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***Adam On First Sight of Eve / Sonnet For An English Lady / The Lady Answers***

Mark Allen Fairfield

Stanley E. Anderson

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

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For your reading pleasure, here are three poems of related theme. The latter two are love sonnets, if I may make so bold, traded between Stanley Anderson and his future wife, Angelee. The first sonnet, by Mark Fairfield, admirably sets the tone.

## Adam On First Sight Of Eve

Yes, Lord?-- But who is this that rouseth me  
From yawning reverie? Know I thee not  
As I know myself, or better, know that we  
Have met before some place? I know thee. What  
Thou art mine eyes behold with vision keen,  
In me conceiv'd, bone of my bone, my dream!  
Methinks in private sleep I've wish'd thee, seen  
Thee, pray'd my Cause t'inspire thee. 'Twas a team  
Made thee, saith my waking tongue; the Doer,  
He, and I the Namer, merely begat  
What is His truth, what was my Myth. Fewer  
Pow'rs hast thou to lift and bear the earth; that,  
And yet more strength than I to lift my soul  
Or bear the weight of this lone world, now whole.

-- Mark Allen Fairfield



## SONNET FOR AN ENGLISH LADY

Were not the days of honour distant so  
Departed, clear would shine thy vision. Lo!  
Of polished silver dull would be the glow  
Before the light my valour's deeds would show  
As golden spilled upon my lady's head.  
Of courtship now, at best: a blanket spread  
Beneath on grassy hill, a loaf of bread  
With wine, and winsome thoughts enchanted said  
With only simple words of praise, perhaps,  
While sit we there, wildflowers on our laps.  
But could I fix the scene unveiled to eyes  
Of travellers chancing by and make arise  
My wish, I would that this should be their sight  
On hillside yond: a lady and her knight.

-- Stanley E. Anderson, December 1982

## THE LADY ANSWERS

In you, the deeds of time's sepulchral days  
Shake off their shroud. Your storyteller's art  
With humblest words incants the highest praise  
And proves the honour of a knightly heart.  
From childlike tales you conjure tomes of good:  
As tears of figureheads anoint the breasts  
Of spellbound ships, as weavers of the wood  
Catch leaves in threads of fate, and eagles' nests  
And elk-borne antlers dare the starblazed height  
Where crippled souls with healing fire are shod,  
And belted hunters of the winter night  
Aim shafts at bells to toll the fame of God.  
So you from my one meagre golden tress  
Have spun a silken hoard of blessedness.

-- Angelee Sailer Anderson, November 1986