

# AT ELEUSIS

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, S.R.C.*  
From *Poems of Passion* (1883)

**E**lla Wheeler Wilcox, S.R.C., (1850-1919) was one of the best known authors and poets of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Here, Wilcox, a Rosicrucian, shares her vision of the mythic power of Eleusis.

I, at Eleusis, saw the finest sight,  
When early morning's banners were unfurled.  
From high Olympus, gazing on the world,  
The ancient gods once saw it with delight.  
Sad Demeter had in a single night  
Removed her sombre garments! and mine eyes  
Beheld a 'broidered mantle in pale dyes  
Thrown o'er her throbbing bosom. Sweet and clear  
There fell the sound of music on mine ear.



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And from the South came Hermes, he  
whose lyre  
One time appeased the great Apollo's  
ire.  
The rescued maid, Persephone, by the  
hand,  
He led to waiting Demeter, and cheer  
And light and beauty once more blessed  
the land.



Eleusis Museum with mountains in the background. From the Rosicrucian Archives.