

"A View Into the Mists"

By Johnna Crider

The mists of Avalon
Are dense
Only one can see
Into the lands
Only one time.

When the mists lift
The moonlight descends
Down onto clear waters
A land afar

Journey into the soul
To a destination unknown
Sail amongst the heavens
And envision a face of the past

I hear music in the night.
I see no one
Yet I hear sons
From another time
From another place

I see a glimpse
Of the bard
And he is gone
The music lingers

The mists lift
I walk onto
The new trail
I chase the music

It begins again
Softly
A river runs nearby
Words flow from a distant
And beautiful voice

This is a talk
From a land unknown
The urge rushes through me
I need to find

What I am looking for

I come to the river
There is a bridge
And a light at the other end

I cross the bridge
And serenity awaits
My arrival

Fire dances in
The sky
Voices are raised high
Magic is here in this land
I close my eyes
One moment passes

I open my eyes
I am back here
As if I've never left

I can still hear the song
Avalon is calling my name

The mists close
Once more
I am trapped here
I will never forget
Avalon calling my name