

HAERE-HUKA ©

The Nymph's Reply to George Sterling's 'The Lost Nymph'

'Twas but a day ago

That thou didst flee from me?

Has ebbed away below -

A year - how canst this be?

In this my rippling realm, dark waters flow.

Remember'st thou I led

The dance thro' rushing meads,

Played hide and seek? - I fled -

Your laughter shook the reeds

Which swaying, flicked the sunlight overhead.

I dived, you chased anew,

Then rose again to where

Above the sparkling dew,

The Fisher King stabs air

With shimmering, iridescent streaks of blue.

You followed where I led,

Held captive by my call.

Weaving the river-bed

We swam the waterfall -

I gently mocked your weed-entangled head.

My flowing tresses shone -

Caught up the pebbled sand.

I stumbled, whereupon

I lost your treasured hand,

Then freed, I called your name, but you were gone.

The wood nymphs, shy, enthrall.

O'er yonder didst thou go?

To their bright sylvan hall?

I heard your voice so low,

And gleaned afar the Dryads' rustling call.

Stay your step, cease to roam.

Seek not to wander far

From rocks of flying foam.

Your guides, the rose-lit star

And silver moon, will light your pathway home.

© Heloisa Hodierna