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Departure of the Lordly Folk

Janet P. Reedman

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DEPARTURE OF THE LORDLY FOLK
Janet P. Reedman

Billowing, sea-tossed, a glimmer on the waves,
Crystal dragonstones twinkling on wind-blown sails,
A ship bourne from Faery moors in the harbour--
The last of the Lordly Folk are going home.

Wind out of water, blood from a stone,
The People of the Hills are leaving,
Mortal men have ceased their grieving,
And I am left wandering alone.

Light as air, willow-reed, flaming in sunset,
Golden-locked, green manted, on palfreys they ride
Down to the ship with its swinging misty glass lamp--
The Lordly Folk riding on the long trek home.

Sun out of shadow, life out of death
I shall follow wherever they fare,
A spirit of man bourne on the air,
A fay-soul on the wind's boreal breath.

THE MULBERRY

by
Charles Rampp

Kira had always been impatient. Fifteen years, at least all of them that she could remember, spent at a girl's boarding school had made little change in that, although now that she was older she could sometimes force what she wanted on others. But not always, like this morning -- and she had ran away, into the hills and through a strip of forest and out again into the sunlight of a meadow.

A small brook ran down from higher ground, making a soothing noise, soft and steady; and she stopped for a moment, not knowing exactly what she wanted to do. A

most pleasant place -- quiet with the gentle late spring breeze stirring up a few leaves on the trees back the way she had come. She stood tall and stretched high. It would be fun to be a tree, perhaps. Idly she wondered what it might be like, holding her arms widespread above her head.

Slow, I suppose, the standing still would take a lot of getting used to -- breathing would be different -- using the opposite part of the air -- she kicked off her sandals and let her toes play in the soft grass. And water -- natural and you wouldn't have to -- she giggled, but didn't