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Heir To Prophecy

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Heir To Prophecy

by

R. L. Boyer

1.

O exalted one!

From the lonely mountain peak, your wide-open eyes, far-seeing, turn the world to glass. Your anguished, shrieking voice—a harbinger of fate. Your eagle's wings—a firebird's swift flight over sun-glistening waters towards unknown horizons.

2.

O trumpeter of doom!

Wrapped in the cloak of your solitude, in you trembles our terrible future. In your heart resides the darkness of our time. Your heart forms a deep, primordial circle—a mirror-world. Your lonely voice the heir to prophecy: the wolf howls before the quake, premonition of a world in ruins.

3.

O lonesome sentinel!

You stand alone in the very mouth of terror, St. George before the dragon, Chaos—strong fortress against the abyss. You stand alone, Awake, a Great Seer—nearest the Infinite, where the hidden world becomes visible: at the center of the Self, where the numinous godhead speaks.

4.

O sacred oracle! O beacon of the age!

To you the Mystery is unveiled in the
secret womb of the Mothers. In your innermost

depths—at the threshold of transfiguration—
a strange, new world labors to be born.

Moonstory Poems

by

Trent Walters

The Moon Wages War against War

As ad infinitum, two human
old women, sick
of the all's-fair-in cosmic
rows in heaven, root up enough

carrot and turnip roots
to burrow out of the martial din
of winged shields, pitch-
forks, long knives, and tin-pot

helmets; to burrow from their home's den
out a hole in the holy clouds and climb
through
on knotted bedsheets with their child,
the Moon—born of star-faring

seamen, launching falling
stars at one another across the heavens.
The child, bundled in bedsheets,
sleeps safe in motherly arms, cradled