

7-15-1992

## ***Gossamer: A Modern Myth***

Judith Anderson Stuart

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### **Recommended Citation**

Stuart, Judith Anderson (1992) "*Gossamer: A Modern Myth*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1992 : Iss. 13 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1992/iss13/13>

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

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



### Abstract

Not long ago, the Sisters spoke the fabric of their latest whim: one spun, another wove the thread

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; Gossamer; Judith Anderson Stuart

# GOSSAMER: A MODERN MYTH

*by Judith Anderson Stuart*

Not long ago, the Sisters spoke  
the fabric of their latest whim:  
one spun, another wove the thread,  
smoke-brief, but of surpassing quality,  
and so a child was born  
in blood and sweat and certain wisdom.

Old before her time, from babbling days  
she drifted with other saints and fools  
so we, slow mortals, called her blessed  
or spat, and cursed her mystery.

Childhood years she spun out friendless,  
wandered heedless of those winding nights.  
Her father left: said he could not conceive  
how she had come to be...  
her mother said that he was always slow  
to understand Fate's deeper meanings.

The silken thread unravels, quiet and fine.  
Possessed of pineal sight, she would refuse  
To lay her psychic secrets open.  
This tonguelessness was acid torment  
to the tortured (we who breathed,  
then ceased, unknowing but desiring  
her forbidden, secret knowledge.)

With witching ways, she understood  
both men and moons, yet scorned  
a woman's lot: her body often quick  
with life which never ripened,  
and once she placed her cool  
and healing hand upon a child  
who writhed with cancerous, decaying bones  
and eased him from his pain.

But grief and scales of cautious blindness  
caused us to mistake euthanasia's mercy  
for malpractice, and crying "Murderess!"  
"Bitch!", the stones and editorials flew.  
And so commenced her end.

We crowned her with electrodes  
in our sanguinary way, gave  
psycho-curative processes  
with solemnly gleeful ceremony.  
Then pronounced her almost fit  
for societal re-entry.

Now, as she hangs festively arrayed  
with coloured tubes, bags and white tormenters,  
the gray handmaidens Shame and Pain nearby,  
she calle out "Atropos! Don't forget me!"

One masked attendant chokes on wonder  
as the scissors hover

open  
in the air—  
dovelike,  
shining,

then dip...

and she is  
done.

