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## *Heir To Prophecy*

R. L. Boyer

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*Heir To Prophecy*

# *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