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Three Strangers / A Fable

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

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Abstract

Three Strangers: There were once three strangers upon this earth Whose odd gifts of power brought little mirth. A Fable: "If you build it, he will come." Zounds! I had the most extraordinary sense of deja vu watching Field of Dreams.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Three Strangers; A Fable; Allison Marshall; Berni Phillips

THREE STRANGERS

by Allison Marshall

There were once three strangers upon this earth
Whose odd gifts of power brought little mirth.
First the old man who could read the full moon,
Then came the woman, born in a cocoon,
Lastly the boy who through men's minds could see.
A purpose was given to each of the three,
A powerful urge set deep in the heart.
Each from his home soon had to depart.
After many adventuresome travels untold,
They came to a place where secrets unfold.
They met as strangers from foreign lands
To gain from each what no one understands.
Unto this place of unusual time
Shall I take you to hear their words of rhyme.

The old man lived north in wintry snow,
Devout to the moon's spellbinding glow.
Of past, present and future he had learned,
But never did find the youth that he yearned.
A plain, goodly man, but for this desire,
Which burned hot within, a raging bonfire.
The woman lived deep in the sunny south,
She was kind with a large, smiling mouth.
Born with such a gift, her fingers could heal,
The mind and body was well with her feel,
Yet the healer could not heal her own heart,
She wished to be in love, but hadn't the art.
The boy lived right smack on the equator.
What a genius, and quite a creator!
His mind could read the thoughts of all others.
Yes, he even outsmarted the mothers!
He was as well behaved as boys can be,
His passion was to learn philosophy.

It was upon a grassy knoll they met,
Three weary travelers glistened with sweat.
Though strangers, each could sense the other's gift,
Which comforted their spirits gone adrift.
"I am the Old Seer who seeks his youth,
I read the moon to gain knowledge of truth."
"I am the Healer who longs for a love,
No man has compared me to the white dove."
"I am the Mind Reader, your thoughts are free.
Do either of you teach philosophy?"
The wise, old man turned to the boy and said,
"Philosophy is learned until you're dead,

The wisdom of man comes only with age,
But wisest of all is the humble sage."
The woman who was born in a cocoon
Then fell in love with the man of the moon.
The boy could read their thoughts as clear as day,
They were filled with love so merry and gay.
With a rush the old man felt youth return,
And the woman's wet heart began to burn.
As for the boy, his wish was fully gained--
You're not wise 'till you've lived a life untamed.

A FABLE

by Berni Phillips

"If you build it, he will come." Zounds! I had the most extraordinary sense of *deja vu* watching *Field of Dreams*. Those same words, spoken with a hint of an Oxford accent, have echoed through our living room.

At first I thought David was crazy when he told me he'd heard a voice; later I heard it too. So we went out and bought books--books on all kinds of subjects, but especially books on philology, mythology, and philosophy. Bookshelves were put up to accommodate all of these. A comfy recliner was installed in a position of honor--flanked by shelves, shrouded with light, in reach of the best books.

Soon he came, a weary old gent with a twinkle in his eye and a pipe in his mouth. He introduced himself: "I am Tolkien, but you can call me Tollers." Days later he brought his friends, Charles and Jack. Charles was a rather homely fellow with glasses, whose face would light up in heavy discussions. Jack would sit around for hours, tossing back and forth proofs of Christ's divinity. Charles would grunt and say he preferred contemplating the divinity of Dante's Beatrice.

Life went on like this for quite some time. But finally, enough was enough, and I told David that they had to go. The pipe smoke was making me nauseous and the house was just too crowded. I can take talking lions and short plump guys with hairy feet. I was peeved, but I handled it well when the orcs ate the cat. But I absolutely will not tolerate devils in my living room. It's Screwtape or me!

--thanks to David Bratman, my technical consultant