



# THE MYTHIC CIRCLE

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## *Deathwater, Dusk*

Meg Moseman

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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

Lead us past the murky lakes, where all is laid to rest and sunk in earth  
In overhanging twilight, seeking  
has no use, and understanding dies.

Read by Meg Moseman

### Additional Keywords

The Mythic Circle; Poetry; Deathwater, Dusk; Meg Moseman



## Deathwater, Dusk

Lead us past the murky lakes, where all is laid to rest and sunk in earth.  
In overhanging twilight, seeking has no use, and understanding dies.  
There, terror has no meaning. All is still except for memory's inward spiral.  
The dead of centuries lie underneath. Above, no birds, no blooms, no flies,

no breeze, no frogs, but only leaden water and the algae on the banks,  
a mud no foot has touched. A reed perhaps grows here or there, upon that wide  
expanse, a blasted tree, and nothing more. The air hangs over, cold and dead.  
Lead us past the lakes or we lie down, no doubt forever, at their side.

All is still except for memory, I wrote  
and perhaps except for this: it's said —  
on still and moony nights —  
or luminous gray dawns —  
bright, empty afternoons  
when not a living thing will stir to watch —

a fountain will rise,  
clear and glimmering,  
and with it, piping, men —  
if such they may be called —  
of pale leaves and twigs and icy thoughts.

First slow, and dead, those thoughts,  
but sewn into quick music  
to twirl high and green and catch the living mind  
that listens from afar in leafy dreams.

--Meg Moseman



Poster by Jillian Drinnon