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## Two Poems by Jo Anna Dale

Jo Anna Dale

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**Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien**  
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### Something in the Fog

There is something in the fog  
There are the sounds of footsteps  
Squelching in the mud.  
Its soggy tendrils reach out hesitantly,  
Drawing back and then extending again  
To engulf the trees and grasses.  
It breathes with a rasping wheeze;  
The leaves are a paler green after it passes;  
That which walks in the fog  
Inhales nourishment from the vegetation  
Something alive is out there -  
It vanishes when the sun burns away the fog.



### Curling Beast

The devastation of the land has been completed;  
Those who could escape have now moved on,  
Leaving behind only the half-way living.  
After the sounds of exodus die away,  
A haunted figure in the mists,  
Attracted by the agony of minds near-made,  
Feeds on the sorrows of the living,  
Drinking the eternal sadness of the night.

Unable to resist the cries of wretchedness,  
Writhing in the smokeless flame  
Rising from the torn souls below,  
The curling beast twists in the heat.  
It collects the mindless screams of the lost,  
And devours the misery of the dying  
Howling like a troop of black demons  
Wuthering in the unforgiving night.

