All the World a Druid's Dream

t. Winter-Damon
Online Winter Seminar
February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)
https://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/ows-2022.htm

Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico, July 29 - August 1, 2022
http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm

This poetry is available in Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature: https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore/vol15/iss4/15
For those who might suppose something different, keep in mind that *Mythlore* is a labor of love for all involved. There is no underwriting institution, such as many journals have. No one is paid, except in contributor's copies, for the work done, except the typists, and they charge a low rate. Because of budget reasons, I have been doing more of the typing myself, so keep in mind the typing is in relation to the rate paid! I have a teaching career and other responsibilities, doing work on *Mythlore* in the evenings, weekends, and vacations. My recompense is the satisfaction of contributing to the interests of the Society and Journal, and delivering to you, the readers, a product for study, discussion, and enjoyment. For *Mythlore* to be produced under the circumstances it is, I'm very gratified it has reached this point. More can be done, and it will. **Onward and Upward!**

— Glen GoodKnight

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**All the World a Druid's Dream**

Ever spinning the spokes of Silver Hand's wheel
Burning bright are the sparks of eyrie Llys Don
Pearly the pave of Gwydion's Castle
Crowned by the boreal lamps of Caer Arianrod
Thrice seven the thousands of creamy milch cows
Grazing in Ludd's vast far-plung fields

Fell and swift they course
down from the misty arete's spine
Harsh winds the White Lord's hunting horn
Torment of Battle golden saddled
Hard scenting the pleestest pleemg soul
Death's Door the flame-eyed snow-beak hound
Heaped sheaves of bones
chaste pale beneath the storm cloud wings

Tree Tall (the Bard and the Raven) and Fair Blossom
Gloom weavers the spell of the bone-hive of Hell
Linked by the heavy blue chain of the Wise
Half of the seed and half of the Circle
Dark spawn of Illusion and Phantasy's Master
Son of the Wave the waves angry lament

Each and forever upon the Beltaine
That tourney for favor ever union
For pride of the father the maiden prize
Between the White renowned as the Hunter
Between the Victor Son of the Scorcher
Between the prost and the flame of the fire

*— Winter-Damon*