

# Oh, Saturn

So Saturn wasn't the person I had thought he was,  
Betraying me with wonders and sleight of hand.  
Yet he told me this would happen;  
he told me that this day would come.

The faeries have stopped dancing  
in the cool velvet moss.  
They are so weak that  
they can't even fly anymore.

The water nymphs will soon forget  
how to swim in their never ending seas;  
and drown into it's emerald depths  
like tears sinking down your cheek.

Artemis is discontented because  
she is no longer remembered,  
and now instead of having many names  
she has none.

Apollo, her brother, is missing.  
He has vanished like Aegis into the sky,  
yet the sun rises and sets every day  
without his chariot of fire.

The gods of old are in hiding  
playing games out of boredom,  
tossing aside all care for man,  
because faith in the gods has been lost.

The days of old fade fast;  
like stars shooting into oblivion  
only to crash down to the soft earth,  
denied the sweet kisses of heaven forever.

The stories will be lost as  
the magick and mystery are buried  
under a mountain of thick ash  
from a tower of burning books.

—*SL Howard*