

WOOD MAGIC

The gods are dead. The pipes of Pan are still
So say the wise, but in the wood's deep heart
I feel the slow reverberating thrill
Of music, human touch cannot impart.

The murmur of a thousand strings at play
In sobbing ecstasy! My dull ears thrill
To every note. 'Tis but the wise who say
"The gods are dead; the pipes of Pan are still."

By Beth Slater Whitson

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