

The Incantation of Thessalonian Women

Root

Ominous herbs of a magnificent size,
Your seed grew up in the cursed night,
Watched by the Wild Star, Hostile, Threatening !

Your very names suspicious to an inquiring sage
Were repudiated from words in long past times,
When mastering your power was a prohibited science.

Kolkhidian and Egyptian sages,
In the shine of bloody Moon,
Dug your roots precious to Magi

Who, mixing tart sap of the plants
With the dead extract of whitened bones
Incanted in low voices,

At midnight distilled these magic drinks,
By which chastity of virgins fell through overpowered,
Discovering the nakedness of their side ... !