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The Midnight Realm

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The Midnight Realm

Additional Keywords

Lee Garig

The Midnight Realm

Shadows turn weirdly on creaking quays;
strangers wheedle for gnarled sailors' tales
with silver and hot-buttered rum.
The old ones fish for the darting eels of dim memories.
Mist blankets all on this ancient bay
where soaring gulls shriek like spectres
come from lost lands further than Cathay.
Stories bud forth like weeds on the wasted earth,
telling of the realm of evil beyond all things —
Po'a'lu the Great where the Dark Emperor reigns.

by Thomas M. Egan

There Antichrist sleeps in an iron tomb watched by the damned,
his kingdom guarded by seas of fire and mountains of ice?
Lotus dreams shape an oriental hell
where nightmares crawl out of smoke of the Abyss.
Love is the rouged mask of a courtesan's smile,
drugging beauty, leers, a brittle-porcelain kiss.
Art is gold and jade altars for human hopes
as pyres light the skies, as ancient gods drink human death.
The Emperor is faceless here, e'en in golden raiment,
for sorcery is his scepter, torture his rod.

to Charles
Williams

New England likes to tease with tales of wonder and e'en fear
as visitors stare at whaling ships that rot by wave-slapped piers.
Po'a'lu is a story for children, told on a Halloween day...
Doubters laugh and solid gulls soar overhead.
But the Halls of the Black Palace echo now,
Strange carvings there tell of ancient Asia's might,
when Prester John of Hidden Christendom ruled —
then fell to pride and curse of gold.
Apocalypse brought all to ruin — and left the rule of the Octopus,
a devil's thrall, till Logres rise again.

scribe:
Lee Garig