

DIALECTIC.

By Geraldine O'Connell.

The rich smell of summer fills the glen. A blazing sun sets slowly in the distance, gradually disappearing beyond the bay.

Magnificence rests.

The hum of murmuring voices sifts through the luscious green. All sound is absorbed by the night.

Silence prevails.

The faint rustle of leaves hints that the wee people are stirring. Stars sting the sky like fairies dancing on a plane of glass. A full moon lingers softly on the glistening waters, and a straying ripple is lost upon the lonely strand.

Peace!

The shrill strains from a tinker's fiddle pierce the stillness. A chorus of approaching voices rise in song. The haunting flow of an ancient tongue fills the night. Bold warriors come to life amid the drooping arms of dewy wet trees.

In the dark of night
While the world still sleeps
An ancient spirit arises:
Antiquity lives.