

8-15-1987

## *Visitation*

Angelee Sailer Anderson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>

---

### Recommended Citation

Anderson, Angelee Sailer (1987) "*Visitation*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1987 : Iss. 3 , Article 10.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1987/iss3/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:  
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



---

**Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien**  
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Far faring dragons' flawshing oars lashed  
Aeger's ale to churning foam.  
Ten grim serpents in a crescent flashed.  
Curved round the lovers' wind-tossed home.

But Hedin slipped from Hogni's hard grip.  
By Hild's high magic a wind arose  
And sped them through ere the jaws could close  
To rock girt isle fled the lovers' lone ship.

Nine serpents circled and isle grim and bleak.  
Nine long dragons blocked the lovers' escape.  
Hogni sailed shoreward his vengeance to wreak.  
Shield-wall faced shield-wall, love's battle to shape.

Nine serpents circled, but dared not land:  
Once Hogni's host faced Hedin's spears  
Hild's stark sorcery raised sailors' dark fears.  
Mists sealed the isle at the wave of Hild's hand!

High minded Hild then the battle dared breach.  
Between bristling walls bore the gift of peace.  
Against blood vengeance love's light to teach,  
Bade bold warriors their battle to cease.

She bore forth from Hedin to Hogni a gift,  
A ring well wrought and richly in gold,  
Bearing the image of a boar fierce and bold,  
A sign of respect to help heal the rift.

Highly then Hogni praised Hedin's ring.  
"Tusk is bared boldly by boar of gold.  
Thus Hedin thinks of me!" quoth the king.  
Hogni's heart warmed toward Hedin the bold.

But evil Illugi, a wretch Hild had spurned,  
Seared Hogni's heart with venomous speech.  
Serpent tongued wolf-heart with soul of a leech!  
Hogni's vain pride to a mean path he turned.

"A sow the ring-hole rides round, I see."  
-So spake Illugi to Hogni the king-  
"A well ridden sow Hedin hopes you will be!  
Bending you over he'd pierce your ring!"

Hogni hurled ring and reason away.  
Bade Hedin's host to the hazeled field.  
Illugi's word-wound would never be healed.  
Ravens feasted that unhappy day.

Flashing sword-storm made shield bosses ring  
Spear drank blood. Ax bit bone.  
To the whine of arrows did Valkyries sing.  
Gondul's song was the dying man's groan.

Men hacked and hewed as beasts that rend.  
Father and Lover brought death to each other,  
Against their hate her anguish strove,  
But vengeance stood in reason's stead.

At dawn, again the sword did rend.  
Ax bit bone. Spear drank blood.  
Hedin and Hogni fell in spear-storm flood.

Centuries ago it was.  
Centuries ago it began.  
Centuries ago...

And still they kill on the shrouded isle.  
Father and Lover! Father and Lover!  
Each still seeks death for the other!

For Hild has passed,  
Grimly grieving,  
Lifespells weaving,  
Winning wan warriors  
Away from death.

And it will go on 'til the ravening hounds  
Swallow sun and Moon.  
And, writhing, Earth  
To chaos returns.

For Hild has passed,  
Grimly grieving,  
Lifespells weaving,  
Winning wan warriors  
Away...  
From peace!



#### VISITATION

Angelee Sailer Anderson

Out of the storm you came.  
The raven wings of midnight were you mantle,  
And beauty like a shaft of ice --  
Clear, crystalline beauty,  
Cruel beauty --  
To crave, but not to hold,  
To crave and never know.  
Your face was pale;  
Your brow it bore no line  
Of the raw and ruthless years that,  
vowing, never paid.  
And your beath broke like a wave  
against the quiet,  
The devastating quiet,  
The violated silence.  
At your touch fear and blue flame were struck.  
For while your eyes they told of gardens  
fresh and clean --  
Of pleasures alien to me,  
The thawing of a thousand springs --  
Your words were, "I come gathering,

Gathering into the hard rain.  
See how it drives, making rivers  
of the streets.  
Come taste the whip at winter's hand;  
come let us drink our fill.  
Cast off caution, heed no warning --  
Ride the fervent rains with me into  
the morning."

Into the storm I sped,  
 Embarking on the wings of my imaginings  
 Through drops that bit like splintered glass,  
 Like shards of ruptured longing --  
 Cruel talons, --  
 And ached, and asked not why,  
 And bled and could not die.  
 Plucked and gently flayed,  
 Swathed in the plumes of mystic birds,  
 I supped on bitter herbs and wallowed in a sty,  
 Then returned to huddle wretched  
     'neath the eiderdown,  
 Unscathed by prying eyes  
 To cower in the quiet,  
 To lick my wounds, and shudder,  
     and be silent.  
 And though you wished to dare the limits,  
     fully try me,  
 I said, "Take me in high tide,  
 And I'll not live to see the ebb.  
 I beg you do not gather me,



Gather me into the hard rain  
 Whose fury falls on all that breathes  
     and bends all to its will.  
 I'll not kiss the crushing hands:  
     the draught you offer is too strong.  
 Wait the autumn, stay for summer --  
 I'll not dance with you to such a savage drummer."

"Would you bridle the stallion that runs wild;  
 Would you strip the phoenix of its wings?  
 Bide the dragon shed his polished scales,  
 The unicorn her horn?  
 Build temples  
 To house what knows no bounds,  
 And worship bowing down?  
 Summer weaves  
 Only spells of withering heat;  
 Autumn is a rover, and a paramour  
 Who courts favours but to vanish in a day;  
 And springs paths ever lie  
 On winter's further side.  
 To dawning desolation leads the way.  
 However you may burrow under quilts and sheets,  
 Such armour will not turn the blade  
 Whose scabbard is the inner man.  
 Gainsaying or game, I'll gather you,

Gather you into the hard rain.  
 From the secret place of thunder to  
     the circuits of the sun,  
 You will ride the rains;  
     and with me you will ride them  
 Now in haste, sweet urgency."  
 So you spoke, and so you gathered me,  
  
 And rode we then the rains,  
 The hard rain.