



Poems Dedicated to The Goddess Enya

Note: If you are so inclined, and you wish to
Please the Mistress you can send any
gifts/cards/poems/ to my PO Box here:

Ms. Enya
923 12th Street
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And Yet 24/7 Is Not Nearly Enough To Be Beside you

(In honour of GODDESS ENYA's birthday, September the 12th, 2006)

I send this poem from over the wide seas
Where your mystique increases
And my Enya obsession burns like fever.
By contrast, you are so cool and detached,
Your mystery and indifference,
And your mind-altering beauty too elusive for words...
But please accept my billet-doux my gifts
My declarations of sincere submissive love...

Your Panther brand is tattooed on my heart
And worn now for all the world to see.
The green-eyed Goddess from Vancouver
Has touched my masochistic heart.
Her incomparable beauty her majesty
Her subtle and elegant sadism her wild wicked imagination
Her sardonic laugh her lovely sensuous voice
Captive year by year, as time passes.

And so, we honour your birthday, our holiest of days,
As you fascinate each passing second
And make time irrelevant. The Enya narcotic
Throbs beyond time in perpetuity...
You are Goddess Enya – flagrant, lethal and skilled
Manipulator of men's souls and desires...
And you have become a legend
And your worshippers are legion.

Soon, sublime Goddess, I will be beside you,
My passage to Vancouver booked and planned.
I offer you my service and my life – your slave 24/7...
To kneel before you and worship love passionately
Nestled always at your holy feet...
Such honour to be owned by Goddess Enya from Vancouver
Such pure bliss to be her true slut slave!
And yet 24/7 is not nearly enough to be beside you.

ssk, Sept, 2006



New 2005 Xmas Poem for the Goddess Enya

Who Am i and Who are YOU?"

(Or the Difference Between a slave and His Goddess)

"Who are you?" I am your slut slave kassandra –
(As you so named me) – And in doing so fashioned me entirely anew.
You changed my name and my destiny You transfigured body, mind and soul.
I am now what you decide I am: your maid, your slut,
Your whipping boy, your footstool, your boot slave,
Disciple, addict, lover, poet, madman, all compact.
Because you bring beauty and transcendence
Into my impoverished life and reveal to me my true vocation. Each second
Of the day the Enya narcotic throbs...
And tears at my breast and all my passions.
Thorns erupt from my body and I cry out: "Expurgate my
Suffering and my desires, Goddess Enya.
Take me into your sanctuary –
Give me refuge to lose myself in you.

"Who am I?" You are the Divine Queen of Night,
Sleek sublime Black Panther Goddess with halo and black wings
Heaven's gorgeous, wild, angelic seductress with voodoo power.
Inviolable Goddess Enya. No-one dares control you
And yet you hold dominion over so many.
You are exalted, all-consuming Enya
Your mind plays subtle games and conquers us, completely.
Your mystery and charisma fascinates,
Hovers like a cloud around you, as you move
So magnetically, panther-elegant, an elite and fabulous creature.
You are elusive as any dream and escape true definition.
For your erotic power is supernatural, surreal, and freakish.
You have turned my world upside down and then turned
Me into whatever you wanted. You smiled sardonically
That day as I became your poodle, yapping at your heels
Through busy Vancouver streets, on my leash.
I wore your panther tattooed proudly on my naked ass
And you are branded deep into my heart.
"Who am I?" I am simply owned by Goddess Enya from Vancouver.

"Who are you?" I am nothing before you, mystic woman.
I am honoured to crawl before your holy feet.
As I look up, I am blinded by your perfection:
Those shapely legs, those ripened breast,
Hair of silk shaded in lustrous night.
But also your mind, superior and subtle,
Inventive and lateral, wild and wicked.
In that earth-shattering moment, when I beheld you,
My old identity and life dissolved.
Each day your deep green glittering diamond eyes
Hypnotise and germinate in all my dreams.
"Who are you" I am Al Nethra
(As you so named me) Enya cult disciple kneeling at your shrine.



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You are my religion, my deity. I would give my life for you.
I am nothing without you, humbled before you,
Ego-less and yet filled with your holy spirit.
"Who are you?" I was born to worship you.
For you know who you are –
Radiant, inspiring Goddess Enya from Vancouver.
Allow this craven slave into your stable
To be near your presence always
And be purified and Honoured by the privilege.



Goddess Enya rose like an apparition
Into my life, transfiguring everything,
Ghosting all my days and nights
She touches mind, body and soul,
This sublime woman from Vancouver...
Unique, idiosyncratic, awe-inspiring Enya.
Her vision threads through my dreams.
She is Desire, Dark Eros personified.
She is the mystical Muse of Night,
Inhabiting nocturnal, twilight worlds
Between reality and dream, sleep and wake.

She moves like a dream, in slow-motion chic...
In thigh-high "Mistress Enya" boots.



Disciples kneel and catch their breath,
Their eyes secretly ravish every aspect of Her.
But she is untouchable, in tight black latex skirt...
She is unreachable to mere mortals
And resides within her own dimension...
Absorbed within her own mysterious thoughts
And wrapped entirely in her own
Terrifying beauty and self-possession...
No one can pierce it, though they may try.

Her Gothic, wine-dark hair cascades
In blue-black night-scented glory...
Her shoulders are smooth and shining...
Then her body taut and tensile
In gorgeous female sensual curves encased in latex...
Those breasts ripe, pendulous, divine ornaments...
Those legs...long, shapely, breath-taking,
Sculptured to make men weep.
She reveals to mankind domina perfection.

Her intellect derides you...obliterates you.
Her mind is subtle, superior, surreal.
Look once into those hypnotic emerald eyes...
Eyes that hold mysteries locked away
Eyes that hold such depths of carnal knowledge
Eyes that hold the blueprint to your fantasies
Eyes that penetrate your soul and predict your future
Then her voice...like dark, smooth velvet...
Like a sweet fragrance...a seductive drawl that
Calls you from deep within. A beautiful Siren song
She is Chameleon...protean Panther Woman,
Now Ilsa-She Wolf, now Galatea, now Helen:
Captivating, capricious, enigmatic,
Elegant, coquettish, cruel, untamed...unconquered.

Goddess Enya rose like an apparition.

--slave carl



To His Goddess, On Her Birthday (September 12)

You. Your beauty increases with time
And each day your mystery deepens
As you mature each passing year
Into the perfect Goddess that you are.



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You are unique. You are Goddess Enya.
You are supreme, sublime woman.
You are beyond time, where fate cannot reach.
You mock all convention, an Empress Of
The Night who writes her own rules,
And we must obey. She is our Goddess.

She. She is immortal, lithe black panther woman!
Dangerous, electric and so exciting! Behold her majesty!
Lustrous blaze of night-darkened hair
Tumbling wildly over her shoulders. Behold!
Those ripe, ringed, perfectly-shaped breasts!
Then those divinely-slim, shapely legs...
In stockings seamed to make you weep!
Or - pure bliss - to behold the "Mistress Enya" boots!
And then the taut, curvaceous body
With alabaster-skin, smooth and toned.

Her. Her beautiful face, so delicately carved
Like marble and with such refinement.
And her voice...seductive, mellifluous.
But above all, her mind - dark, subtle, mercurial,
All-knowing, and deliciously wicked. We
Are vanquished and submit ourselves to you.
We celebrate your birthday, Goddess,
And hold our breath at your iconic power.
Images of you surround us,
Your emerald-green eyes germinate in our dreams.
And yet we crave more and more,
Addicted to Enya's narcotic charm unto eternity.

-slave carl



On His Goddess, the Empress Of The Night

I languish until I hear her voice -
The dulcet, seductive sounds of my Goddess.
They travel across the miles to resound inside my heart



And are like the touch of rain.
Each sweet Canadian cadence leaves me
Swooning, dreaming, aching.
And her dark superior mind, so subtle,
Sardonic, esoteric, always surprises.

I dwell daily upon her mystery
As my adoration grows
And I feel her mystic power...
Which calls to me, guides me, heals me,
Lifts me out of my futility.
She is my muse, my addiction, my destiny.
I kneel before her shrine and call out her name:
"Mistress Enya from Vancouver -
Sublime, Divine Goddess Enya."

I worship constantly my night-dark Queen,
Live only to serve and worship Her.
Her beauty eclipses history.
She graces the planet, exalts the ordinary day.
Does she really walk this earth?
Who dared fashion such a face?
Who carved such a beautiful body?
In which furnace did they burn Enya's eyes?

Those green emerald eyes, opalescent,
Prescient, burning, with cool commanding gaze...
Eyes that penetrate your soul
And obsess your future dreams.
She is your holy quest. She is Nirvana.
She is beyond mere Helen Of Troy, Beatrice
Or Venus. She is myth, legend, allegory.
She studies the algebra of need
And knows your most secret desires.
You willingly submit to her Destiny.
Goddess Enya becomes everything to you.

I watch her move, regal, panther-sleek
In some parallel yet abstract world,
Exotic and impenetrable. Her perfume lingers...
Where she glides, her heels staccato click...
I watch her, fascinated, this fabulous creature
In her thigh-high custom-made boots.
Her breasts are sculptured to ripe perfection.
She crosses those shapely legs in sheen,
And you hear the silk rustle.
She combs her lustrous night-scented, dusk-coated hair
And the mirror seems to sigh

-slave carl



Goddess Of My Dreams: Divine Enya



When I beheld the vision,
I knew she was the Goddess of my dreams,
I was thunderstruck, stunned.
Such beauty, such erotic power.
A moment of epiphany -
My world just turned, somersaulted,
Plunged me into pure vertigo
Headlong into divine Enya's web.
She had been waiting for me...
Her eyes understood all at once
All of my desires and dreams,
All of my depraved thoughts and fantasies,
All of my fears and fevers.
Her amused smile welcomed them all.
She became the focus of everything...
Eyes of basilisk, deep, hypnotic emeralds of green,
So cool, mature, mysterious, opaque.
Eyes that X-rayed my body and soul.

My body was febrile before her
And trembled like a flower.
My heart and soul bound forever
To this mythical, mystical woman.
She is archetype, image, symbol.
She is the black Panther Goddess
Who stalks all your dreams.
She waits within her Gothic vaults,
Whip in hand, ready to tame your spirit.
Such release, such abandon!
How easy and inevitable to worship Enya.
How sweet to crawl, kiss her red shiny boots
Or worship at her Goddess altar.
Her divine dominance exudes from deep within,
Galvanised by Indian royal blood.
My submission feels so natural before her.
She takes me somewhere I have never dared travel...
Beyond all experience... Transcendental.

She is the mistress of the shadows
Where sometimes vampires and bats may fly.
She resides beside the moon and the night,
Amidst the cavernous black sky and stars.
She spins her cobwebbed dreams,
Which seep deep within your Psyche, teasing all desires.
Her training soon destroys all ego
Until you are obsessed, besotted by her!
O, divine seductive sorceress,
Such black magic, such esoteric alchemy!
She is the beautiful sleek chameleon
Who orchestrates your every thought.

She evokes operatic desires in me
Mad arias and arpeggios of lust.
Her beauty is lethal. It kills.
Her hair is dark as silt, silky, dusk-coated.
Her skin pure, smooth, alabaster.
Her breasts so perfect, so fulsome, so edible.



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Her legs...so slimline, so sublime in seamed nylon sheen.
Her voice...a sexy, lazy commanding drawl,
Her long fingers on blood red nails.
Her wild, wicked, superior mind. Supreme.

She is my divine dark Muse. She is my cult.
She is my inspiration, my beautiful Goddess Enya.
Each night, I bow and declare my devotion,
Whispering incantations into the dark.
My mantra..."Divine Enya. Have mercy on me."
My heart , soul and libido cries out...
To the Goddess of my dreams,
Mistress Enya from Vancouver.
"Let me serve you. Let me worship you."

-slave carl



So Who is This Goddess You May Ask

SHE gets a dimple when SHE smiles,



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Sitting with unparalleled elegance
HER dominance is absolute;
I am honoured to be in HER presence.

HER touch is soft and warm
While still firm and commanding;
Perhaps that is why
When SHE touched me, I began trembling.

HER hair spills over HER shoulders
Like water over the majestic Angel Falls;
It is through this hair and black lipstick
That the wildness in HER heart calls.

If one has the courage to look in HER eyes,
He will see more sparkles
Than the Milky Way shows
On clear midnight skies

So who is this goddess, you may ask?
Is SHE some Roman god or mythological character from long ago?
'No,' I say, "SHE is far superior to all of them,
For SHE is MISTRESS, MISTRESS ENYA!"

- S. Kevin