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## ***By Calling***

R. L. Boyer

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August 5-6, 2023: Fantasy Goes to Hell: Depictions of Hell in Modern Fantasy Texts

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2023.htm>



*By Calling*

# 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.