

THE SONNET OF LEBANON



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Poetry and Prose



CRYSTAL LIBERTO

The Sonnet of Lebanon — Poetry and Prose

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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.

First Edition

Set in EB Garamond · 6 × 9 in

*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

ד"ר

Sonnet



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 הָיָה נִצָּחַן

Verse



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

Verse



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

הַטֶּמֶסְט

Prose



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.

Morrigan of the Morning

מִדְּ.יָנִישׁ לַה־בֹּקֶר

Verse



Known for her shape-shifting abilities and her role in foretelling the outcomes of battles, the Morrigan commands reverence and awe, embodying the fierce, unyielding forces of change and sovereignty. Behold: Morrigan of the Morning!

Merging into thy breast, she summons me from under our tablet.

The papyrus unbound, the binder releases with baby's breath. I open
my mouth, and deities speak through my blood.

A Minecraft of banter ensues, spoken by heavenly guides. Neptune and
Venus take note.

A contract that is satisfied. A new age is born.

Timelines shift.

Behold:

The woman who rides the b-e-a-s-t!

Morrigan! Morrigan!

The Maiden's Crest

כְּתִירָהּ בְּתוֹלָהּ

Verse



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!

VII

His Majesty

חֹדֶם לְכוּחַ

Verse



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.

Dowry

נְדוּנֵיהָ

Prose

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!

IX

The Essence of You

מַהֲתָן

Verse



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

X

Head Empyrean

רֹאשׁ בְּרִקְיָה

Verse

— 20 —

Head empyrean

Singing with bated breath

Heart earnestly craving

Dancing in the rain

Eyes are unveiling perception

Untwinning 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!

CONCLUSION



*The Sonnet of Lebanon was written and set in EB Garamond, with
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