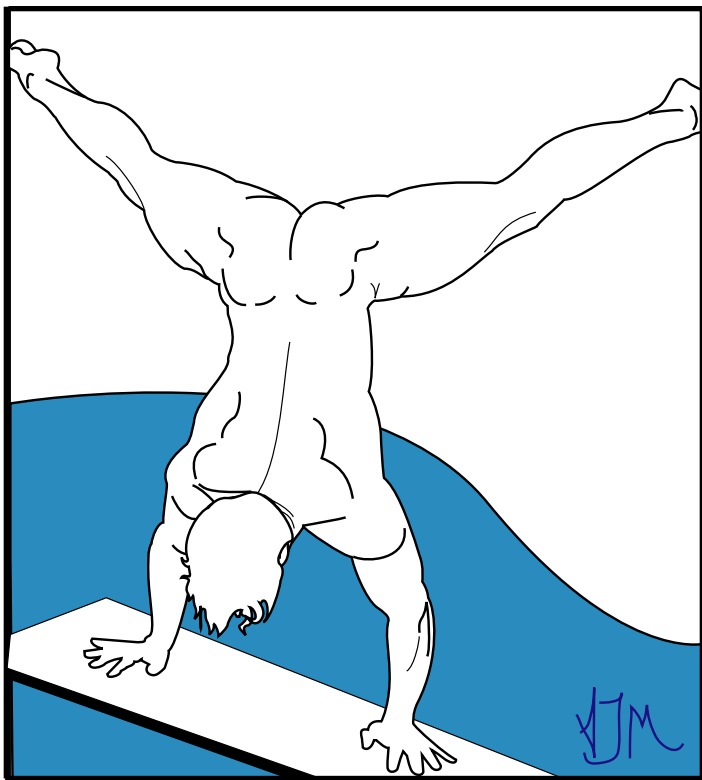


Airy Faerie

Autumn, 2003

Mischievous Pleasures





Conversation With a Raindrop

by Okapi

The afternoon air was crystal clear. Midday had been blazing hot, but the afternoon rain came to cool things down and washed away the dust in the air. What better time to wander through the forest? The sunlight streaming through the trees played with the mists coming up through the trees. The animals were chittering away to make sure that everyone made it through the storm. All was right in the world...or was it? I could hear a soft cry of someone sobbing. I decided to seek them out to make sure that they weren't hurt.

I followed the cries through the trees and came to the big rocks that overlook the creek far below. "Hello, does someone need help down there?" Silence answered the call, but I could still hear the sobs. I turned to go to the other side of the main rock to see if I could look down the cliff when something odd caught my eye. There before me was a single raindrop, just hanging in the air and the sobs were coming from that drop.

"Little raindrop, are you alright? I mean, I don't usually see raindrops hanging about in mid-air, so I if there is something I can do to help, just let me know."

"I don't think anyone can help," said the raindrop. "I'm so tired of this endless cycle. I fall from the sky, jump into a river, swim to the ocean, only to get really steamed and find myself back in the clouds to fall to the ground, to jump in a river...I think you get the idea. Anyway, I'm really tired of it. Today I decided that I'm not going to do it anymore. After all, what does it get me? I'm never going to be something as wonderful as you, nor something as stately as that tree. Nope, I'm just a stupid little raindrop that no one really pays

attention to. And there are many more raindrops out there, they'll never notice I'm missing."

I had to agree to some degree that we may not notice that the rainstorm was missing one raindrop now and then. We certainly would notice if all his friends felt the same way. It is easy to think of "rain" and not think about the "raindrops" that are part of it. I know that I hate being thought of purely as the group identity and not as an individual component. So time to roll up the sleeves for some "Rain Pep Talk 101."

"My friend, first you need to stop thinking of yourself as 'just a raindrop.' You are one of the greatest, most powerful forces on this planet. You aren't a mere little raindrop—you are Water. You have the ability to take on whatever shape you want. You can divide into many pieces and still, you are Water. Right now, you are focused on a small piece of you that is shaped like a raindrop. If you wanted to sit on the ground, you could be a pond or a lake. Granted a small one to someone like me, but to Brother Ant you would seem like a mighty barrier.

"You can pull pieces of you together to make the rivers, lakes and oceans. You can break yourself into pieces so small that you can float in the air and make clouds. You can pull those pieces together to form raindrops. When you are feeling artistic, you can create snowflakes."

"I can do all of that?" asked the raindrop.

I told the raindrop yes and that each of the water forms are truly appreciated. Everything from the moisture it brings so that food can be grown, to the soothing sounds of a stream or river as it ripples over the rocks, or the mighty crashing of the ocean waves. How boring would a summer afternoon be if people couldn't sit in a park and try to find shapes in the clouds? How would fall start if we didn't have the first frost? What would children do without snow? Snowfolk are far easier to make, and last longer, than rainfolk. How we long for that first spring rain. He had to agree that life would be pretty boring without water.

"And my friend, there are many things that you do that people appreciate as well. Look at that canyon over there. You carved that. It has taken a very long time, and that is one of the greatest lessons that we can learn from you. The canyons remind us that if we work at something long enough, that it can be done, even if we have to do it one raindrop at a time.

"Look at that tree over there, growing out of the middle of that rock. Beautiful, isn't it? You made that possible by changing to your ice form and back to liquid and back to ice many times. Over time, you made a large enough crack that dirt could fill it so that the tree could grow. Again, another lesson in patience as it took you a long time to do that."

"Gee, I didn't realize the power in my own rain." Raindrop saw a flash of color in the sky and asked what it was.

"I was saving my personal favorite for last. That is a rainbow. That would not be possible without you. That is formed by sunlight touching your airborne pieces. They in turn break the light apart into its colorful components. The result is the beautiful rainbow. While there are many ways to carve canyons and plant trees, only you have the power to make rainbows."

"Thanks for the talk. I feel much better now. I didn't realize I had so much to do. I need to get moving." The raindrop finished its fall and headed on to the river.

The Autumn Edition

Welcome to the Denver Faerie's fall 2003 issue of the Airy Faerie! This issue will be a wild river ride of emotions, you'll laugh you'll cry, you'll shoot a load. In this issue we take a look at the element water. Water is everywhere! It makes up most of our weather: the clouds, fog, rain, and snow. The earth is covered in the stuff, be it streams, rivers, waterfalls, lakes or the mighty oceans. It is also a life giving force, from the creating force of the waters in the womb and cum, to our blood; we owe our lives to water. Water, that spiritual, emotional and ever changing element that I love so well. I'll share my love for water, a little later on in this issue, so now let me babble like a brook and tell you more about what you'll find inside this pages.

WARNING! The pages of this issue also contain **SEX!** I am talking unedited, nothing covered up, no shame, male-to-male action. I have to say male-to-male because not all the participants are human. We have a homosexual fawn, some queer gargoyles and even a few gay, bi and questioning monsters, all participating in acts of fellatio and fornication. So this issue is gonna get steamy and a bit silly.

I hope this issue will have you honoring that wonderful element water. Whether it is by sharing you emotions with others, crying, cumming, or taking a cold shower. So grab yourself a tall glass of water, sit back and enjoy the Denver Faeries' watery offerings for the fall 2003 issue of the Airy Faerie.

Much Love,
Naked Hugs and Big Wet Kisses
DragonSwan

Airy Faerie

Autumn 2003



The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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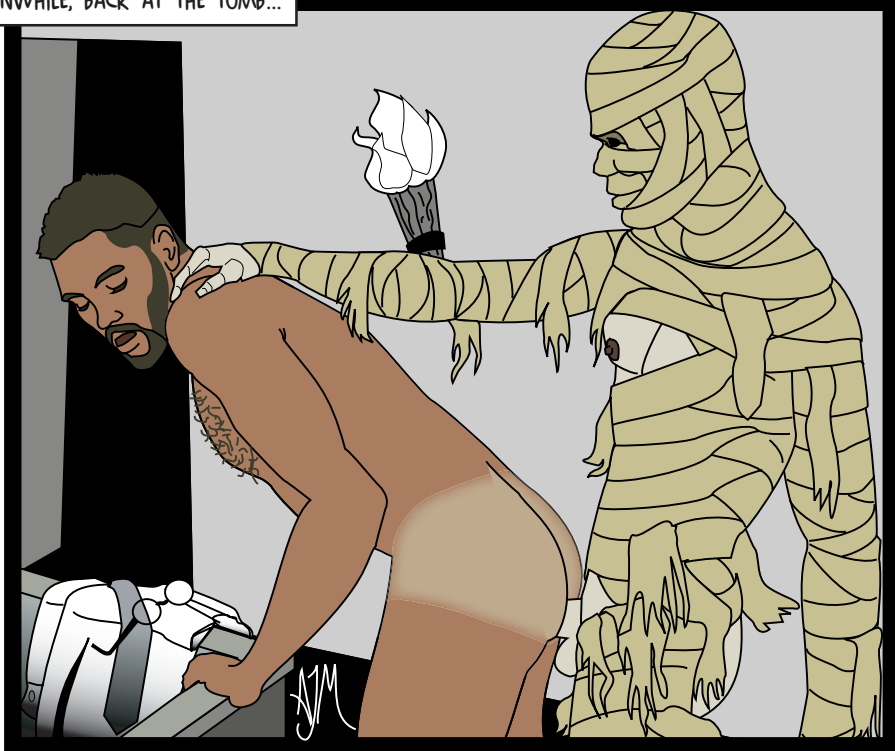
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The Buzz (6th Ave. at Marion),
Satyrday Mornings about 10ish to
around noonish

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE TOMB...



JUST AS HE HAD THE NIGHT BEFORE, THE EXPLORER RETURNED TO OPEN THE MUMMY'S TOMB. EAGER TO ONCE AGAIN FACE THE CURSE OF BEING HIS SEX SLAVE FOR ANOTHER LONG NIGHT.

One Dick, Two Dicks

by Orpheus

I love my dick and it loves me.
Together forever for adventures and fun.
We have discovered the saying is true,
“Two heads are much better than one!”

There’s no simple way to describe what I feel,
Dick flesh to dick flesh, we press in close,
Sending shivers of delight
From my head to my toes.

With his dick in my mouth, or mine in his,
One at a time, or divine sixty-nine.
Sometimes we kiss, long and deep with tongues entwined
While he plays with his and I play with mine.

We play and we play until we are spent,
and drift off to sleep without saying a word.
The dreams that come cause a smile to form,
“If two heads are fun, what if we added a third?”

There’s no simple way to describe what I feel
Two dicks in one mouth, what a sensation!
Or two dicks together in divine sixty-nine,
While the third moves in for deep penetration.

So one can be fun, as is with two and with three,
But what about four? or five? or six? or seven?
When I think of the pleasures in store for me,
I know I will have died and gone to heaven.

Initiation

by Nitesead

Deep night,
green water suck
me down, lower, lower,
pull the hum gently
from deep
down in my bowels,
singing to the pool,
to the moon,
singing through the deep
dark green,

Dark green which comforts
my soul, caresses and
soothes, deep dark
singing.

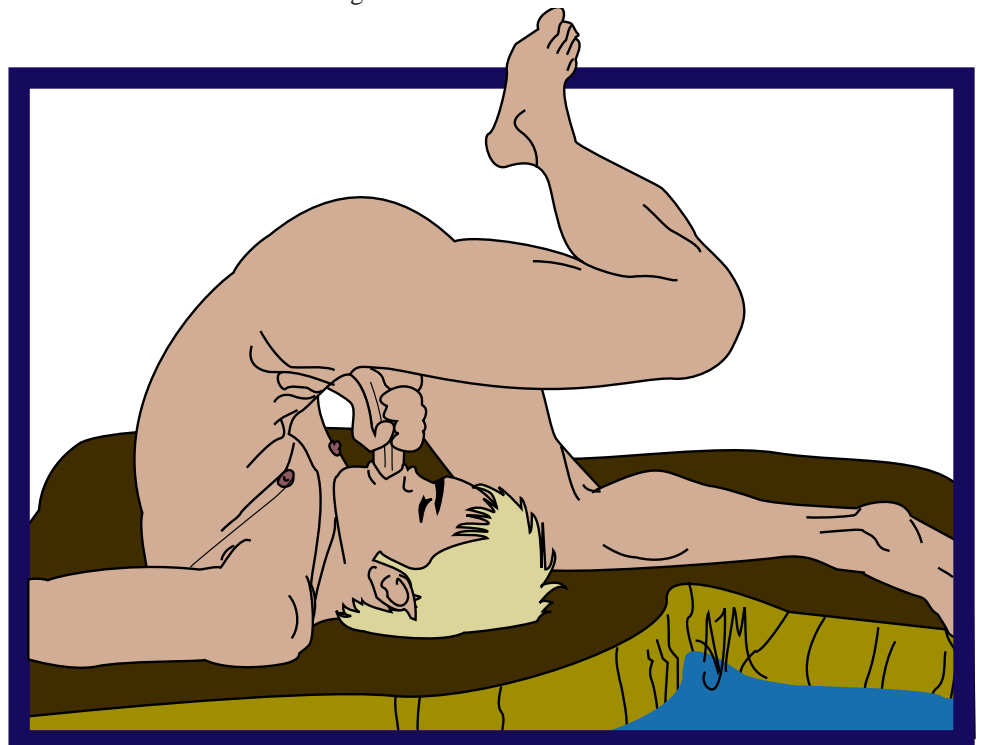
My singing is
electric.

I embrace myself,
immerse myself and consume
hot water, my skin
electrified, buzzing,
my heart growing,
climbing through deep dark
light
and leaves
as dense as metal
and free as
cotton,
I embrace myself
electric,
and let go.

My heart,
released,
flies in circles,
encircles the sky
above me, embraces
the moon, pulls me
closer.

I am singing,
louder and brighter,
my heart is perfect,
my body is perfect,
the world is perfect,
the moon
the deep dark
light
is singing,
and I am blinded.

I plunge
my head into
the dark hot water,
three times
and I am yours,
the moon,
the song,
the world
divine, perfect, an ocean
of holy showers.



Love My Cock

by Monkey (1.25.2003)

Love my cock
Glove my cock
Take it up your ass

Lick my cock
Flick my cock
You don't need no class

Pump my cock
Hump my cock
Tell me how it feels

Please my cock
Tease my cock
Fuck me till it heals

Caress my cock
Molest my cock
Damn! I'm gonna cum!

Fuck my cock
Suck my cock
Baby, make it hum!

My Two Arms

by Orpheus

I love these arms that You did give me,
I thank Thee, Lord, and thank Thee Lady.
I'm so glad that on a whim,
You did not give me a T-rex limb.

It seems to me that these arms are just the right length,
To reach and stretch and attempt feats of strength.
With arms stretched wide as far as can be,
"I love you T...H...I...S much!" I say with glee.

In quieter times they can hold one near,
With arms entwined, I can whisper in their ear.
With arms the length that seems quite right,
I can hold my love in these arms all night.

With arms this length there is one more thing,
The reason why I'm glad I'm not the dinosaur king.
I'm so glad for these arms that You did craft,
For they are just right to reach my shaft.

I awake each day in grateful anticipation
For these arms you gave came with the gift of masturbation.
The design of my arms is pure genius.
Thank You Gods for allowing me to play with my penis.



Bears Against Razors

by Cubby

Bears of the world, unite and be brave,
Just say "no" to those who would ask you to shave.
Why is that they loathe that which they lack?
Why do they hate the hair on our back?

Can you remember that youthful anticipation?
You woke one morn' and felt a new sensation.
You felt your young chest that last night was bare,
And woke in the morning and found your first hair.

The years have flown by, a thick pelt has grown in,
And once we were boys, but now we are men.
So, bears of the world, be strong and be brave,
Just say "no" to those who would ask you to shave.

Water; Water Everywhere, But Not a Drop to Drink.

by Darlene Fey

When I think about water my first thoughts are of going swimming as a little kid. It seems like I was always swimming somewhere, either at the public indoor pool at the rec. center or at the lake on my family's property back in the woods. Now one thing about both these swimming holes is that you did not open your mouth while under water. I never fancied drinking chlorine water that a bunch of kids had been peeing in. Nor did the algal and fishy waters of the lake offer a pleasant drinking experience.

The other similarity between the pools and swimming holes was trying to sneak a peek at the male members of the Fey family changing in or out of their swimming trunk. Always hoping to see their, um...well to see their male members.

Oh, and of course I can't forget the lunches that we always brought along. I called them the 'Fey family's peanut butter and sandwiches'. Everyone in my family had a different "and" to put with their peanut butter. Mom did the basic peanut butter and jelly, Dad did peanut butter and pineapple, my brother did peanut butter and marshmallow cream, mine was peanut butter and honey, my sister did peanut butter and bananas, grandpa did peanut butter and raisins, and grandma did peanut butter and apples. Some of my family got really weird with their peanut butter and sandwiches. There were combinations of peanut butter and onions; peanut butter and tomatoes; peanut butter and cheddar cheese; peanut butter and ham; peanut butter and mayonnaise, peanut butter and sardines; peanut butter and potato chips; peanut butter and bologna; peanut butter and pickles; peanut butter and liverwurst; peanut butter and chocolate. The list goes on, but I don't want to upset any sensitive tummies out there. I'll just say that you really had to be careful which sandwich you picked up when you were on a picnic with the Fey family. Oh sorry, I almost forgot this was supposed to be about water huh.

Well I'll just wrap this up by saying that now days I am too old to be splashing about in the water. When I want to enjoy water now, I make myself a peanut butter and honey sandwich and put some gin in my glass of water. Now that's the way to drink water!

I raise my glass to all you beautiful faeries, and hope you enjoy your water and "peanut butter and..." sandwiches. Whatever your "and" is.

Hugs and peanut butter kisses to you all.

The Ladybug by Monkey

A ladybug in my garden, she said,
"Thank you for keeping God's children fed.

"The Goddess has sent my wings to you
to bid me say, she thanks you too."

Cooking With Water

by Potsan Pans

I was over at a dear friend's home the other day and was blown away...by what I saw (we saved that other for later in the visit). When I arrived, she was just standing in front of the range, staring at the pot. I said "Darlene, what are you doing?" (oops, I forgot, I wasn't going to mention any names - kisses dear)

She told me that she was doing research for her water thoughts for the upcoming issue of Airy Faerie. She wanted to study on why watched pots don't boil. She figured that if she could solve this age old mystery that she could save people tons of time.

I really hated to burst her bubble of a dream of winning a Nobel Peace Prize for bettering the whole world, but my fit of giggles caught her attention so I had to tell her a couple of known facts about the statement "A watched pot doesn't boil."

First, I had to tell her that, of course, a watched pot doesn't boil...it's the water IN the pot that is going to boil. If the pot is boiling, then there is a serious problem. Second, sigh, I had to tell her that even if the saying stated that it was the water that wouldn't boil while being watched, in order to give the research a good chance of success she really should turn on the burner. Double sigh, some people really should not be allowed in a kitchen.

Since we do have many new members in our tribe that may not have gotten the same information in their cooking classes back in the places where they spawned (or is it that spawned them, I always get those two mixed up), I thought I would give a couple of quick reminders about boiling water at high altitude.

As you might remember in cooking and science classes, water boils at 212° F (or 100° C, which I always thought stood for Canadian since that's how they measure temperature - they are so hot up there I figured they had their own measure of temperature), anyway, that temperature holds true only at sea level type environments. For those of us living in Colorado, not so true. Due to the difference in air pressures and all that scientific stuff, water boils at lower temperatures the higher you go. Thus in the city it is closer to 195° F, which means that food will take a smidge longer to boil than what the recipe book might say (hence a "3-minute egg" is more like 4 or 5-minutes. Also, another trick to help raise the temperature of the boiling water is to add salt (but I'm not sure I would recommend adding enough to get water to boil at the 212° mark - at that point, I think we would be talking about brine instead of water.

Also, when boiling your water for pasta, add some of your favorite cooking oil to the water. The oil will help prevent the pasta from sticking as well as help raise the boiling point a smidge.

Ponderings Upon the Phantom Manor

By Lazarus Graves

I wish to say a few words about that place where most of us fear to go. I am, of course, talking about haunted houses. You know the place, that old, rundown mansion at the top of a hill with the cemetery for a back yard. The place no one has lived in for several, if not over a hundred years, but yet *something* is still there.

It is in these supernatural sanctuaries where: disembodied voices call out to you; empty hallways are filled with ghostly shrieks and moans; candelabras float in midair, held by unseen hands; dusty pipe organs play haunting melodies, untouched by mortal hands; pictures follow your every move with their unhuman eyes; where even though the air is deathly still, doors creak open and slam shut; in the darkness, strange eyes glow red; ghostly apparitions appear and disappear before your eyes; the undead leave their coffins, tombs and rise up from earthly graves in search of foolish mortals who trespass into their home.

These phantom abodes are where the spirits manifest; ghouls gather; goblins unite; witches circle; and creatures from our worst nightmares dwell. Those nighttime fantasies that have you waking

up screaming in a pool of sweat. Then you try hard to peer into the darkness of your room, just to make sure that none of the monsters followed you back. Once you have assured yourself that all is safe, you attempt to fall back to sleep. You try to convince yourself that it was all just a dream, as you unwillingly make your way back into dreamland.

It is these dwellings of nightmares that draw us in, like a moth to a flame. For it is there that we can run around screaming our heads off, and then laugh at ourselves. We laugh because we realize that what is really scaring us, is nothing more than a bunch of painted papier-mache spooks attached to fishing line to make them move; or some guy in a rubber mask, who had too much garlic for dinner.

Since we know these bugaboo dwellings are just an illusion, what is it that draws us in? For what it's worth, I believe it's simply a chance for us to face our fears. We get to let our nightmares be real, but only as long as we want them to be. We are in total control. Shaking with fear we laugh and remind ourselves that *this time* it's not for real. Besides, life is no fun without a good scream.

(ed: Now an unabashed plug for one of our sponsors. Please see the ad for Graves and Bones Mortuary on page 15)



It was a Dark and Stormy Night

by Falcon

How often have we heard that phrase? At least once or twice in a Peanuts cartoon as Snoopy sits to write his great novel. The storm has often been used to heighten the impact of a dramatic moment...hmm?...storm = rain = water = emotions, how simple can you get?

Think about it a moment. Picture a beautiful meadow, birds chirping, butterflies flitting, and in a pristine white summer dress sits our hero. Up comes the villain with his "You must pay the rent" routine and something is, well, lacking to say the least. Now, put our hero at the door with rain pouring down, the villain goes into his speech just as the big crack of thunder punctuates his words. The scene has just that much more drama to it with the extra rain.

I have never totally understood why storms evoke such a strong negative emotional response. I can only guess it is one of those psychological things centered around the big booms of thunder. For me, I can't wait for that first thunderstorm of the season.

Now what is really cool, is watching the storm build, and then the sky turns to an intense green. It's absolutely an eerie color to see in the sky. You know it's time to get under cover because you know that you are about to be hammered by hail.

Well, it's time to grab my raincoat and umbrella and head out the door to do my Gene Kelly imitation. "I singing in the rain..."

Falcon's Flight A New Beginning

by Falcon

It was early morning when I headed to the beach. When I got there, I walked up the shore in hopes of finding an isolated cove where I could rest undisturbed. At the end of the beach were the big rocks that the waves were pounding against. Time seemed to stop as I stood and listened to the rhythmic drumming of the waves. I could feel the power of the waves working and pounding out the knots in my own back, helping me to relax.

After some time, I resumed my journey and began to climb the rocks to go around the point. Just out of site from where I started was an arch that the waves had carved in the stones. As I passed through the arch, it felt as if a door had opened for me. A voice seemed to come from everywhere, *"Be welcome. Be at peace and rest. Know that none will disturb you, unless you will it."*

I stepped out into a pristine beach that felt as if no human had ever stepped on its sands. I could only marvel at its beauty and offer my thanks to the spirits of the place. I settled in the sand and once again listened to the waves. Overhead, the seagulls were flying. One gull in particular caught my attention. It was the purest white, so white in fact that it seemed to glow from within. This gull was always apart from the rest. I watched it climb to the top of the sky, only to turn around and do a diving run toward the sea, only to turn at the last moment and soar back to the heights. Oh, how I wished I could join him.

As the day warmed, I found myself drifting to sleep, lulled by the sound of the sea. As I came awake, I felt a tapping at my foot. I looked down and there was that same seagull that I had watched earlier. A voice spoke to me in my mind, "I am Jonathan. I have been waiting for someone like you to join me. As hard as I try, I have yet to master the falcon's ways of flight. Could you please show me?"

Before I could answer, he tapped my foot again and off we flew, falcon and seagull together. Anyone watching us that day would have had to laugh at the sight of a seagull chasing a falcon as Jonathan learned to copy my moves. The lesson gave way quickly to games of tag and we found ourselves venturing further and further from shore. All too soon, we watched the sun start its decent to the sea.

"Do you trust me?" Jonathan asked.

"Of course, my friend," I replied.

"Then follow me as close as you can."

"I will be right on your tail."

We climbed as high as we had dared all day. As we turned and headed downward, I realized that Jonathan was aiming to that same spot in the ocean where the sun was aiming for. All I could think of in that instant was, "You crazy bird. You're going to get us killed by crashing into the sun!" But something inside told me that I could trust him, so I followed.

Just as we were within a wingspan of the sea, the sun touched the waters. Jonathan touched the waters in that same spot. Before I could react, Jonathan turned skyward. A giant whirlpool opened where he had touched the sea and straight into it I flew. "Don't fight, follow! You will find something you have been looking for at the other end. This is my small way of saying thanks for sharing this day with me."

Downward, ever downward the whirlpool drew me. Times like this, you get the silliest thoughts. "Gods, I am going to be one

soaked bird! My feathers are never going to be dry enough to fly home!" Even as I was thinking this, I could feel something changing. My body felt longer...stronger...sleeker. Despite the fact that the whirlpool was starting to get narrower and narrower, I found my wings out to my side, no longer covered in feathers, but rather smooth, silver skin. I found myself no longer a falcon, but had returned to the sea as a dolphin!

As I shot out of the end of the whirlpool, I could only think of one thing to say. "Hi, Honey! I'm home!" The words had no sooner torn from my throat when another dolphin joined me. We were lost in each other's embrace as we did our own dance of joy. "Geric, how I've missed you!" I cried. "I've been waiting here for you, my love," was his reply.

We were soon joined by others I hadn't seen in years. "Took you long enough to join us. But then you have always done things in your own sweet time," said the old voice behind me. I turned and gave Lejoe a kiss on the cheek. There was Jesro...Howjo...Dirles...Helku...Jonda...the whole pod was there to greet me. They kept coming and I kissed them all. We played and played, and when we started to get tired, we played some more. Who could leap the highest? (I had the advantage, after all, I had just been a bird!) Who could swim the fastest?

We were playing Follow-the-Leader and as we entered a clearing at the edge of the reef, Jesro came to an abrupt halt. As the rest of us avoided crashing into each other, the cry went up, "Give us a little warning when you do something that stu..." Then we saw what had caused him to stop.

In front of us was splendid shell chariot drawn by a team of seahorses. In the chariot was a very wizened man, long hair and beard and robes flowing behind Him. In His hand was a trident. Across the clearing we could feel His power. He could destroy us with a thought if we earned His displeasure. Beside Him was a maiden that I could not see clearly, half hidden behind the man.

A broad smile came to His face, *"My children, it is always a delight to watch you play. I can always count on you to chase away the darkness in My heart. The is one who is new here that I need to talk to. My daughter would like to spend time with you while I speak to Rhyjo."*

He left his chariot and came to my side. *"Off with you, too, Geric. We both know that Rhyjo doesn't belong here yet. I will bring him back before I have to return him to where he belongs."* Geric gave me a light caress as he swam off, joining the others with the mysterious maiden.

"My child, I can sense many questions and I will answer as best I am allowed."

"Lord Poseidon, I can tell I am not in the ocean I know. Where am I? How is that I can be here when I had been flying with Jonathan?"

"This is the Sea of Tears. This sea has grown over the years, filled by all the tears that have never been cried. All the tears that are turned inward and not shown to the world wind up here."

"As to how you were able to come here, the body remembers. All things that fly, once walked upon the land. All things that walk, once swam in the seas. All creatures like yourself that can remember the past and can look to the future have the power to change and adapt. Creatures like your friend Jonathan, live so

strongly in the Now, that is all they have. They can be anywhere they want, but they will be stuck in the form they are in Now."

"I am so happy here with my friends. Why can't I stay? If I am not supposed to be here, then how did I get here?"

"My child, I had never meant to see you in such pain and I wanted to remind you what happiness felt like. You have done more than your share to keep the Sea filled and it is time to let the tears flow their natural course. When you ventured close enough to me, I sent Jonathan to bring you to me. I knew you would trust him since he was one of your first guides so long ago, before you were grounded by the cruelty of others. Now that you are soaring again, I knew you would follow him."

"As to why you can't stay...it is not your time yet. When it is, you will be welcome, but until then, there is still something for you to do. My daughter asked to be the one to talk to you about this." He beckoned to the woman, and as She turned to join us, I could see Her clearly for the first time. She was the most beautiful woman imaginable...golden hair flowing around Her as She radiated pure love.

"It is always a delight to be with the Pod. There is so little love in the world these days and your friends so love each other that it helps Me recharge." She joined us, laid Her hand on my side and gave me a kiss. The warmth of Her love filled every pore of my body.

"Your friend, Geric, has been so saddened lately watching you be alone. He is always such a delight that Father and I could hardly deny his request to bring you some joy." Unbidden, Geric came up behind Her and I could see the concern in his eyes. *"See how much he cares? Joining us even when he was told to stay with the others! You little imp!"* She turned and caressed him and I

could tell that his approach had not been unexpected.

"Lady Aphrodite, why can't I stay here? Please. It has been so long since I have felt this happy and at peace."

"Oh, Rhyjo, how I wish that were possible. We did not bring you here only to cause you pain by sending you away without cause. I have found one that has the talent that will help unlock the tears that tie you to this place. He also has need for the gifts you have to offer. It is just not your time to be here for I have need of your talents still. Go from this place knowing your friends are happy and watching out for you. When it is time for you to come home, you will find the door open to you and your friends will be waiting."

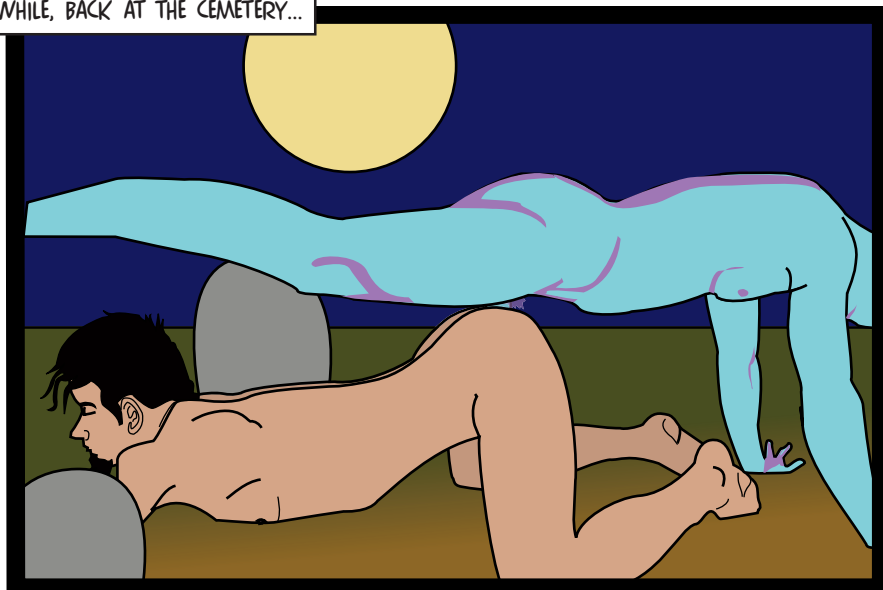
She drew Geric and me into an embrace. *"You two were one of my greatest joys. Rhyjo, it is my desire to see you be happy again. Return to where you started this journey. Someone is waiting for you."*

Lord Poseidon embraced us with the love and strength that only a father know how to give. *"Be strong My child, and fly well."* With that, He picked me up and sent me upward. I could hear Geric saying, *"Zhai' helleva, Ashke."* (Wind to thy wings, beloved.)

As I broke the surface, the sun was just finishing its decent into the sea and I found myself back in a falcon's form. How much time did I spend in that place? It seemed like forever. A distant voice said, *"Ashke, look to the stars."* High overhead was The Eagle, shining bright. The stars seemed to gather and sent a shaft of light to the beach.

When I got to the shore, there was a solitary man sitting there, gazing at the stars. He didn't seem to see me there until I walked up to him. *"Hi, honey! I'm home."* I kissed him and the depth of the seas was in his eyes.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CEMETERY...



TOMMY FOUND HIMSELF FULL OF HIGH SPIRITS
WHEN HE WAS CAUGHT TAKING A SHORTCUT AFTER MIDNIGHT.

Water Sports

by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

Gentle readers, I need your help. I recently lost control of one of my classes and I am perplexed as to what went wrong. I turn to you for assistance in the hopes of preventing future incidents in my classes.

The class in question is a study on the interaction between Faeries and the elements. Naturally, we began the semester with Air. Non-winged creatures have always dreamt of flight and the topic was so easy that we breezed right through it. Then, we moved on to the topic of Fire. The class had an extremely heated debate with half of the class being in the "Fire as Fascination" camp and the rest being in the "Fire = Fear" camp.

Next on the list was Water. When I taught this same class two hundred years ago, this was a fairly easy topic. We were at the height of the era of the big sailing vessels and Faeries knew the Siren's call of the Sea. But with all the modern modes of transportation, we've lost that connection and the image of the clipper ship at full sail just isn't as strong as it used to be. I thought it was time to try something new that my students could relate to. I was watching television and there before me was the answer. What better way to introduce the topic than talking about the swimmers and divers in their tight speedos. I figured that would catch their attention. After all, when I first watched the Olympics on television, I watched those divers come out of the water adjusting their trunks. I prayed and prayed that one might actually step out of the water and realize that his trunks were still in the pool. Alas, that was never to be. I knew that the image of nearly naked guys would get my students' attention.

Then class day arrives and something went wrong with the plan. After everyone got seated, I started the day's lecture like this, "Today we are going to talk about water sports." Before I could go any further, someone shouted out from the back of class, "Professor, I always thought you were cute, but I never realized you were kinky. Do you give or receive?" Another shouted out, "I don't care about your personal life, what's the lecture about?"

For the first time in my teaching career, I don't know what came over me. "Oh, piss off," I said. "Professor, is it better to piss off or to piss on?" By then the laughter had started and insanity ruled. One of the students noticed that I was starting to get red in the face and suggested that I needed to take a golden shower. I'm not sure what he had in mind since my shower is chrome plated and I don't think the metal content of the shower head would really make a difference. When I asked him to explain, he said it would be easier to show me. He told me to come over to the dorm after dinner and he would give me a demonstration. He is such a sweet boy and showed such concern about my well-being that he told me to be sure to drink four classes of water a half hour before coming over. And they say that youth doesn't respect their elders anymore.

So, gentle readers, that is the situation at Faerie University. I need your help in understanding what went wrong. I would like to get next week's class back on track and avoid the hysterics that occurred today. Your urgent attention to this matter would be greatly appreciated. In the meantime, I'm finishing my last glass of water so I can head over to the dorm. If nothing else, I want to show the young pup that it is possible to teach an old dog a new trick.

Half Full or Half Empty

A thought by Falcon

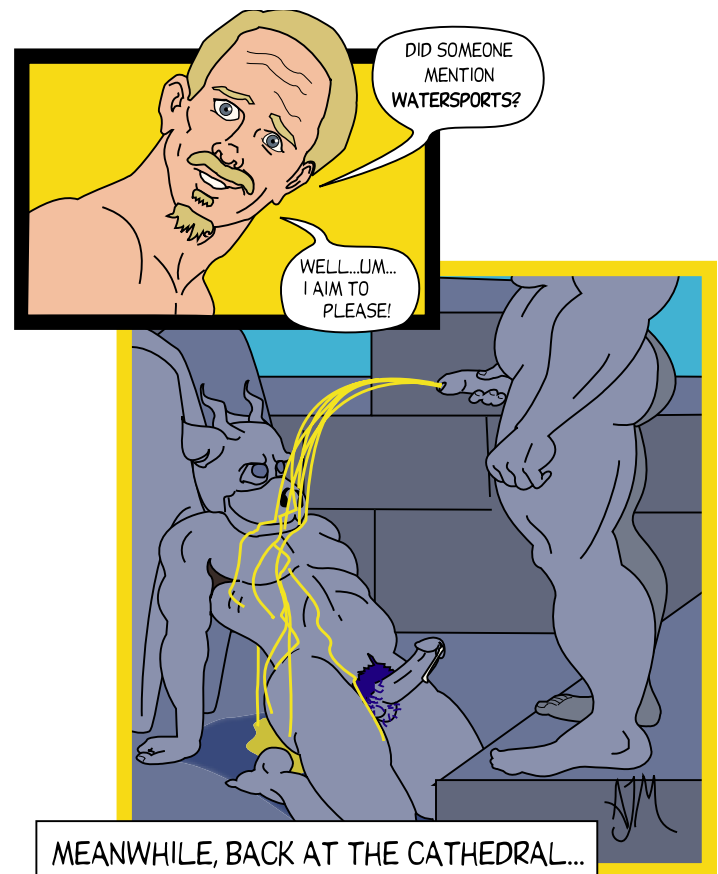
Is the glass half full or half empty? How often have we heard that analogy on whether we are optimists or pessimists? As I thought about things to say about Water this image came to mind multiple times. I decided to take a moment to examine this.

First, I would have to ask what the intent of the water level was. If the glass started without water and now is filled halfway, then I would say we are talking about half-filled. If we are adding water to the glass to raise volume, it would seem silly to refer to its percentage of emptiness.

Now, if we started with a glass holding its maximum amount of water and then removed contents to the halfway mark, I would say we are talking half-empty. After all that is what we are trying to do.

But, second, if you are going to force me to focus on the static moment without knowing whether or not we are trying to fill or empty the glass, then my answer would be "neither." The glass is full, regardless of the volume of water inside. Granted that only half of that fullness is taken up by water, but the rest is still filled with air. A waterless glass is still full of air. A glass with water to the brim is full of water. The glass of the analogy is filled with a delightful blend of both.

When you think your life is half-empty, just take a moment to look at the other things in your life. While your "glass" may only have half of the things that you think should fill it, there are many invisible things that fill it as well. These are the wonderful blessings that the Lady hides for us to discover. It's the finding of these things that makes us realize that the "water" is only a part of what fills our lives. By the way, don't worry about your glass getting too full, the Lady has a way of finding a bigger glass for you.



Monkey Prayers

by Monkey

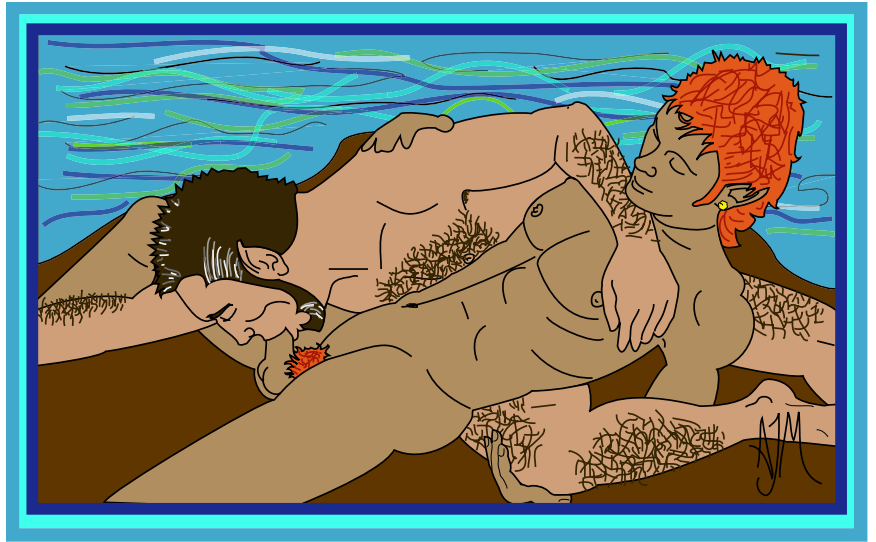
Thank you Mother Earth.

Cleaning the roses today I was pricked many times by the thorns. I'm reminded, through the beauty of the rose, that if cherished things are not kept clean and managed in a way that is respectable, it is a much more difficult job when we decide to take on the task. Sometimes the thorns stay with you into the night, or the next morning, just as difficult situations are rarely over in one cleaning. Remembrance of the task is what generates the urge to return to its care much sooner than previously planned. If planned at all...

It was a moment of s'tori and I thank you.

Father Above.

Thank you for the light of knowledge and the seed of your love. You are the connecting force that gives me the ability of Knowing. May I continue to grow in the light as the flowers of the fields do.



The Blessed Trinity: Ice, Water, Steam

by DragonSwan

My thoughts may be a bit like the twisting mountain river, but I hope it isn't too rambling. If so, just put on a life jacket and hold on tight!

I have always loved the water. There are so many ways to think about water. When you add the fact that water can be in three different stages; solid-ice, liquid-water, and air-steam, it makes it that more intriguing. I love the rainstorm that feeds the stream that turns into the river that cascades into a waterfall that fill the lake that spills back into the river as it flows into the sea. Water is also something that can be soothing and gentle, like a summer rain, or pounding and forceful, like a hurricane. Water, for me is a very peaceful force, the crashing of the ocean waves or the thundering waterfall produce sounds that are very peaceful and lull most people to sleep. Even the roaring river as it cuts its way through the mountains, is considered to be a peaceful sound. But none will argue the force behind any of these watery events. I also love the beauty of water. How many pictures try to capture the beauty of the sea? I will even admit that the fresh snow covered landscape is a beautiful scene. And what would a sunset be without a few clouds to help add some color to the twilight skies. Water is a very important element in our lives. The term, 'water of life' has been applied most commonly to our blood; but also to the water in the womb

where our bodies form, and the life giving cum. Heck, our bodies are mostly water. We would be just dust in the wind if it were not for water. Another reason to love water is that it would be very difficult to make Kool-Aid without it.

Water is linked to emotions, which only makes sense. Who hasn't cried a river of tears, or maybe filled an ocean with your tears? Of course water isn't just for sorrow as we also cry tears of joy. Like water, emotions can be cold like ice, or hot like steam. We can feel the emotions welling up inside of us, or washing over us.

For a spiritual connection what better element to connect the spirit to us, then an element that can transform itself as needed. The cleansing power of the water helps to purify the body, mind and space for ritual and connection to the divine.

Well, I think I have gushed on long enough about water. So I'll leave you with this thought from the writing of Kahlil Gibran, who wrote about joy and sorrow saying, "And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears." I would share the entire piece with you, but there are copyrights that have to be dealt with. Be well, drink lots of water, at least 8 glasses a day, and take a moment to honor all the forms of water.

Watery blessing to all

Kilts and Summer

by Monkey

From the first time I saw a man in a kilt, I've wanted one. To me, it was one of the most masculine things I had ever seen. I must say though, I'd never really known how great they were until I started gardening in them. (Of course, I'd do it naked if I could get away with it.) There is so much freedom of movement. Yeah, that kind of freedom too. I can't imagine ever gardening in jeans or shorts in summer again. There's enough pressure goin' on down there during the workweek, in hot weather, looking "respectable" in pants at the office.

There's nothing like squatting down to inspect a plant, feeling the grass tickle my ass with a nice cool breeze over the boys. Erections from the joy of beauty. Now that's what I'm talkin' about! It is even better in the cool evening of late summer, wandering about, listening to the cicadas and the crickets in their desperate attempts to get laid at least once in their short lives.

All too soon it will be over; however, the end of summer doesn't necessarily make me sad. I do miss the vibrancy of my garden during the impending winter but the Wheel turns round well in Colorado and new beginnings are always just around the corner.

Blessed be.

The Dance

by Falcon

1 2 3, 1 2 3

Spin, Spin

1 2 3, 1 2 3

Turn, Turn

The music winds to a finish, and like a hundred times before, he leads me off the dance floor just as the last note of the song fills the air. He leans over and kisses me, and then without a word he moves on into the crowd. I watch him ask another to dance. They move out to the floor. From how they are dancing and the song that is playing, I know they will end with a big flourish. A tear comes to my eye unbidden. It's not that I am jealous of the fact that he never dances that way with me. I learned long ago, why he won't. It's because he loves me, I know that now. No, the tear is for the young man with him, for I know what lies ahead.

Maybe I'm a little ahead of myself, let me go back to the first time I met my dance partner. It's funny that after all these years, I still don't know his name. I've been referring to him as "DL" (Sometimes it is Dream Lover and others it is Dark Lover. There are other names that fit, but I didn't know that then). I guess "DL" suits him as well as other name, so that is what I'll use here.

I first met DL the first night I stepped into the Tombstone Corral, our local Country Western dance bar. I had listened to C&W music for a while, but had never worked up the courage to go to "one of those places". I knew I was gay, it was just the thought that someone might see me there. Anyway, I'm watching the dancers when this incredibly handsome man asks me to dance. You know the type of man they mean when they say "tall, dark and handsome?" That's DL! After I got my heart to stop pounding, I found enough voice to stammer out my apologies that I didn't know how to dance.

He said, "Trust me, I won't hurt you." and then he pulled me out to the floor. It felt like every eye in the place was watching us. Here I am, the new kid in the bar, total novice, attempting to dance with this demigod. I knew I would end up looking like a complete idiot. Wrong. He is so smooth and graceful that he makes anyone look like they've been dancing for years. As the music finished, we stepped off the floor, he gave me a kiss and said, "Thank you for being here tonight. I've been waiting for you for a long time." Before I could respond, he was off into the crowd. We danced several more times that night, but each time we finished, he would go back into the crowd.

After that one little comment, we never spoke another word that night. You can imagine my fantasies all the next week. I couldn't wait until the next weekend so that I could have a chance to dance with DL again. The whole week was a dream and Saturday was going to be the one night of reality. As I pulled into the parking lot, those dreams came crashing. "What if he isn't there?" "What if he thinks I'm a lovesick puppy?" I forced myself to get out of the car and headed to the door. Just as I reached for the handle, the door opened and there he was, waiting for me! Without a word, he took my hand and led me to the dance floor. Like the first night, we would finish dancing just before the song finished. Never two songs in a row, even though I watched him dance multiple songs with others, always ending in a big flourish.

I didn't think too much about it at the time. I was just beginning to learn to dance. I figured he would increase my ability until one day I would be ready to do the "fancy" stuff.

As time passed, I did learn many of the fancy things. We even created some new steps that got the crowd at the Tombstone cheering. But in all that time, we never had a conversation. I never had the chance to ask for a phone number. I resolved to enjoy his company and would be waiting for the day that he would ask for my number.

It was about two years after I starting dancing with DL that I got bold enough to ask him why we never ended on the dance floor when a song finished. He said, "I love you too much to ever want the dance to end. By stopping early, the dance will never finish and we can continue for years to come." His eyes misted and started to pull away. "One more question then before you go," I said. He turned back. "If you feel that way about the dance, why then do you do the big finish with so many others?" "Because it is the last time I will dance with them. Watch and we will talk again later." With that, he left to circulate through the crowd.

Years flew by. Boyfriends came and went but DL was always there waiting for me. Some of the boyfriends would get extremely jealous when they saw DL and I dancing. They never would believe that we weren't doing something behind their back. These relationships never lasted beyond the meeting. Sometimes DL would ask my partner to dance. They always felt flattered. After a while, I learned a pattern - if DL brought them back to me, they might be a "keeper." Occasionally, he would go into the big finish, and more often than not, these would leave the floor with a haunted look in their eyes and would walk out the door. Rarely would I see them again, anywhere. One, Randy, went home, called from his car and left me a message saying that he was sorry he left early and hoped that he could see me again. The next morning he was found dead, a victim of an accident with a drunken driver.

One evening is etched in my mind, the night I brought Mike to the Tombstone. We had just met at one of those professional network gatherings the month before and this was our venture into a public place as a couple. Everything felt so "right" with Mike and I was more than a little nervous to see how he would react to DL. Mike had never country danced before, so we showed up a little earlier than I normally would so that we could do some practicing before the crowd arrived. After we danced a bit, there he was, standing on the side with one of the biggest smiles I had ever seen on his face. He came over and asked if I would mind if he dance with my partner. Knowing how he could make anyone feel at ease on the dance floor, I quickly agreed. But before they reached the floor, I said, "Just bring him back in one piece."

DL laughed and off they went. My heart skipped a few beats as they moved into a second song. And then, I just knew something was wrong, they started into the fancy stuff. I could feel the ache start in my heart. But something happened that I hadn't seen DL do before - he just stopped dancing, right in the middle of the dance floor. He put his arm around Mike's waist and brought him back over to me. DL whispered something to Mike. I could hear Mike's reply "I know". Mike looked at me with love in his eyes and then I heard another "I know" in response to something else DL said.

Before DL headed into the crowd, he said, “You two are filled with so much love for each other that I couldn’t finish the dance. Mike, I think you understand that I can’t dance with you for a while. All I ask is that you save the last dance for me.” Mike nodded in understanding and then DL disappeared. I didn’t see him the rest of the evening.

Mike never said what DL whispered to him that evening. I didn’t ask and he never offered to say. It was rare that we went out after that. Over the next couple of years, we only went to the Tombstone a couple of times. Each time, DL would dance with me, but not with Mike. Then, one evening after work, Mike said that he had some bad news. He hadn’t been feeling well and I had finally convinced him to see a doctor. After many tests, they determined that his entire body was filled with multiple forms of cancer and they didn’t think there was a single cure that would be effective. Mike looked at me and said, “I think we both need a drink. Let’s go to the Tombstone.”

When we stepped into the bar, DL was standing at the door with two cocktails in his hand. “I thought you might need these.” We moved on into the bar. DL stayed with us the entire evening. He danced with both of us that night. Sometimes with both of us together. At times, we would stand on the side in a group hug. We never told him what was going on with Mike’s health. We didn’t need to, somehow, he already knew. When we left that night, he handed me a card and said, “Here is my number. You will know when to call me.”

Mike’s cancers worked quickly in his body. There was only one night that he ever complained about what was happening. It was after he was unable to walk. He told me that he was upset that he wasn’t going to be able to keep his promise to DL. I got a puzzled look on my face. Mike said, “I promised that I would save the last dance for him. But you were the last person I danced with.” It was then that I realized why DL handed my his card and when I was supposed to call.

It was a week later and Mike was sleeping more than he was awake. On evening, he got that far-away look in his eyes and spoke into the air, “May



I have this dance?” I got out DL’s card and called. He answered the phone with “I’m on my way upstairs right now” and hung up the phone. Before I could put the phone down, he was standing in the door.

He looked at both of us and said, “Are you ready?” Mike managed to sit up in bed. He looked at DL and said, “Yes, but only if all three of us can share one last dance together.” DL looked at me, “You have known me for a long time. I have never refused a dance, but are you prepared to share this dance with me?” I sat on the bed and helped Mike stand up. “Shall we dance?” I asked.

Somewhere in the background, I could hear a radio playing. DL stepped over to us and the three of us danced around the room. As the music faded, he maneuvered us so that my next move forced me to sit on the bed. With the last note of the song, he lay Mike’s still body in my arms. He sat down beside me and held us in his arms. “I have always loved you,” he said. “How I wish I could spare you this pain.”

“I know you would if you could,” I said. Mike never told me what you said to him that first night. I heard his reply to you that night, but I never figured out what you said to him. Are you willing to share that with me?”

“I told him two things that night. First, I told him that he was a very lucky man to have you in his life. To that he replied, ‘I know’”

“And what was second?”

“I said that even though you call me DL that wasn’t my real name. I told him that he was dancing with Death. And again his reply was ‘I know’”

Healing the Family Tree: Creating Your Ritual

Based on the book *Healing the Family Tree* by Dr. Kenneth McAll, submitted by Phillip

There are many levels of healing. Dr. Lewis Mehl-Madrona, author of *Coyote Medicine*, provides the following classifications or dimensions of healing: physical, mental, emotional, psychic, spiritual, soul, and Divine. "Healing the Family Tree: Creating Your Ritual" is one approach to healing. Remember, as in all phases of healing work, it is important to **Honor Your Truth**.

The following format is an illustration and may be modified to your own beliefs and desires to create a ritual for healing your personal family tree.

Establish an Aim

This release, clearing and healing is available for all ancestors and those fulfilling the role of ancestors; for parents, all their children, (brothers and sisters) and for you in this and all previous incarnations.

Personal Preparation

Consider participating in an intestinal cleansing program, an emotional release and clearing, Acupuncture or Rolfing for releasing old energies, or any other healing work before the ritual begins. Determine what is necessary for you in your personal life.

Space Preparation and Protection

Determine the use of meditation, prayer, chanting, fire and light, participation in a sweat lodge, use of candles, incense, religious artifacts and symbols for the ritual itself.

Invocational Prayer

"God, we join you. We ask others to join us and participate fully: spiritual teachers, holy Masters, holy angels, spiritual healers, all the Saints, Great Ones and any other angelic or Divine Being that would be willing to assist with this release, clearing and healing consistent with the highest good and the Will of God.

"Further, we ask for Divine Guidance, Divine Help, Divine Protection and Divine Illumination. We ask for a clear connection with our personal guides and angels. We ask for your assistance, full participation and guidance with that which is needed to achieve our intention and is for the highest good.

"We thank you for our many, many blessings in this life and in previous lives.

"We ask for all incarnations of (your name) from the beginning of time until now to join us. We ask all beings of the family tree, including those who fulfilled the role of an ancestor to join us now."

Forgiveness and Blessing

"We ask that all of my incarnations and that all persons in the family tree be filled with God's Love."

Then have each ancestor be received into the Presence of the Divine and receive God's blessing and forgiveness. Have each of your incarnations be received as well. Ask for forgiveness for all ancestors.

"I forgive all of my ancestors on both the divine level and on the personal level."

Request God's blessing for each member of the family tree.

You can include a ritual, with lamps, candles, incense, an exchange of offerings, communion (in the Christian tradition), a sharing of an invitational meal, chanting devotional songs or hymns, ritual dance and/or prayer.

Closing Blessing

Pray for the needs of the living. Include the "laying on of hands" for those seeking God's personal blessing. Request guidance. Ask if there is any future action that may need to be taken to support the blessing. Express sincere thanks and appreciation for God's blessing.

Personal Integration

Use prayer, meditation, chanting or a personal ritual or ceremony to close the space and offer a time for reflection on the process just completed.

Remain open to infinite possibilities. Remember, each of us is a part of God. Pray with the feeling that would be present when what is desired is already achieved. Follow your Truth; follow your Heart. Continue to pursue your purpose and direction.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MONSTER'S BALLS...



LITTLE DID THE BOYS KNOW THAT WHEN FRANK SAID HE WAS LOOKING FOR A THREE-WAY PLUG, HE MEANT HE NEEDED AN OUTLET SO HE COULD RECHARGE THE BATTERY PACK FOR HIS LAPTOP.

Burning Times, Watery Thoughts

by Falcon

Something always struck me as odd when I read the tales of the witch hunts. Since it is related to the water aspect of the horrors, now seems a good time to ponder the question.

I was puzzled by the fact that one of the main tests for witches was to see if they floated. A witch would float because she had been touched by the devil. The good person would sink, and if they died, oh well, at least they weren't witches. Anything strike you as odd? Besides the fact that generally people will float in water, that is?

First, I want to know why people didn't ask the good reverend to prove he was good. Then, they would have proof that the good sink and bad float, right? Well, second then would be, shouldn't the bad sink? After all, everyone "knows" that bad souls go to Hell, which is in the downward direction. Shouldn't the body follow the same rules?

Last, didn't Christ walk on water? Isn't that the ultimate in floating?

Watery Moods

by Falcon

I love water and the many moods it evokes. I can't think of a more peaceful moment than being in a forest grove, sitting by a babbling brook. The sound of the water trickling over the rocks is one of those "happy" sounds. In the serenity of the grove, all is well with the world.

There is that blissful, meditative state of the swift stream. You become the stream and let foreign thoughts be like the leaves that get carried away. The mind is ever refreshed.

There is the challenge of staying afloat as the pace of life quickens in the same way a river picks up its pace to go over rocks and create the white water rapids. Can you keep your head up high?

There is the sheer awe in the power of a thundering waterfall. Nothing captures the raw power one can feel in that wall of cascading water. And nothing captures the imagination more than tales of the secret grotto behind the waterfall, where one can hide and never be seen.

There is the stillness of the lake, bright and reflective of the beauty around it. Or, it can misty and secretive, the path to other worlds such as fair Avalon. It is peaceful and calm, yet it holds unexplored depths.

There is the broad, slow moving river that poses a challenge to cross. We can see the other side, but how do we cross? "The water is wide, I cannot get o'er...". And even the River of Life when we reach the day when we find ourselves "swimming to the other side."

There is the slow, rhythmic pulse of the ocean tides on the shore. Constant and ever ready to wash away the hectic thoughts of the day. There is the crashing of the big waves on the rocks. Angry and loud, and then, they slip back into the pulse of the rest of the ocean.

Last, there is the ocean itself. Diving reveals the graceful ballet of fish, The open waters that give us a glimpse of "eternity" as there are no mountains, trees or buildings to give us that comfortable feeling of boundaries.

Those are just some of the moods of the earthbound forms of water. We have rain with that wonderful refreshing feel of the spring rains and the thrill of the thunderstorms or the howling chill of a blizzard. The fog can be foreboding or an invitation to the mysterious. I think we all know the moods that arise with day after day of cloudy, sunless skies. Grey skies equals grey moods that seem to vanish as soon as the sun breaks through.

No matter what is going on in my life, I can always count on water to be there to help alter my mood. I may not be able to get to a forest and its brook, but I can sit next to a small table fountain and recapture that same feeling. I may not be able to get to the lake, but a bathtub works wonders too. Want some rain? Just put on a cd with thunder sounds and stand in a shower. Yeah, I know its not the same, but my body remembers. And when the body remembers, the mind follows.

The Dying Bee

by Beast

Ragged and alone
Wings tattered
Moving, but not moving her
Anymore
Flower to flower
And back to the hive

A life of work leads
To this
Dying alone
With torn wings
Food for wasps and
Ants

She bathed in
Golden pollen
Every day
But never knew
The beauty of flowers
She brought to seed



Harvest Recipe

submitted by Beast

Piccalilli is an old-fashioned recipe employed by our thrifty ancestors to use up all the unripe vegetables one might have in the garden right after a (heaven forbid!) early frost. It is also one of those things one makes at least once to try out just because it has a really neat name.

I don't know if we'll have one (early frost) but from the crazed and ravenous behavior of the squirrels this year, I wonder if we're in for a hard winter. But, by golly, we'll have plenty of Piccalilli to get us through!

Piccalilli

This is a delicious hot dog and hamburger relish!

4 cups finely chopped cabbage
4 cups finely chopped green tomatoes
1 cup finely chopped celery
2 large onions, finely chopped
2 red bell peppers, seeded and finely chopped
2 green bell peppers, seeded and finely chopped
1/4 cup salt
1 cinnamon stick
1 teaspoon whole cloves
1 teaspoon whole allspice
1 1/4 cups cider vinegar
1 1/2 cups water
2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon turmeric
Dash of hot pepper sauce

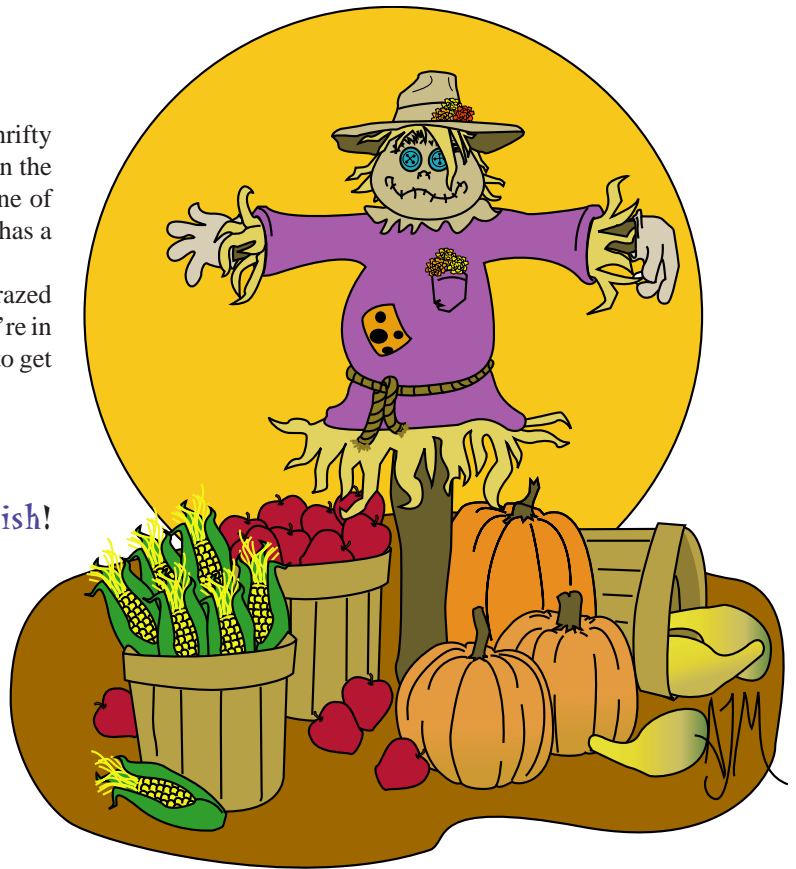
Chop vegetables using the coarse blade of a food grinder or in a food processor. Combine vegetables and salt; cover and let stand overnight.

Drain off as much liquid as possible, pressing through a clean, thin white cloth if necessary. Tie cinnamon, cloves and allspice in a cheesecloth bag. Place vegetables, spice bag and remaining ingredients in a large pot. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 20 minutes.

Ladle into clean, hot jars, leaving 1/2-inch headspace; seal. Process in boiling water bath 15 minutes.

Yields 4 pints.

IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A SITUATION WHERE
YOU THINK "OH, IT'S JUST A LITTLE WATER.
IT CAN'T HURT ANYTHING",
JUST THINK ABOUT
THE GRAND CANYON, THE TITANIC OR EVEN
THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST.



Lady of the Lake

by Sir Roland of the Silver Shield

In the mist of early morn,
There, in the blackness of the lake,
The waters start to churn,
As if some creature starts to wake.

From the depths below,
A sword, raised high in the morning light
Held in the hand of a Lady fair,
Searching for one who is out of sight.

"Oh, Arthur, where have you gone?
Once you were King, and again, King you shall be.
This sword is yours with the magick it holds,
Oh, Arthur, return and take it from me."

She is answered by silence and silence again,
As has happened each day for hundreds of years.
She lowers her arm and to the depths She returns,
The lake grows deeper, fed by a trickle of Her tears.