



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,  
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

---

Volume 1 | Issue 4

Article 13

---

7-15-1984

## ***The Harvest Moon / A Witch in the Well / The Grail / Lament***

Gerry Musinsky

Diane Webster

Thomas M. Egan

Melanie A. Rawls

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythellany>

---

### **Recommended Citation**

Musinsky, Gerry; Webster, Diane; Egan, Thomas M.; and Rawls, Melanie A. (1984) "*The Harvest Moon / A Witch in the Well / The Grail / Lament*," *Mythellany*. Vol. 1 : Iss. 4 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythellany/vol1/iss4/13>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mythellany by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

---

## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



### Abstract

The Harvest Moon: Where the wolfbane blossoms, my mother said a man cries In fur covered hands, A Witch in the Well: A witch fell down a wishing well while leaning over to see in. The Grail: Hope eternal shrouded in medieval myth, guarded by the angels in some lost Middle-earth Lament: The moon is a horned dilemma And I am on the moon.

### Keywords

Poetry; The Harvest Moon; A Witch in the Well; The Grail; Lament; Gerry Musinsky; Diane Webster; Thomas M. Egan; Melanie A. Rawls

# THE HARVEST MOON

Where the wolfbane blossoms, my mother said  
a man cries in fur covered hands,  
howls at the moon until dawn.  
Somewhere a gnarled gypsy mocks me  
as always, the wind carries her laugh.

Twenty-five years  
I have come to this, a field of hay  
rotten from the month of rain.  
This is how the harvest season ends  
with a full moon in Sivan.

The fat harvest moon splashes yellow  
on the pond by the hill, my little woman  
with wheat hair lies suffering  
the curse all women bare.

I am only an ignorant farmer  
with spoiled fields, an unclean woman.  
I stare at the moon in my pond  
paw at it with hairy hands.

Gerry Musinsky

# A Witch in the Well

A witch fell down a wishing well  
while leaning over to see in.  
She tumbled far and had to yell.

She hit the water all pell-mell  
and barked her bony, warty chin.  
A witch fell down a wishing well.

All wet and maddened I could tell  
by ways I wouldn't tell my kin.  
She tumbled far and had to yell.

I thought I'd done a job real swell,  
but then I heard the noisy din.  
A witch fell down a wishing well.

I screamed and rang the warning bell,  
but no one came to help me win.  
She tumbled far and had to yell.

It's hard to put a witch in hell  
because she has a magic pin.  
A witch fell down a wishing well.  
She tumbled far and had to yell.

Diane Webster

# The Grail

I  
Hope eternal shrouded in medieval myth,  
guarded by the angels in some lost Middle-earth  
where legend weaves its tapestry of Christendom  
yearning for the relic of healing  
when bread and wine entered a cup --  
and became the Logos-incarnate in a chalice.

II  
I am a searcher through many lands,  
a pilgrim in Quest for faith as in yesteryear.  
Men laugh these days, calling me Nature's fool,  
but I dream bittersweet as Arthur did of old,  
and dreams are spurs to make us search  
for that which opens up vistas of the soul.

Thomas M. Egan

# LAMENT

The moon is a horned dilemma  
And I am on the moon.  
I'm a left-handed poet -- a montebank,  
Jester and Court Buffoon.

But I wish to be a Quintessence.  
I wish to be a Sublime:  
A Right-handed Poet, a Singer --  
A wizard of rhythm and rhyme.

But I'm fitted for flattery and satire.  
I am rich with the coins which Lords throw.  
And should I become a true poet  
I'd be begging from door to door.

This is the dilemma which pricks me.  
Between two desires I am hung:  
To be Fool -- but befriended and wealthy,  
Or alone with a moon-struck tongue.

Melanie A. Rawls