

# Beltane

## Ceredwen

Have you ever stood in the April wood  
And called the new year in?  
And while the phantoms of three thousand years fly  
As the dead leaves spin?  
There's a snap in the grass behind your feet  
And a tap upon your shoulder  
And the thin wind crawls along your neck  
It's just the old God's getting older  
And the kestrel drops like a fall of shot and  
The red cloud hanging high a come, a Beltane  
A come, a Beltane  
Have you ever loved a lover  
Of the old elastic truth?  
And doted on the daughter  
In the ministry of youth?  
Thrust your head between the breasts  
Of the fertile innocent  
And taken up the cause of love  
For the sake of argument  
Or while the kisses drop like a fall of shot  
From soft lips in the rain a come, a Beltane  
A happy old new year to you and yours  
The sun's up for one more day, to be sure  
Play it out gladly, for your card's marked again  
Have you walked around your parks and towns  
So knife-edged orderly?  
While the fires are burned on the hills upturned  
In far-off wild country  
And felt the chill on your window sill  
As the green man comes around  
With his walking cane of sweet hazel  
Brings it crashing down  
Sends your knuckles white as the thin stick bites  
Well, it's just your groaning pains a come, a Beltane  
A come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane  
A come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane  
A come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane  
A come, a Beltane, a come, a Beltane

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