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The Ruddy Ghost: A Rondel / Aubade

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Gwenyth E. Hood

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you sure a mile is far enough away?"

Penny grabbed her suitcase. "We could go to the next town, if you want," she said.

The Ruddy Ghost A Rondel

by Joe R. Christopher

Did Lewis come, just having died before,
ruddier in his new life—"It's not so hard"?
So Phillips wrote, nor can one disregard
his statement as imaginative folklore.

But Phillips often was depressed, and bore
attempts to please his father which him marred:
did Lewis come, just having died before,
his eyes with twinkle, saying, "It's not so hard"?

And if he came, what truth did he restore:
that death was not a difficult discard;
that living could be 'joyed, however jarred;
that faith could be sustained forevermore?
Did Lewis come, just having died before?

AUBADE

by Gwenth E. Hood

In the garden by an ivy-covered wall,
They wrapped themselves long time in loving arms,
trusting in and yet loath to hear the call
Of one on watch nearby to give alarms:
"Take heed, fair friends, now sinks the soft-eyed moon,
The dawn, alas the dawn, it comes so soon!"

The dawn is come! In desperate farewell,
Each clings to each, and the tears they have repressed
Break forth, lest mortal lands where they must dwell
Should kill their courage for their solemn quest.
So heavy is my heart I nearly swoon:
Take heed, sweet friends, now sinks the soft-eyed moon!

They are bound by an unalterable decree
to walk in faded lands where joy has failed
and find their loves again in constancy,
beneath the mundane crust which has them veiled.
Fair friends, with thorny tasks your paths are strewn!
The dawn, alas the dawn, it comes so soon.

Now hand in hand, besides the paths of sleep
Lethe-waters soon will make your eyes forget.
Inside a swaying boat you then must creep
to leave the faerie lands in which you met.
The love which draws you on in mystery
Will bring you, sure, the priceless victory;
More lasting is the crown of diamonds hewn.
Take heed, fair friends, now sinks the soft-eyed moon.

Love crossing hate evoked a stern decree
The king still rages, whose power on all is strong,
save victors who defeat morality.
Lose not this chance by lingering too long.
Such love as yours the earth shall overwhelm
And win your welcome back to faerie-realm.
Take heed, fair friends, now sinks the soft-eyed moon
The dawn, alas the dawn, it comes so soon!