

PAN'S SONG

Strong with the strength of wild things,

Warm with the smell of musk,

Wise with an eldritch wisdom,

Harsh as the oak tree's husk,

I wake

And seek

The noon of a summer's day.

Horned with the horns of power,

Hoofed with the hoofs of lust,

Shagged with the fleece of passion,

Willed with the will of MUST,

I stalk

Her scent

This noon of a summer's day.

Light is her girlish footstep,

Sunlit the grassy slope,

Dark is my pagan shadow,

Dark as the birth of hope,

Her fears

And tears

Make fertile a summer's day.

I wrote this in only a few minutes while sitting on a sunny slope of Mount Hermon in southern Lebanon. The scent of wild thyme was in the air, along with a strange and strong compulsion. Pan made me do it.

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