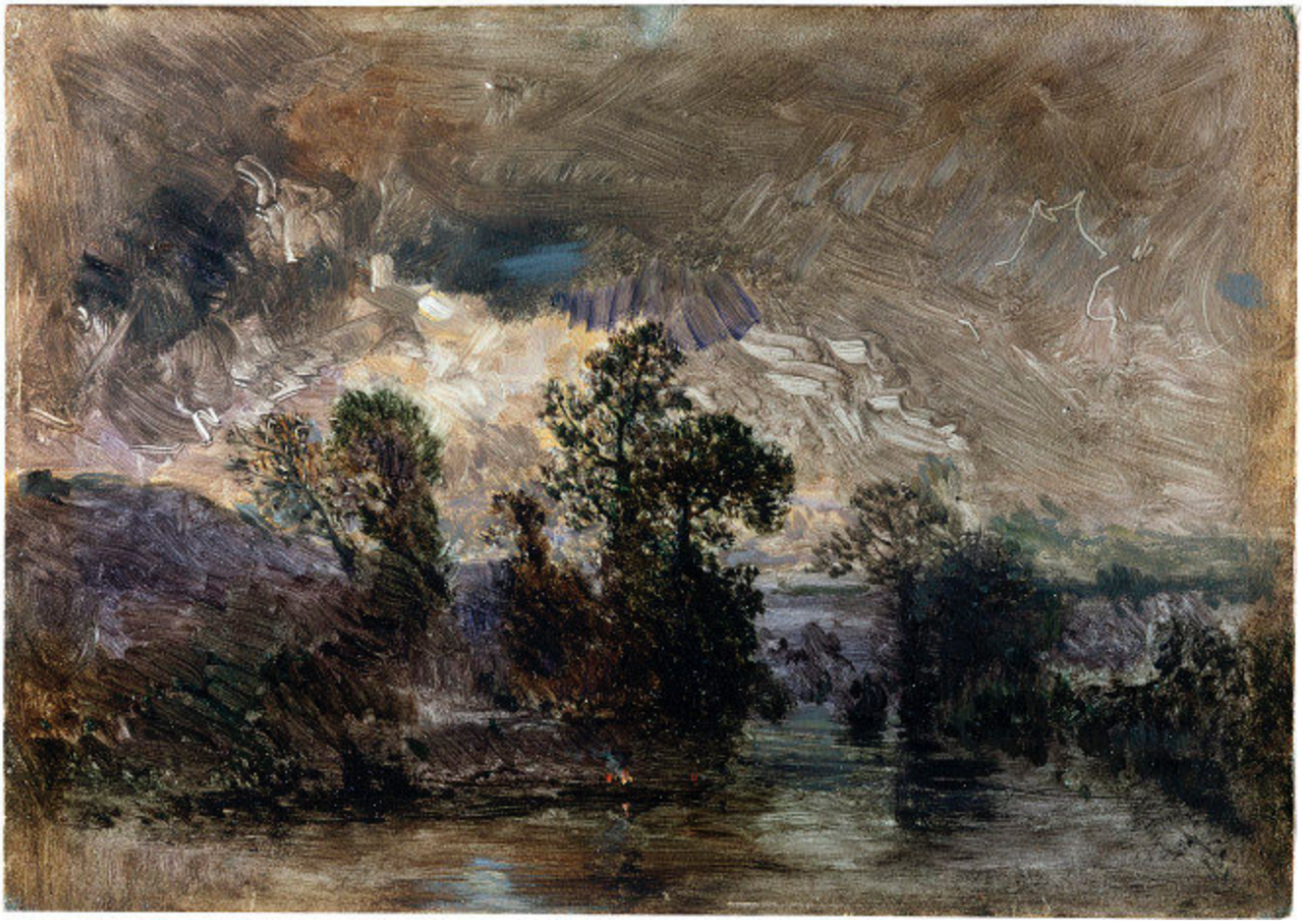
JULIAN COCHRAN

ZEPHYR AND THE DRYAD



THE DRYAD AWAKENS

Oh, how the night is otherworldly without the moon.
All is intensified by the silence and darkness.
The stars, vibrating above the trees, seem to be thinking.
The Naiad of a sleeping stream begs Eos that her delicate dreams do not end.
And high above her, the silhouettes of upper branches are breathing;
Their leaves have started whispering to each other.

Eos' light-spell is faintly crawling down the branches.
The earth below is yet dark, dreaming of ancient memories.
As the faintest light stirs the tangled roots, strange shapes unfold
Transforming from one mysterious spirit to another;
Amongst these beautiful forms, a Dryad stretches.

Above her, the leaves of her tree quiver in their delight
And as Eos leaves the forest, even the earth trembles in excitement
For all life waits for the great Helios to appear again;
And then with what rapture, what gratitude, the Dryad will sing.

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ZEPHYR'S TEMPEST

The great Zephyr
Plays amongst the trees;
He knows every branch, every leaf
Darting, weaving, swirling.
Listen! The echoing siren of the Dryad
Sound of infinite splendour –
Her song begins slowly, then hastening… and hastening more;
And far away, Zephyr is sailing, blown by his compulsion.

Swirling around the singing tree, darting impulsively –
Weaving more ferociously… and yet more ferociously –
"I am the wind! How magnificent I am! Yet the singing Dryad I cannot feel!"
Until he fades to the breeze, until the forest sways gently in delight;
Until the moon rises, and the air is tranquil –
Behold! The Dryad emerges – exquisite beauty –
And she dances with the breeze, and all leaves listen –
The trees sway their branches.

All forest afar knows the sound of her singing
Enchanting beauty – she dances with the rising wind
And all leaves are listening –
The trees are swaying their branches.
Swirling around the Dryad before her tree, darting impulsively –
Weaving more ferociously… and yet more ferociously…
And in his laughter, he blows tremendously, and more tremendously yet again –
Wind roars… screams… the Banshee! Lifted from its roots, the Dryad's tree!

Leaves, rising
Branches, rising more
"I am the wind! How magnificent I am!"
He plays amongst the trees;
He knows every leaf, every branch,
Darting, weaving..
The great Zephyr
Casts his terrifying storm.

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Painting – *Landscape with Stormy Sky*: Rousseau, Pierre-Etienne-Théodore
Poetry – *Zephyr and the Dryad*, in 2 parts: Julian Cochran