The Lilith Sonnets
Anthony Etherin
Lilith and Pan (Palindrome-by-Letter)

Name, by a mark’s, a ‘Minus Deus’ sign.
I snap, sir. I so set a coven-robe.
Regard: A bone rips. Stars do, grey, align.
O, madness, send a Sabbat’s eye to probe.
Writs damn a gap, agnostic, at no mood.
Ward net. Tail adepts: All abet a nest.
Act set, an olive deviant, I brood,
do orbit, naïve devil, on a test.
Cat senate: ballast, pedal.... I attend
raw doom, on tacit song, a pagan mad.
Stir web or pot. Eye, stab! Ba, sadness send.
Among, I layer gods, rats, spire no bad....
Rage, reborn, evokes Osiris, Pan.
Sing, issued sun! I mask Ra, maybe man.
Lilith and Ra (Palindrome-by-Pairs)

A demon eel stays cradled. Pen-out youth.
My—Add bled sun, so read tense idols soon.
Moat: Gods burn. How that stir of trance is truth!
Desire its witch art over all. Be noon.
In Ra, add, so oblige, peganic songs,
al petus as acts. Hill fawn, do phrase it slow.
Anubis gold, Ra, heed a theme—belong.
Wise, sewing, lobe me. Heated herald, go....
I sub a now-slit seraph downfall hits.
(A cast spell sang, so I can age.) Pig blood’s
a drain—On no Bell, rave, to arch its wit.
Reside thru Stein. Craft rot: its hawthorn buds....
Goat-Moon! Sol’s doe instead resounds, led bad.
Myth out, you end, plead: ‘Crystal, see one mad!’
Lilith and Hades (Palindrome-by-Word)

‘Rise, Lilith, see above the burning light!’
Skies hollow into empty, bleeding clouds.
Death purest, the revenge of weary night,
draws Hades where, below, the answer shrouds.
Breath steady, her resolve to follow snakes
roars measures she demands to ever hold:
Cold visions in opaque and fiery lakes;
lakes, fiery and opaque in visions cold.
Hold ever to demands! She measures roars.
Snakes follow, to resolve her steady breath.
Shrouds answer the Below, where Hades draws
night, weary of revenge, the purest death.
Clouds bleeding empty into hollow skies,
light burning the Above, see Lilith rise!
Lilith and Hecate (Anagrammed Lines)

I stirred, there, cups of haemoglobin, true. 
There's magic in our blood, the purest fire. 
The nightmare pours its red, or ice of blue— 
the corpse of time, bright Luna, our desire. 
To prime this figure Hecate blurred soon, 
before the drug hurt space or time, in soil, 
I buried starlight, sure creep of the moon, 
or pictures of the heart submerged in oil. 
Horrific battles, gruesome hope untried, 
are fought, remote, in scriptures I behold. 
The rip or turn of loss became their guide. 
Rise up! The rust of iron became their gold. 
O, tome! Repair, rebuild the curse of nights, 
before I rust through pale demonic rites.
50 copies manufactured
January 2018
In Canada by
NO PRESS
#2, 733 – 2nd Ave NW
Calgary, Alberta
Canada T2N 0E4
derek@housepress.ca