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***Willowind / Snow White***

Paula Marmor

Joe R. Christopher

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# *Willowwind*

Soft, the whisper of the rills  
 Wafted on the willowwind  
 Sighs, and splashing washes, spills,  
 swirls among the vesper leaves  
 follows down the Evenstar  
 to settle in the western sea

'Ware the steps that scatter echoes  
 where the sister-weirds do dance  
 stamping down the past in shallow  
 graves whose craven tombstones stare,  
 spinning patterns for the present,  
 pacing future's sojourn there

Seven seasons come and go  
 like shifting shores of Lyonesse,  
 like gossamer when westwinds blow:  
 The spring has blossomed on the heights  
 and wild swans wing their passage home  
 through honeysuckle-jasmine nights

The restless many-masted schooner  
 rides at anchor on the sea  
 silvered in the sinking moonlight  
 where the sapphire star-clouds spin  
 waiting for her captain's call  
 to fill her sails with willowwind.

--Paula Marmor  
 12-16 May 1971



# Snow White

Seven small dwarves	silently peeping
from the berrybushes out	with their eyes ablink
(their whiskers twisted	as an unicorn's mane),
peeping at the person	who sat in their pathway,
raven-locked lady	weeping and forlorn,
sobbing in their forest,	tresses a tangle,
holding her apron	in front of her eyes.

Then softly and silently	crept they up to her,
whispered the world	was none so wry,
moonlight and sunlight,	alternately mingled,
ancient trees	and old deep mines.

Still she was weeping,	weeping in their forest,
holding her apron	in front of her eyes. <sup>1</sup>

MKM