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## *Merlin's Winter / Eurydice In The Real World / Walking On Water*

Clelie Rich

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### *Merlin's Winter / Eurydice In The Real World / Walking On Water*

#### **Abstract**

Merlin's Winter: Your season is over now. The Lady of the Lake has closed her villas for the winter

Eurydice In The Real World: Orpheus crept unseen into his afterlife through the early dark

Walking On Water: Sunset bleeds across the sky, stains my fingers saffron and peaches.

#### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Merlin's Winter; Eurydice In The Real World; Walking On Water; Clelie Rich

## MERLIN'S WINTER

by Clelie Rich

*Your season is over now.  
The Lady of the Lake has closed her villas  
for the winter  
and hung the yellow, eyeless shutters.  
She too has heard the stories.  
And far beneath the murky waters of the Lake,  
the growing piles of rusted swords  
lie hidden in the weeds.*

*Men said that you were sleeping in some cave,  
safe within a mist of enchantment.  
I've been to all their caves,  
climbed the aging, fragile stairways,  
brushed off the dusty cobwebs.  
And everywhere the waters dripped from stone to stone,  
I listened.*

*Now I walk alone.  
But one day, when our summer comes again,  
I will see you face to face.  
Then we will greet each other,  
and open up once more the Lady's villas  
and reach beneath the languid waters for our swords.*

## EURYDICE IN THE REAL WORLD

by Clelie Rich

*Orpheus crept unseen into his afterlife  
through the early dark  
trailing home his remnants of music  
and an obsolete religion.*

*At the shallow edges of time  
he explored the newer instruments  
of musicians who knew better  
than to look back,  
rebuilt his jangled lyre.*

*When he thought he had it right,  
he descended from the mountain  
one more hopeful hero  
with an outdated lute  
in the real world.*

*Eurydice had been here all along  
dancing with inner music  
from an up-to-date religion.*

*She knew he would look back for her.  
Again she did not love him,  
did not choose to leave the second time.*

## WALKING ON WATER

by Clelie Rich

*Sunset bleeds across the sky,  
stains my fingers saffron and peaches.  
I set my feet upon the ocean's surface,  
walk out across the hissing foam.*

*As the messiahs do, I lift my feet with care,  
mindful of the worlds beyond my vision.  
Listen. This is no place to be alone  
when the arms of night swoop down to drown  
invaders who would learn new miracles.*

*Over my left shoulder  
I cast the phosphorescent spiral shells.  
Each spiral trails its borrowed saffron down and down  
to churn silent squid pools and manta havens.  
Each shell lights the way for those who sleep below.  
And step by step across the waves above,  
my path unwinds.*

