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Lines on the Death of Robin Hood

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Mythopoeic Society's Online Midwinter Seminar 2024

17th–18th February 2024: Something Mighty Queer

Submission Deadline: November 30, 2023

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2024.htm>



Lines on the Death of Robin Hood

Abstract

The silver horn of Huntingdon thrice through yestereven's hush

Keywords

Poetry; Mythril; Mythopoeic; Lines on the Death of Robin Hood; Robin Hood; Paula Marmor

Lines on the Death of Robin Hood

The silver horn of Huntingdon
thrice through yestereven's hush
haunted Sherwood's hawthorn dusk
and set the hazels quivering
uneasy pines stood sheltering
above the shadowed forest eaves
the evening's flush paled
through the trees
and autumn's end passed fleetingly

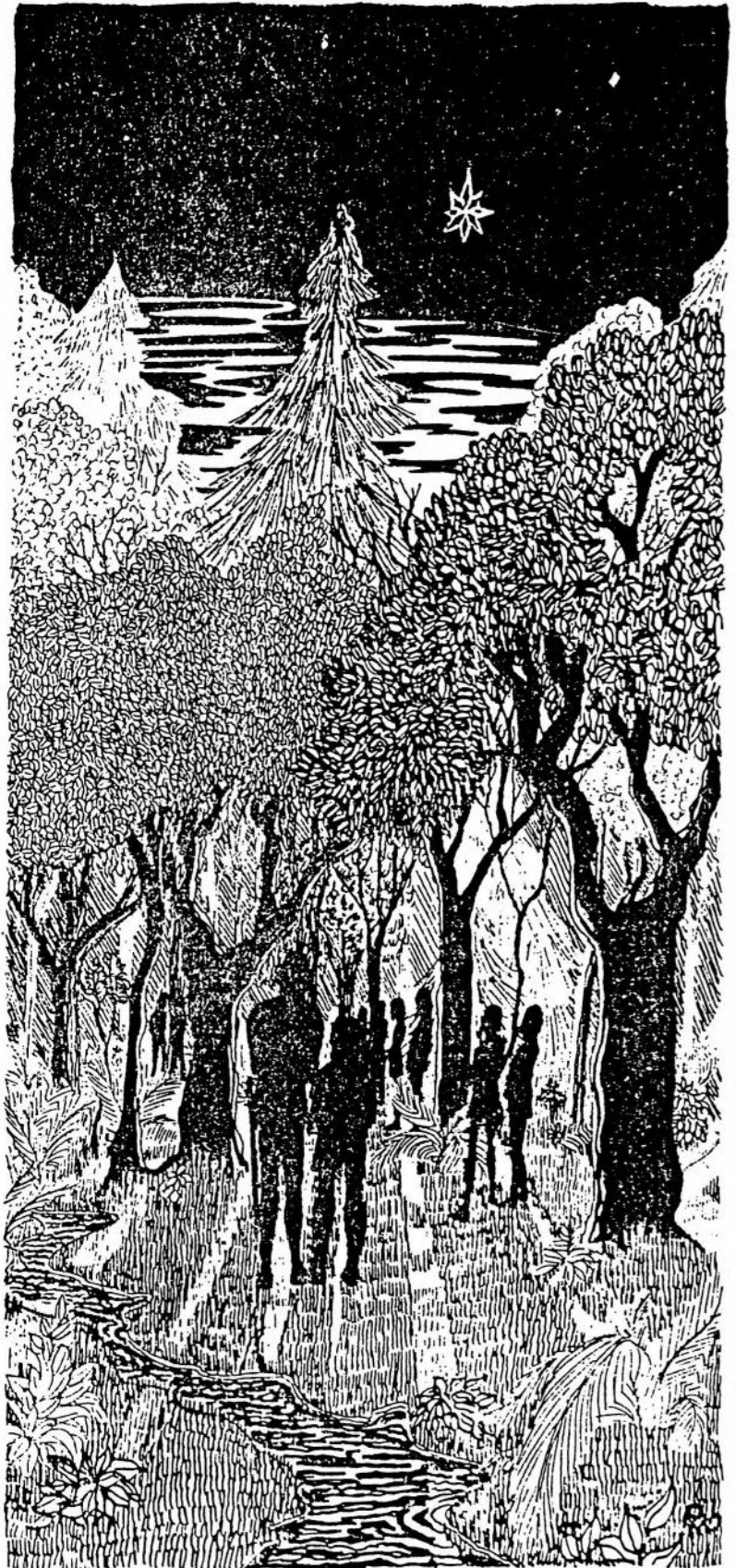
Orwendil's stars rose glistening
as winter's birthwind
stirred the firs
the York road pounded to the dirge
of yeomen northward journeying
the midnight's breath moaned
mournfully
and faltered in the final miles
within the moss-draped
pillared aisles
around the vine-meshed priory

Fitful stars shone flickering
the forest whispered: soft and thin
the rustling in the ruffling wind
of frost-encrusted bitterthorn
and barren oak trees clustering
like cloistered brothers
garbed in brown
beneath the gaunt and broken
boughs
and gabled branches towering

The order clad in Lincoln green
was gathered in the hallowed glade
in hollow glen was legend laid
as men wept unashamedly
and in the glassy morrow dim
the footsteps of dispersing men
fluttered like the pulse of death
in empty Yorkshire echoing

Myth flows through the hickories
where history's mist lies
thick and cold
and floods the musty quicken holts
and aspen copses ghostly grey
the greenwood tomb is overgrown
with holly leaves and prickly thorn
that graven was on holy morn
to hold the fallen forest king.

Paula Marmor
10/28 June 1971



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