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## *The Shaman's Craft*

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



# The Shaman's Craft

by

**Joseph Murphy**

I speak of a boat with a beak at its bow.

Its hull an oath churned from my drum's skin;  
Decks caulked by song  
Rising from the wreath within a mountain's tongue.

I raise a mast whittled from a root my kin  
Pressed between my mother's teeth  
As the birthing began.

Tonight, I graze the sky's banks  
As branches burst from the husk of my keel.

Only a fool would think I lie at your feet  
As a flame's bud opens through the stalk of my chest,  
Seeds fall from my rudder's quill,  
And a new moon's tentacles  
Hone my oars.

Rolling and twisting,  
I rise and weave through a conk shell's song:  
The smashed bone of my cap  
Hissing and wailing;  
My spiked club  
Jabbing at coiled shards.

To and fro, I rise from a star-chipped stream,  
Rowing as I beat on the sail of my lungs;  
As I scent from a wolf's snout;  
Fixed in a puma's stare and stance,  
Seeking that soul  
I've been sent to find,  
Seeking a cure.