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All the World a Druid's Dream

t. Winter-Damon

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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

All the World a Druid's Dream

Ever Spinning the spokes of Silver Hand's wheel
 Burning bright are the sparks of cyric Uys Oon
 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-flung fields

Fell and swift they course
 down from the misty arect's spine
 Harsh winds the White Lord's hunting horn
 Torment of Battle golden saddled
 Hard scenting the fleetest fleeing soul
 Death's Door the flame-eyed snow-bleak 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 journey for favor ever unwon
 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 pre

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