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The Man In The Wind

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Online Winter Seminar



Online Winter Seminar

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Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

Additional Keywords

Lee Garig

The Man in the Wind

The Man in the Wind came riding swiftly toward me.

The Man in the Wind came racing to my call.

I plucked a root; I burned a bone; I wrapped
a penny in a leaf;

I raised my arms and cried aloud,
and the Man in the Wind was there.

I think he rode on a thin grey horse,
of vapor and of ash.

I think he wore a tall peaked hat,
and a cloak like a billowing sail,

But the night was dark and I could not see -
Did he scowl or did he grin?

I made to speak, but he raised his hand.

The moonlight glistened on his bones.

And silence, and the air was still,
and his voice like a rustling reed:

“Oh, do not ask where your love has gone.

I know but shall not tell.

And do not ask if you'll live till dawn,
or if you'll go to Hell.

And ask me not where treasures lie,
where ships are sunk, when war begins,
or the names of the peaks where the witches fly,
for hideous, secret sins.

I've watched your kind since the Garden gate;
I filled the Argo's sails.

I saw brave Hector meet his fate,
And Helen's beauty fail.



Don't strive too much, but live each day,
 as fully as you can.
 Feel grief and joy while yet you may,
 and measure not your span.

Overreacher ~

You cut a stone; you drag a stone;
 you raise it into place:
 a pharaoh's tomb, a house of God,
 a castle built for war.
 If truly you must do a thing,
 If truly you must know a thing,
 then drag your stone, then raise your stone;
 mix mortar with your blood.
 Strive, strive, strive,
 my foolish would-be Faustus.
 No spirit can give you an easy answer."

He turned his back and galloped swiftly from me.
 The trees bent low as the Man in the Wind sped by.
 I stood aghast; my mind was blank; his answer
 numbed my soul.

the fire gone out, forgotten was
 the question I'd meant to ask.

-Darrell Schweitzer

scribe-Lee Garig