

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Lolita Paiewonsky

well-song ©

(for lyre of the voice in six parts)

well-song ii

Seagulls

are at the bottom of the well.

It was they who

inched their way up the sides of the well.

They, who – their knees scarred –

Smiled at me

Me, my face and hair – long, brown, curly –

Framed by the blue, blue

How could they smile

With their knees scarred?

How could I smile back

With my heartshattered?

If the Seagull

Lets go its gentle clutching,

Either:

Its wings collapsing,

A zephyr will carry it to freedom of the sky

Or:

The large feather that is its body,

Will sink into the bottom of the well

To the lake of swans.

Gennessaeret.

When they gaze up,

Past me, framed in blue of dusk,

Flocks of gulls hovering,

waiting,

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crying out,
their baying dipping into the dark blue waves of Gennesaeret,
Seagull's smile sends them on
sends me on, too, into another day
 for tomorrow they will smile into my healing heart
again
when I return
to the well.

well-song iii

The Gennesaeret swans of the well
Embrace the seagull.
In the mirror of the lake
Wing to wing, beak to beak

You can hear their hearts.
Their eyes
look upon you in an unfathomable animal stare
they whisper
the whispered message floats among them.

The rain comes, gently
Disturbing the mirror, beautifully
It breaks into a thousand shards
A kaleidoscope, each piece
The shape of the swan's tail, the tip
Of the gull's wing.

As the horizon rises over the well
The blue-sky gulls greet the scarred-heart girl
Frame her brown face and brown curls
Call to their brother and the swans.

But it is . . . they are . . . too late.
The girl is too late. The others,
The ones they seek,
The well-dwellers, are no longer
At the bottom of the well.

The lake has gone too
The girl knows this now, instinctively. Still,
Her heart is once more saddened.
She weeps, and
Climbs onto the ledge of the well and
She is gone. Leaving trailing
The sound . . . very faint . . . of a lute

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Somewhere
The seagull is weeping
Remembering the dark sides of the well,
The letting go,

And the girl.

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