

words SETH, music Ivan Huber

Ivan Huber guitar, Mark Lane bass
Scott Seeber drums, Felix Garrette percussion

Shadow of Venus

Sea spouts jet mist
 pushing upward
 out of rock
Sunshine suckles your milky shoulders
Volcanoes rumble
 but won't erupt -- still
 the way you wear your day
 determines the Dream's look

A bleating heart rattles 'gainst cold cage
 bold yet sunken
 like ships whose full (moon)
lonely lips
 alone break
 the undulating surface
 where surf / salt / indecision drift

The shadow of Venus casts a wide net
 fishermen dream of abandoning their fishes
they rock to & fro
 the wet bottoms of their boats
 sloshing in rhythm
 to their lack of understanding

w/not even stars to guide them --

just the heart beat of the naked soul

The shadow of Venus

looms in pink puffed clouds

Persephone cleaning house, setting table

Diana weeding her tangled wilderness

while Athena half-listens to lieutenants

in heated conversation --

rocking on her patient porch

she resumes her reading

now & then gazing outward

now & then peering a thousand miles inward

When the lieutenants leave

Ceres chimes from a full-raised window

chairs scrape, pans rattle, voices clang

smiles are passed from plate to plate

each aroma a moment to be savored

Vesta lights her fire in the hearth

while Hera, at head of her table,

hums melodiously

as she braids the moonlight

that bounces

across the black inky bay

where raft-borne Odysseus stares

at a lighted window

& the dark-haired figure
haloed in its homely frame.