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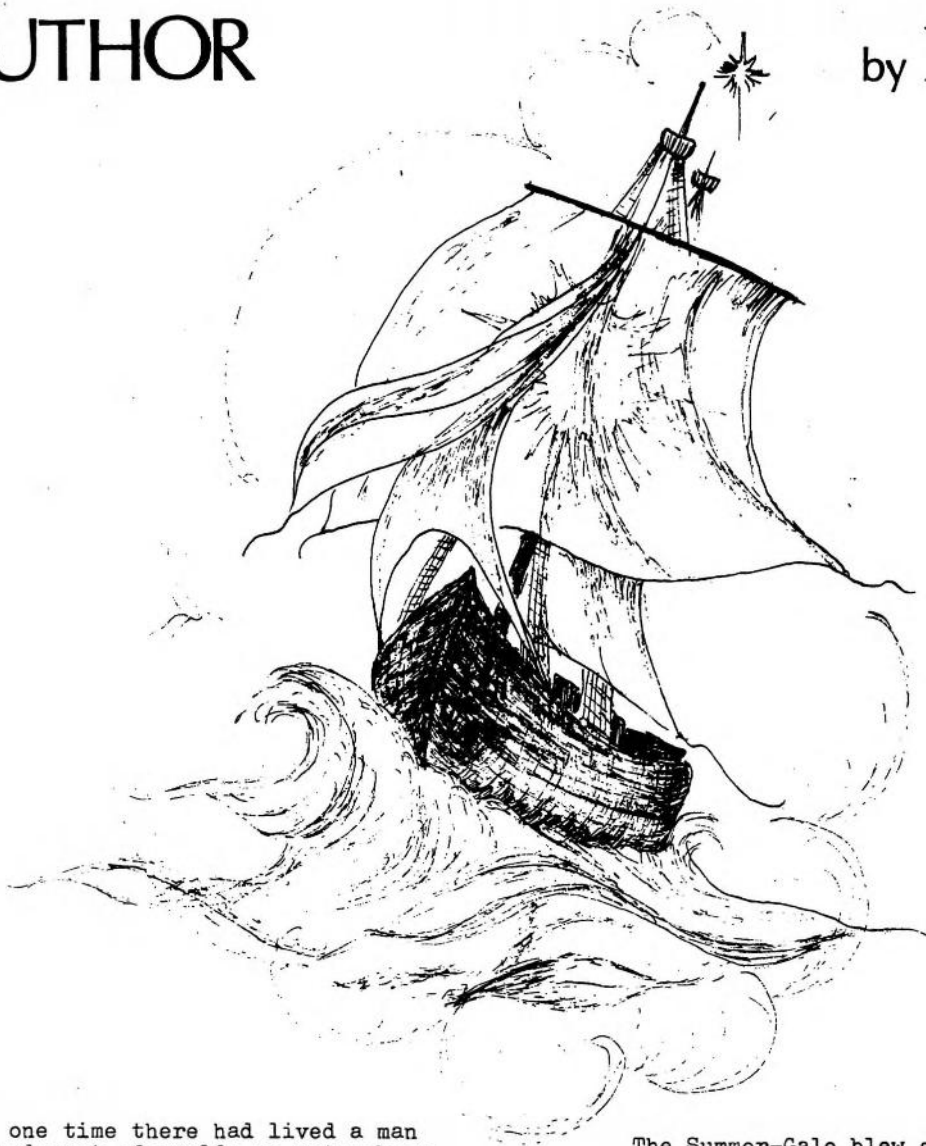
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AUTHOR

by Harrison Rose



At one time there had lived a man
Who dreamt of worlds as yet unborn.
This man, an artist at his best
Created lands not like the rest
That lie beyond the clouded dreams
Of worlds and lives, as is in Pan.

One day he made an epic tale
That slid swiftly like a seal
Upon the ocean of his mind.
He realized where he was, the find
Before him all the golden light
Sparkling in a seafarer's sail.

There was a sail upon the ship.
He was the captain, tall and proud.
He sailed his ship throughout the seas
Of this world named Pan. "On yes, she's
The best of all my caravels
On which to take this lonely trip."

The stars flowed past the silken sail;
The world below glowed green and brown.
The clouds were white, the sky was blue
Within the only world he knew.
The land of Pan was all and grand,
As was the greatest summer gale.

The Summer-Gale blew great indeed.
The people hid from storms of wind.
But when the gales had blown their last
And then the world remembered past
Days of glory, love and wonder,
So was planted flowers and seed.

The seed grew large as does a dream
And blossomed into lovely plants.
The dream was scented clear and clean
While things became that had not been
Within the framework of this world
That has the lights that are supreme.

The lights were colors of the rain
That fell from heaven to this earth
And flowed through rills within the sky.
The ships sailed slowly in reply
To the message from the clouds
As thunder made the lightning plain.

The author lived within his land.
He knew no other world at all,
There were no other worlds at all.
He felt he had not had to call
Himself as the author anymore.
He found, at last, a place to stand.

He wrote his tale in runes of Pinds
On pillars far above the lake
Where has been found an ancient ship
On which he wrote about a trip
Many years distant in the past.
Who knows what lies within our minds.