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The Green Man of the Wood / Fairy Land in Aliador

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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Abstract

The Green Man of the Wood: Green man, Green man, Why do you flee? I seek to know the answers, Pray come forth to me. Fairy Land in Aliador: The grass is bedded cool and wet on Mid-Summer's eve, the scent is jasmine for me alone on its blanket of green.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; The Green Man of the Wood; Fairy Land in Aliador; Thomas M. Egan

THE GREEN MAN OF THE WOOD

by Thomas M. Egan

Green man, Green man,
Why do you flee?
I seek to know the answers,
Pray come forth to me.
You hide in hedgerows and bushes,
watching where none may see.
You pinch the pretty maidens
who come dancing down the lea,
and mock the village priest
who preaches of salvation's key.
Dogs flee at your sign,
while foresters bend their knee.
The mischief you bring is great
to all men of high or low degree,
but knowledge is a burning fever
so that I must pay your devil's fee.
Green man, Green man,
why do you flee?
I seek to know the answers,
Pray come forth to me.



FAIRY LAND IN ALIADOR

by Thomas M. Egan

The grass is bedded cool and wet on Mid-Summer's
eve,
the scent is jasmine for me alone on its blanket of green.
Hopes of long-ago wake to mix in Nature's wondrous
weave,
Whispering of other worlds where Fancy calls sweet
and keen.
A fairy-mirror runs through my mind, troubled and
sad,
to draw my steps to woodlands strange and glamour
subtly mad.

Castles of blue coral cry to the surging wine-red seas,
for great green dragons do sweep majestic the azure-
golden skies.
Elfin maids laugh and cry as they dance like the wild
honey bees,
twitching the nose of the great brown bear and
singing sweet lies
that tease my thoughts to wander far and wild like
unicorns
which strut and prance on Moondust--no need for life's
waiting thorns.