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Odyssey

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



ODYSSEY

by

David Sparenberg

My mind is full of images and the rider of the rainbow-wind. Perhaps I am a king or one who sits at the king's elbow and has his ear. My heart is full to overflowing a goblet of the blood of suffering or a chalice of the wine of never ending love

Who or what I am I cannot say but this: If you see me in twilight I might carry a torch or the lantern of the sun or silver candles of eternal moonlight

I have lived in the spirit house of my own dreaming and been dreamed into breath out of nothingness by the mystery of near-distant evolving otherness. First roots of my shadow-stirring are deep down like forked lightning in the dark fertility of this passionate Earth

Possibly I am a bridge or the points of contact from which bridges aspire into arches and traverse time and space I cannot be accurate I am full of the tales of monstrous outrage and punishment Yes and No – Who and whatever I am I become but a stitch in the tapestry of unknowing I merely go from here to there

Images pass over me like a stone battered and bathed at the edge of the seductive sea. And I am carving at the interface of stone and water, moth-like words. Consider please. No matter how much I am aware now or in the beads of now hereafter how much vaster are echoes of my unknowing!

Perhaps I am no more than a whisper escaped out of silence of a phrase of naming forever

unspoken Consider consider please Who comes to the islands of discovery in name of the king – Flesh tattered with traveling face lined with feats of misery

In this universe of choral narrative and beatitude the shaman disguised as epic poet arrives in the courtyard of listeners at twilight: blind with the terror of birds and the magic of winged imagery

Perhaps I am the Taoist butterfly of ambiguous dreams and the feathers of ruby colored snowflakes or dark storm tortured Odysseys, wind blown searching for the palace of Ithaca But there is self-overhearing! One may yet become the world of myth and prophecy.

Perhaps I am king or who the king would be if he were I and slipped behind the arras of time or through the membrane of rivers of forgetfulness and mountains of memory To the shining island where a hero's adventure is homecoming and I am free to meditate on who I have become and who I will be.

There are paths in life that lead to healing and sights that lend themselves to poetry. Moments too, pregnant with the bubbles of eternity. Universes as brought to motion by the breath of a mask of God. I am such as these: one with my own alterity.

Ha! Here I am, lighted in my inner vision: the alchemist of mask making, the dream maker's right hand man.