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SIREN'S CALL

Chelsi Robichaud

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Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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Abstract

I cry my grief out to the sky, the grief that Aphrodite would not calm. The Siren's call that lured him now sings me to my death.

of tantalum, a silvery metal resistant to acids of all kinds--a splendid jest indeed.

The enormous doors at last unlocked, but not until the pedestals and their passengers were gone. I have fasted and meditated five days, stranded on my little island, sipping the water I kept in my pack. At dawn on the sixth day those doors will be thrown open, and—if she finds my devotion and sacrifice acceptable--Mynjaya will claim me as one of her own.

Before I lay down my pen, let me do you

a kindness. There are six temples, three more in addition to the three you know. One is in Yemen, another in Cyprus; I have paid visits to both, and you will find them as you find this site: wrecked and empty. The final shrine to Mynjaya, however? You'll just have to see for yourself.

---End Transmission---

OS: Doors are open. King nowhere to be found. Please advise.

SIREN'S CALL

by

Chelsi Robichaud

I cry my grief out to the sky,
the grief that Aphrodite would not calm.
The Siren's call that lured him
now sings me to my death.

If only I sang so sweetly,
in my arms he would lay.
Now I am alone,
in this abyss of a sea.

How sweetly he sang to me,
before his voice was silenced.
His words would have woken me
as I drifted towards Elysium.

How will I survive
in this solitude?
I see the Siren's yellow eyes
and clutch my driftwood
tighter.