

7-15-2012

Shadowing

David Sparenberg

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



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

Recommended Citation

Sparenberg, David (2012) "*Shadowing*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2012: Iss. 34, Article 13.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2012/iss34/13>

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 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.

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>



Shadowing

SHADOWING

by
David Sparenberg

Speak into your darkness. Do not be afraid of the echo when it returns to you. Are you sleepless because you have heard yourself weeping? There is so much still to be learned by playing with the games of shadows. Evolution is a mystery not soon to be mastered. And the wand of time is not skillfully in our hands.

Sometimes those who ascend the stairs of knowing seem small and on their knees, and their lips are silent. But how utterly disarming when a robin sings or leaf flutters and you follow the beauty in the eyes of the humble. Suddenly it is as if they are looking at God! Yet they appear no more in stature than children, bowing in a halo of smile.

What a long way more we have to travel and it seems as if we have not enough words even to depict twilight. Yet in the darkness names well up from the secret ancestral caverns of the soul and a person stays awake, cradled in nakedness, listening.

Breath separates silence as black keys of the unknown play like passing spirits on the bone white keys of life. When you are through with restlessness and fear save a small, innocent prayer for midnight. There, on the ribbon of dreams, know yourself blessed if the resonance rebounds and is your own; twice blessed if the sound of sighing that returns belongs to another.

Cupid and Psyche

(for C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien)

by
Nancy Enright

Love as a god or monster?
Who can say – when it's hidden,
High upon the mountain, closed to everyone,
Except the ones inside it.
She can love him but cannot see him,
Has to trust that he's as beautiful as he sometimes seems to be,
But all her past tells her he can't be,
All the lovers who didn't love her, only her beauty;