

# Sculptress

Mourgana of the Fey

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*for Taliesin where ever he roams*

*and Mart*

## About the author

words are my paint

poetry is my chisel

## summary

nautical compass

the keening woman

Once upon a dark moon

Hymn for the hooved

the killing of a conifer

Elphin

Abstract journey

O

folding paper boats

Letter to a narcissist

Raven

Haltia, spirit

Ode to an artisan

their blood bestowed

## nautical compass

come walk among the driftwood  
where carmine cloud weavers  
fleeting flamboyant flickering  
oleander opus  
lulling light  
anemone awareness  
someone blew into  
the salt  
lived utterance  
escapes  
only the flapping wings  
of a bird

copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved

## the keening woman

an intimate stranger stood aside this road  
coal cloaked bronze bonfires  
signaling spaces were once eyes

in ruffled camouflage silence escaped  
clothed as nomadic woman  
her kajal mouth moving

once swan necked moon  
graced grave formations  
in a galaxy other  
older than poesy

I virago, I Freya  
staff keeper thread weaver  
a name was given

from mine ears  
Tuonela herding abide  
incarnated stars

totemic maiden  
I stand vigil  
crib  
and  
crown  
me

sing kuru chant  
my initials  
death spelled  
peel wisdom  
from mine eyelids

beloved Vanir  
we lay at Earths crust  
wading through  
the high grass

diadems from dew  
frocks of late frost  
return

Love is  
the only way  
to remember

April 2025 Copyrights Rian  
all rights reserved

## Once upon a dark moon

a nymph slips  
sylph shaded

I gaze into  
sentient essence  
sarcophagi  
quietude  
beckons

lunar one  
come find me  
among lithium

my Lilith orb  
I have become  
a Lily white atom  
fluttering  
soaring  
floating

Copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved



## Hymn for the hooved

the old tannery stands hidden  
among brackish water  
that knows numerous answers

once a thriving heart  
was found still beating  
now riven rustic doors

hang sliding hoarse voices  
speaking from each void  
savaged beasts hold  
a voiceless mirror reflected

staples stacked lavished leathery scent  
from each bovine hide scarlet dried  
blood songs are sung  
through roughed vales

meandering green pastures  
ethereally we still graze

Copyrights April 2025 Rian  
All rights reserved

## the killing of a conifer

Listening to my three feathered sisters  
magpies muttering as faint flakes  
swell

cosmogenic cosmonauts  
it is not history that haunts us  
when roaring blades  
fall into mourning air

it is said trees are our historians  
life saviours  
we have to accept it  
because we lived  
each cremation

our beloved has fallen  
because we survived  
once he was the apple  
of mine eyes

I ask you now  
return as this page  
read into me

Copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved

## Elphin

torchlit love speaks  
unbidden unhidden unwritten  
I have always known you  
beyond all that is human

your embroidered silhouette  
finger printed fingertips  
Venusian vined

it is almost your birthday  
I tiptoe out into this perimeter  
vaguely remembering  
velocities of depth

liaisons untamed  
as soft as a gentle subtle breeze spoke  
I have always belonged here

yond mirrors and combs  
two spears collide  
vagabond troubadour  
three times more  
from his chest

night shade grew  
in mantic dusk  
we meet again  
I delved into  
his lapis lazuli

a dervish fire  
waits for us

Copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved

## Abstract journey

I was reading a dead mans news paper  
on the last train home  
predicament carved

his penchant voice  
spoke frail  
from each word  
I read his story

tundra soul reaching out  
vaster than sky  
rarer than arctic lupin

one day that never arrives  
within fresh steam from a kettle  
he will dream about wearing  
his unused shoes

from his bruised hand  
russets brush  
over asphalt  
tramping trodden

night mares  
erupt from his torso  
as they gallop  
fumes fall  
from their nostrils

this train  
has never  
left me since

Copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved

O

I who have sent out ravens  
through murmur given names  
diviners soothsayers dwellers  
brought wise eyes  
with only words

behold this basking beauty  
coiled serpentine limbs  
ravines open

ravens open flight  
flocking aurochs wander  
in verse of wide

I who Odin given  
is spat out by name  
through each civilization  
a life worn path  
bloodshot

pierced by scorn of Ergi  
a name given  
curse I am not

so aim fire  
point your finger at me  
precisely pulling  
a virtual trigger  
o how abysmally pure  
is this fate  
written within  
each margin

each human

behold

I wear this cloth

a christening gown

I am blackest blood

mine to keep

though never to own

o I am but

a dotted

line

Copyrights Rian April 2025

all rights reserved



## folding paper boats

we who have comets as eyes  
leave us our voice in these voids  
do not define

the vanishing fairies  
have told me to never leave  
they tell me to walk light footed  
as they dance to sea music

do not repent our frolics!  
beguiled by them  
they sit by my side  
serenity awakens  
at my kitchen table

their wings surrounding me  
tomorrow I will polish  
my three tiered tiara

adjust it while the rain falls  
listening to that still point  
upon the horizon  
where cloaked eyelids

open from uttered reflection  
each basin I swim  
I am that one little sea horse  
stillness under water

reflecting a sphynx shade  
we are ancient faucets  
giving water to ancient mouths  
that speak through us

through nail scribing footprints  
these poems have become siblings  
I have fostered many  
they woke me up  
hungry

verily so you will meet me  
upon these pages  
where none remains

only the loveliest light

Copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved

## Letter to a narcissist

I was never a spy  
in your house of love  
rather here  
in this room of death

where the heirs  
have cardboard ears  
filled with  
amplified whispers

circulating orbs  
flickering light  
reflects  
I hold a wake  
beside emptied  
dark green bottles

eros still rattles  
our broken bones  
hisses through  
absinthine ash

you are my martyr  
I have become  
a shrined concubine

dancing tightropes  
towards the music  
of his knuckles

each origami pattern  
violet violence

brings turmeric  
twilight

where we mimed our love  
gestating beech mothers  
hold out their arms

if we close our eyes  
how then can pain  
ask for forgiveness

praying mantis  
I ask of you  
upon each tendril  
trauma escapes

we will never learn  
to trust an eagle  
how to listen  
through the antlers

of  
a  
deer

## Raven

O luminous light of purification  
the raven within mine heart  
lay afloat upon sunset

nine ripples open  
into Venusian vines  
garlands given

I am the siren  
beholding no one  
only mys soul

alone these lavender hems  
fade into dark blue knowing  
wither now into cosmic cologne  
this nocturnal flight  
begins

Copyrights Rian April 2025  
all rights reserved

## Haltia, spirit

Here there are no beginnings  
no endings  
bending  
before risen sun sinks

trees shake their mossy beards  
vibrant virality clings  
to rasping rooks  
their songs  
sing feathered

let there be fog  
for fog protects  
silvery dressed  
maidens afloat

I have become  
the epithet called earth  
standing among frozen streams  
staring into rustic figments

otter opus  
empress ermine  
furry fox frock

a scythe cut portal opens  
into virtue of belonging  
here I am open handed  
I am ready to walk my path  
a solitary treasure

leaning towards  
letting go

breathing in  
deepest

listening

May 2025 copyrights Rian  
all rights reserved

## Ode to an artisan

he placed placibo orchids  
among each fleeting string  
proclaiming copper red tones  
reminded him

of  
a dawn quenched  
in poppy fields

each candle cadence  
grew into alabaster  
portals and portraits

hiding in Victorian crinoline  
I become seamstress  
meandering each culprit

his dried eyes  
and the ears of Ariel  
fluttering

were I to hide  
in mauve sea weed dresses  
a salving opus

externally internally we dive  
and the waters are wise

Ariel chases fireflies  
yond mother hills  
at pre dawn  
we found  
what night exchanged



with the dew  
ask me of sun  
when death  
is laying on the waters

and the waters  
are wild  
my love

Copyright Rian May 2025  
all rights reserved

## their blood bestowed

my love is bronze sky  
interlacing garlands  
being drawn

this pain/t is old  
canvassing  
amidst vertiver veil  
I walk with Sappho

brushing blushing jargon  
as she whispers names  
into moving fountain pens

vessels torched  
moving over spinal cords  
lulling colors speak  
where frequencies  
are freed in their awakening state  
Frida smiles from her burning bed  
her ebony eyebrows lifting

holding Vincents left ear  
under Prussian blue  
sun flowers reaching out  
from their high stems  
left outgrown  
in the garden of Etten

chasms untied  
frailty sings  
innocent  
abysmal destinies  
abandoned

sentient sentiments

Copyrights Rian May 2025

all rights reserved