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Seamist For Two Voices

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

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Abstract

Who waits by the seashore, there on the rocks, grey and cold and forlorn?

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Seamist For Two Voices; Clelie Rich

SEAMIST FOR TWO VOICES

by Clelie Rich

*Who waits by the seashore, there on the rocks,
grey and cold and forlorn?
Is it the pale, shy moonlight ghosts
who flee from the touch of the sun?*

*No, mother dear, not them, not them.
For I saw them hunt in the deeps so cold,
searching for something they never can hold,
down in the waving weeds.*

*Who waits in the full moon, close to the reef,
tired and old and forsworn?
Is it the wild ones, the mers so free,
who plunge through the foam and the brine?*

*No, mother dear, not them, not them.
For I saw them go, late in the night,
hurling the foam through the clouds so bright,
on their way to the waiting moon.*

*Then who, my child, who waits for us there,
with shells and corals all in his hair,
praying the moon to carry us there,
from our sea of honey and wine?*

*It was only my father, mother of mine,
waiting for something he'll never find,
dreaming of pearls and starfish and brine,
and our bones so white and bare.*

