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Voyagers

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



Voyagers

by

B. L. Blackwood

Huginn:

I've been to the ends of the ancient earth
And seen the wood beyond the world beyond
Where grow the fabled elder trees of olde.

There I saw Yggdrasil's roots unearthed,
Hyperion's rings laid bare and barren,
All Eddic bindings loosed by twilight's flood.

I've flown on wings of wax and wind:
I rose up to the highest of high heavens;
I dove down to the deepest of depths,

Where the sky is swallowed in blind abyss,
Where watches water through black—black darker,
Thicker than pitch, oil, or raven wings,

Where light explodes and dark subsides and ceases
To cease until I perceive it does not
Return as smoke, spoken by the flame.

Muninn:

We sailed upon the night to unsure shores,
Buoyed on the black, that endless well of deep
Resting silent still in stardust charcoaled.

The masted tips of our wings graced gold rings
Of seven spheres spun as we slipped by,
As though through the great gait of Heracles:

Mist like a waterfallen sheet, a veil
Of heavy light as we would never grasp,
Obscuring the beams and bones of the truth

Curved columns of steel and rough stones turning,
Groaning, clicking into place as we passed,
They sang to us lost lore of siren tomes

Some tone of elder days we drifted on
Like twin feathers on an æther breeze
Sailing flammarion into the night.