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Untitled / The Flutist

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Jill Solnicki

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

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Abstract

Untitled: Cindy lives in the emerald sea Where water babies tug her hair
The Flutist: lifted the silver shaft
of light to his lips then danced

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Untitled; The Flutist; Rhea Rose; Jill Solnicki

swallow her as she lay bathing in a warm pool of sunshine.

But for the most part, she really couldn't complain. Despite all its dangers there was something wonderful and exciting about being a female butterfly. Winging about to her heart's content, she felt much freer than she had ever felt as a female human. Even on those soft spring nights when male butterflies pursued her for hours across long and lonely fields, she was not afraid. In fact, she rather enjoyed it. She had come to know her power, the magic of her splendid wings. She knew how far they would carry her and to what heights, whenever her mood changed. She knew there was nothing else for her to fear ever again. Nothing else for her ever to lose. And so she was happy. Happy as a butterfly, catching every eye.

UNTITLED by Rhea Rose

Cindy lives in the emerald sea
Where water babies tug her hair
Where nerids play among the foam
And sirens keep her close to home

Cindy lives in the sea deep green
Where sea nymphs sing to her
and mermen bring to her
gifts of serendipity

Cindy lives in the green deep sea
Where the water cradles her
Where kelpies rock her to make her
Sleep

Cindy lives in the green green deep
Where the mermaid gathers
And the sea witch scatters
rainbow pearls in her hair

Cindy lives in the deep deep green
In quiet depths, in shadow tides
attended by her folk
unseen

THE FLUTIST

by Jill Solnicki

lifted the silver
shaft of light to his lips
then danced,
head nodding,
feet bobbing,
fingers tapping, tripping,
trilling; and

everywhere the hidden birds:
white wings
throbbing at his throat,
a white head peeking
from his breast pocket,
the pointy pinions
of his vest, the
fluttering dove-
grey tails of his
morning coat...

when, suddenly, he
floated, yes, actually floated
off the floor,
over the head
of the concert-master,
the conductor,
the cellos
and the horns,

and disappeared
into the dome,
singing

the sweetness, the sorrow

of

high

C.