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No Sun Over Narnia

Mark Allaby

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No Sun Over Narnia

NO SUN OVER NARNIA

"There is no God," the foolish say.
"There is no sun; there is no day."
Away, away.
I've seen the spider spin a web,
A shining silver wheel of light,
Of gossamer where dewdrops bright
Hang still beside the way.

"God is dead," the foolish cry.
"The desert blooms; the sea is dry."
Deny, deny.
I've heard the skylark praise the sun
In soaring ecstasy of song,
In trembling crucifixion hung
Upon the summer sky.

"We are bereft," the foolish weep.
"The mountain stoops; the plain is steep."
Such council keep.
I've tasted of the autumn's fruit
And drunk the blood of the dying vine
And with this sacrificial wine
Have bought the balm of sleep.

"All ends in night," the foolish know.
"Light is dark and to is fro."
It is not so.
I've felt the purifying touch
Of lonely winter's bitter wind
When rime the shivering waters rimmed
And kissed the silent snow.

"We are alone, nor woe nor bliss,"
The foolish know, but I know this:
The truth they miss.
I've smelled the fragrance of the rose
Whose fainting flower in rapture sings
When spring to all the woodland brings
The breath of Artemis.

Mark Allaby