way the waitress still asks: “Will that be scrambled or fried?”

If in truth you wish to consider the base nature of the universe. Kill the chicken, eat the egg and allow the oyster to be the food of your thoughts

The Ancients

Twilight is a time when ancients walk roads long forgotten. They eternally parade upon the highways and by-ways that carry the life's blood of the universe. They endlessly follow and are drawn to the energy that courses through the veins of this planet. Others, such as I are in the long run little more than dust and rust. The ancients however, they constantly haunt and hunt in the mists. They travel by night, flying without borders or boundaries. They seek each other out. They are drawn unto to each other. They meet at crossroads where the past, the present and the future stand awaiting the dragon's breath. They meet and look into each others eyes. They smile and then they and walk on content in the knowledge that others of their ilk still exist. They travel the same long forgotten roads that long forgotten gods did seeking the same things. Theirs paths cross again and again as they are drawn by nature to either the precipice of science and sin or the valley of qualm and conscience. They forever follow the paths with footfall loyal to the quest. They forever follow those highways and by-ways that cosmically connect the essence to the ether, the rose to the rainbow and the poem to the pearl. Unto the end of days!

On Shores Afar

I stare longingly at blue shoes, a leopard dress and red lips. Her eyes are delightful stars in the darkness of the room. My eyes are transfixed as she stares intently at the White Plum Blossom sitting on the table before her. It is the drink of her choice. Her laughter is marvelous, mysterious and melodic. Sunshine lies behind her smile! Another man looks at her and wants her but she is unimpressed. Her brown eyes see only that which is before her and her soul longs only for the White Plum Blossom which rests on the table before her. She reaches out and caresses it, licks her lips and tenderly kisses the glass that holds the essence of her desire. God I want her! She sips and then drinks deeply of it inhaling the essence it. She then closes her eyes and radiates the aura of the ecstasy of her mind's eye. She has again beheld the Gorgon and now dreams of infinity and divinity. In her thoughts she dances the Lambada with both demon and deity. She opens her eyes and awakens a fallen angel in a leopard dress with blue shoes and red lips that I long to kiss. Yet another man looks at her and smiles. This time she responds. The Goddess has spoken! They leave and they love. Miracles sometimes happen for those who believe in halos, harlots, hellions and whores. Tonight I sleep alone but I smile as I drift unto sleep. I rest content in the knowledge that one day soon our paths will cross again. That day upon meeting I shall take her, gently pulling her hair and her head slightly backwards exposing the neck that I long to kiss. I will savagely and passionately press my lips against it then gently kissing and then nibbling upon her ear. Then and only then will I look deep within her eyes and see clearly that soul which lies within the heart of this woman afar.

In the end each heartbeat will bring our spirits closer and closer to merging. Each heartbeat will bring us closer to the rhythm of waves upon the sand. We will become one with the intensity of the universe. Buttons and bows shall no longer stand between us. Lust's intensity will demand that we physically become one for if we do not remove our clothing quickly they shall burst into flames and consume us. Such will be the heat of our passion. Like Icarus we shall fly unto the sun as if on waxen wings that are destined to melt. Again we shall both become fallen angels but this night though we again fall from paradise we shall proudly, boldly and defiantly stand before Elysium's Gates demanding our birthright as children of the Gods

To the Muse ... Isn't it Amusing

In the darkness I beheld a light in her eyes. In this light I beheld the darkness in her soul. It made me smile! I thanked her for the experience and walked away hoping, praying that she would follow.

When muses meet it is inspirational. When muses meet it is amusing. In the end we shall learn to pamper each other with the pains and pleasures of hope and despair. Ever so softly I whisper beneath my breath: "thank you" knowing that I shall hear her respond.

She knows who she is and the legacy she carries. I advise her to say: "you're welcome". Body and soul from this moment on must be united. There is chance and there is no choice in the matter. We are slave and master. We are love and lust, the light and the dark within the universe. We are one! Again I tell her that there is no chance or choice in the matter. We are the dragon's breath at the crossroad of time. We are the ones destined create rainbows in the night. We stand motionless awaiting that which is to come, each knowing that all we need is standing before us. Each other! Two muses, alone in the night, alone in the darkness, alone face to face, eye to eye, souls entwined by the passions of all that is holy and unholy within the tempest of time. We smile, we laugh, burn and ache with pain and pleasure far beyond the ghosts that haunt us and the Gods who would sit in judgment of us.

Two muses standing in the night. Two muses amusing the fates that have brought them together. I thank them and advise her to do the same. She knows who she is and she knows what I seek, nothing more, never more as long as she stands beside me. Again I whisper under my breath: "thank you". She hears, she responds, she smiles and she obeys. She is the one, the one who stoops to conquer, the one who came upon a rainbow in the night, the one who came upon the rainbow created by the light in our eyes and the darkness in our own souls.

Circe

Last Sabbath I supped with Circe and although enchanted by her essence my footfall harkens to the song of yet another siren. A rapturous and ravenous melody sung by one with hair golden as the mythic fleece when illuminated by the moon and stars on high. Her eyes sparkle as deep and as blue as Adriatic ocean afar and the smile that ornaments her countenance is as wondrous and as radiant as the name she was blessed with. Sunshine!

Another time, another place, another woman stands before me. She is also another stranger in a strange land seeking only the worthless dream of coyote ugly. She is a face, a shape, a name, a mask and a would-be muse. Belladonna, take flight and soar with reckless abandon. I move forward, little more than a mushroom and considerably less than a messiah. What magic does it take to create the music? What magic does it take to pluck the heartstrings of love? Is it poetry or the sound of a humming bird in flight? What magic makes it happen? Does it take noisy breaths that reverberate and then resound unto nothingness? What rhythm is required motivate the heart and reach deeply unto soul?

I stand

I stand on the edge of yesterday and on the verge of tomorrow. She stands on the shores of despair, waiting upon heartache and heartbreak. She calls unto me with the sweet songs of a sailor's siren but when I answer my soul and my very spirit are dashed upon the harsh edges of her indifference. My heart however survives and though battered and bruised it none the less beats within my breast. Her laughter though resounds and echoes through out the universe for all to hear unto the end of days. I hear it and I go mad. God I love her. God I want her. God forgive me I need her!

Standing in the mists of her own reality she smiles and gracefully bends towards me stooping on one knee. She touches my cheek and makes me whole. Again she lifts me from my bed of sorrow and tears to now join with her in her song. Together we stand on the shore each singing, calling softly and beckoning quietly. Let those who have ears hear. Let those who have eyes see. Let those who seek love come, for the depths of despair and the rocks of indifference wait. Tie yourself not to the mast and plug not your ears with beeswax. The love that calls unto you is not a love for the faint of heart or the meek and week of spirit. It calls only unto you. Embrace the adventure and hearken unto the siren's song.

Packaged and Sold

No great wealth has ever been amassed without someone first committing a great crime. Must the same stand true with the essence love? Where does a great love truly begin? Within a fantasy! Where does great love blossom and bloom? Does it happen within the mind or within the heart? Does it burn as in song and story eternal within the soul? What is this thing, this passion and this madness called love? Does it happen, live and die within the lines of a poem or at a victory party after a football game? Is love to be found in the beating of a heart or the sound of the wave upon the shore? Is it to be found in the eyes of a stranger?

If I could bottle, package and sell that which I have seen in the eyes and the smile of a stranger this day the world would beat a path unto my door so that they might purchase it themselves. The man in the car, the man on the street, corporate executives in their penthouses, even the homeless beggars who pan handle on each and every corner would stand in line and part with their pennies to purchase that which I have seen in her eyes and smile this day.

What then however would be left of me when it is sold? What then however would be left to share with the one who truly loves? Would the essence of love still remain after the vision was packaged and sold? Would the heart of love, could the heart of love still remain intact? Would its aura diminish? Could ever a smile still smile once taken from a face, to be bottled, packaged and sold? Would or could any ever still love once it has all been packaged and sold?

Edge Walkers

In the land of the night the ship of the sun is drawn by the grateful dead. I prefer to remain and walk in the night, in the darkness. Become my darkness, I want it, I need it, I demand it and I will possess it. I will explore its essence and together the darkness and I shall reshape the illusions of this destiny projected by mere mundanes and mortals. The fates have opened a door, I run to it and care not what lies beyond.

Another stands beyond an open door at the other end of this unexplored passage. The universe brought us here; it has conspired to open doorways and pathways so that we might come face to face. So that two might become one to create another, cast in their image and likeness. Are we destined or so foolish as to just stand there? That is not the way of darkness! Darkness permeates and eclipses all. It engulfs surrounds, encompasses and devours all within the garden of good and evil. I have called and you have answered, with silence and with submission! It is the nature of your being. It is the nature of your Darkness. Shall we not walk together? Each at times leading and each at times following as the nature our spirits demand? I have spoken truth and you know it, you also that when worlds merge there is much to be explored.

There are always two sides to each coin. There is also however a rim, a thickness that separates them, an edge. We are the edge walkers, between tenderness and terror, between duality and singularity we stand. Joined together there shall be four sides, two light and two dark. Let the dark sides face each other. Let the dark sides explore each other while exposing the light sides to the world at large. Two edges, four sides, two edge walkers, each dominating each dedicating, leading and following as need be. Let us explore the passion and intensity of dedication, domination and deliverance. I long to dance in the twilight with your darkness at hand, free to lay aside freedom, that each may serve and or submit. Neither monster nor madman I stand waiting. Let the master and mistress become the hunter and the huntress.

A Day of Darkness

Serious Sappho or sensuous vamp, it matters not to me. Since my earliest days I have known that trapped inside of me is a thirty year old lesbian. It is screaming to get out. We live in a world of dualities, male, female, light, dark, love, lust, pain, pleasure, joy, sorrow, sinner, saint. What do these things matter within the boundless expanse of place, space and time? Without one the other does not exist. We sip and sup of them, from the same well, from the same plate and with the same spoon. What does it matter if one day the taste is bitter when on the next, it shall be sweet?

One does not deny that which they need out of fear. The world of darkness is not a world for the faint of heart or the meek of spirit. If we deny ourselves that which we need, then we are fools. You called out, I appeared, I call out and you walk towards me. Coo-coo-ka-choo! How can this not be ordained by the Goddess of good and evil? We are born seekers, soaring souls who chase fleeting glimpses of Gargoyles and Godheads long since past. They flee, we chase. I call and you come. No one need ever fear the hunter when all he seeks is a huntress. Still the world should tremble when hunter and huntress meet for again the world becomes a jungle and humanity becomes the prey. Be afraid my friends; be very afraid, as lust and lunacy become the huntress and the hunter. They laugh, they love, they howl and they bay at the moon in endless defiance. Let it be known that all whom cross their paths are damned and doomed. Let it be said to them: "Abandon ye all hope!" The web is spun and "Iacta alea est", the die is cast. Send yourself flowers!

Darkness look upon your work, look upon what you have created and made of us. Second for second, minute for minuet, muse for muse, isn't it amusing? I reach out my hand and call. You come and take it. It is done, it is ordained. Coo-coo-ka-choo!

What Poems

What poems lie behind this dark girl's eyes? To what depths does her void plummet? When her mind takes flight what horizons does it transverse? The black pools behind her glasses recognize, like the Merlin in flight no borders, no boundaries, no limits. I know her.

Another girl, with another smile sits next to her. This one is shallow but polite. There is no depth reflected in her eyes as they mirror the lack of truth in her soul. Another girl, another woman stands watching football. What passions are locked within her heart? Red wine, red lips, red sandals! Is her heart is black and empty also? Does passion rule or does complacency prevail? What colors does she see in her mind's eye when darkness is upon her?

I Float

I float in the darkness watching, waiting, this one is special. She shall feed my chosen sweetly. Alone in the night I note that even the universe listens to her heartbeat and as it does, it trembles. I shall bring her to darkness, I will give her to darkness, I want her but she is not destined to be mine.

Her hand gently touches her throat as her head tilts back. She longs for the magic of midnight. Her tongue passes sensually across her lips. Her body quivers with ecstasy pure as she feels the wonton wonder of self inflicted pain. Her fingers fondle the essence of her womanhood as she softly moans and lets hand fall upon breast. Her heart pounds but she knows in truth that it is no longer her heart. She senses with every fiber of her body that it will never again be her heart beating within her breast. Her body, her heart, her mind and her soul will soon belong to the night and the sisterhood of the stars.

“Bring darkness unto me” she whispers. “That is what I want. That is what I desire and that is what I deserve”. She throws open wide the window and steps unto the ledge with arms spread wide. She embraces the night and the wild abandon that accompanies it. She swoons as the mists engulf all that once was once her spirit. She falls, is caught and is uplifted unto her essence. The pleasure explodes within every atom of her universe. She is free. Again she pleads for the night. Again she longs to be given unto the darkness for that is her fate. That is her destiny. She opens her eyes and beholds the night, fear overcomes her but she none the less kneels before the sisterhood of the stars. She bares her beauty before them. Her past is nothingness, her future is unknown but still this night she shall give herself unto the sisterhood of the stars. She shall feed them and thus be fed by them. She inhales them and in the end she becomes them. Through the mirror she crashes and falls onto the table of fate.

We Shall go it Alone

Alabaster skin glistens as she dreams. What visions dance within the mind of this angel? Be she fallen or not my heart hastens to her. My footfall follows her, at first cautiously, then quickly and finally with the speed of wild abandon. I have to touch her, I have to have her, I need to feel her kisses and dance to the rhythm of her heartbeat. In the end I long to look into her eyes so that I may know, see and understand the truth, the lies and the mysteries that are locked behind them. What horror prevents her from feeling and or giving love? I am terrified for her as she stands before an abyss far beyond the fires of passion and atop cliffs of indifference. God forgive me I love her. God forgive me I need her! Has ever such a woman from womb of this earth been born? Been woo-ed? Been won? Have any that have ever crossed her path and looked into her eyes and not gone mad with desire? I shall follow this March Hare down the rabbit hole lust knowing full well that I shall never again be the same. I will follow her knowing full well that I shall never again know the wonder of love amidst that which mundane. This Maria has blown me unto the stars. This pretty poison has bewitched me, imprisoned me and enslaved me. Why then dear God do I feel so free?

As fallen angels with hearts entwined we are now branded with the mark of Cain. Let it then stand as our Red Badge of Courage. Must we then first bathe in the blood of the wise and the wicked so as to rinse bodies with our own tears? Is it not enough to stand tempered by the flames of passion and the salt indifference? Must we fly hand in hand unto the heavens in defiance of all that is holy and unholy holding on to only each other and the dream of a better tomorrow? Must we stand on the pinnacle of eternity to proclaim that if God will not stand with us and the Devil not stand for us that there is only one other choice? As God is my witness then, by all that is in me, both holy and or unholy, we shall in the end, go it alone.

The Divine Madness

She was the most beautiful of all fallen angels and perhaps the most deadly. What horrors haunt her nightmares? What visions have terrified her so? To even imagine them for a moment boggles the mind. She has beheld the face of the Gorgon and survived where lesser creatures have turned to stone or gone mad. The lucky ones have died outright where they stood.

Perhaps the Gods had a grander plan. They say that when a fallen angel completes their assigned task that they are given back their wings. She and I are the same. We are both fallen angels, both fallen from the grace and good will of the Gods. We now lie next to each other in our dreams. We lay accursed and separated by time, space, place and distance. We lay accursed sleeping but never resting, loving but never touching, caring but never feeling the passion that abounds in our hearts. What lies beyond the door of lust? Will love in defiance of all that is allow us one day to fly again?

Of Late

I have come to realize that love and lust are the divine madness' that becomes manifest in that earthly insanity known as sex. It allows each and all to experience that which is divine. I guess Shaw knew of that which he spoke when he wrote "There is a pleasure sure to being mad, that only the mad shall know". Tragically enough though it is also an undeniable fact that: The harshest insanity of all is to do the same thing over and over again and expect a different outcome. Today as it happens I am not sure if I am mad, insane or simply in love.

Today

Today it is not about love, lust larceny, lunacy, sun, sex or even spaghetti. Today it is about a smile. Today it is about a darkness that has engulfed my universe and an emptiness that claims my soul. Today it is about a friend that I never truly knew, a voice I never truly heard. Today it is about the music of heart strings, untouched and un-played. It is about a cosmic symphony that tragically remains unwritten. Today it is about the tragedy of destiny. It is about words unspoken and hearts afraid of being broken. One day soon the final pages of our calendars will fill to the floor and it will no longer be about roses and rainbows or even tears and fears. In the end it will just be about two people and a tomorrow that never came. Tomorrows become yesterdays all too quickly as hopes and dreams turn into dust and rust. Seconds turn into minutes and the minutes add up to decades gone by. In all the days yet to come because one of us did not ask "Why Not?" The other will have spent a lifetime asking "Why?"

Again She Haunts Me

She is the Psyche and the Sophia, my Helen and my harlot. She is the love of my life, my passion and my secret. In the end she is the one that I may be called upon to die for. I guess that is justice since she is the one I live for. She is my sister, my brother, my mother and my child. She is the one I love above all others. She is the flame that burns within my soul and the ice that chills my heart unto the very bone. She is the miracle, the magic and the madness of life. She is Lilith, the raven, the rose and the rainbow. She is the night and the day, the sunshine within my darkness and the voice within my wilderness. She is the poem and the pearl that delights and enriches me though the passion and pain torments me. I see her eyes in the stars and hear her laughter in the wind. I see her face in the clouds and her smile in the shadows. Every fiber of my body cries out that: "I love, I adore and I worship her". Without her I cease to exist and although my heart still beats within my breast it makes naught but a hollow sound. My house, my home, my heart, and my cup are all empty without her. I beg, I plead, I implore and I beseech all the gods and demons of heaven and hell to fill and replenish my cup so that it may runith over and that she may once again be abundant in my life.

Fallen Angels

I see the face of the muse and hear the laughter of other fallen angels. The earth and the essence of the universe opens up before me as the mask of the muse dances like so many sugar plum fairies within my mind. Color is but a frequency within our reality. The colors of the rainbow when merged becomes darkness while when defused it becomes light. What matters the colors of passion or pain when divinity is at hand. Red bespeaks passion while white softly wipers purity and submission. Color me curious and then toss my salad. What mix of madness shall beset me this night? What nightmares shall haunt my dreams? Something wicked that way walks. It walks towards her and there is nothing that I can do. I cry out unto her a warning but she does not listen or hear. She is laughing to loudly at a clown beneath a tree. She sees not the tears or the fears. She revels in wild abandon as the fool juggles and cries knowing all to well her fate. Softly Softly Catchee Monkee The pain is far to great, the tears burn the clown's eyes. He drops the clubs He lays down He dies. She laughs unknowingly, for something wicked that way walks. It stands in her shadow, watching and waiting.

Pomegranates and Pineapples

I sit in the darkest dead of night contemplating pomegranates, pineapples, friendship and life. She lay in an alcoholic stupor being taken again and again by nameless and faceless men. Is this to be our cruel destiny? Can the cosmic be so very, very cruel as to allow this? Does love not carry any weight in the motion of time and tide? In the end will all this be as Shakespeare predicted little more than a tale told by an idiot? Can any man, could any man sit quietly by waxing and waning philosophic as the one that he worships lies wanton and willing in the Pit of Poseidon? I despise all around her, the fishmonger, the firefly, the baboon and the bulimic. Each takes her again and again while never giving. If only they would all perish upon their return to the sea, to the sky, to the jungle and to the pantry. Perhaps then she might be free herself of her demons and return again to me.

Lilith

Forever in the darkness she roams, she who stoops to conquer, she who bends to break all those around her. How the mighty have fallen. I kneel before the twilight longing for her touch, begging for a glance from her eyes. I have become a hollow for she has inhaled my soul and consumed my very spirit. Why does not nature rush to fill this void, this cavity, this hollow shell that now stands empty within the universe? Why do not the flames of despair consume me? I long to be complete, I hunger to be whole! Let the moon and the stars weep and fall as I wither and die in the coldness of her indifference. My sun bleached carcass, though decades past will still in the end call out her name LILITH!

Thank you for taking the time for reading and or listening to:

Lilith ... In the pit of Poseidon

by

T. Crawford-Crawford.

The Epilogue

A word from the author:

I can not really refer to it as crimson and clover over and over or even parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. I can only define the moment in terms of pumpkin seeds and daffodils. I have no idea what cosmic thread connects me to those things but something or rather someone has drawn me into the vision. Perhaps it is simply the cycle of life, that which is, that which isn't. How simple it all becomes in a dream. Perhaps we all need to stand in a field of daffodils holding a handful of pumpkin seeds. Perhaps we all need to stand their looking into the eyes of the one that we truly love.

In the End

In the end however it is still her that I love and adore. In my dreams it is still her that I seek. When I look into the sky at night I see the darkness in her eyes. In the daytime when I look into the sky I see the radiance of her smile. In the silence of twilight, as the wind blows through the trees I hear her voice and the last words that she said to me.

If you wish to hear Lilith's last words as she walked out of my life you may do so at the following web address.

<http://www.wizzdom.net/LilithSong.mp3>

A Postscript Dedication

Reflecting on this work I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every man, woman or child who has at one time or another has worn the mask of the muse. Most of all I would like to thank Lilith for being a part of my life. She has taught me ever so many things. Some of those things were good while on the other side of the coin some of them were very bad. Most of all I would like to thank her for teaching me three extremely harsh realities in life:

**Not everyone can be saved
Not everyone should be saved
Not everyone deserves to be saved**

The harshest reality that she taught me though was that sometimes:

LOVE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH

Please Note***

For those who are interested:

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Special Thanks
Cover Art by: **Hushicho Phoenix**

(One Final Afterthought)

From the eyes of the night

Even the night has a thousand eyes. Each and every one of them watches her plight. They watch and shed a tear for her delirium. Cold sweat and hot flashes mark the malady of her sickness. In her den of darkness, anxiety, arrogance and ambition mark the madness of her depravity. The night and I watch quietly and wait patiently. We pray for her great escape as we watch her hopeless and helpless plight. We chronicle her purchased promiscuity, her Promethean torment and her Icarusistic flight as each is reflected in the shadow of her sorrow. We quietly watch her drowning, void of emotion in a pool of lust. The night and I wait, watch and pray that one day soon, without warning, night shall become day. We wait, watch and pray that one day soon without warning all her anxiety, arrogance and ambition will melt in the warmth of the morning sun.

**From the eyes of the night ... Tears
From the heart of the Phoenix ... Love**

The End