



Aubrey Beardsley, "Merlin and Nimue," from Thomas Malory, *The Birth, Life, and Acts of King Arthur* (1893-1894)

GUY GAVRIEL KAY

THAT MEMORY, YOU SEE

I was tired and she was beautiful.
Whichever way the wind blew
It brought the scent of her to me.
Not a spell I knew to cast. It was hers.
The leaves were green, yellow,
Russet, red—autumn. Their sound
Became her name. Also a spell not mine.
I never taught her that. Nimue, Vivian . . .
The name changed, remained hers. Her.
She fed me cherries from a stone bowl.
Or from her mouth, her lips.
I think it was autumn, I should say:
From the leaves, that memory, you see.
I am even more tired now than I was then.
She left me here a long time ago.