Three Songs from The Bubbling Sky [Poem]

Ian McMurdo
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THREE SONGS FROM
The Bubbling Sky

The Song of the Fountain

A fountain falls
on the black mountain.
The rocks are cool
in the pool of fury.

High is the spray
high is the mountain
high is the day
high is the fountain.

In a shower of sun
in a golden dower
your peace shall fall
and your pain shall cease.

The Song of the Doors of the North

Where did you bathe
O bird brightly plumed
That your feathers
are diamond-dewed?

The doors of the North
were open wide
and through a fountain
I flew.

The Song of the Bubbling Sky

Between my toes
the bubbling sky
in beauty grows
and grows a tree
of silver rain
that showers on me.

--Ian McMurdo