

The Sonnet of Lebanon

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סונט הלבנון

Poetry and Prose

Sophia Fontaine

The Sonnet of Lebanon
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This is a work of poetry and prose. Names, characters, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used in an imaginative manner.

*For Peter Winslow Davis—
whose presence has been my quiet anchor,
an unwavering source of inspiration,
and a profound, abiding admiration
through every season of life,
across all ages, and evermore.*

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I Dulcet

דִּלֶּצֶת

O fairest one, in thee I find my muse.

In yon still night, thy dulcet song dost ring,
Enlarging all my senses with its sweet embrace.
My nostrils draw thee in, a fragrant spring,
Mine ears, attuned, await thy footfall's grace.

My heart, a restless bard, doth yearn and pine,
Whilst my soul doth dance in blissful revelry.
With arms outstretched, I bid thee to entwine,
My bosom, soft, a sweet repose shall be.

The eye of thought, doth turn to yon grand fair,
Where heaven's bridge, by fate's own hand, is laid;
From fiery heights, a spark doth dance in air,
To hail thy form, in all its grand cascade.

O fairest one, in thee I find my muse,
With charming wit, let banter thus ensue!

II Immortal You

אַתָּה הַנִּצָּחִי

Behind the veil, I chase after you.

Behind the veil, I chase after you
Behind the door, you let me in
Ravishing me as only you can do
Behind the partition, you unrobe yourself to me
I am erected by your glorious frame
Behind the whirlwind, I feel your flame,
Your tumultuous thrush
Your instigating gestures
Behind the spiritual apparatus, I see your soul,
I languish for your heart...
Behind the clouds, I see your glory,
Concealed in mysteries, yet revealing yourself to me
Behind the water, I see your expressions
I am reminded of your pressing persona next to mine
Behind the mask, I see you...I unlock you...
I unbraid you...I view your core...
Behind the mask that is-

III

Iris

אִירִיס

Revelation and renewal, leading to a deeper connection with the divine — an invitation to open mind and heart to the infinite possibilities of existence.

In this poetic text, the awakening of perception is likened to the opening of an iris, revealing hidden truths and insights. The imagery of the Fluer's shaft attuning and the cell membrane revealing suggests a deepening connection to the essence of existence. The discovery of a secret from beneath the water table symbolizes the unveiling of hidden knowledge, slowly seeping into the depths of consciousness.

The descent of the Golden Vector to the Plain of Truth signifies a journey towards enlightenment and understanding. The whispering of a vocal utterance and the kiss of discernment suggest a profound communication of wisdom to those who are receptive. The orb of awareness, witnessing the rainbow in the pasture of Orleans, symbolizes a moment of clarity and beauty in the midst of life's complexities. The repeated extension of breath and the revelation of the Chalice hint at a continuous cycle of revelation and spiritual nourishment.

The eye of the beholder is awakened;
The shaft of the Fluer is attuning,
The cell membrane revealing...

From under the water table the secret is discovered
Drip, drop, seeping into Red Earth

The Golden Vector is descending,
Riding to the great Plain of Truth
Whispering a vocal utterance,
Kissing the ear that can hear discernment.

The orb of awareness, seeing the now rainbow,
cradled in the pasture of Orleans.

She hovers over once more,
extending her breath yet again....

Revealing: The Chalice

IV
The Tempest

סְעִרָה

Alive, she screams from inside of me.

Luna, bearing your radiant reflection, causing the stirring stimulation of fiery incense that breathes life into the tantalizing tapestry of your prolific presence.

From a distance, I see a portal revealing itself from the headwaters. Above, I behold you descending, bolting as lightning, materializing as a heavenly outburst.

I am there, rocking back and forth, your fiery ocean stirring in me, seizing me with your mythological magic as I encounter your arrival aboard my voluptuous vessel.

The heavens above part, revealing the fully transparent moon above. The currents begin to swell, the water whispers a delicate chant, calling aloud our names. From beneath the ocean's floor emerge two souls with bright eyes, illuminating the turquoise water around us.

Suddenly, without warning, we are raptured to another time and space. It is there, under the silken canopy, that we delight in the torrent of ecstasy, being thrown into the depths of pretty pleasures, diving headlong into a treasure trail of drunken inflated amatory.

v
The Maiden's Crest

כְּתֵר הַבְּתוּלָה

Behold! The Maiden's crest, a moonlit dream.

Hark now, attend! With threads of silver spun,
Weave thou thy spells where watery paths have run
'Neath Capricorn's arch, let fragrant mists arise,
And bridge the gulf 'twixt earthly, mortal eyes

And realms unseen. Thy godly hand now show,
A gesture cast where celestial colours flow,
Whose very shade I shall endeavor well to find.
For lo, the heavens do thy wisdom bind,
They summon thee, their counsel they do seek.

Attend once more! The archer's bow so grand,
With threads of gold is spun by unseen hand.
Plunge now beneath the bow's bright, painted arc,
Where Odin trod, leave thou thy earthly mark.

The gate unfolds, where Lily's portals gleam,
Behold! The Maiden's crest, a moonlit dream,
That spins with Luna's grace, a wondrous sight.

The Eye of Ra, all-seeing, burning bright,
Surveys our dance upon this cosmic stream.
Shimmer the Web!

His Majesty

הוֹד מְלָכוּתוֹ

Curiosity is a star that doth ignite.

Hark, Darling One! A Shakespearean verse I'll weave,
With threads of your keen words, if you believe
My humble quill can capture such grand thought,
A tapestry of meaning, richly wrought.

Curiosity is... a star that doth ignite,
The very conduit of the gods' pure light.
For mortal minds, just understand the module,
A humble cog within a cosmic nodule.

It is the art of balancing the axis, true,
Where earthly knowledge finds its point of view.
The momentum of the playing field, we find,
Where questions chase the answers in our mind.
And life itself, the proverbial chessboard lies,
Where every query bids new moves arise.

Thus speaks Sophia, with a spirit bold:
"My Lord... God of Sacred Pleasures, known,
Blow Thy Wind upon me... make Thy wisdom shown.
Kiss me now with Thy stirring woodwind's grace,
And in its music, find my seeking place.
Sing for me today a new song, sweet and clear,
Let words breathe whisper into my ear, so near.
Caressing me even now with Thy culminating Instrument!"

So let our wonder be a boundless sea,
Reflecting truths for all eternity.

VII
Dowry

קְדוּנָיָהּ

I have no dowry to proffer thee, my liege.

In my pursuit of verity, I hath traversed yon far and wide, o'er thousands of leagues, seeking her as the most precious gem, clasping her tightly to mine own soul. Verity hath guided me to procure a Field brimming with opulence and wealth, a realm not mine own, wed to another. But in a vision of the night, in mine own third eye, I beheld a man through a looking glass, observing me as I gazed back at him.

I was ailing and nigh unto death, crying out to the Almighty for succor. And my sovereign, in the Aramaic tongue, proclaimed, "Physician, heal thyself." Thus, I bestowed all of mine Earthly possessions unto the destitute and embarked Westward, as the Lord of mine own heart ordained, embodying Lady Love and dismantling the barriers of resistance I had erected.

I stumbled and fell, yet I did rise once more. I beseeched without ceasing, ascending to the Pinnacle of my heights. I frolicked with Destiny, laid Death to slumber, and transcended into the Divine. I embraced nothingness to become all.

I have no dowry to proffer thee, my liege. No riches nor treasures do I bring, for all hath been bestowed upon the destitute. As an angel, I have embraced the calling with a tender kiss, yielding myself entirely unto the watchtower, preparing patiently for your triumphant return!

VIII

The Essence of You

מהותך

The essence of you covers my soul.

The essence of you
Covers my soul

The smell of your body
Resonates in my nostrils

The gaze of your eyes
Brings me to a halt

The touch of your hand
Causes me to pivot

The realm of your being is where I am...

The cares of this world fall dismal
While remembering the essence of you

Head Empyrean

ראש בִּרְקִיעַ

Eyes are unveiling perception — You have arrived!

Head empyrean
Singing with bated breath
Heart earnestly craving
Dancing in the rain

Eyes are unveiling perception
Untwining am I
Belief I am recognizing
You have arrived!

Blow now the trumpet
Send out a proclamation throughout the land
Summon the doorkeeper at once
Opening now the gate

How marvelous is he to behold coming again in the clouds!

X
Castle Rock

סֵלַע הַתִּירָה

Who holds the crown when the sun goes down?

In a hall of marble and gilded light
They strike a pose in the velvet night
Sitting tall on a celestial throne
Drinking deep from a cup of stone

They chase the shadow of power and fame
Counting the echoes that call their name
Wrapped in the prestige, parading in the crown
Celebrating the love that they have found

Some drink deep from the sovereign cup
Watching the world while looking up
While others reach for the open sky
Building the dreams that never die!
Crowns of gold or castles of air—
Tell me, child, which throne is there?

Beyond the walls where the courtiers stand
Are the dreamers carving a different land
Not bound by earth, not bound by stone
They carve a legacy all their own

They lay their bricks in the shifting cloud
Daring to rise above the crowd
Leaving a mark that the wind can't hide
Driven by fire, burning inside

Some drink deep from the sovereign cup
Watching the world while looking up
While others reach for the open sky
Building the dreams that never die!
Crowns of gold or castles of air—
Tell me, child, which throne is there?

Castle Rock

Two paths winding through the dark
One seeks the throne, one sparks the arc
One wants the glory of the present day
One builds a kingdom that won't decay
It's a personal fight, a quiet decree
What kind of king do you want to be?

Some drink deep from the sovereign cup
Watching the world while looking up
While others reach for the open sky
Building the dreams that never die!
Crowns of gold or castles of air—
Tell me, child, which throne is there?

Castles in the sky...
Or the golden cup...
Who holds the crown?

Who holds the crown when the sun goes down

XI
Holy Grail

הַגְּבִיעַ הַקֹּדֶשׁ

The Grail is open, the vessel pure.

You walked in like a spark through the holy hush
Silver in your hair and a fever in your touch
I was a locked door, you were a warm wind key
Turning every shadow into an ocean for me

A divine spark trapped in the clay of the night
A vessel waiting for the uncreated light
Your eyes held storms in a perfect frame
And my name sounded new when you said it aloud

We drink from the cup that the blind world missed
Anointing the dark with a Heretic's kiss
Beyond the veil where the archons fall
You are the sanctuary inside it all

Draw me close, let the night ignite
We burn like saints in borrowed light
Your kiss like thunder, soft and slow
I fall where the wild white flowers grow
The chalice overflows with the sacred wine
I'll be your pulse, you'll be my sign

Velvet on the speakers, rain against the glass
We move like a prayer that was built to last
Your hands write verses on the edge of my skin
Every broken edge learns how to breathe again
The Sophia reborn in a room full of dust
Transmuting the lead of this earth into lust
I wear your silence like a crown of gold
You make the dark feel less alone

Holy Grail

There's a moonlit ache in the center of me
But you turn it to a symphony
One more breath, one more vow
Say my heart out loud, right now
We are the hidden spark, the Emerald stone
Reclaiming the kingdom the lost have known
I'm not afraid of the falling flame
If I can rise inside your name

Draw no lines where the spirit bleeds
We gather the light from the scattered seeds
No dawn can steal what we have made
A spell in skin, a love unafraid
The Grail is open, the vessel pure
In a dying world, we are the cure

XII Shulamite

הַשּׁוּלְמִית

A waltz that consumes the heart and ignites the soul.

Here the Shulamite speaks in the tongue of Lady Godiva — a surrender read as scripture, where every plea is also a prayer.

In the realm of love and passion, there exists a dance between two souls that transcends the boundaries of time and space. It is a desire, of longing, of surrender. It is a dance that is both divine and dervish, both sacred and pure. It is a waltz that consumes the heart and ignites the soul.

In the words of Lady Godiva, "Cover me with thy wings, plant on me kisses so sweet, throw me about as your dervish muse." Godiva is describing the longing of her long-awaited King like the Shulamite to King Solomon, painting images of her King with erotic and ethereal qualities. These words speak of a love that is all-encompassing, a love that envelops the beloved in a cloak of protection and desire. The imagery of wings suggests a sense of freedom and flight, of being lifted up and carried away by the intensity of passion. The kisses, sweet and tender, are a symbol of affection and intimacy, a gesture of love that is both gentle and passionate. And to be thrown about as a dervish muse is to be swept away by the intoxicating allure of the beloved, to be caught up in a whirlwind of desire and ecstasy.

"Sway me with your torque and I will follow you, fall upon me with your girth, entice me with your tongue, plant thy noble seed deep within me." These words evoke a sense of surrender and submission, of giving oneself over completely to the whims and desires of the beloved. To be swayed by torque is to be moved by the irresistible force of sensuality, to be drawn in and captivated by the magnetic pull of love. To fall upon the beloved with girth is to be consumed by the sheer magnitude of their presence, to be overwhelmed by the intensity of their love. And to be enticed by their tongue is to be seduced by the power of their words, to be lured in and captivated by the promise of pleasure and fulfillment.

"Grip me with thy strength of thy hands, hold me in your heart, marry me with soul." These words speak of a love that is strong and enduring, a love that is rooted in the depths of the heart and soul. The grip of the beloved's hands is a symbol of their strength and protection, a gesture of support and reassurance. To be held in their heart is to be cherished and valued, to be treasured and adored. And to be married with soul is to be united in a bond that transcends the physical and the material, a bond that is eternal and unbreakable.

"Carry me at your bosom, inscribe my name on the palm of your hands, deal patiently with me — for I'm but a woman child!"

Divine Ones

הַקְדוּשִׁים

Holy is thy name, a whisper on the air.

From the silence before the dawn, a vision starts to form
 Knitted together in ether, in splendor you are born
 Holy is thy name, a whisper on the air
 A masterpiece unveiled, beyond all compare

Holy! Holy! Holy!
 How beautiful you are to me,
 Divine Ones!
 Holy! Holy! Holy!
 Your glory is all I see,
 Divine Ones!

Crafted in precision, intricately carved
 Infused with golden plumes of virgin's hair, unmarred
 You're dancing in the wind, a cosmic, graceful flight
 Holding the arc of Tiberius, harnessing its light
 Unleashing bolting lightning in a sacred, fiery show
 Across the endless darkness, making all creation grow

Holy! Holy! Holy!
 How beautiful you are to me,
 Divine Ones!
 Holy! Holy! Holy!
 Your glory is all I see,
 Divine Ones!

From the silence before the dawn, a vision starts to form
 Knitted together in ether, in splendor you are born
 Holy is thy name, a whisper on the air
 A masterpiece unveiled, beyond all compare

Divine Ones

Pollinating with your divine seed, a genesis, a spark!
Romancing the stone, awakening the dark!
And watering the streams that flow to endless seas...
How lovely you are to me!

Oh, how I adore you all!
Majestic in all your ways!
Oh, how I adore you all!
Divine Ones!
How I adore you...
Divine Ones...

XIV

Dreamweaver

אוריג הקלומות

You are my mystical dreamweaver.

Wild are we parading through time

Weaving our love like a delicate web, getting caught by the intricate tapestry that
mesmerizes our hearts.

Unable to leave, I succumb to the beauty of observation.

All of my senses are heightened, my pleasure centers are awakened.

I am roused by this captivity, unable to move, being entangled with your quantum origin.

You are my mystical dreamweaver, dousing me with your magnificent fountain of milky
dew.

I simply take it all in, being bathed over and over by his Majesty, my King

Wild are we parading through time

Weaving our love like a delicate web, getting caught by the intricate tapestry that
mesmerizes our hearts.

Unable to leave, I succumb to the beauty of observation.

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dew.

I simply take it all in, being bathed over and over by his Majesty, my King

All hail my king!!!

All hail thy king!!!

Conclusion

Sophia Fontaine

