



During the September 13th 'Flight of Writers' reading & wine-tasting event in Cathy Weber's 'Understory/Overstory' exhibition, it occurred to me that it was the time of year the Mysteries were traditionally celebrated in ancient Greece.

This turn recalled the following lines from D. H. Lawrence's evocation of these mysteries in his brilliant 'Bavarian Gentians' "Not every man has gentians in his house / in Soft September, at slow, Sad Michaelmas . . . / Reach me a gentian, give me a torch! / Let me guide myself with the blue forked torch of a flower / down the darker & darker stairs . . . / Where Persephone goes, just now, from frosted September / to the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon the dark / & Persephone herself is but a voice / or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark / of the arms Plutonic . . . / among the splendor of darkness, shedding / darkness on the lost bride & her groom."