

## HYPERBOREA ©

When Boreas, lashing Skiron's tail,  
Frees the winter storms from jail,  
With icy fingers grips your hand,  
Howling through the windswept land,  
Bringing snow from northern pole,  
To numb your body, heart and soul,  
Do you long to sit by burning fires  
Which warm the hearths of Northern Shires?

When Kaikias, rattling shield of hail,  
Cuts your face with knife-edged gale,  
And Eurus pours the streaming rains,  
Inverting now the vase he drains;  
When with the sharp and stormy squalls  
Twofold adverse fortune calls,  
Do you look for soft, caressing bales  
Of lambswool spun in Northern Dales?

When humid Notus rends in twain,  
Apeliotes' shortlived, gentle reign,  
Whose harvest-laden boots and cloak,  
On dripping wings he swoops to soak;  
When his foggy mists protect the thief,  
And sailors fear the storm-wrecked reef,  
Do you think of mellow harvest stands  
Which deck the halls of Northern Lands?

When Livas now through waves of foam,  
With hand on stern, guides sailors home,  
But blasting in with searing heat,  
Scorches fields of golden wheat;  
When oppressed beneath his torpid air,  
Your spirits languish in despair,  
Does your arid soul seek belamours  
By cooling streams on Northern Moors?

When Zephyrus to the farmer brings  
The gentle winds which herald springs,  
And from his laden basket pours  
His fruit and flowers on marble floors,  
Why choose to leave those ancient shores,  
Unless, when savage Notus roars,  
You'd rather hear the peeling chimes  
Of bells which ring in Northern Climes.

When bearded Skiron tips his cauldron,  
Be mindful of north-western Acheron,

For his glowing ashes wither fruit,  
Heralding winter's raw salute;  
When through the conch the polar gusts  
Your vine-clad lands with ice encrust;  
Do you yearn to watch on freezing nights,  
The shimmering glow of Northern Lights?

When Boreas howls and Eurus pours,  
When Notus storms and Zephyr soars,  
Do you dare to pass the mountains dire,  
Where Boreas guards Elysian shire?  
Do you dare to seek eternal spring  
In realm where Helios reigns as king?  
The immortal land of Northern Lore,  
The golden Hyperboreal Shore.

© Heloisa Hodierna