



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

Volume 1 | Issue 3

Article 6

7-15-1983

Moon Song

Mildred Plew Meigs

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

Recommended Citation

Meigs, Mildred Plew (1983) "*Moon Song*," *Mythellany*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 3 , Article 6.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythellany/vol1/iss3/6>

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 Mythellany 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.



Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL "HALFLING" MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.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>

Abstract

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon- Over the crinkling sea, The moon man flings him a silvered net Fashioned of moonbeams three.

Keywords

Mythellany; Poetry; Moon Song; Mythopoeic; Mildred Plew Meigs



MOON

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon-
Over the crinkling sea,
The moon man flings him a silvered net
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

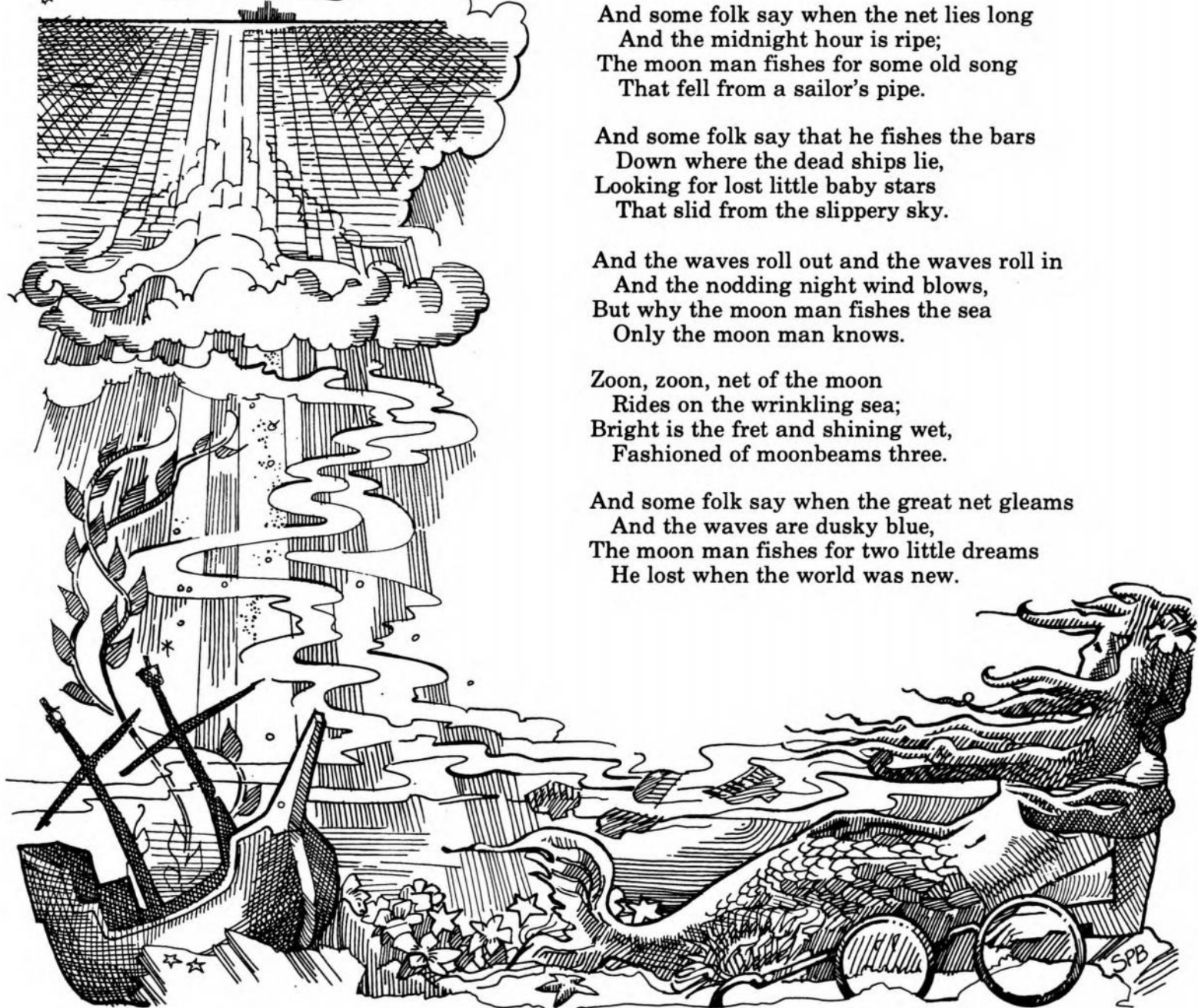
And some folk say when the net lies long
And the midnight hour is ripe;
The moon man fishes for some old song
That fell from a sailor's pipe.

And some folk say that he fishes the bars
Down where the dead ships lie,
Looking for lost little baby stars
That slid from the slippery sky.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
And the nodding night wind blows,
But why the moon man fishes the sea
Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, net of the moon
Rides on the wrinkling sea;
Bright is the fret and shining wet,
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the great net gleams
And the waves are dusky blue,
The moon man fishes for two little dreams
He lost when the world was new.



SONG

And some folk say in the late night hours,
While the long fin-shadows slide,
The moon man fishes for cold sea flowers
Under the tumbling tide.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
And the gray gulls dip and doze,
But why the moon man fishes the sea
Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon-
Over the crinkling sea,
The moon man flings him a silvered net
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say that he follows the flecks
Down where the last light flows,
Fishing for two round gold-rimmed "specs"
That blew from his button-like nose.

And some folk say while the salt sea foams
And the silver net lies snare,
The moon man fishes for carven combs
That float from the mermaids' hair.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
And the nodding night wind blows,
But why the moon man fishes the sea
Only the moon man knows.

Mildred Plew Meigs

