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Willowind / Snow White

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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>



Willowind / Snow White

Abstract

Willowind: Soft, the whisper of the rills Wafted on the willowwind Snow White: Seven small dwarves silently peeping from the berrybushes out with their eyes ablink

Keywords

Poetry; Mythril; Mythopoeic; Willowing; Snow White; Paula Marmor; Joe R. Christopher

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.¹