

THE DISCIPLE OF PAN

They say, "The mid-wood gods have taken flight,
The little people of the snow are gone."
But I have heard their music in the night –
Have seen the fairies dance from dusk 'til dawn.
Still hung with mystery are wood and stream,
And marvelous the sunset as of old –
The day's slow wakening from its wondrous dream
Of great white starts – and space – and worlds untold.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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