

8-15-1987

The Golden One

Paul Edwin Zimmer

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Recommended Citation

Zimmer, Paul Edwin (1987) "*The Golden One*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1987: Iss. 3, Article 12.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1987/iss3/12>

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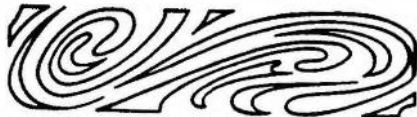
The Golden One

"So, Angus," said the faerie-lady, radiant as the day of the outing, when she fell with her comrades at his sword. "You thought you had killed me-- but not so... after all, what is a resurrection-stone for?" Divest of age, the Sidhe stooped to remove the ring. "Now I claim what is mine, and leave your castle to its enemies.

"But fear not, Angus of Canbury Tor, Angus of the Swords, mighty Fool-- I shall not leave your body unguarded. Oh, no... I shall dig every foot of earth myself."

She laughed and sat on the ledge.

Angus knew where he had seen her face before-- on the last card, the Queen of Graves.



A Golden Unicorn am I,
Fleet as the wind, Strong as the sea,
I roam through hills that touch the sky;
I rule the forest, wild and free.

My horn is gold--
Yet dagger-sharp.
My hooves are gold--
Yet hammer-strong.
My mane is gold--
Yet silken-soft.
My eyes are gold--
Yet eagle-keen.
Golden am I!

Oh White Virgin!
Draw not away
But let me lay
My Horned head upon your knee.

THE GOLDEN ONE
Paul Edwin Zimmer

