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## *Willowind / Snow White*

Paula Marmor

Joe R. Christopher

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## 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

Willowind: Soft, the whisper of the rills Wafted on the willowwind Snow White: Seven small dwarves silently peeping from the berrybushes out with their eyes ablink

### Keywords

Poetry; Mythril; Mythopoeic; Willowing; Snow White; Paula Marmor; Joe R. Christopher

## *Willowwind*

Soft, the whisper of the rills  
    Wafted on the willowwind  
Sighs, and splashing washes, spills,  
    swirls among the vesper leaves  
    follows down the Evenstar  
to settle in the western sea

'Ware the steps that scatter echoes  
    where the sister-weirds do dance  
    stamping down the past in shallow  
graves whose craven tombstones stare,  
    spinning patterns for the present,  
    pacing future's sojourn there

    Seven seasons come and go  
    like shifting shores of Lyonesse,  
    like gossamer when westwinds blow:  
The spring has blossomed on the heights  
and wild swans wing their passage home  
    through honeysuckle-jasmine nights

    The restless many-masted schooner  
    rides at anchor on the sea  
    silvered in the sinking moonlight  
where the sapphire star-clouds spin  
    waiting for her captain's call  
to fill her sails with willowwind.

--Paula Marmor  
12-16 May 1971



## *Snow White*

Seven small dwarves           silently peeping  
from the berrybushes out   with their eyes ablink  
(their whiskers twisted   as an unicorn's mane),  
peeping at the person       who sat in their pathway,  
raven-locked lady           weeping and forlorn,  
sobbing in their forest,   tresses a tangle,  
holding her apron           in front of her eyes.

Then softly and silently   crept they up to her,  
whispered the world       was none so wry,  
moonlight and sunlight,   alternately mingled,  
ancient trees               and old deep mines.

Still she was weeping,     weeping in their forest,  
holding her apron           in front of her eyes.<sup>1</sup>