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Ka

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



Ka

by

Joey Madia

Spirit mountains move me.
I write to sing.
Shadows dark and holding
dance in caves where serpents mate,
spawning Dragons that hide their spells behind
sweeping teeth and searing eyes.

 Their fire makes me One.
 Stepping toward the chasm,
 arms outstretched,
 I hear the falls of laughter (cover for our swoon).
 It is Spirit.
 Spirit thrives.
 Let me in.

 At the gates of cleansing the infinite shall prevail
 for all those of the Spider sign and Open Eye.
 Past churches, subtle stars,
 in Light we are.

Behold fear - how it loathes the Light.
Within, I learn a Truth-
unquestioned attention
makes heresy a new religion
and alchemy a cut rope to climb.

 Clever masks, vibrant tapestries,
 subtle screams, geared machines-
 these won't pull a waltz from crippled dreamers
 or take the wayward home.

 There is sublime harmony in the bone-piles of the
 river asp.

 The Pharaohs must have known this, something
 says.

 To sun kings,
 to anomalies,
 of this I sing, my adder King.

The spirit of the Nile Queen has been judged and borne away.
All this coffin-dress at the gravesite has no function now.
In the west, Scorpio is rising.
Fealty to my nature fills the inner seas of me
and the mountain's mine to move.