

Beltaine, The sweetest joy

He sat alone upon a hill, the waves pulling at his side
He could feel the salt inside his veins and could hear the storm arrive
He closed his eyes and saw her face, so plain the others had decried
Yet he'd felt the warmth she'd held within and the beauty that lay inside
Yet their words soon blinded him, no beauty he began to believe
Oh he turned his back and he toasted them, he drank the world for all to see
With haste she turned and chased the night, no tears to wipe with her hand
While he searched the land to find his love he fell and cried 'please help this man'
He said it swells like the oceans flow, love drew me in as the tides draw the sea
Oh but I was foolish just like my friends - I let my eyes rule what I should feel.