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By Calling

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



BY CALLING

by

R. L. Boyer

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

By calling, I belong to that race, that strange race ...
Men and women with blind eyes, who see too much
Men and women who soar on broken wings
The race of stammering tongue and wounded thigh
The race of those who labor in sorrow
The lost ones, whose strength is their weakness
Whose words are darts aimed at the hearts of the mighty
With names like Hesse, Dickinson, Rimbaud
Rilke, Basho, Shakespeare and Neruda
Eliot, Homer, Machado and Goethe
Whitman, Holderlin, Virgil and Blake
Emerson, Dante, Taliesin and Heine
Novalis, Black Elk, Baudelaire and Rumi
Lawrence, Milton, Byron and Yeats
Bards of England, bards of France
Bards of Germany, bards of Spain
Bards of Asia, Africa and the Land Down Under
Bards of Palestine and the Fertile Crescent
Bards of the Americas, north and south
Bards of the frozen wastelands
Bards of whites and bards of blacks
Bards of the brown, red and yellow races
Bards of the steppes and the tropics
Bards of the forests and mountains
Bards of the deserts and seas
Bards of heaven, bards of earth
Bards of the circling sun and moon
Bards of the intergalactic spaces
Bards of the papyrus scroll and the Internet
Bards of shadow, bards of sunlight
Bards of war and bards of peace
Bards of the cradle, bards of the grave
Bards of the world—this world and the next

Bards of all times and all places
Bards of the here and now—*always* of the here and now
Bards of the inner and outer mysteries

Great Souls who labor in sorrow and verse
Great Souls who love deeply, then perish
Great Souls who own nothing and know nothing
Great Souls who stand alone, like sentries, seeing

Far-off things, and listen for the Voice that
Spoke to Elijah ...

Undine

by

Adam Massimiano

I've been told
that I do this because
I just want a soul.

Is it that simple?
Pouring myself out
to those men, again
and again for the promise
of what?
Good feelings and maybe
a place in an afterlife
that I don't believe in?

I'd have to believe in souls
to really want one. No,
I've only been told what I want.

I'd rather watch men drown.