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The Ballad of Fantasy

Charlotte Krausz

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The Ballad of Fantasy

The Ballad of Fantasy

A poem by Charlotte Krausz

There is a land beyond the sea
and the heavens and mountains, too,
where white gulls ride the evening breeze
and plunge into the ocean blue.
'Tis Faërie, the land yonder
what our minds know to be the truth
where in our hearts we all wander
be us on death's bed or in youth.

Throughout the centuries we have made
tales of sorcery and wonder
in every culture they pervade,
tales no sea could keep asunder.
By firelight, the first men spoke
of the danger of the wild,
of nereids and nymphs, and Fair Folk
who would prey on the exiled.

When man cast out his spear and bow
leaving nature for homes of stone.
He settled down to herd and sow
but soon built cities of his own.
Then on books and tablets were wrote
the stories of wondrous things,
seas of milk and thousand-fur coats,
the remnant of the time of kings.

But as man grew, seeking to learn
of nature's ways and the stars bright,
he watched and began to discern
the magic and man-made by sight.
The scientist surpassed the skald,
and the college-learned erudite
laughed at the court poet and called,
“Enough with your wizards and knights!”

But then came something out of naught
a new melody in the song.
From the mythology long forgot
came Fantasy revived and strong.
Now man can read of any quest,
of dragon queens and crystal swords.
Or whatever he likes the best,
he'll have the fantastic record.

There is a land beyond the sea
and the heavens and mountains, too
where white gulls ride the evening breeze
and plunge into the ocean blue.
Tis Faërie, the land yonder,
the “ping-ping!” and “beep!” of today,
that lets us reflect and ponder
the world and its perplexing ways.