

### Stories to be Told

I have stories,  
stories to be told.

Placed on reserve,  
in between the accordin file  
silences

of my life.

Left untouched,

unseen,  
unheard,  
unfelt

for years.

Gathering dust  
amidst the dog-eared  
half complete stanzas

that  
I also may  
read to you.

Someday.

*Robert Williams*

Born 1484  
Buried also in 1484

### MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

A reader sends the following, Mother Shipton's Prophecy, written in London, England, in the year 1448.

"A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England, but alas!

War will follow with the work  
In the land of the Pagan and Turk;  
And State and State in fierce strife  
Will seek each other's life.

But when the North shall divide the  
South

An Eagle shall build in the Lion's  
mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Primrose Hill in London shall be,  
And in its centre a Bishop's See;  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Water shall yet wonder do,  
Now strange, shall yet be true;  
The world upside down shall be,  
And gold found at the root of a tree,  
Through hills man shall ride,  
And no horse or ass be by his side;  
Under the water shall men walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;  
In the air shall be seen,  
In white, in black, in green;  
Iron in the water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat,

Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not yet known,  
Fire and water shall more wonders do,  
England shall at last admit a Jew;  
The Jew that was held in scorn  
Shall of a Christian be born.

Three times three will lovely France  
Be led to dance a bloody dance  
Before her people shall be free;  
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;  
Three times the people rule alone;  
Three times the people's hope is gone;  
Three rulers in succession see,  
Each springing from a different dy-

nasty;  
England and France shall be as one.  
Then shall the worsers fight be done."