12-15-1983

The Queen of Atlantis

R. C. Walker

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore

Part of the Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons

Recommended Citation


To join the Mythopoeic Society go to: http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm
The Queen of Atlantis

Additional Keywords
Barbara Mann
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 Atalantë."
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 Atalantë,
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.
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 awoke 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 foreseen, the broken land fell down beneath the wave where creatures of the deep still tend the grave of Atalante’s queen.

R. C. Walker