


7-14-2022

Joy: A Glosa

Meg Moseman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>

 Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Moseman, Meg (2022) "Joy: A Glosa," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2022: Iss. 44, Article 24.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2022/iss44/24>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



Online Summer Seminar 2023

August 5-6, 2023: Fantasy Goes to Hell: Depictions of Hell in Modern Fantasy Texts

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2023.htm>



Joy: A Glosa

Joy: A Glosa

A poem by Meg Moseman

*He who binds to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy
He who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise*

— William Blake

Isn't it a shame how poorly
the music goes into the words?
And yet I've never grasped the glory
Of transience. That moon I saw
At fifteen years—I want it still,
in gold, around my neck, a toy,
and so I said, "I'll write it down."
They said, "You can't." And inwardly
I laughed. So here's my unknown alloy
for *he who binds to himself a joy*.

"This hungry heart," the Inkling said
"is better than all other fullness,
but do not seek it out! You'll bed
Something else, strange and revolting."
And still for him as well as you
I write my sideways, skittish Joy.
I try to scrape off sticky price tags
from the Foul Rag and Bone Shop
and my flailing wits employ
the winged life not to destroy.

The scents and sounds that gave it being
Cannot cage it. What shapes can?
Can a book keep this love from fleeing?
(Books are only half in time.
The other half's eternity,
and readers, writers, play All-Wise,
All-Good, All-Powerful.) Is it
Pre-Raphaelite, post-postmodern?
Is it any good? It's lies,
Says he who kisses the joy as it flies.

But look! I'll climb into some beauty—
sometimes even one I sought—
a fair most otherwise, cold, moody,
Or gold as sun-scorched pine, or rich
like berries by the gallon, wild
As lightning-birthing rain-drenched skies.
Yes, briefly even I possess
the moon I loved. Now, reader dear,
enter my skull, look through my eyes
To live in eternity's sunrise.