
Elfin Legends
Austin P. Torney


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Painted by MidJourney
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Here my ship is over-brimmed with visions
So clearly seen that some must roll on in,
For prismatic arch of the sun bow
Is anchored twice to the real world below.

























The zephyr faints, dying in the half-light,
Its caress suspends as the day kisses the night,
And, for some instants, stretching into moments,
I am neither here nor there, but in twilight.



s,







I love this time just after the gloaming,
With the last of the glow-flies still roaming,
The night airs full of amorous promise,
And the quietus that lets love's dreams rise.









Why are there such otherworldly creatures
As fireflies, flashing luminance on Earth?
Long ago, some glow-flies had escaped
From the cthereal world into our own









The day pours life into roots with sunlight.
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.



In a blossom, a glow-worm blinks its light,
Kindling the flame of a romantic night.


Fairy





The glow-worms, fairy stars come down to ground
Gleam the shadowy woods through summer's 1ound
During the gloaming they warm up their lights.



And then metamorphose wings for their flights.



The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;
Silence-descends, as when a gift one openes.



Eventide rises, On high, Scorpius camps;
The eyes catch stars, like firetiles in lamps.



The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade,
Of mating calls from luminated pods,



Tracers pulsing wild, searching thoughts that smile—
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.



Flashing desire, a glow-fly twinkles across
The starry summer alf, love's energy unspent,



Searching through the darkness, with passion's might,
For the beacon of her consent—the sunglow sight



Of love's pulsing, green and yellow light.
The reply. 'Yes oh yes", night, she winks, to woo.



The reply. ‘Yes, oh yes’, night, she winks,
to woo, Now he becomes a firefly, at does too.



“Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer;
We’re magic lamps—our spirits dance in there.



Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,
So let's make, since for now we're here!"



In a closing flower, they together make their stead.
Blinking, winking, in the seclusion of its petal bed.



This dance of light and love–their honeymoon,
Brightens the night–all it looks much like moon.



Their jolts and bolts, surging, merge in currents,
Sweeping back and forth, as they signal delight—



Fires luming and oft returning
The flames of love, in electric hugs—



I dip myself in, as the cup to fill
From the stream of consciousness my will
That is beyond the plain reality,
As waking from it all the more to be.









The gossamer mist snares me, barely felt—
A fairy cloth of prehistoric weave that yet
Haunts every stream, meadow, and wood
In the Land of Youth, where timeless beings live.











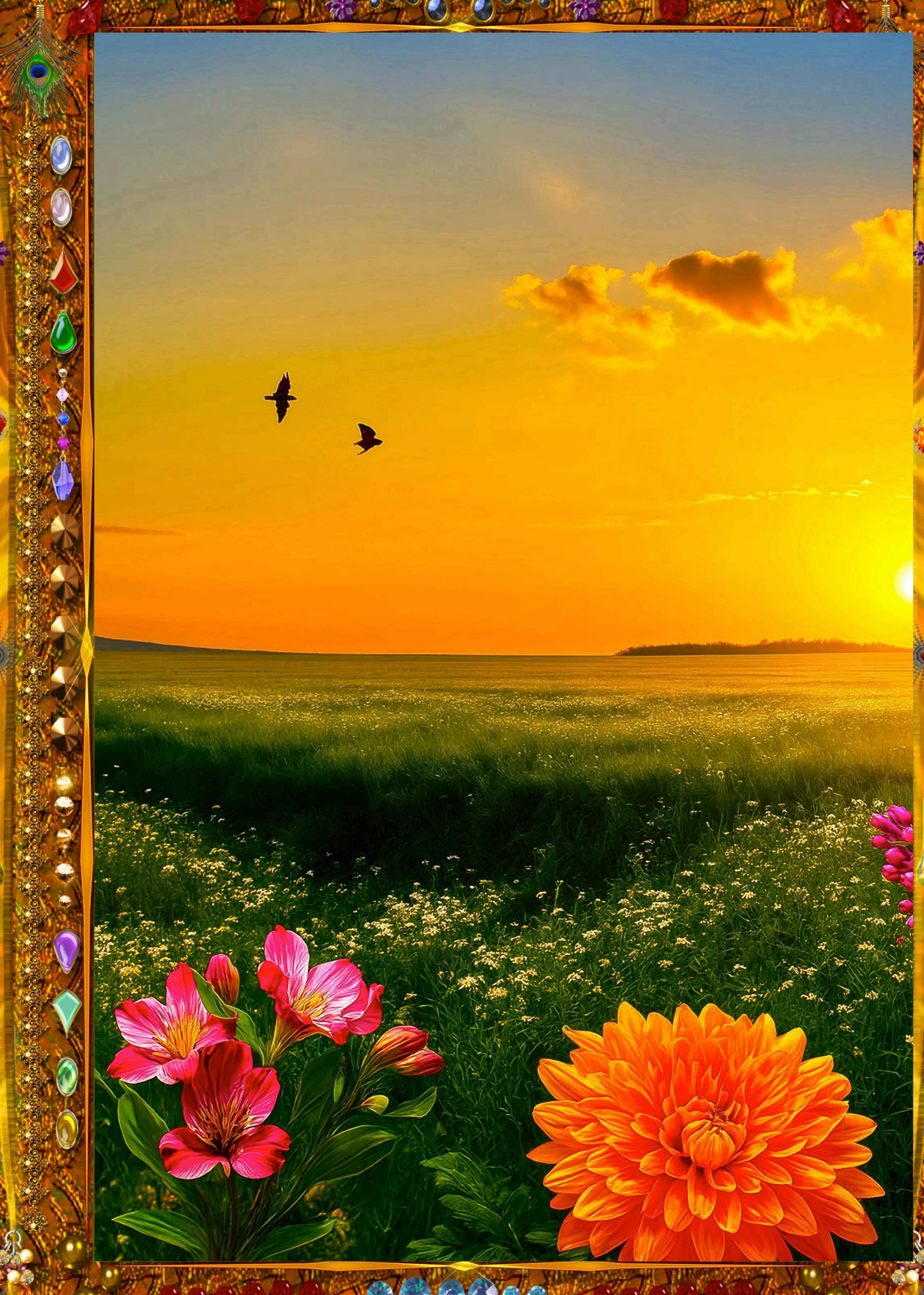






Hence, as I sense the cloud of lilac fragrance
From a mountainous bush, its passing mist
Awakens olden creature things in me
That sympathize on some ancient frequency.

















To life's forgotten tides and swells I yield,
And am thus allowed into their spaceless world—
Through a small opening that tunnels at first,
Then funnels into the expanse of Fairylande.



















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The Lande appears at first much like my ow
But I see colors that I'd never seen,
That are neither blue nor green nor in betwe
And, further they shine in some strange direct



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The trumpet flowers announce my coming,
My ticket being the poems that I'd written
On the lore and legends of the flowers—of Eve
And elves bringing forth all that bloomed and grew.

































Tulip torches light my way, fueled by starlight,
And Crocuses shine from gold gleaned of sunlight.
I see into the life of things: Bleeding Hearts
Being grown on a string; hear Valley-Lilys' ringing.



















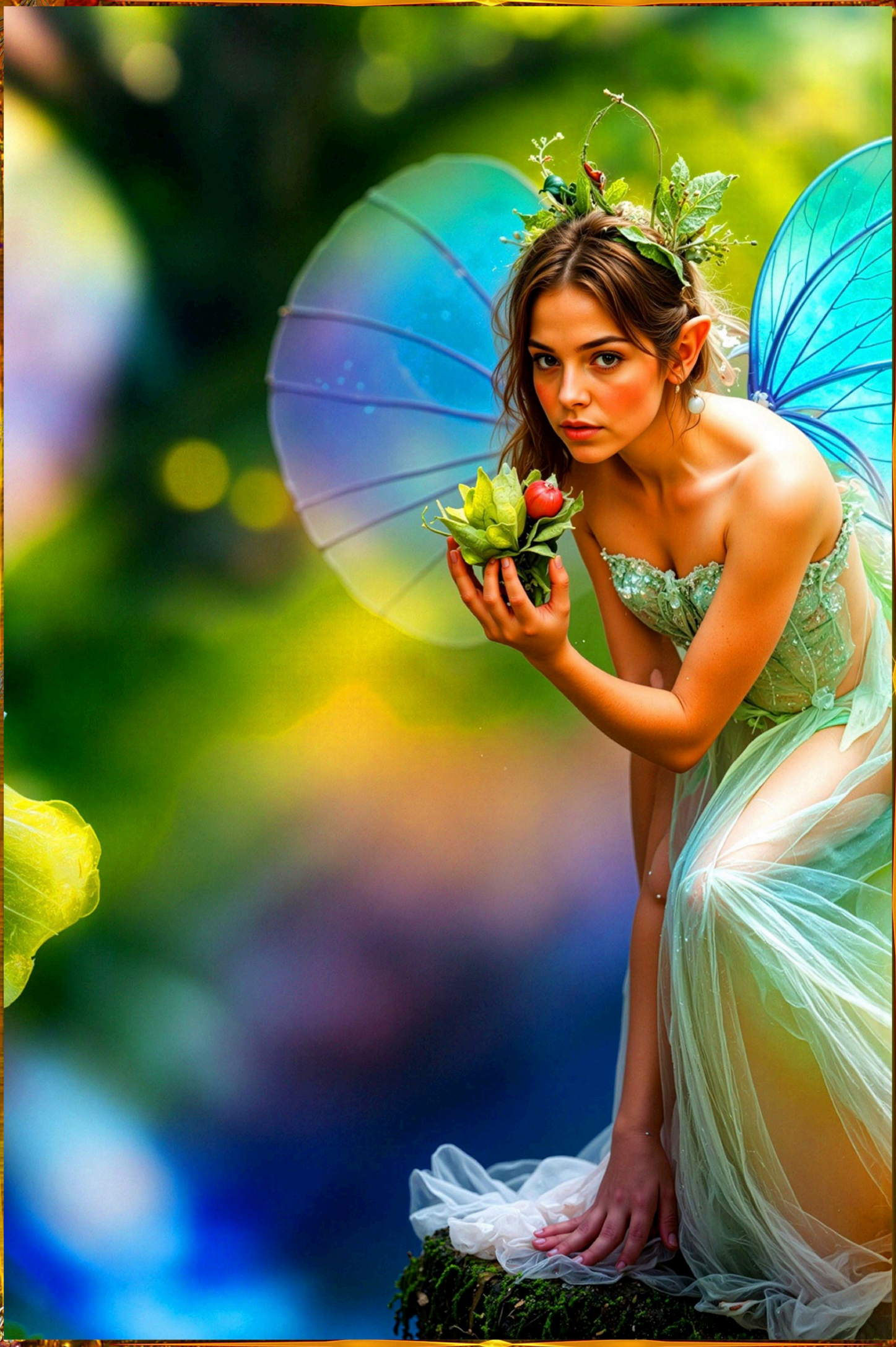














So this tale I give you if I can return to tell it,
Of shadow worlds within Earth's dominion,
Preternatural places transcending time and space—
The enchanted Faery World, Earth's missing link.

















I wander in a land of strange rainbows
Of elfin-hued flowers: red delphiniums,
Gold tulips, orange fuchsias, white marigolds,
Bronze grass, and the legendary blue rose.

























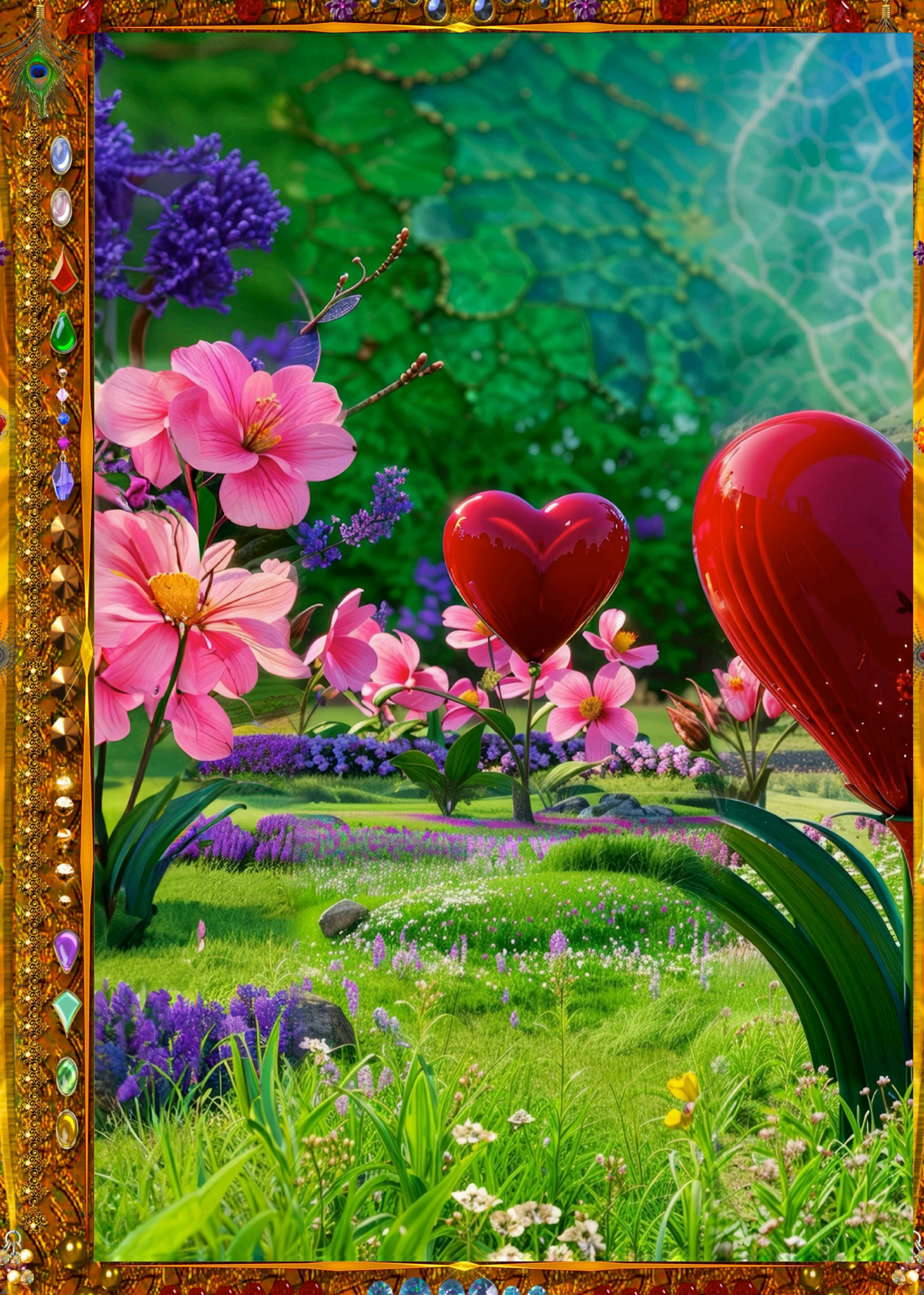
Flowerets spring from the footfalls of a lass,
Foliage withers where evil spirits pass;



But, where unknown colors shine, fairies mass,
And drink the twilight dew off of the grass.







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Here the secret, sacred elfin forest,
Whereat the base of an old oak I rest,
While all about lie the lush, revered deeps,
And a green-grassed path that heads o’er a crest.

















It’s so still one can hear an acorn fall,
And the enraptured tones of mystic call,
In soft waves flowered upon the silence,
As wafting on the surface of the All.















The senses are heightened: touch goes deeper;
The mind forms colors beyond the spectrum;
Thoughts reach into living things, knowing them;
All the odours call, mixed with emotion.

















I hear woodlands that once only whispered,
Meadows where there was once but a murmur,
And grasslands, unhushed, with wondrous sounds,
The music from beyond the human range.

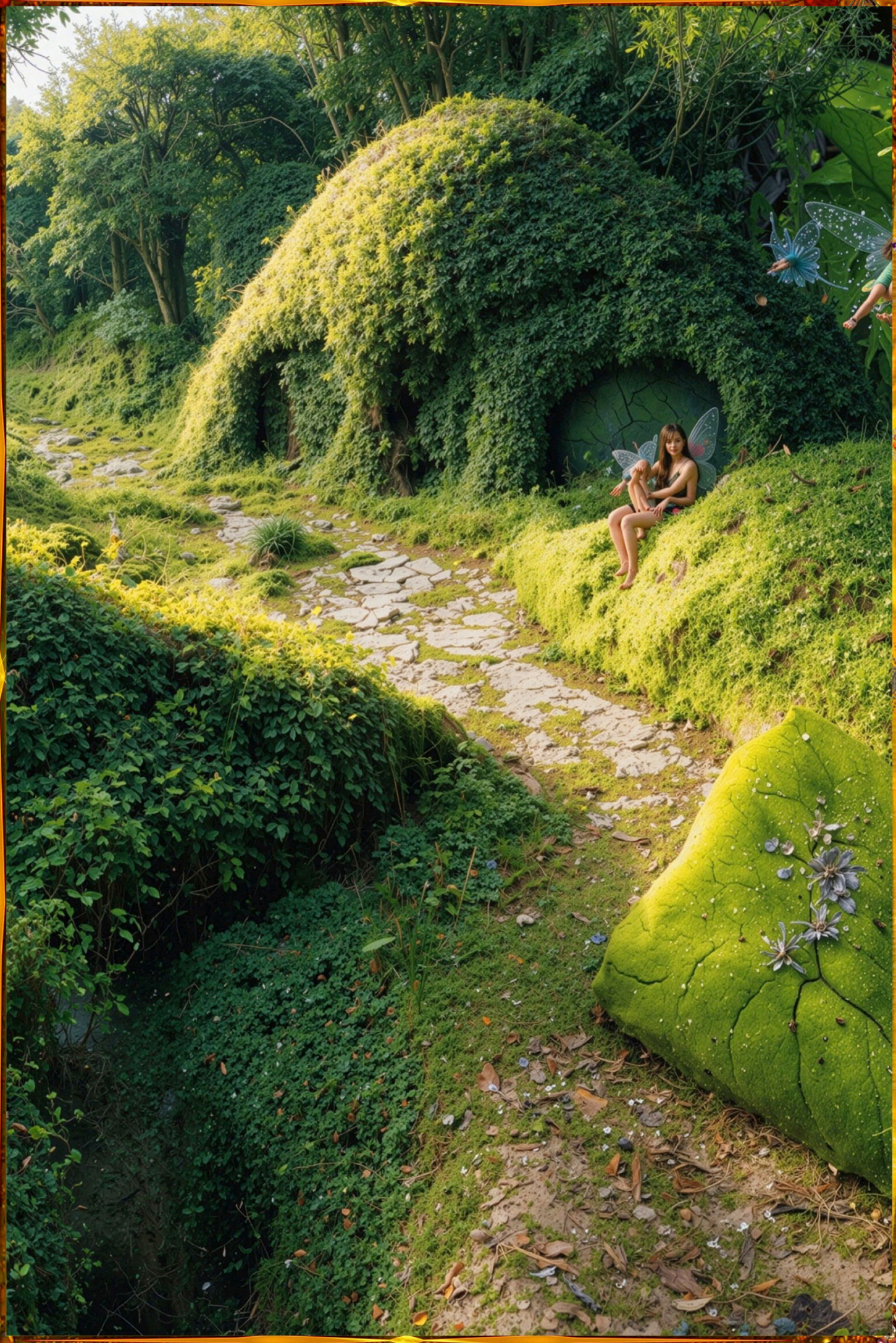
















When Eden fell, all elfin creatures, too,
Were loosed with Eve into the world anew.



They’re tenders of the precious flowers few,
Of the flora that in the Garden grew.















The eyes love to rest on the summer sky
As Erya upon the greensward smiles at us.



A new life has colored the world in between
Humans and Angels Earth's fay pristine.















Breathe flowered air and you'll never know death,
Your incarnate life an eternal wreath.



Breathe ambrosial incense, balm, and spice
Or flowers fragrant as a fairy's breath.















I drink in buttercup potions of the
Bright yellow light from the elfin goblets
That brighten the realm of fairies, pixies,
Fays, trolls, goblins, brownies, gremlins, and sprites.

















There! What uncanny things flock, in between.
Unknown in the shadows, there but unseen?



They’re dream-visions—completing the triad
of Earth's Heavenly things, with flowers and love.















They, cupid like, are the souls of Flowers,
And wear petal cloaks and have wings that blur.



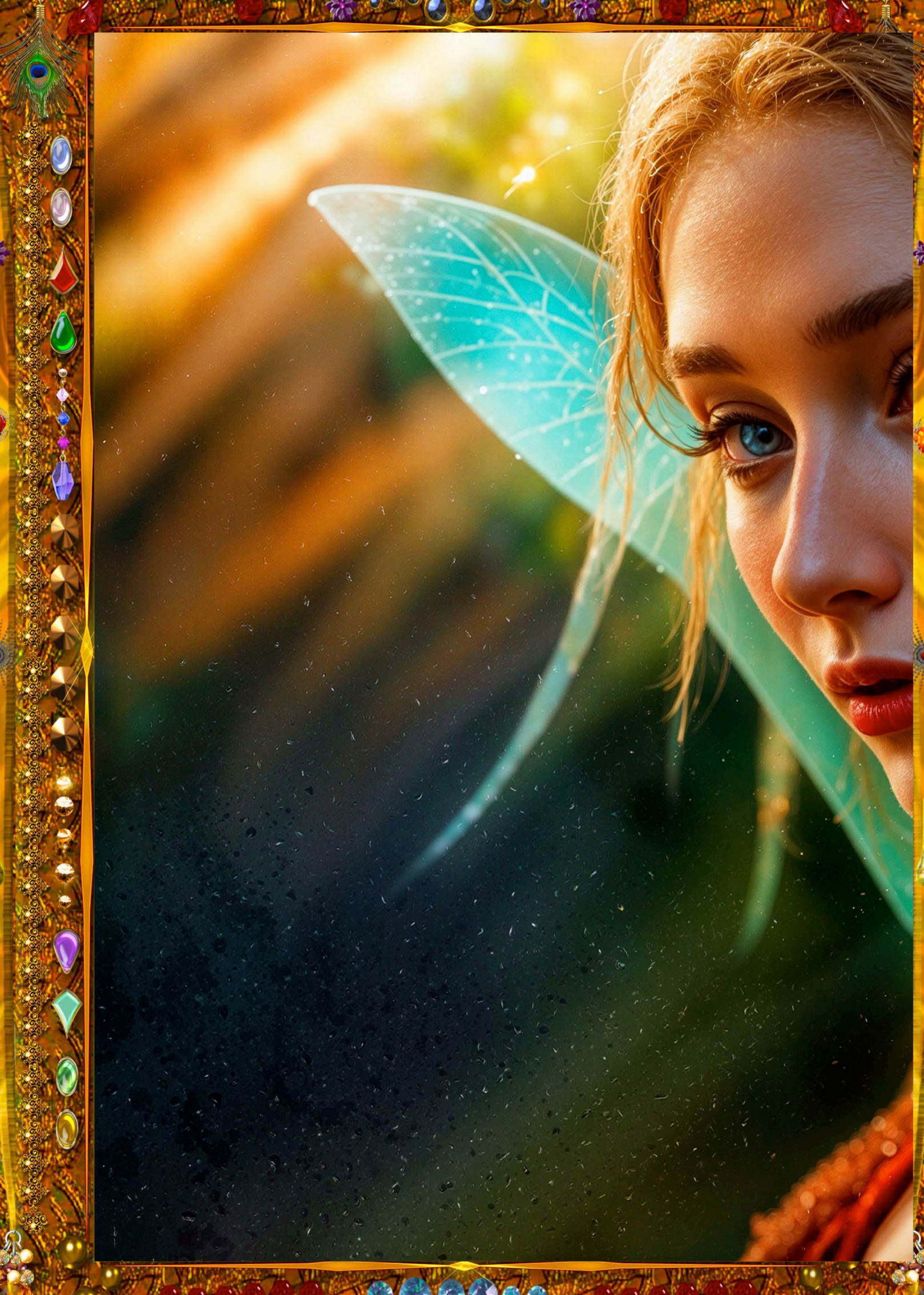
They sleep in Cowslips, where with childhood's ear,
1. ustening, all their music can hear,























They’re sylphs, tree spirits, wood folk, and fays,
Gathered in posies of living bouquetes.



Knowing well the language of the flowers,
They bestow their favor on the growers.















In the spirit world, the grass is greener,
The hearts reader, and the passions pinker—



Orange, Cherry, and Violet are planted colors,
And twist blue and green lies a new tincture.















‘Tis that time of day when the outcasts rise,
Thrown to time’s Earthly bondage through the skies,
Being for a time their half-Heavenly selves,
Their full glory unmasked by disguise.

















These forest fairies, houris, nymphs, and fauns
Ever flash their nude blossoms on the lawns,
And beckon me along, for though the air
I pass thoughts of love, verses, and songs.

















They’re the mist of an autumnal sea,
Alive only by possibility,



Dancing spirits, caught by a believing glance,
Sleepy-eyed visions beheld in a trance.















Of man and angel, yet neither, they came.
To dwell forever in shadow-worlds, between



Form and substance, they, all elfin creatures
And all who float or fly as born in Paradise.















Yet neither here nor there, though everywhere
They're the fairy host, murmurings of eterni



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ty;

They're the fairy host, murmurings of eternity,
And of all things Heavenly, with love and dreams.




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Fays live in a moon-blue star-mist, out of space
And out of time, rising each morn as vapors,
Wavering here-there in rainbow colors,
As the light and life of all leaves and flowers.

















Midwives of bloom, wizards of natural miracles,
Painters of green, and guardians of buds,
They, the keepers of what moves all things,
Are, with flowers, Heaven's smile upon the Earth.

















The Daisy Flower Fairy



The Crown Imperial Flower Fairy







The Apple Blossom Flower Fairy



Another Apple Blossom Flower Fairy







The Daffodil Flower Fairy



The Lilac Flower Fairy















Daffodils, arranged in their elfin way,
Wear their yellow skirts, like Fairies' Dresses,



And brighten, through the spirit light of morn,
Into the fuller radiance of day.























The Dandilion Flower Fairy



The Buttercup Flower Fairy







The Marigold Flower Fairy



The Hawthorn Flower Fairy







The Delphinium Flower Fairy



Another Delphinium Flower Fairy















Born of kisses, fays are life's spirit-soul,
So much felt as to be oft seen and heard.
Their musical wings play songs so intense
That they fall as perfume upon the sense.

















Fairy tinklings are sensed as drowsy fumes—
Incense lifting one on wings of fairy sighs,
The tide that turns one—as seen in the wake
Of leaves rising in their swell on windless nights.

















Elfin winds make love to the blossoms of May,
As spring flowers reach for the light of day.
Drinking deep droughts of life's sunny delight,
The woods burst with the joy of love's bouquet.

















Other mortals I see, too, while passing through,
Then know that Elflande overlaps our own;
They are not asleep but frozen in motion,
Awake yet unmoving in their instant of time.

















Such, when each moment passes unto the next
These mortal beings pass too, wondering what
Might have been seen: phantasms in the mind
That fall between the frames of their living film.















All things I see continuously now,
As in humankind I knew only in
Rare moments of ecstasy when melded
Happenings had lifted me heavenward.






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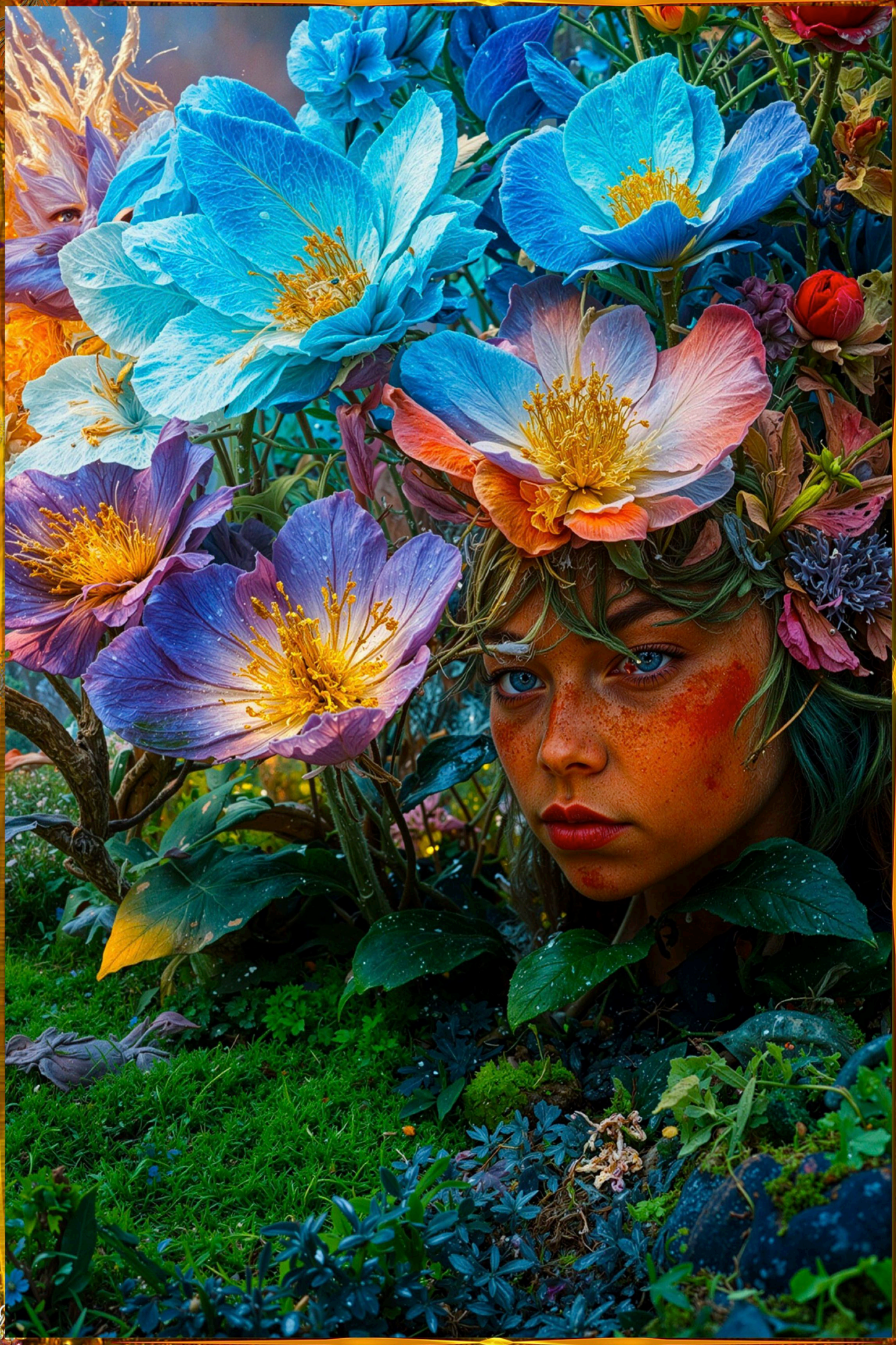







Magical things I note, that often appear
Elsewhere when one's eyes close but for a second:
Wingèd ladies, and flowered butterflies,
Whose prints are pressed as dust upon the pansies.

















Butterfiles come to life in Pansies' psythes,
Embodled by exiension into flight.



They’re flowers floating on the air, propelled,
Leaving shadow prints behind on the petals.















The flowers mirror the pixies, and such obtain
Their colors from the reflections and the rain;
Thus, through the flowers we can see and gain
The glints and gleams of life's hidden domain.

















All things I see in a new light, like the stars—
Colors I could have seen before, had I looked:
For the stars are not white, but jeweled in hues,
Sparkling and scintillating in rainbow colors.

















The birds are of a species never known
And seem to share a special closeness
With their elven brethren, faery sisterhood—
Which I know and feel and take as kinship.

















Unicorns and chimeras wander by,
With nixies, gremlins, and centaur men;
Faeries dance, caught by a believing glance—
These dreamy visions keeping me wide-eyed.

















A flush of youth shoots through me, as the chain
Of light from angel to faerie adds my link,
And my eyes are sparks of bright burning fire,
Sense extended in a new dimension.

















Your life, my beloved, is in your eyes,
Soft-lipped mouth, and your ears that pointed rise,
As like moon and stars reflect in a pool,
Which look as for a lifetime pours surprise.

















I dive into her eyes, her soulful gate,
And worship before her heart’s flaming grate,
Midst flowers in the gardens of our dreams,
Then whirl back up through her eyes as her mate.

















I’m left with a feeling that’s no mere spell,
But a truth in Heaven that’s whimsy in Hell,
Of elemental affinity’s flame,
Deeper than thought—more than speech can tell.









The glow follows us around, Elfin Queen
Of hearts, as we lay snug in summer green,
Your glowing pixie crown lighting the scene,
Your curves spooning, your ears pointing away.

















I sprout wings, and fly like a bumblebee,
And fall in love with a lovely wingèd flower
That has come to life, the vision of fantasy,
Her elfin eyes beckoning me toward ecstasy.









As fays we make love in the air, hovering—
Evanescent visions of disembodied happiness,
The magic link in the chain of things, connecting
Man to God by angel and star to all that we are.

















Wherever the elves themselves have romance,
Wild Pansies, known as Jump-Up-and-Kiss-Me,



Spring from the power of the loving dance—
Emanations from the sprites' imagery.















Satisfied, fulfilled, yet desiring more,
We retire to our cabin, loving deep
Into sleep, as blackness falls all around,
But for the starry memories that glow.

















Although I can stay no more than a year away
Or lose mortal form, this place will be my home,
So here I'll return, the seasons going round,
Where I'll continue to expand this poem.

















Although back to deliver these words, I already
Miss the sylvan solitude and the crystal pools
Of the enchanted world ‘tween Heaven and Earth,
Where the wanderers of light call me home.

















Life is a flower whose leaf is summer green,
Whose spring was purple passion Eglantine:



Although fall's second spring may interveen,
The white frost at last is the winter seen.























Later, when surely all the world is dead,
A snow-fairy stands atop spring's cold grave



And says ‘tis not dead, and, by magic bred,
Makes Snowdrops flower in the tomb’s heat wave.















The elves soft blow their pipes to awake
Nature's Flora, so that her step might quicken;



n And from the odours our memories recede--
As we were given back the youth of sprintıe.












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Nymphs slide from their cocoons, their pinions
Yet wrapped and wet, and breathe the earthy air



That has called them forth into life's dominion
To fly and flutter in flux, here and there.



















