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

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Online Summer Seminar 2023

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

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