

10-15-1972

Reflections of Sound Waves

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Recommended Citation

Berman, Ruth (1972) "*Reflections of Sound Waves*," *Mythril*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythril/vol2/iss1/13>

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JOY KNOWS WHY

BY PEGGY HARTIGAN

Once upon a time there lived, in the country of Yerg, a man who had everything. He had a grey stone mansion, four grey ships in the harbor and a faithful greyhound for the hunt.

"He has it all," the Yergites said.

He placed whipping flags atop granite mountains for the country of Yerg. He sailed sleek boats through surging waters. He partied with presidents.

"He does it all," the Yergites said.
"He has it all,
He does it all."

Through his great telescope he gazed at galaxies. On Mondays he ministered to magistrates; in his leisure he lectured at the lyceum.

"He knows it all," the Yergites said.
"He has it all,
He does it all,
He knows it all."

On the first day of the new year, while standing on his grey stone balcony, looking out to a grey sky, he said, "A tear has never fallen from my steel grey eyes. I do not cry. I wonder why."

His valet overheard, and this was passed and pondered throughout the country of Yerg.

"He has it all," the Yergites said.
He does it all,
He knows it all,
But he doesn't cry.
I wonder why."

He stayed in his mansion to himself after that day. In February, a heavy knock came to the door. It was Grief, dressed in purple and black. He invited Grief in; he gave Grief his full attention. He accepted Grief. Grief departed.

In April a sharp knock came to the door. It was Pain, dressed in red and blue. He received Pain. He relaxed and contemplated Pain. He thanked Pain for coming. Pain left.

In June a soft quick knock came. It was Joy dressed in yellow and green. He skipped with Joy. He met languor with Joy. He felt excited, yet safe; exhilarated but serene. He followed Joy out and left the door open. The sun shone on his face. But the light in his eyes outshone the sun. The liquid pearl slid out from his steel grey eyes. He cried. Joy had done what Grief and Pain had begun.

"He has it all," the Yergites said.
"He does it all,
He knows it all.
Now he can cry
And Joy knows why."

REFLECTIONS OF SOUND WAVES

BY RUTH BERMAN



One day a young man walked out of town
And climbed a nearby mountain.
He shouted into the valley,
"Who knows what love is?"
"I know, I know, I know--"

But Echo interrupted him then:
"No, I know."

The young man called back, "Nonsense."

"Narcissus," said Echo.
"Years drag past,
But I still wish
He had loved me."

The next day the young man went to the mountain.
He complained to the valley, "She laughs at me.
I wish I were dead. I will never love anyone else.

"Love anyone else," said Echo.
He answered, "I can't. I love her."

"Love her," said Echo
"And leave me.
This mountain is mine.
Go find one of your own."

