

A Hedonist's Prayer

...is my own
handmade labyrinth
key and riddle of my eye?
I believe so!
I say it for two reasons,
the first being that I,
when faced with boredom,
give my soul for anything but.
If it's an orgy hosted by the Devil
in the depths of a wet necropolis, or a fight with a
man-eating succubus, so be it!

Call it adventure.

That second is vanity!
You see (whoever the hell you are), I'm
most Adonic when Death is
breathing down my spine,
exhorting me to wallow in bedlam!
Imagine the binge-fueled rapture, then
(hail the great Dionysus), which
cuddles like a cloud of opium,
its radiant mouth
wombed with stardust.
Should you die in that vagina,
the world will be exposed...
and nothing will remain
but its shade.

...

Amen!

Hail the Great Dionysus

‘Dear Dionysus,
should Lilith come,
tell her I thought of her.
Tell her, too, that she’s feared
because of her womanhood.’

‘Of course, of course.
It’s funny you call her that, though.
I’ve always known her
by a different name.’

‘Really?’

‘Oh yes!
Not that it matters, of course...’

The great god of wine
hands him a goblet, and the youth
drinks from it as though his life
depends on its viscera.

‘Where have you been?
I thought you’d forgotten me.’

‘Hehehe!
You, of all people,
must know by now that I
never, ever forget.
Especially my friends!’

The god’s voice is deeply earthen, and he
seems to be made of tree,
an impression had by his
gauntness and height.
In addition, though, leaves
grow on his frame beside a
wet blanket of moss, whence glowworms
beam their lights deliriously.

‘What am I drinking, Dionysus?
This tastes remarkable!’

‘I thought you knew already!
It’s the blood flowing through my veins; the

sweetest, richest wine to fall on tongue.’

‘It’s certainly that,
though it’s doing something to me...’

He stumbles around like a leprechaun,
eyes wide with strange visions:
goat-legged men with horns
(satyrs, no less) playing flutes
in honor of nymphs;
long, wooden tables with
glorious, redolent dishes; the
red-eyed, nose-ringed Minotaur
cackling while in dance, and a
round, ganja-smoking gnome... there are
belly-dancing virgins with hair of milky moonlight;
masked, fire-breathing poets; a
caravan of elephants with
jewels for tusks, and
silver-pawed cats in discourse.

‘What am I seeing, Dionysus?’

‘Whatever you want to see.’

‘But is any of it real?’

‘Everything and nothing is real.’

Sudden as that, the youth’s doppelganger
shows up to say ‘Know that it behooves you’
before slipping into the trees, its
ghostly coattails whirling like smoke.
Lost in disbelief, he
tries to pursue it, but
finds himself in front of Lilith.

‘Where are you going, beautiful?
The party’s just begun.’

‘I... I guess I want to find myself.’

‘Is that so!?
Because far as I see,
you’re found already.’

'Am I?'

She undresses him.

Lilith

Dearest Lilith,
now that we're
slaked in surrender, I
wish to tell you that your box,
gilded as it is, lights me up.
I savor, too, its
relentlessness, which
demands more of me when I
think I've given all.
What are you if not lunar, then?
Just yesterday, you found me at orgy,
stupefied by worm-wooded wine,
but when you spoke,
shafts of moonlight
rode your veins.

Howling for Bacchus

Wolves
quivering at dusk,
we lick our lasting wounds
howling in honor of Bacchus.

I don't quite know how to say it,
but he marvels at our lusts
licking his pot-pecked lips.

What will we offer our demigod?

Does propriety demand we invite him?

Yes, let him taste us:
bronze, hungry beasts,
lost in his
horny Delirium...

Delirium

...Delirium,
see that she-wolf over there?
Yes, the one named Lilith!
She took me to her bed and
bled me seven times.
I don't remember how it came to that,
just that we howled
in tribute to Bacchus, but
now I'm a weary dog
who can't even move.
Would you please, then,
acquire me some periwinkle wine?
There's a goblet of the stuff by the satyrs.
If they object in any way,
relieve them with my exploits;
I promise they'll recognize
my haunts.