

7-15-2010

## *The Mer-tree*

October Williams

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Williams, October (2010) "*The Mer-tree*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2010 : Iss. 32 , Article 9.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2010/iss32/9>

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>



---

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

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



# The Mer-tree

by

October Williams

“Oh give me legs that I might walk upon the land” –  
And here you are, your two legs rooted in my garden.  
At what price, floating your last leaves on the wind  
As on the crystal waters, do you stand  
Before me, in the last stroke of the sunlight growing numb,  
Shedding a coral necklace on the ground,  
Sighing a dumb scrape on a glowing sky  
Like one whose home is with the Mer-king’s daughters?

Beyond, the autumn in a flaming fan breaks like a wave  
Upon your silence, breaks on your empty grace:  
Your branches blow like hair.  
The clinging leaves, their edges etched in brown,  
Their gold against your face, you wear  
Like sea shells: if you listen closely, press them to your ear,  
You hear a song like wind beneath the sea –  
A song you used to know, before you lost your tongue.

It cost you dear.  
Why did you come?  
Who do you wait for, standing there?  
For what prince do you suffer, growing cold  
Without a word, without a cry?  
Is it the white cat coming down the garden,  
Wearing a coal crown –  
It comes so far, no farther, its green eyes  
Flinching softly, seeing all:  
Is it the squirrel that chatters at it,  
Sitting astride your upswept locks,  
Swirling its tail in exclamations  
Always ending in a question, “Why”?

– I know before I ask, it is not I.

You were young once; but I can see the lines upon your brow;  
Now you are old.  
And in a troubled dream, or in an ancient hope  
You grope the wind, while the last remnants of your unearthly beauty fall.

He has gone from you, and you stand abandoned  
In the garden, naked as Eve against the evening, while  
The wind keens a low lament. Has he  
In some far place, made summer for another tree?  
You gave your voice — you cannot speak — you cannot make a noise.  
And yet beneath this sobbing breath of wind, I hear you sing.  
Winter comes on apace. You know  
In all your years that winter is itself pursued.  
You have lived long enough, too long with all your unshed tears  
To doubt: You know you will again be wooed  
In Spring.

# #

## The Wind of Andrea Bocelli

by

David Sparenberg

I am as sweet as the wind of Andrea Bocelli  
I am as deep as the bottomless miracle of Shakespeare  
as solid with sublime beauty as stones of Michelangelo  
as full as the Tao of Beethoven with power to wed  
the symphonic stars of heaven with choral trees of earth

I am as small as the mustard seed of Jesus  
a parable containing the complexity of Bach  
as humble as the bird-prayers of Saint Francis  
as holy as the dancing laughter of wise and wandering Baal Shem Tov  
I am as righteous with visions as prophets Isaiah, Black Elk and  
Einstein  
as big with mandala-dreaming as Blake and Jung

I am animal, angel and human  
and I am as sweet  
as the wind  
of Andrea Bocelli.