



Echoes of an ancient Pond

There are stories the bees used to tell,
But with warrior wasps and global warming, from the skies they just fell.
Now there is folklore whispered among the fauna,
Where new stories are born of.
We start with a pond, whose now silent surface is a mirror,
Lifeless yet deep with long lost memories that draw nearer,
Wait patiently for they shall soon be revealed,
Into a time where magic was concealed.

The frog prince in armour, green and grand,
A silver sword held in his webbed hand,
Protector of LilyPond, and in her dreams that she does doat,
In shimmering waters, where the folk do as they wrote.

Through ferns and reeds, there wades a girl storming,
The Wendigo princess newly abandoned her mourning,
Antlers that arch like ancient trees,
Her hair a cascade that dances with twigs, and the occasional intrigued bees.

Frog and princess meet after a fumble and splash,
Then laugh into the night even after the firewood turned to ash.
He hops, she skips, around the pond they prance,
Each adorned in flower crowns of only the finest plants.

In a tale of wonder spun soft by silk moths, their love grew
Much to confusion of the traditional story, many had not a clue.
For her kiss does not alter his regal stance,
Yet in his truest form, they do find their romance.

Around them, the bees buzz this to their stories of old,
Of bravery, of redemption, of warmth in the cold,
Yet, it's the moths who preserved their love,
In silken scriptures, mythical cocoons of yore.
These moths, the weavers of the night,
Misjudged seekers of the moonlight's right,
Not merely followers of attractive light,
But guardians of history, weaving it tight.

So listen close by the water's edge,
Among the bulrushes and the sedge,
For in every ripple, every leaf that stirs,
Lie tales of love, of life, as it were.
This ancient pond, a world apart,
Beats the truest heart of nature's art,
Where every creature plays a role,
In the folklore tapestry, a living scroll.





To sail across a dream

Another tale gathered through the bee's song,
Of a youthful frog, where his dreams are held strong.
Paddling in the pond, his mind ponders in delight,
With visions of seafaring might.

A pirate ship, in miniature scale,
Crafted with care, down to each nail.
Shivering sails dancing within the breeze,
Cannons that crave the drama of the high seas.

Oh, to shrink to the size of his own craft,
To captain his crew, fore and aft.
With hardy frog men, brave and strays,
To navigate beyond where the horizon lays.

Imagine the adventures that they'd face,
Pirate battles or a treasure chase!
This frog, a sailor in his heart,
Dreams of the day he'll depart.

So he sits and tests each sail and knot,
In the world he's built, lost in thought.
A simple frog with a vast ambition,
Yet trapped in a pond that forces submission.

Here, by the water's whispering sway,
Adventures dreamt by night, by day,
In the heart of the pond, where spiders weave,
The fabric of fantasies that creatures believe.





MEWDUSA

*In a village warmed by Grecian sun,
Lived a kitten whose beauty was second to none.
Her fur, a mosaic of autumn's own essence,
With a tail so lush, it has its own presence.*

*Mew, her name, though praised far and wide,
Found little joy in beauty's effortless tide.
"Aphrodite's patronage?" Or, "wow what a whore!",
Yet it was knowledge, that her soul yearned more for,*

*Athena she turned, with a fervent heart,
Seeking a sisterhood where knowledge was art.
A celibate priestess she became, in dismay the men did scold,
Where virtues of the mind held more precious than gold.*

*Years passed, and her beauty and wisdom grew intertwined,
Until Poseidon beheld her, with a desire unconfined.
In a fateful moment, her sanctity he stole,
Leaving scars not on flesh, but deep in her soul.*

*Her mother, enraged by the tarnished crest,
Cursed Mew to a life of monstrous unrest.
From divine feline to a creature of fright,
Her gaze turned the adoring to stone upon sight.*

*Yet Mew, undaunted by this cruel twist of fate,
Stood resolute, her spirit refusing to abate.
With tail raised high and emerald eyes like Greek fire,
She sculpted her haters into statues of ironic mire.*

*"Why separate the arts and the sciences?" she mused aloud,
As she wandered the world, her ears unbowed.
In each statue, beauty and wisdom did blend,
A testament to a journey far from its end.*

*Thus, through towns and cities "Mewdusa" roamed,
Her legend developed and was honed,
A goddess not of beauty, but of a stone prisoner,
Although there were also lovers, who saw her as the abuse dissenter.*



