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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
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Dolphins, Musical...

by

David Sparenberg

I will go along here: it is a curious way. And a man might meet his truth through journeying. Height of the stars; depth of the sea! Someday the heart will stop. Nobility to the workman who builds a lighthouse-beacon on a shore of broken shells. O candle under Venus' wings! O conch of insular evolution! I will walk my mortal way. For a man might meet himself on the bridge of his intimacy. Eternity in a moment. Like a message in bottle, bobbing on the waves of time, the whispered jinni of a mythic name. Enraptured. Enchantment. Moist and dark the deeps of earth. Someday the visions all will fade and blindness will, beckoning, see. The heart will stop. Then the drama of meandering memories will turn to osprey wings. Silken glory; noble glory; to the warrior-walker whose soul can fully, finally, fledgling, fly. Ah: moment--tender, delicate, hushed. It is not a midnight, lingering in the breath? See! Dolphins--in the web of stars.

I will go, go where goats have trotted, go where wolves have roamed, where only eagles shadows, silent, brush the hems of quiet angels. Accolades fall, like roses out of heaven, burnished, thornless, timeless, for the heart that has remained most whole. Wholeness is a fruit that feeds. And somehow, someday, out there, beyond this present length and touch, a cupid with a virgin's smile hands back as nourishment to the naked soul. Ah: moment.

I will go this way, this. For it is what a man is and is a destiny summoning to be--a key to the rainbow over shipwrecks; a jewel to the crown of victory-home. Vulnerability of passage: rites. Courage: yes. Courage of footsteps in the tide washed sands. Say only this much: the twinkling marks of pilgrimage. And a dream: dolphins, musical--lute, flute, pipes and hand held drums--in the web of stars.