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Wizards and Elves

Cara Bullinger

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WIZARDS AND ELVES

I have gathered strength in solitude,
Like a spider tatting its web of soundless silver.
There are no longer elves in these woods:
The last wizard took them away
With the whispered incantations of the trees.

The stones speak no more of what
They saw before I came to this grove,
Because my curses and my cries echoed,
Echoed between them before dying
In the sky. I was a still lake:
No wind stirred my deepness.

I waited.

And now, the white Mountain Stars reveal nothing
To me except the joy of their fragile shape,
Fragile as snowflakes on a steamy window.
I touch the blade of the flower, the bark of the tree,
The moss of the stone, the cold of the water,
And am happy for only this.

The elves will come again—but only when I
Beckon them, only when I compose the incantations
Of leaves that shift light and shadow
In contrapuntal melodies or lyrical nocturnes.

Cara Bullinger