



Landscape with a Stormy Sky
Rousseau, Pierre-Etienne-Théodore

JULIAN COCHRAN

THE WIND SYLPH AND THE DRYAD

The Wind Sylph
Plays amongst the trees;
He knows every branch, every leaf
Darting, weaving, swirling.
Hark! The slow siren of a Dryad
Sound of infinite splendour –
Splendour hastening so gradually... and yet hastening more;
The Wind Sylph sails, blown by his compulsion.

Swirling around the singing tree, darting impulsively –
Weaving more ferociously... and yet more ferociously –
“How magnificent I am! Yet a Dryad I cannot feel!”
Until he fades to the breeze, until all Celyddon sways gently in delight;
Until the moon rises, with such perfect stillness in the air –
Until now, 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
“How magnificent I am! Yet a Dryad I cannot feel!”
He plays amongst the trees;
He knows every leaf, every branch,
Darting, weaving..
The Wind Sylph
Casts his terrifying storm.
