

# **Bhean Síðhe**

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She sits by the waterside  
Weaving our dreams  
Fingers twisting unheeded the strands of life  
Moistened by the waterfall from tired eyes  
They merge into the pattern  
Each in a place  
Each in a time

And she wails  
Banshee who does not wash for the dead  
But weeps for the living  
Weeps for the nameless threads  
Her fingers work into the pattern  
The unending, ignominious pattern  
We call life

And the river of time slides by before her  
Unheeded, unheard  
Drowned by the tears  
But here and there a thread slips through her fingers  
Out of the pattern  
And into greatness

*9/23/00*