# 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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