

7-15-1999

After Hearing of an Unknown Person's Death / death of tinkerbelle

Father Nikodim

Shannon Gray

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

Recommended Citation

Nikodim, Father and Gray, Shannon (1999) "*After Hearing of an Unknown Person's Death / death of tinkerbelle*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1999 : Iss. 22 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1999/iss22/6>

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.

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



Additional Keywords

Poetry; Death; Tinkerbell; Father Nikodim; Shannon Gray

After Hearing of an Unknown Person's Death

Tonight the clouds' drops on the leaves
Speak strange and distant words instead.
Hush! Quiet! - Listen how the breeze
Gasp out the sickly scratching wheeze
I've heard all night, alone in bed.
How closely to the rain's caress
I've listened, searching for the root
Of all the wind's uneasiness
While groping branches scrape and press
The pane with leafy faces mute.

-- Father Nikodim

death of tinkerbelle

this is the key
to unlock all that stored moonlight,
starglow, dusk, twilight.
perhaps you should keep it safe,
perhaps in your shoe.
open up
like the Red Sea before me.
break the hills of Arkansas wide open.
i want in.
the Seelie Court awaits--
i doubt Tink will be there.
the crowd stopped clapping years ago,
before my mother was born,
before my grandmother lost her virginity.
their hands grew embarrassed.
their hands sought out pockets, beer bottles,
car doors, and elevator buttons.
their hands yearned and were silent.
no one clapped their hands.
my niece Lexie would clap,
her sister Cassey would too.
their tiny hands make wings,
knee highs stretched over clothes hangers,
the Wright Brothers never flew so high.
Stevie Nicks would clap, she would.
i know she would.
her hands would flash a tambourine
hands that weave music out of silence.
she wouldn't let the poison
have Tinkerbelle.
wouldn't let her spirit shrink small
and fall into the cracks of cement.
e.e. cummings would clap.
big, loud hands.
hands that crafted a world of poems.
hands that loved love best.
yes, his clapping would dispell a shadow.
his hands would shine.
i am knocking.
my knuckles bruised,
waiting at the door--
let us in.
let your hands out.
let your hands believe
Swiftly, let your hands sing.

-- shannon gray