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The Fool

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Online Winter Seminar



Online Winter Seminar

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Via Zoom and Discord

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Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022


<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

Additional Keywords

Christine Smith

The Fool

"Some people will probably say I was a fool... But you have to live an open life; you have to be available. I drove away with him. He pulled a gun and said, 'Mr. Murphy, you have been kidnapped.'... He shoved me into the trunk of the car."



The wise man keeps within his castle walls
While eyes above the ramparts sweep the hill
A stranger with a plot to his downfall
Will find the bridge is drawn, the moat is full.
The walls are stout and windowsills are small.
The air is dim and stifling in his hall
But he is his own man, no thrall.

I am the Fool who leads an open life
And looks to see a stranger as an I.
A man can smile (and smile) and lay a snare
And jerk it tight. I fell. Hands sealed my eyes,
Hands bound my limbs, hands locked me in, and I,
Submitting, was infected by their guilt.
With terror wound like weeds around my head
Gasping I journeyed aeons in dense night,
Close as my coffin, laden and dark as earth
I was unmade as I, a stolen thing
To be concealed in wrappings, shifted, stored
Until the bargain over it is struck.

From past the End and from before the Naught
A lavish flow of light, by holy luck;
The wrappings torn, the stolen thing rebought;
The fish's jaws forced open and its prey
Cast up, breathing, on marble shores; undone
The covering stone the third and final day,
And I am born, and free, and dancing in the sun.
Gracia Fay Ellwood
- 1974