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POEMS: The Piper / The Song of the Swallow / Heatherfields

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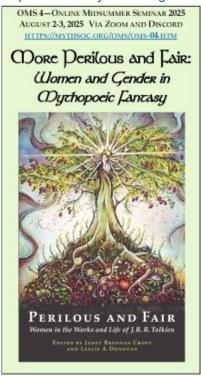
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## Online MidSummer Seminar 2025 More Perilous and Fair: Women and Gender in Mythopoeic Fantasy August 2-5, 2024

Via Zoom and Discord

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### POEMS: The Piper / The Song of the Swallow / Heatherfields

#### Abstract

A small collection of poems by Paula Marmor. The last warm breath of autumn lost blew brown and gustir.g through the fells with dusty smells of heatherfields

#### Keywords

Poetry; Mythril; Mythopoeic; Paula Marmor; Poems; The Piper; The Song of the Swallow; Heatherfields

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## the piper

In vast woods shadow-burnished, drear the severed verge of Evershade is merged with dawn's blush burgeoning, emerging on the turning year

Sheltered by the slumbering wood a crumbling heap of tumbled walls sleeps hollow at the winter's end that dauntless in the autumn stood

> And in the gard of Summerhold no weirds are woken: closed and barred the barren gardens blue with snow wait grave-cold for their truant guard

Wandering down the nightmarch road a darkside dancer wound the dales within the dim-branched borderwood a shadowlord bore toward the hold

Through wanwoods pied with twilight dawn and piles of night drawn to the west he passed twixt silent shade-wrought trees and played his reedy piper's song

Spring welled from his silver flute and shivering fell to star the ground with flower carpets pink beneath a canopy of trees in bloom

The glades grew dappled, pale and sweet with apple-snow and brooklets gold that leapt their babbling pebbled path to laughing lap beneath his feet

Yet on the stairs of Summerhold no steps are echoed: silent wait the sober gates set grim with gold: The sleep of stones no spring-bird breaks

Through barren woods new-turned to bowers proud boughs born of blossom-pearls the piper poured his life to earth passed to the world his ebbing powers

The spells soun prancing through the distance spattered glistening on the grass a wake of crystals, spilled and flowing following his twisting dance

His far-off tune flashed rainbow thin a glint of glittered gossamer blown onward like a blossom-seed tossed fleeing on the freshening wind

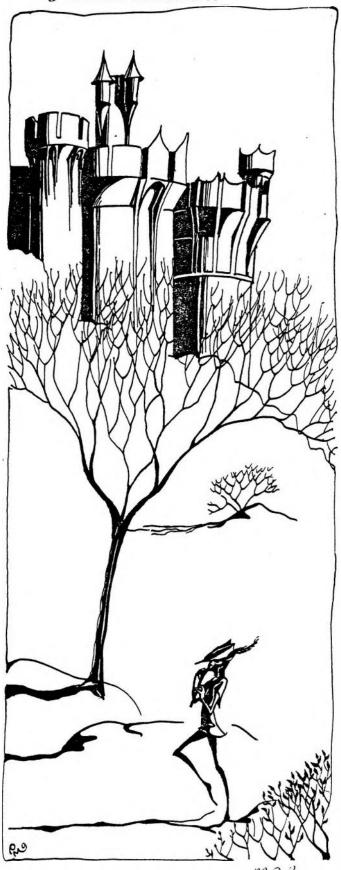
> Yet in the halls of Summerhold no summons tolls on solemn bells no song swells swift and string and bold for time drifts slow as summer wells

Empty lie the living woods like lovers spent, they breathe and sigh: bright butterflies glide 'mongst the branches where the dancing piper stood

Yet when the glades touch green with brown and trees dance gowned in summerleaves the weirds will come weave garland crowns to grace his brow and grant him peace.



by PAULA MARMOR



# the song of the swallow

Come, steer the withied watermeads meandering streams and braided shoals in sunset's shade and watersheen marbled bronze and verdigris through verdant lowlands laced with rills and jade-green valleys veined with gold

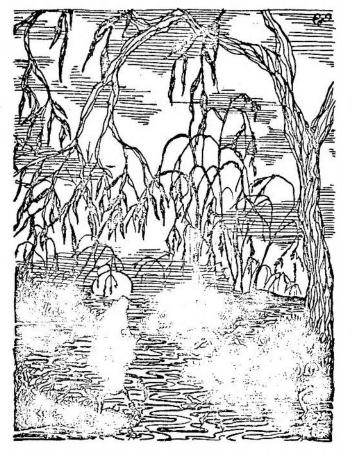
Come, ride the river's roving course past bracken, gorse, and blackthorn stands where sandbars run beside the shores where forests mute the rapids' roar where water bores a reed-meshed wash and spreads across the ocean strand

Come, voyage on the violet seas where eventide flows lavender and silver lace and filigree float flashing on the light-etched leagues of burgundy and brandywine that lie behind the Evenstar

Come, sail the swell to Zanzibar and banished lands beyond our time where burnished sands yet bear the scars of vanished cities, broke and charred to ashes churned by burning winds and turned to cinder-stars by night

Come, find the lost uncharted isles enchanted lying frail and wan where pale and graceful towers rise and linger through the darkling night though larks dethrone the nightingale and elven realms fade with the dawn.





# heatherfields

The last warm breath of autumn lost blew brown and gusting through the fells with dusty smells of heatherfields and folded hills of feathered grass, of dry rills rusty in the dells and musty birch burned gold and brass

Under clouds of rustling leaves touseled by the russet wird a rutted wood cut through the groves where shadows clustered purple-brown round restless bare-boughed terebinths and oak trees clothed in winey shrouds

A jangling echo sounded there of brazen-bangled tambourines and soft winds through the tamarinds and violins: a fleeting glimose of caravans crimson, gilt and green the land ships of a gypsy prince

The west ran scarlet into night and spiral wound the wheel-scarred oath; the splintered tracks, through burning spires of birch-tree pyres set aflame spun turning, winding into black and passed me by: the wood s end came

I stood: the dead and desert air stirred my skirts and scurried dust along the sterile empty road; the wind shifted, cold: I sniffed the tide and winter, rising in the dusk through musky heatherfields grown wild.

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