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The Queen of Atlantis

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Additional Keywords

Barbara Mann

The Queen

A decorative flourish consisting of a central crown-like shape with flowing, wavy lines extending to the left and right, framing the title.

*It is an angry sea and wild,
That calls to me as Ocean's child.
It offers ease from life's duress,
And bids me savor its caress.*

"ALAS," SHE SANG, "FOR ATALANTÉ."

ALAS, ALAS, THE DREAR AND WAN DAY,
ALAS, THE GRIM AND GREY AND SUNLESS DAY, WHEN
(AMID THE SADLY SINGING SWANS,
AMID THE SILENT CIRCLING GULLS,
AMID THE CRIES AND MOURNFUL WAILS
OF THOSE WHO GATHERED AT THE QUAY THEN)
A THOUSAND WARSHIPS SET THEIR SAILS
FOR SHORES A THOUSAND LEAGUES AWAY THEN.

"ALAS," SHE SANG, "FOR ATALANTÉ,
THAT SHALL BE CALLED DOWNFALLEN AFTER.
OF THEE SHALL NAUGHT REMAIN TOMORROW
BUT ASH AND MUD AND SEA-WIND'S LAUGHTER."

*It is an angry sea and wild,
That calls to me as Ocean's child.
It offers ease from life's duress,
And bids me savor its caress.*



of Atlantis

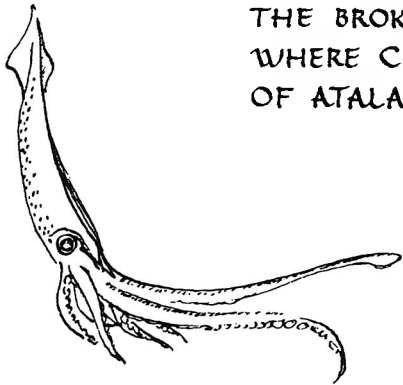
SHE STOOD BESIDE THE SACRED SPRINGS
THAT BLESSED THE HOLY MOUNTAIN'S SLOPE.
WITH HARP IN HAND SHE SADLY SANG
OF DEATH AND LIFE AND FEAR AND HOPE
OF FAR-GONE TIMES AND LONG-DEAD KINGS.

THE BEDROCK BROKE AND SHOOK.
THE MOUNTAINS BURST IN FLAME.
THE SEA AWOKÉ AND TOOK
ITS MADLY FOAMING CLAIM.

*It is an angry sea, and wild,
That calls to me as Ocean's child.
It offers ease from life's duress,
And bids me savor its caress.*

"ALAS," SHE SANG ONCE MORE, ONCE MORE,
AND DROPPED THE PURPLE ROBE SHE WORE,
TO STAND IN GLOWING WHITE BEFORE
THE RACING WATERS' SEETHING ROAR,
ARMS LIFTED TOWARD THE VANISHED SHORE,
AS IF HER PRAYERS MIGHT YET IMPLORE
THE MERCY WHICH HER KING FORSWORE.

"ALAS," SHE SANG. AS WAS FORSEEN,
THE BROKEN LAND FELL DOWN BENEATH THE WAVE
WHERE CREATURES OF THE DEEP STILL TEND THE GRAVE
OF ATALANTÉ'S QUEEN.



R. C. Walker