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In Sacred Time

Anonymous Poet

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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>



In Sacred Time

Abstract

Breathing in step we walk through the night stride through dreams

Keywords

Poetry; Mythril; In Sacred Time; Anonymous

WEEDING CARROTS

A Parable

BY MARY MCDERMOTT SHIDELER

A gardener went forth at the crack of dawn, one spring morning, to hoe in her garden. Looking this way and that to see what most needed doing, she observed weeds among the carrots. Squatting upon her heels, because neither carrots nor weeds were more than an inch high, she applied herself forthwith to plucking out the weeds. After some thirty seconds of this exacting work, she espied between her thumb and forefinger a carrot top. And she spoke to herself thus:

"Looky, sister, the weeds can't be hurting the carrots that much. In another week--or two--you can take on this little job and get somewhere. Let the tares grow with the--I mean, let the weeds grow with the carrots until they're big enough that your fingers can get the one without hauling out the other. It's a noble work, but this isn't the time for it." So she straightened her knees and her back, and hoed the peas instead.

Morals: (1) There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed.

(2) If you want to separate tares from--I mean, weeds from carrots, don't be in too much of a hurry.

(3) A parable may be susceptible to more than one interpretation.

(4) In understanding an agricultural parable, there's nothing like a spot of gardening to clear the mind.



IN SACRED TIME

ANONYMOUS

Breathing in step we walk through
 the night
stride through dreams
ride the night
 striding striving
 arriving

Softly then, we wander back
 through layers
of pride, of pretenses,
of polished defenses
to the time when the world was
 young
or we were

No fever now but the quiet morning
 of experience
Finger tips gently trace the edges
 of being
Drawing a circle of protection
 around this place and this
 moment
 that is us

We surrender to the drift
of the time-exiled world
 of first-feeling
nursing each other on trust
 (we must)
returning to security,
 like the first-love's dealing
acceptance of our holding, sucking, needing
 like a mother feeding
 her child again.