

June 2020

Dry Leaves

Jo Anna Dale

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Dale, Jo Anna (2020) "Dry Leaves," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1988 : Iss. 7 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1988/iss7/9>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



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>

shield thee. When thou art at thy prayers, remember the Red Bear Knight."

Sir Cinnamon turned Oregano's head around and prepared to ride onward, leaving Lady Rosemary behind him never to be seen again. "Farewell, Rosemary," he whispered, his voice choking so that it was no longer disguised.

Just as Oregano was about to break into a gallop, Lady Rosemary caught hold of the horse's bridle-rein. "Cinnamon -- my gallant, valiant bear -- thou hast returned to me." And lovely Rosemary began to weep.

Sir Cinnamon tried clumsily to comfort her, but he knew that there was something distressing he must tell her. "Lady Rosemary, do not weep for me; spare thy tears for another bear worthy of thee. It is true that in the last year and a day I have jousted in 90 tournaments, and, after the shock to my system of the first one, won them all. It is sooth that I have slain 27 dragons, 15 amphisbaenas, and 3 sorceresses in whose invisible dungeons many knights bearrant were kept prisoner. I will not deny that I have saved a paladin of the great Emperor Bearlamagne from death at the hands of the infidel, and have fought by the side of the Spanish knight, El Bear. But it is nothing that with the booty I gained from the wars and tournaments I have relieved 114 poor widows and hermits. All has been in vain. For, listen, Lady Rosemary -- listen." And, ever so mournfully, Sir Cinnamon clapped his poof-poofing paws together.

Lady Rosemary took the paws in hers and gazed on him with adoring eyes. "Silly Cinnamon -- I care not about thy paws. Thou art my truelove, my own knight, forever."

Sir Cinnamon helped Rosemary up onto Oregano behind him. The horse was so exhausted from undernourishment and excessive exercise that it could barely

bear another bear's weight.

"Cinnamon," said Lady Rosemary as they continued on their way to Canterbeary, "I am sorry that I giggled at the feast. But, Sir Cinnamon --" she said, stifling another giggle, "-- THERE IS A BEE ON THY NOSE." With a paw-nail as sharp as Honeyseeker, she flicked the bee off.

So it was that, after returning to court from their pilgrimage, Sir Cinnamon and Lady Rosemary were wed. King Sage hosted the grandest, most joyful celebration in the history of Beardom, with enough cakes and dainties and wassail to re-fatten Sir Cinnamon to his former girth if Lady Rosemary had not kept one loving blue eye on him.

Cinnamon could hardly take his own eyes from Rosemary, she was so fair in her mulberry dress and her new leather buskins. Yet out of courtesy and perhaps a bit of pride, he turned to give his attention to the bear-minstrel who was busy singing of Sir Cinnamon's exploits in the past year and a day.

The minstrel ended, and all the knights waited to hear Sir Cinnamon clap first. "Poof, POOF!" clapped Sir Cinnamon proudly, and the knights laughed and clapped, and the King laughed and clapped, and Lady Rosemary laughed and clapped, and Sir Cinnamon laughed, too.

Sir Cinnamon laughed and laughed and could not stop laughing, but this did not prevent him from stuffing another barbecued dragon-rib into his mouth. He cast a guilty eye upon his lady.

"My Cinnamon Bear," whispered Lady Rosemary, and smothered his laughter and his appetite with a kiss.

DRY LEAVES

The dry leaves crackle underfoot
Like bones of long-dead creatures
Hidden in the mists of time.

Long ago, as legend goes,
The gods came down to earth
In fire and flame upon this hill.

Did beings from another world
Remain here, far from home?
Did they, by some sad mischance,

Fall from space to lie at rest
Beneath an alien sky?
Do dry leaves hide old bones?

-- Jo Anna Dale

