Heir To Prophecy

R. L. Boyer
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by

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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, pitchforks, 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