



Marc J. Frazier

Higher Love

1.

Ice lights the dark pines.
Beauty of red wings in flight.

The soul its own silent shelter.
Each conscious thing devoted to the single
thought
of her.

Psyche's altar~the sun, stars.
The goddess of love's~cold ash.

Enter Apollo.
Weary of *Who is the fairest?*

His set: rocky hill, sheer precipice of intervention,
wind to carry her, choiceless, to a sunny meadow.

*

How love~knowing only the shape of Cupid's
ardor~
heft of shoulder, span of brow?

All husbands: mysteries.

She must know him to know herself.

*

So sudden~the shining wave of Beauty.

The light of *him* dwarfs the light she carries.

Knowledge does not tie one to another.
Trust flees: an injured god.

2.

Begin~the trials.

Venus vows to break her spirit, the will to love,
to ensure her dying with the sparrow, the
sunflower, the silent moss.

Golden fleece catches in her fingers.
A sip of tide from the River Styx.

Venus: Can it be one's nature is not fixed?
Each god is a will, surely.

The final test: her journey below.
Psyche opens the box, not knowing, even now,
her
place.

*

Love is more than desire.
She awakens to an arrow's prick,

but he captures more than this.

Jove's nectar warms her into godhead.

Now~not the same thought that made her.

Marc J. Frazier has published work in *River Oak Review*, *ACM*, *Eclectica*, *Descant*, *Poet Lore*, and elsewhere. He has had several residencies at Ragdale Foundation in Lake Forest, Illinois, and has led many poetry workshops.