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## *On the Walls / Hero to His Captive Elfbride / Asphodel*

Janet P. Reedman

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



### Abstract

On the Walls: Under the shade of shattered walls, Remembered lives blow like dreams Hero to His Captive  
Elfbride: Dawn's light glitters on faded mountain tarn Asphodel: Caught in the shadows the keep cast

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; On the Walls; Hero to His Captive Elfbride; Asphodel; Janet P. Reedman

"Very well then." Gayle nodded approvingly and turned to the keyboard in front of him. His fingers flew over the keys. Finally he straightened.

"Through that door there will be our new world. Are you ready?"

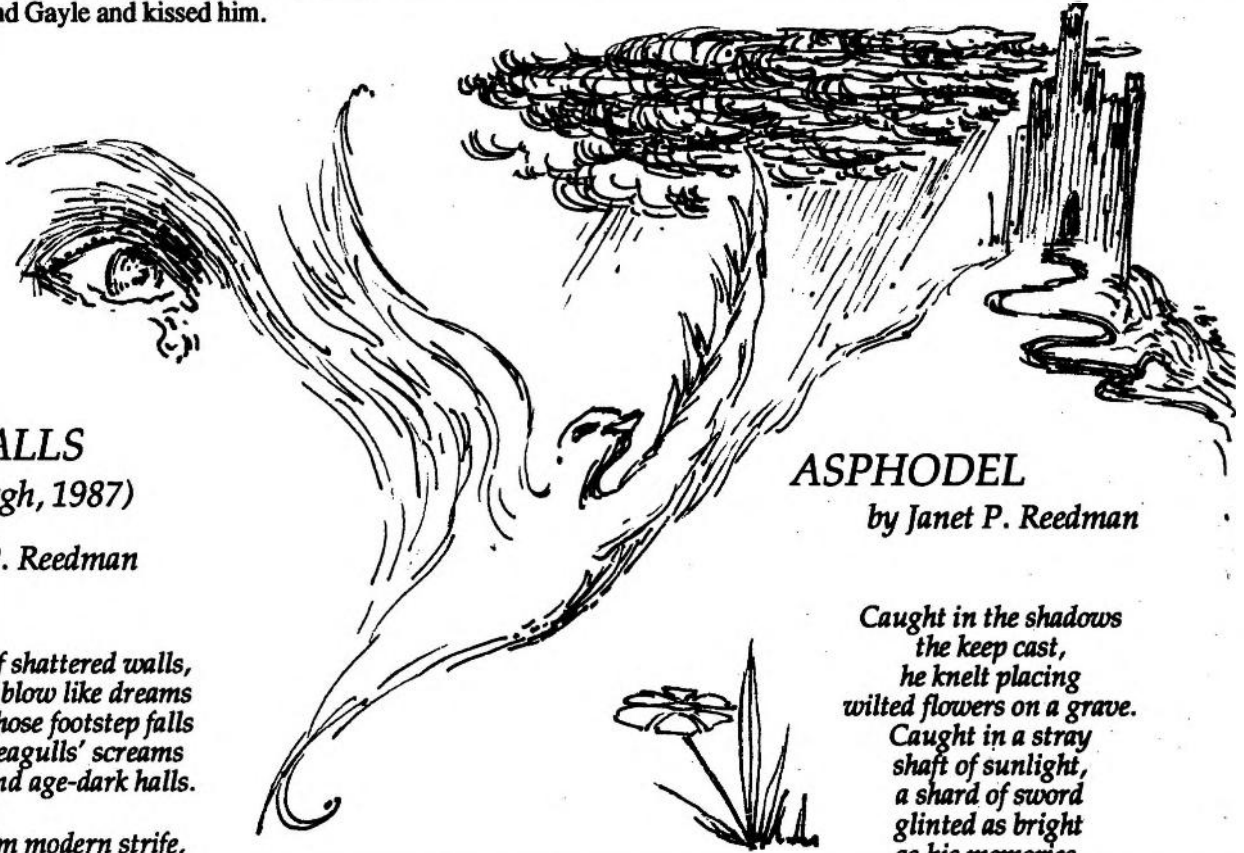
"Yes Gayle." She stood and walked with him to the door. They hesitated a moment then opened the door and walked into a fresh green world. The door vanished as he closed it. Off in the distance a castle's flags flapped in the breeze. Darla threw her arms around Gayle and kissed him.

"It's wonderful! Thank you for rescuing me." Gayle blushed until he matched his suit, then grinned incredulously and kissed her long and passionately. Then arm in arm they walked down the hill toward the castle.

\*\*\*\*

"...arm in arm they walked down the hill toward the castle"

Fingers poised over the keys the author hesitated, then hit the save key. He would work on it again tomorrow...



## ON THE WALLS

(Bamburgh, 1987)

by Janet P. Reedman

*Under the shade of shattered walls,  
Remembered lives blow like dreams  
Around the one whose footstep falls  
Louder than the seagulls' screams  
In those timeless and age-dark halls.*

*Seeking to flee from modern strife,  
Teardrop in the eye of Time,  
No man's lover, mother or wife,  
She dwells within storied rhyme  
Grown to encompass waking life.*

*And as she climbs the towers high,  
Head in clouds like banners spread,  
She hears fierce warhorns like the cry  
Of gulls or the ancient dead  
Whose bones beneath her pale feet lie.*

*Waiting to feel the life she brings  
And wreathes upon a written page,  
Bursting from death, like living things,  
Brought to life with touch of Mage  
That is perpetual as Spring.*

## HERO TO HIS CAPTIVE ELFBRIDE

by Janet P. Reedman

*Dawn's light glitters  
on faded mountain tarn,  
once alive with fay-lights.  
Magic moments die  
in the grey of morning.*

*Last night I held a mystery,  
a white dove that beat  
soft wings against my breast,  
but she is flown away  
this cold and rainy morning.*

*Elven magic has departed:  
only a tired mortal sleeps,  
head against my shoulder,  
raindrops crowning crimson hair,  
in the chill light of dawn.*

## ASPHODEL

by Janet P. Reedman

*Caught in the shadows  
the keep cast,  
he knelt placing  
wilted flowers on a grave.  
Caught in a stray  
shaft of sunlight,  
a shard of sword  
glinted as bright  
as his memories.*

*In sorrow he mused  
on the day his lord fell  
in the shadows  
of those selfsame walls,  
fell and was buried  
beneath stones he raised  
by magic—  
but magic was dead  
as the mage now.*

*Turning, he went  
sadly down  
the ruined barbican.  
One backward glance  
did not catch  
the tiny Asphodel,  
rumoured flower  
of Immortals,  
that blossomed  
on the grave.*