

An Amalgamation of the Gods

By Marilyn Reeves

The light was growing dim as I came upon a pond
Its waters silvered, rippling in the breeze.
A bench made of stone beckoned me to sit down
Neath the shelter of the overhanging trees.
As I gazed upon the dark and brooding sky
I saw storm clouds mounting up on high.
Lightning flashing! Thunder crashing!
Tree limbs thrashing, bowing toward
the ground.

Then came a rumbling that smote my soul
with fear,
And a flash of light so bright it took away my sight.
A sudden bolt of lightning
had blasted near the ground,
With a sound so loud it deafened me;
I could no longer hear.
When my eyes at last began to clear,
I looked at the awful sky again.
But what I beheld before me
was the image of a man.

Like the gods of old, his beauty was tenfold
That of any mortal man I had ever seen.
A length of silken cloud like a loincloth
swirled around his body.
Silently, on sandaled foot, he began walking
toward me.
His eyes, his smile, his very skin
Appeared to be lit
from a fiery source within.
He touched me on the shoulder
and then bade me come.
The warmth of his hand filled me with desire –
My entire being was consumed
by molten fire!

‘Who are you?’ I cried. ‘What is your name?’
But if he replied, it was lost to thin air,
for I still was unable to hear.
He walked right past me, staring down
at the pond.
‘Look! Look there!’ he said,
his finger pointing down.
‘Can you not see? Come here, my dear,
and stand over here by me!’
I stood next to him and looking down,
Could see his reflection in that silvered pond.
His godly beauty was beyond compare!
I sought to find my own image there,
But from where I stood the ripples from the rain
Concealed the beauty I thought still mine.
But he chided me as I sought in vain:
‘Those are not ripples in the pond,
Those are the wrinkles in your face,
You foolish old woman!’
‘Did you think you had beauty that could
match my own?’
That by simply loving me, you could
be young once again?’
He roared with laughter! And then,
Quick as a flash of lightning, he was gone!
And I was left standing there, all alone.
I grieved the loss of youth I thought still mine,
The loss of love I would never find.
Hopeless, helpless, I succumbed to despair.
I stepped into the waters of that frigid pond
And waded in deep till I finally found
The reflection of my silver hair beckoning down.
Down, down, down to the bitter end.

