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## ***Swan Song / Finality / She of the Lake***

John Grey

Elizabeth Hillman

Ann K. Schwader

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

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### Abstract

Swan Song: From this window, bronzed by the swollen eye of the sun, I hear the cry of swans  
Finality: At dusk, the night-raven came, Perched on the chimney and croaked, Echoing, oppressive  
She of the Lake: The healing touch of water quenches fire  
In man and sword alike: a cooling death Comes welcome after warring and desire

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; Swan Song; Finality; She of the Lake; John Grey; Elizabeth Hillman; Ann K. Schwader

## SWAN SONG

by John Grey

From this window,  
bronzed by the swollen eye  
of the sun,  
I hear the cry of swans,  
swoon inside the legends,  
how this shrill melody  
is a forerunner of doom.  
The day seems safe  
in its forgiving light.  
How can anything be taken now?  
And yet that song  
won't leave me alone,  
thrashes deep in my heart,  
flapping its wings  
to the beat of  
an underground river.

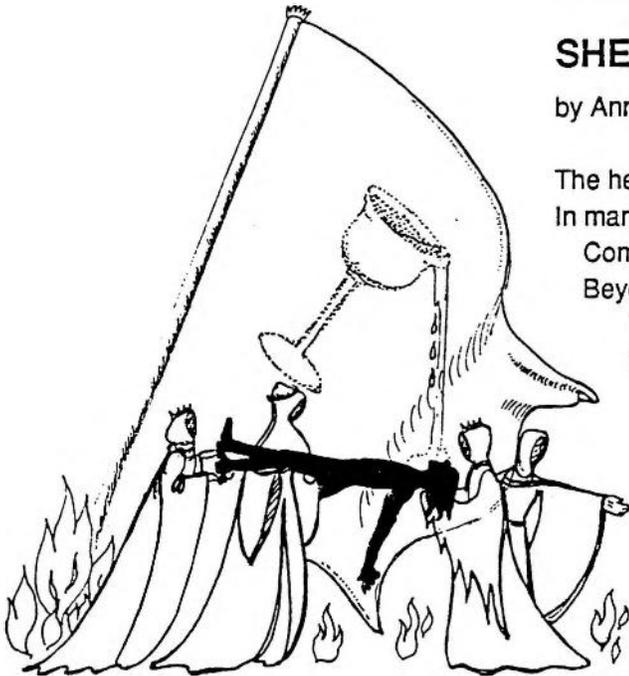
## FINALITY

by Elizabeth Hillman

At dusk, the night-raven came,  
Perched on the chimney and croaked,  
Echoing, oppressive,  
And my soul shriveled,  
Leaving body-pockets to be terror-filled.  
What doom will be mine?

And yet, under the horror,  
I felt pity for that ghost-form;  
Had it been a criminal or suicide,  
Buried where three roads met,  
Doomed to dig itself out  
At the rate of one grain of earth a year  
Until after centuries, free at last,  
It was newly-imprisoned  
As the night-raven,  
Messenger of others' dooms?

With a last croak,  
It flaps clumsily away  
And I am alone;  
I can only wait and wonder.



## SHE OF THE LAKE

by Ann K. Schwader

The healing touch of water quenches fire  
In man and sword alike: a cooling death  
Comes welcome after warring and desire  
Beyond the scope of one man's mortal breath.  
Three queens of faerie, and myself the last,  
Brought forth our broken champion from the field.  
King yet to be of Britain -- and king past --  
With Avalon for scabbard, time for shield,  
He waits for all things new to come again.  
Let ring-stones fall to dust, let Sight lie dark  
As reason till the coming of his reign:  
Dense earth alone hath smothered out the spark.  
The banner of the Sangreal is furled,  
And magic passes from an aging world.

(from "Avalon & After")