

The Subtle Tolls
of the
Bells of Myth

A Book of Glimpses by Duncan Petrie





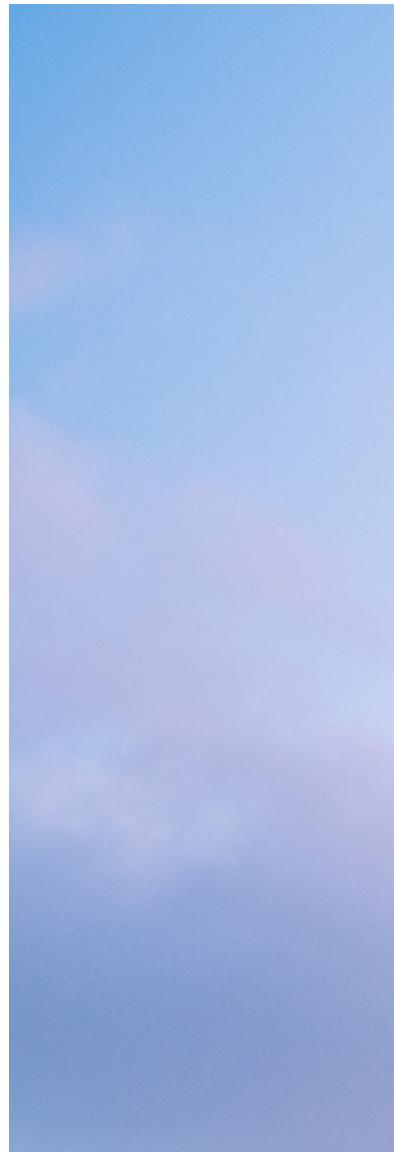
Gradually, we
grew out of
our past.

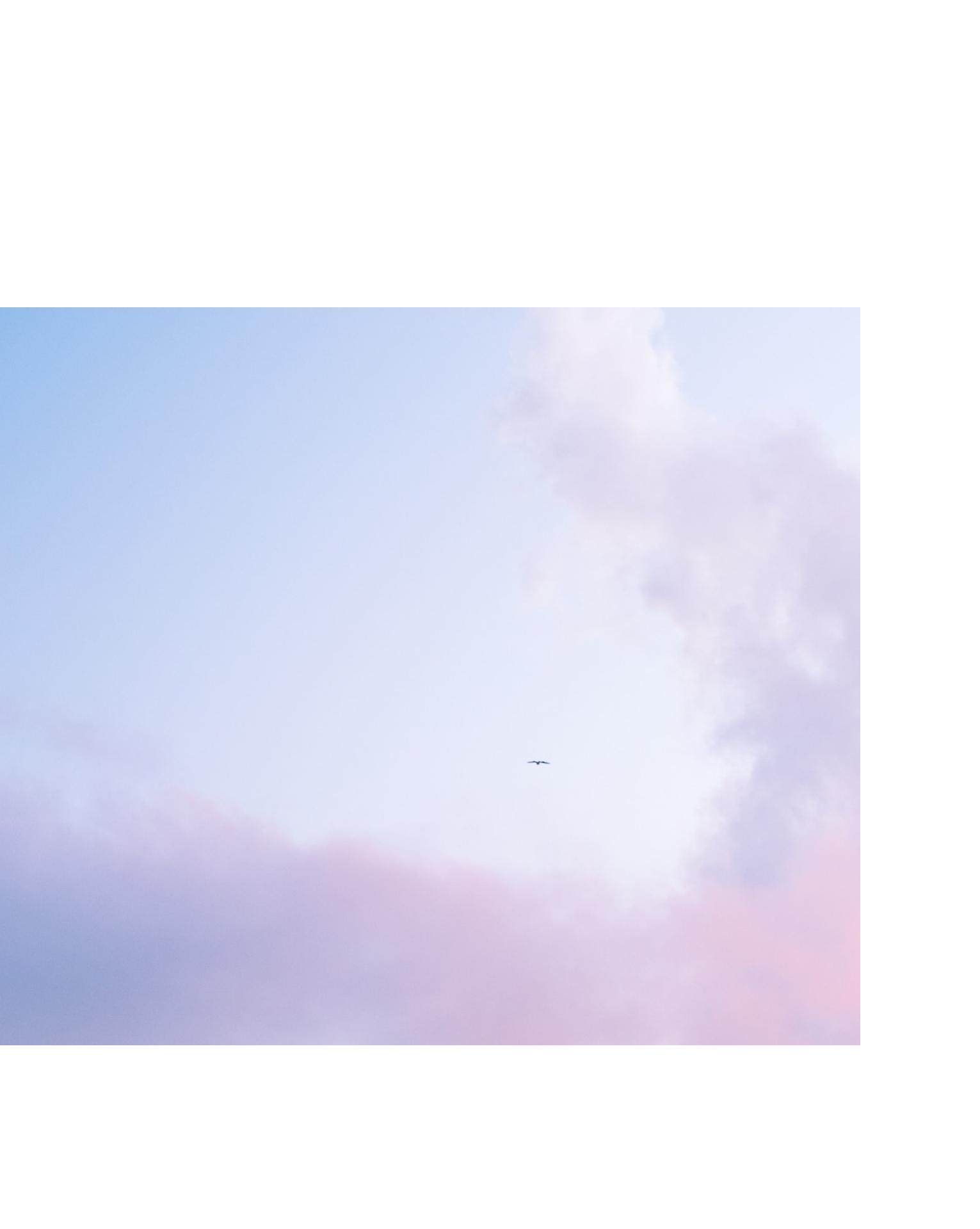






Explained away halos and
beasts and cities of clouds.









History is written by those
that live in the present.

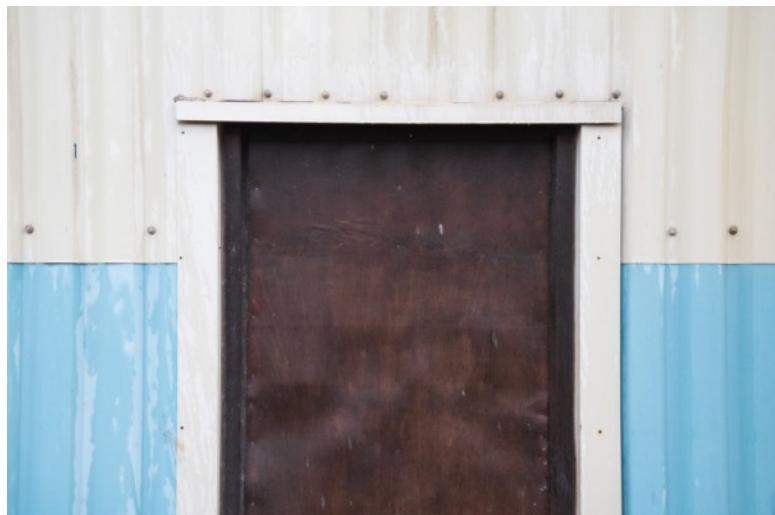


SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

PRIVATE FORECOURT
NO PARKING
MEMBERS ON THEATRE
BUSINESS ONLY



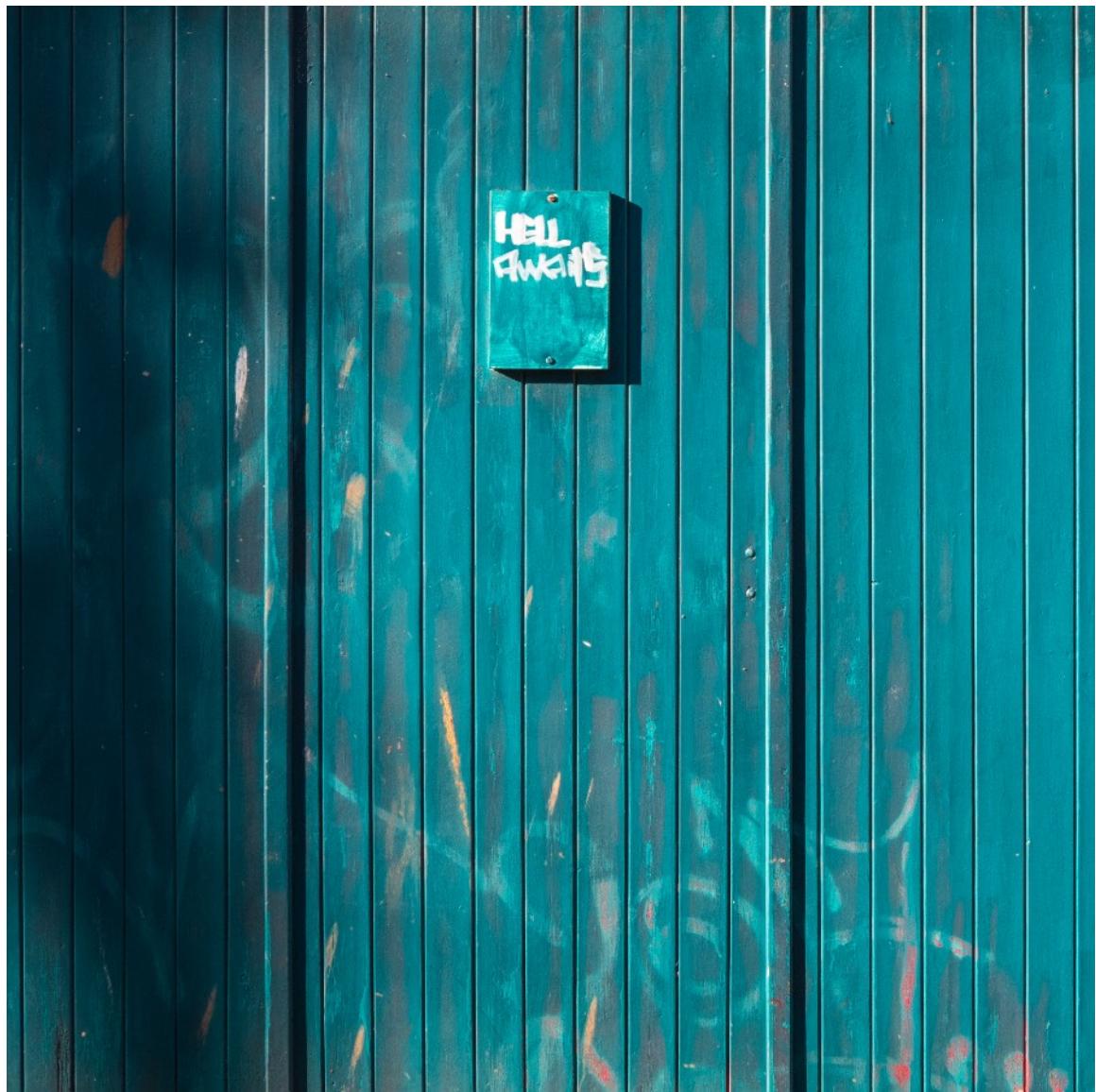




But it's still there, that old world.

Like a first coat of paint.

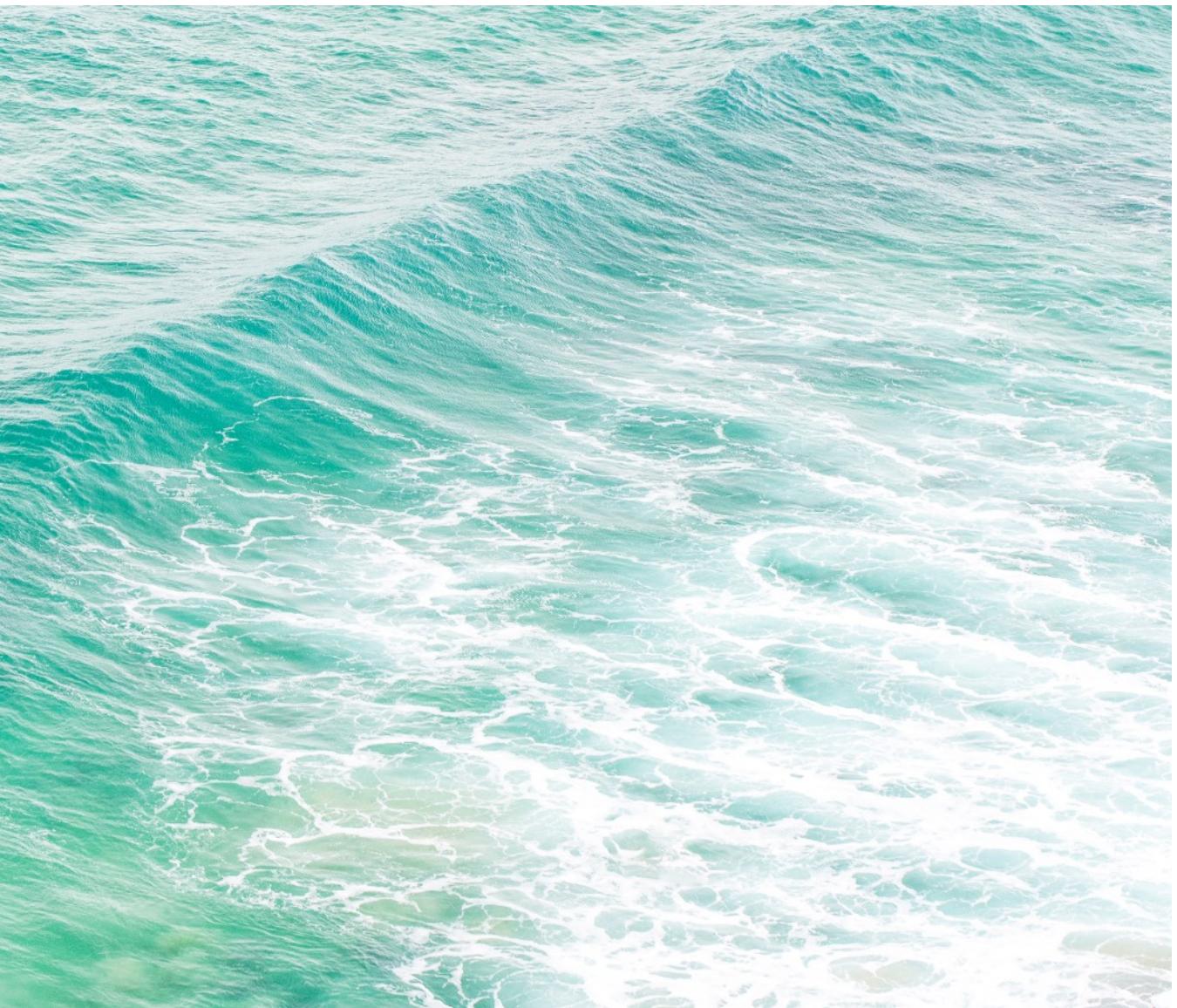






Underneath. Glinting
through chips and
scratches.









A dragon's tail where the TV
bumped the wall.

A curtain of stars behind dust-
dimmed windows.







AVONDALE

Mayfly





Ancient actors' footprints
in the dust of vacant stages.



Echoes of old in the
cracks of the new.











Some of the old
forces remain.

That which
would not so
easily wash
away.



The sun still circles above, and the
tameless wind still tousles the leaves.









These enduring
remnants, echoes
of old places,

That which
reveals, slowly,
what we have
forgotten.









Hints of windows in the
underbrush to halls of
buried kingdoms.



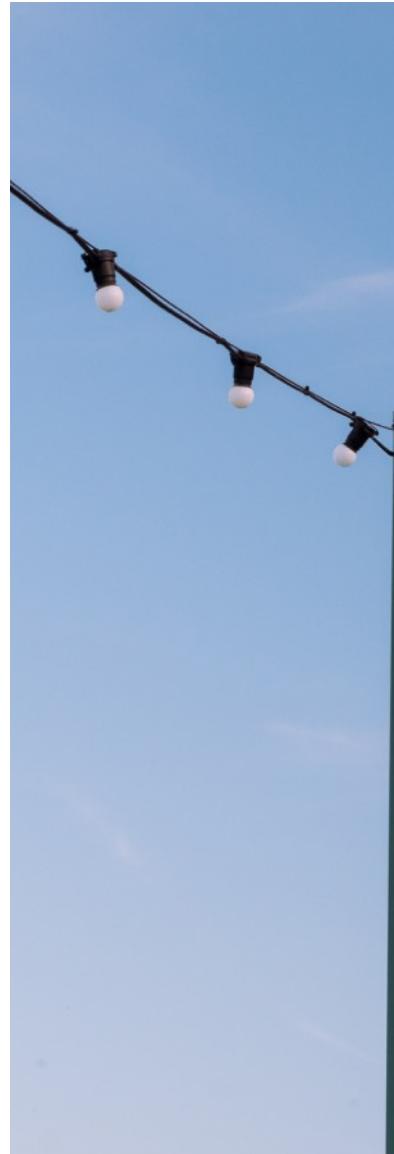




In the subtle bones of the
sun-bleached things,



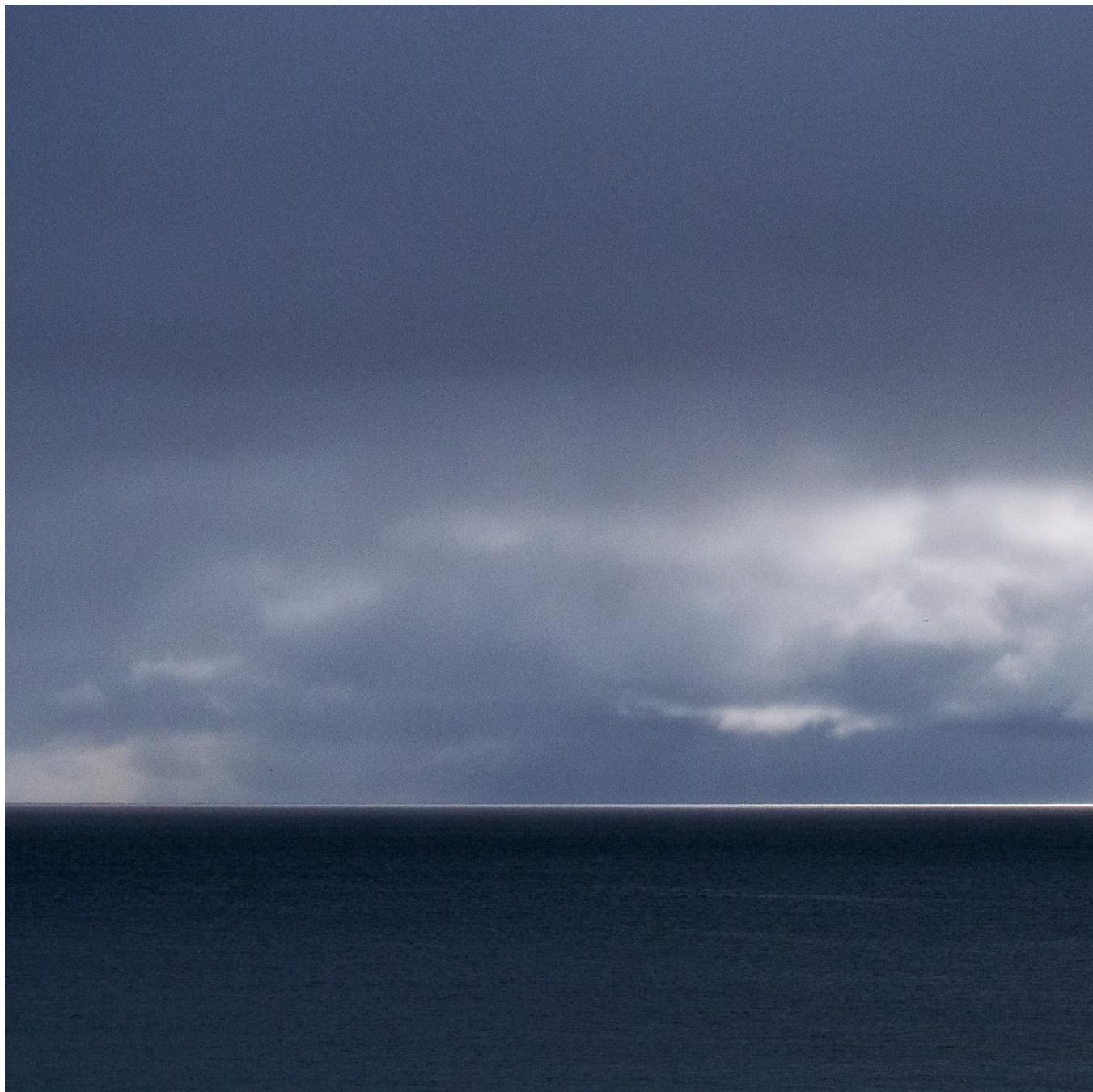
Distant familiarity,
dormant blood-memory.

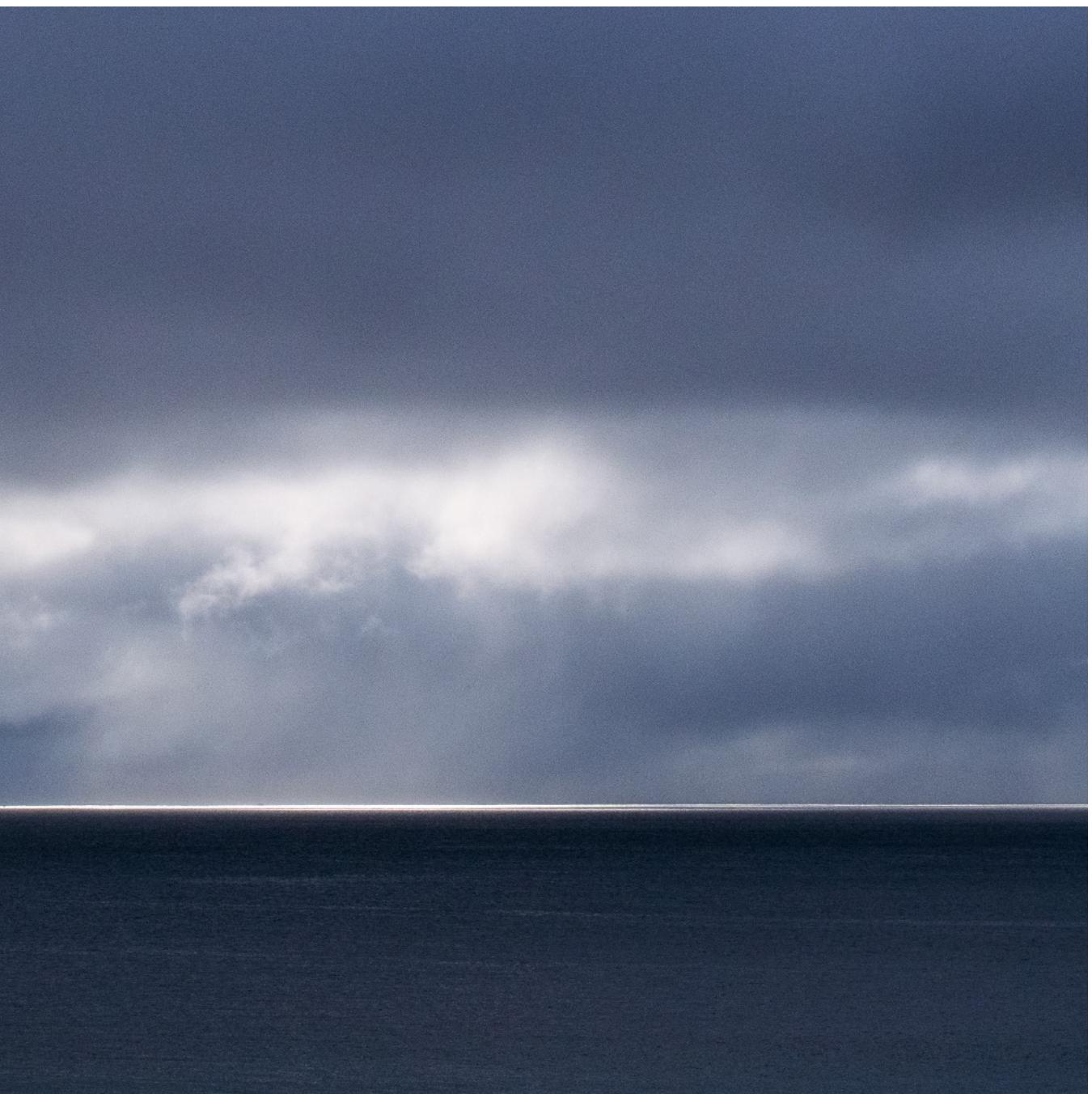


Wind-whipped silhouettes
which slit pale empty skies

Quote the faint and lilting
wingbeats of birds
long forgotten.



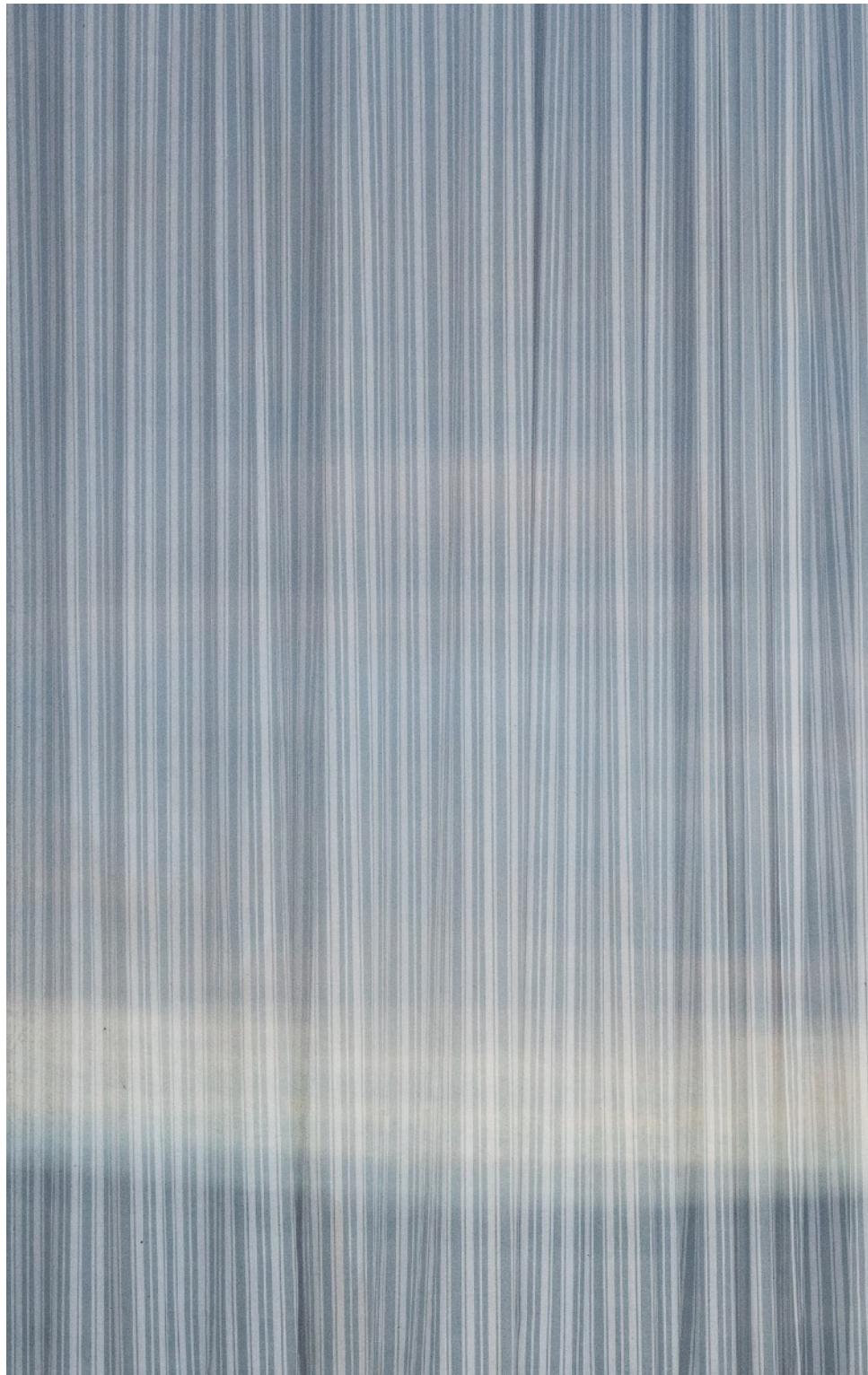


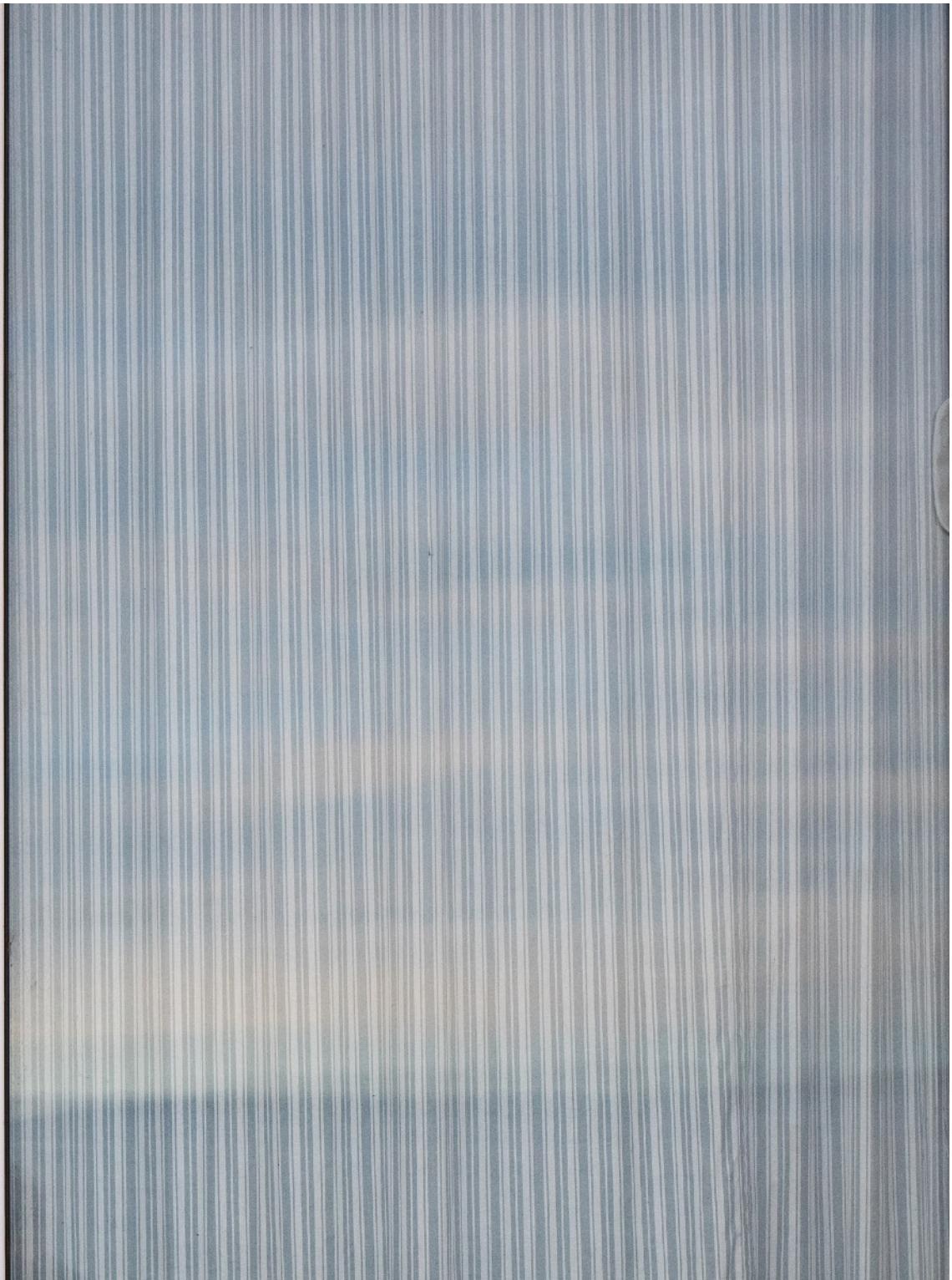






As you glance
around the
edges of chips
in the paint of
the new,









You see the
old world,

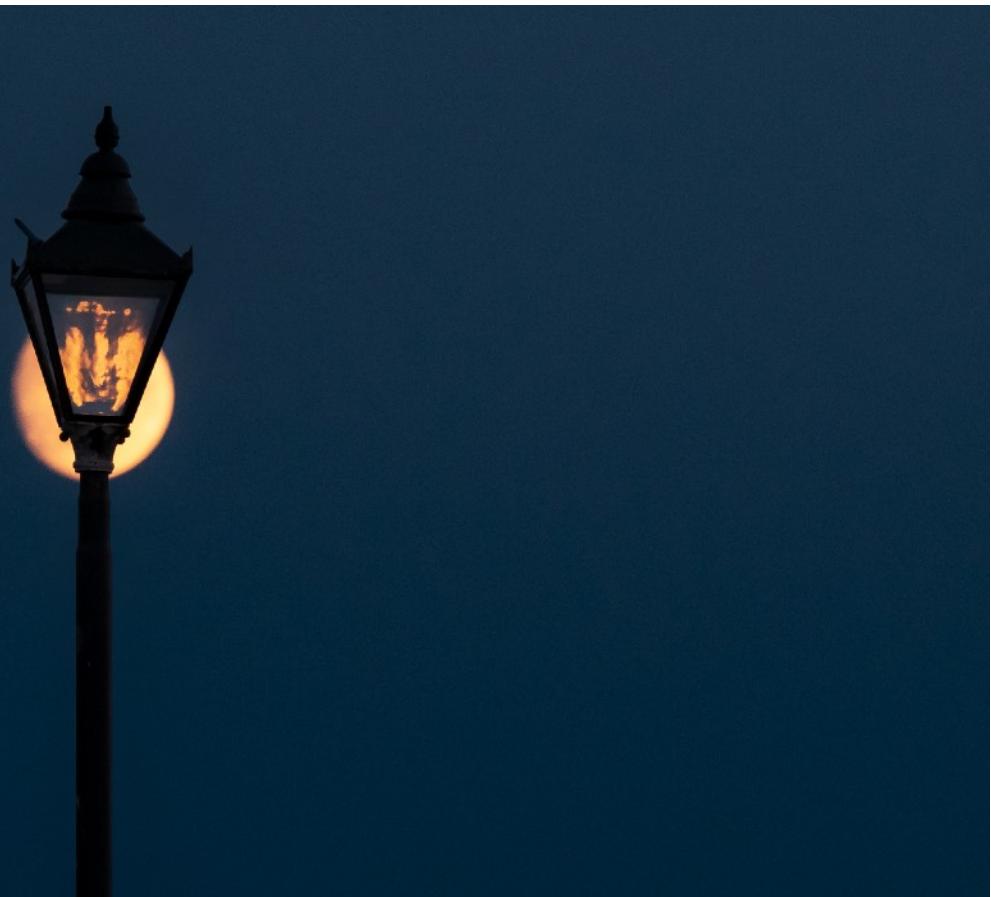
Near as the
heart between
your bones.

Waiting.







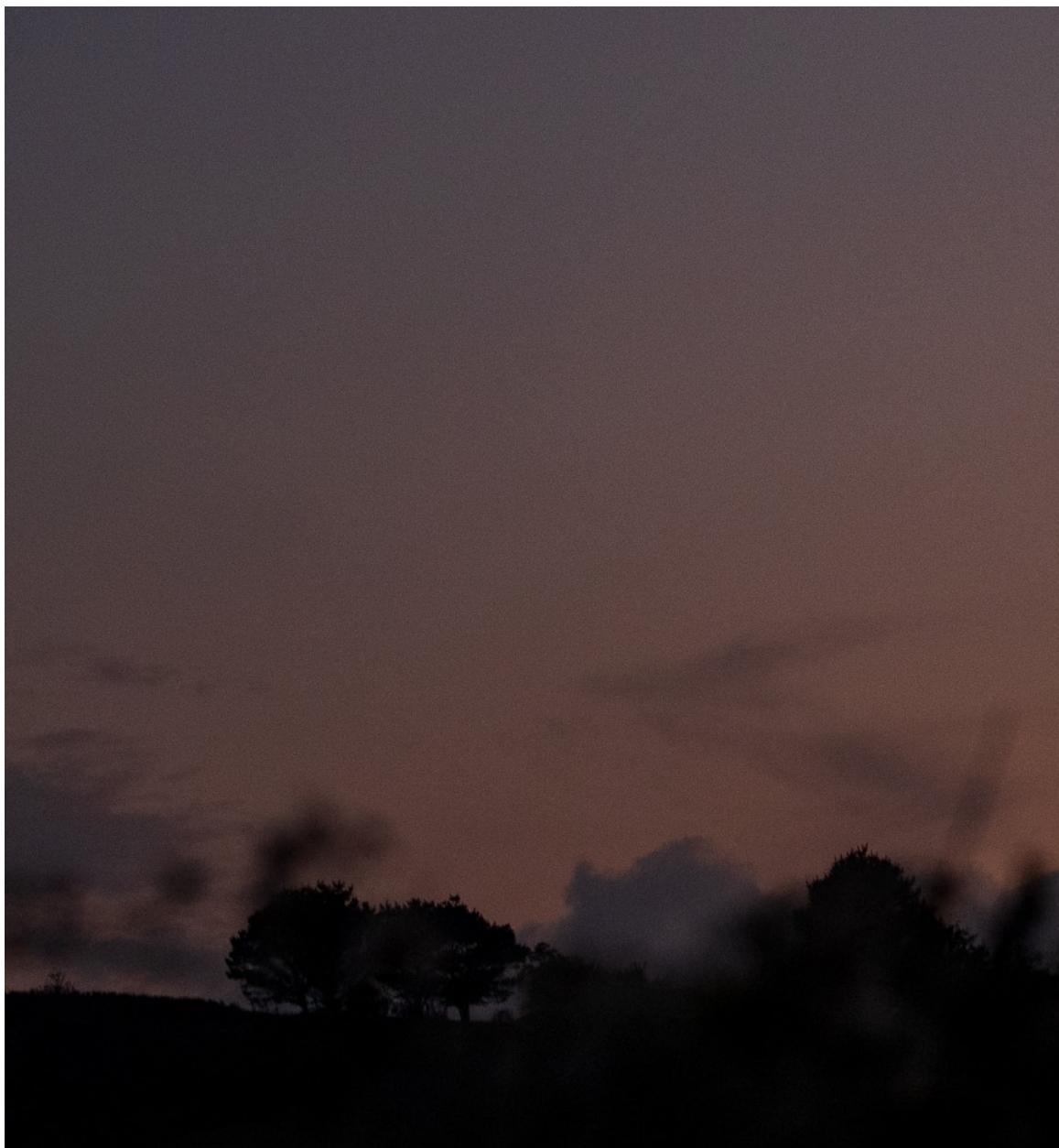


For the new will fade
as the old once did,

Relegated to myth.









And the world buried will
wake once more.