

---

7-15-2014

## *On a Sea of Wind*

Nicolo Santilli

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



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Santilli, Nicolo (2014) "On a Sea of Wind," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2014: Iss. 36, Article 18.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2014/iss36/18>

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 The Mythic Circle 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).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to: <http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



---

## Online Summer Seminar 2023

August 5-6, 2023: Fantasy Goes to Hell: Depictions of Hell in Modern Fantasy Texts

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2023.htm>

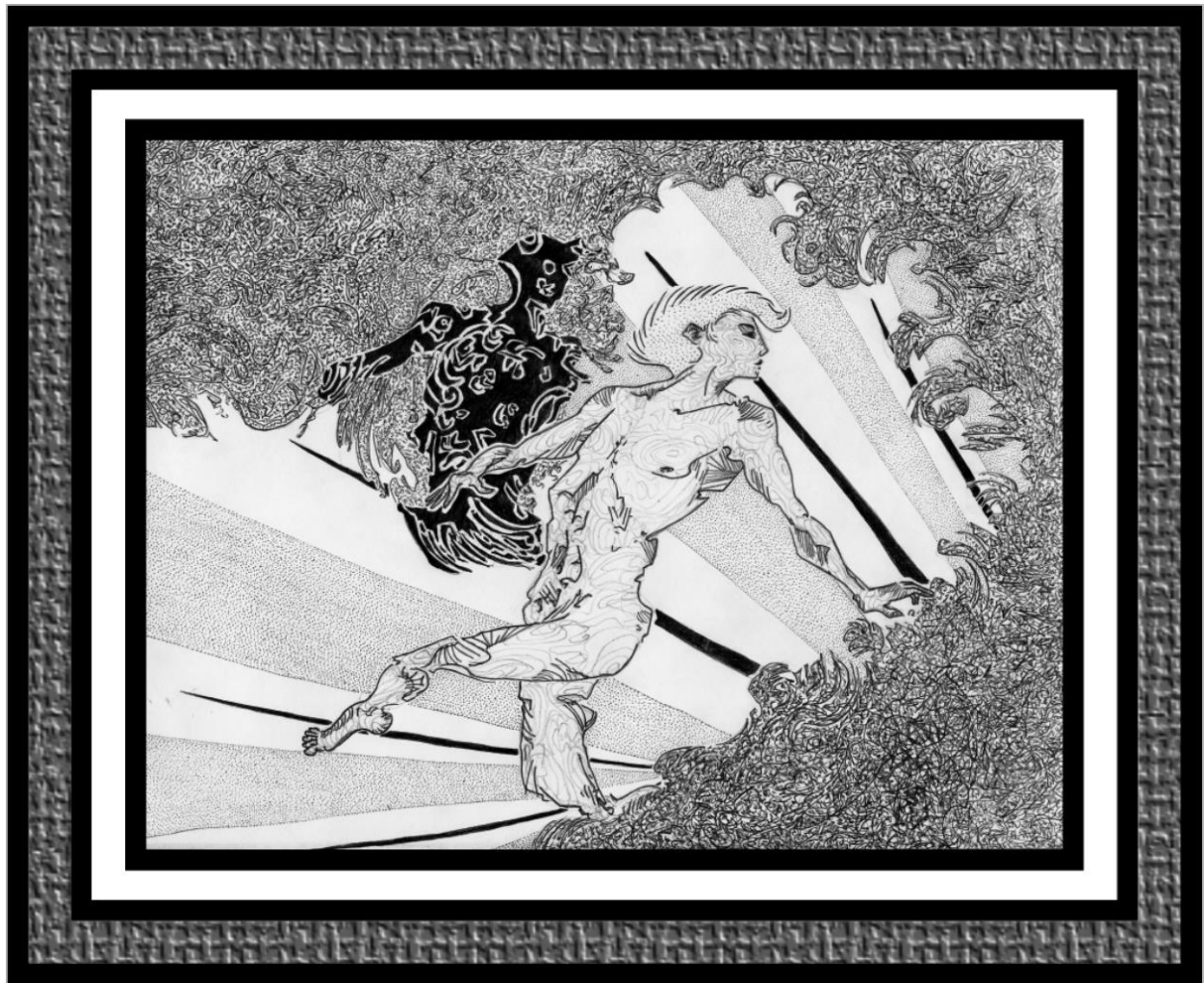


*On a Sea of Wind*

On a Sea Wind  
By  
Nicolo Santilli



Evening winds swirled the growing mist,  
but a great sea eagle was still visible in twilight  
above the rim of the western horizon.



Saleiessen reached out with his thoughts,  
allowing his mind to soar on the wind  
and approach the great eagle  
as lightly as feathers touching feathers  
in a light breeze.

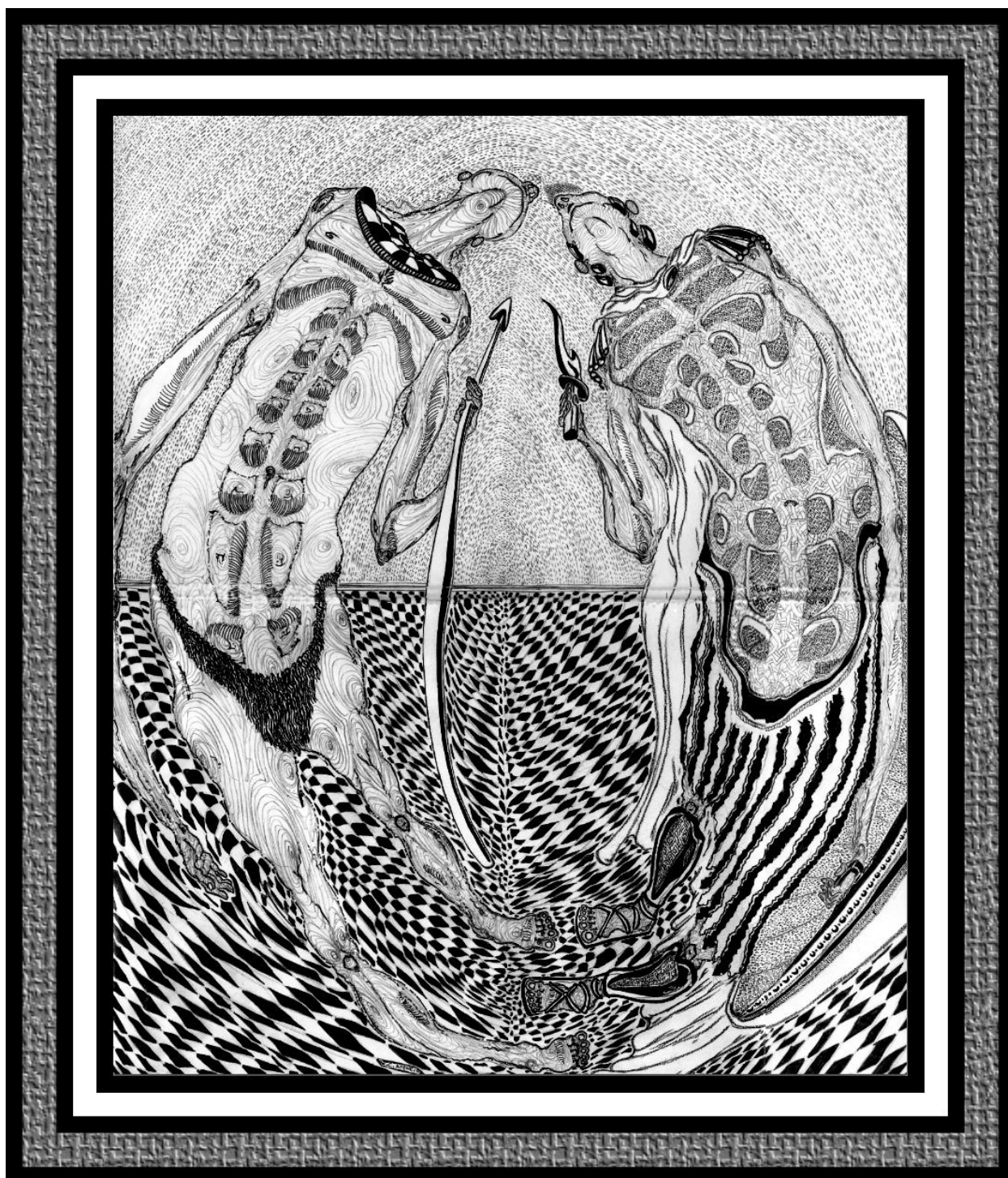


The eagle accepted his presence  
as one accepts a new idea,  
suddenly born,  
as though sprung from another mind,  
or an inspiration which flows with the freshness  
of a melting mountain stream.



Below he could now see smoke blending with the mists  
blown inland from the wind tossed sea.  
Through both of these the outline of an ancient stone fortress  
was here and there visible,  
both to sight and inner vision,  
which now flickered together.





The eagle plummeted suddenly  
on a powerful downdraft,  
and the misty landscape below  
rose up with greater size  
and distinctness.

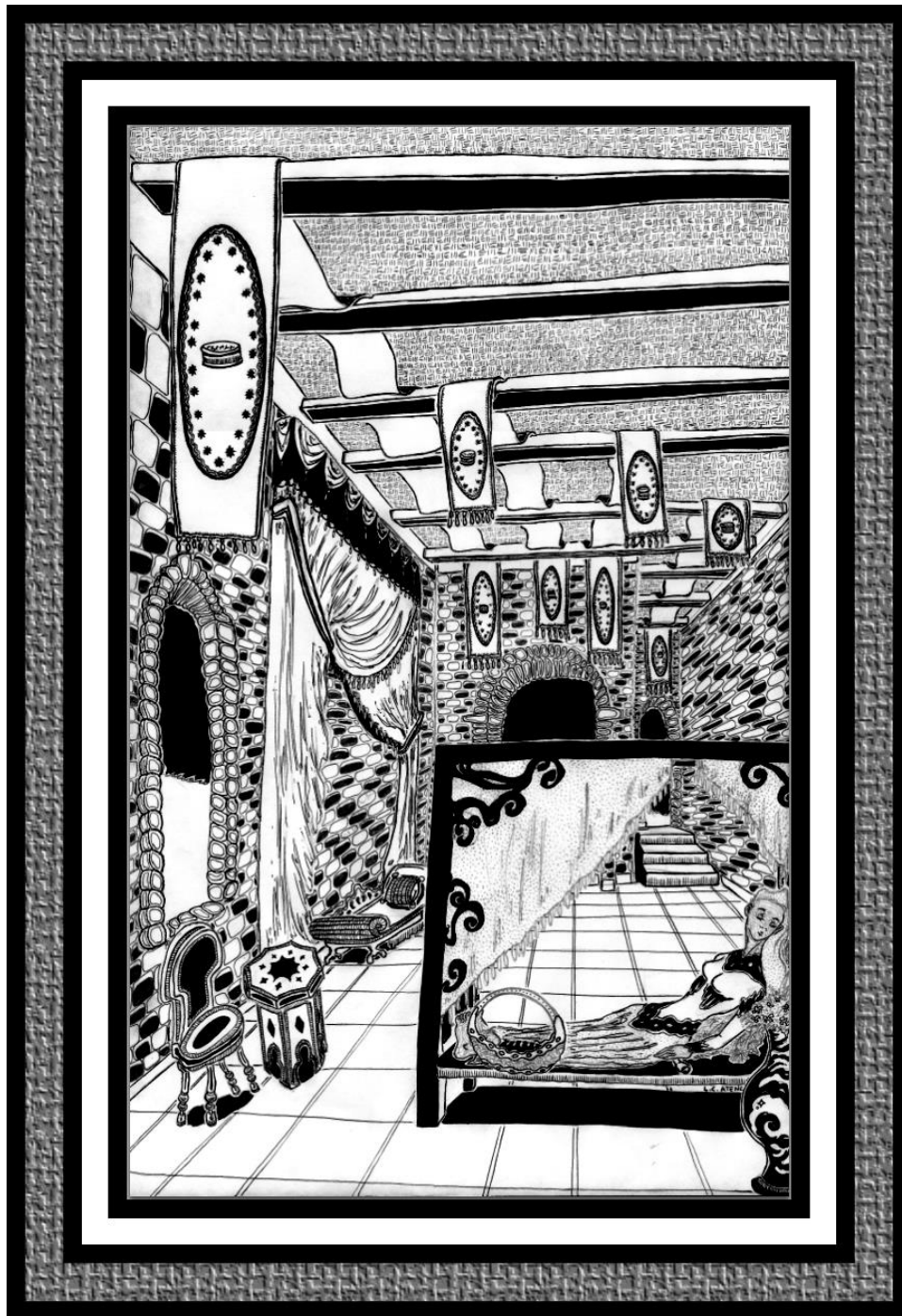


Half-way down the smoke permeated the salty sea air,  
and the distant sounds of battle  
mingled with the whistling of the winds.

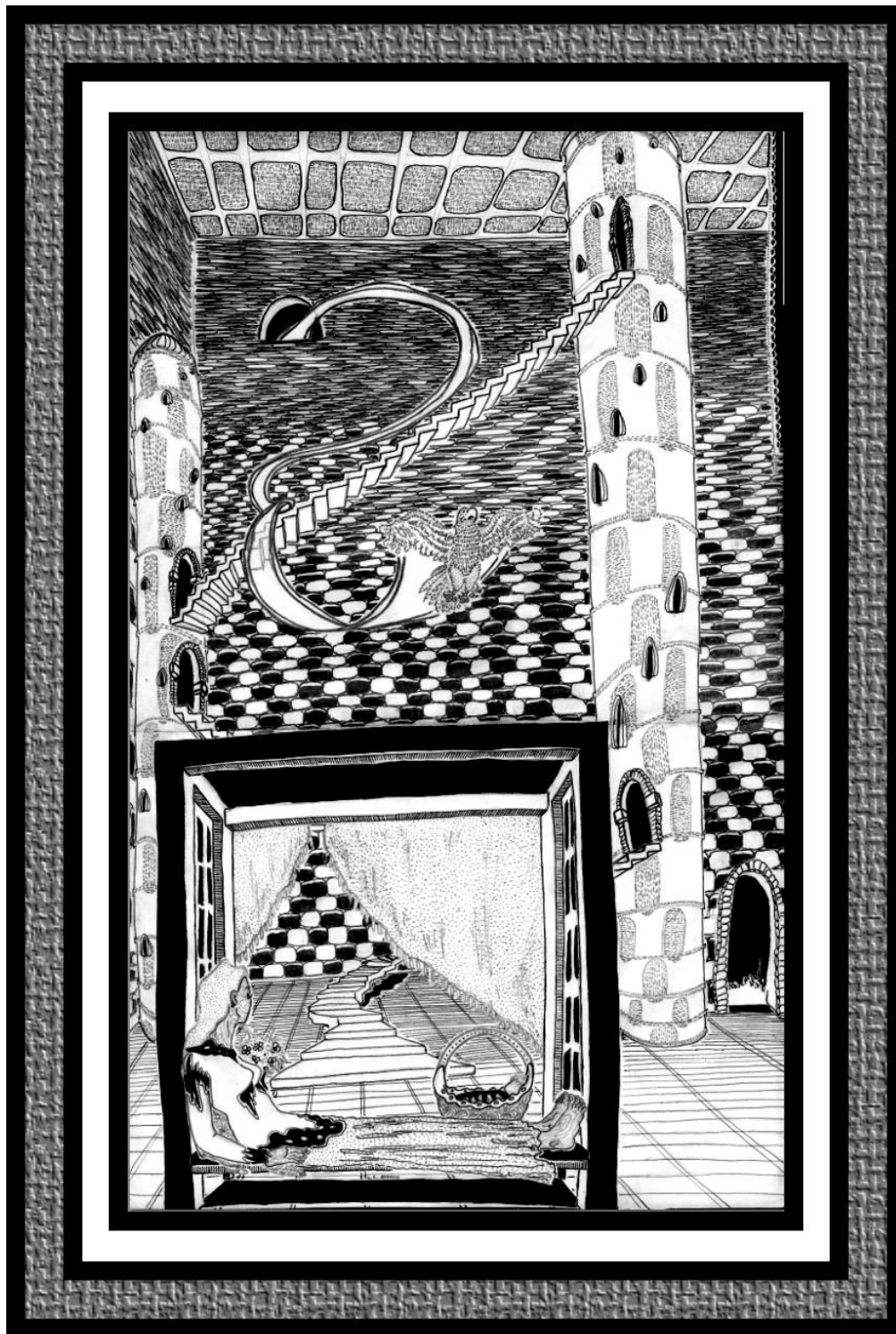




Ravens and crows dotted the grey-green fields,  
perching on lifeless bodies,  
and on the broken walls of towers.



Beneath the highest roof,  
between two towers,  
a wide window stood open to the sea.  
No fighting had yet reached this place,  
but a beautiful woman lay pale and motionless  
beside a sleeping baby,  
an empty vial in her pale hand.



Through this window the eagle steered his arresting flight,  
wings upraised against the wind,  
their tips almost touching the stone walls on either side.  
Straight to the bed it flew,  
and never alighting,



it seized the curved handle of a wicker basket  
in which the sleeping baby lay asleep,  
and beating its great wings,  
rose and passed again through the wide opening  
through which so many sea dreams had passed.



Now the eagle gained in height and was observed,  
its flight followed by shouts  
and the whirring of arrows,  
blown off course by the gusting winds.





High into the sky she rose,  
spreading her wings wide,  
broader than the height of tall men,  
and the baby slept and dreamed,  
of flying and the sea,  
and a beautiful face,  
never to be seen again in waking.