



Mythopoeic Society

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## Half There

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## Online Winter Seminar

February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)

<https://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/ows-2022.htm>

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## Online Winter Seminar



### Online Winter Seminar

The Inklings and Horror: Fantasy's Dark Corners

February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)

Via Zoom and Discord

## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

## ARAGORN GAZES ON RUINED ARMOR

*These are his kind: the last battlement  
crumbling, yet valiant--the tumbled and scattered stones,  
their fierce rough pride dissolved with the cement,  
are worn at last to smooth, forgotten bones.  
No longer desperate, the Ranger walks  
the secret paths that run like dried-up veins  
that once coursed with life. Silently, he stalks  
through shadows, dreams that haunt these last remains  
Of nations, roads, and long-decaying keeps:  
abandoned, high and ancient hopes of men--  
whose ghosts, still watching while the kingdom sleeps,  
wait patiently, until she wakes again.*

*He crests the vantage, for a moment stands;  
He sees himself reflected in these lands.*

--David Lenander



## HALF THERE

*Is there a songsing flurry of voices  
Making the foxfire tremble over mosses,  
Ferns and ladies' slippers? I think you've heard--  
You turn your dark head like a hooded bird  
And listen with a falcon's ear.*

*Is it a liebeslied half remembered  
Making your Saxon blue eyes both embered  
And cold? I watch your contagious half-turn,  
Your half-see widening into half-yearn,  
Your scent turning to light.*

*And like the light arousal on mica wings,  
Your half-smile flickering as your mind half-sings,  
Light webs in your hair, as the moon, when full,  
Bristles, fires into an arcane pool;  
Voices laugh you half there.*

--Patricia E. Gunter