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## *Annwyn Castle / Dragon Sol / Eye of Miranda*

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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### Abstract

Annwyn Castle: The castle turns and turns westerly, gleaming westerly, all glass and radiating rainbows.  
Dragon Sol: the golden blood of gods pounds in your core, searing sea of molten force  
Eye of Miranda: dark shepherdess of epsilon whose lightless watch and silent cyclic trek

### Additional Keywords

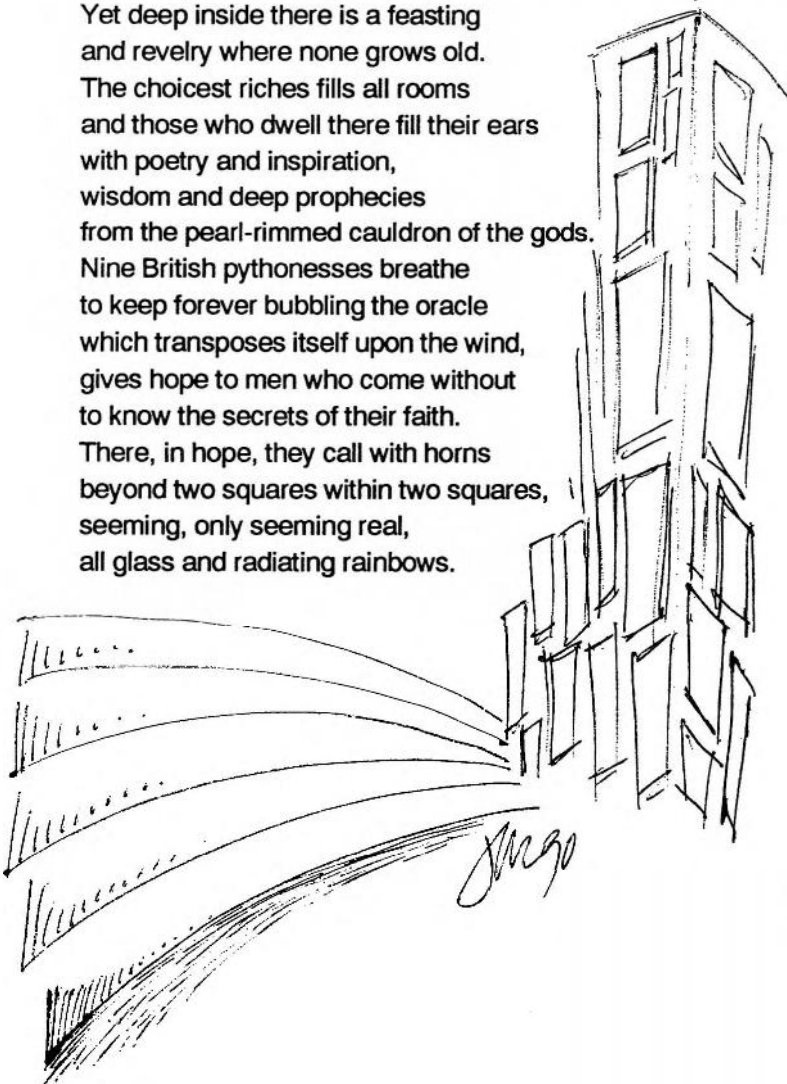
Poetry; Annwyn Castle; Dragon Sol; Eye of Miranda; Owen R. Neill; Rhea Rose

## ANNWYN CASTLE

by Owen R. Neill

The castle turns and turns  
westerly, gleaming westerly,  
all glass and radiating rainbows.  
Its towers rise into transparency  
like the smoking blue of dying fire.  
No doors or gates loom landward.  
No man purely mortal may enter  
Until the gods have touched his eyes  
and then god-sight will raise the way.  
Sentinels without faces blend  
light with light upon the ramparts,  
dumb in their never ceasing revolution  
as the castle turns and turns  
westerly, gleaming westerly,  
all glass and radiating rainbows.

Two squares within two squares  
seeming, only seeming real,  
all glass and radiating rainbows.  
Yet deep inside there is a feasting  
and revelry where none grows old.  
The choicest riches fills all rooms  
and those who dwell there fill their ears  
with poetry and inspiration,  
wisdom and deep prophecies  
from the pearl-rimmed cauldron of the gods.  
Nine British pythonesses breathe  
to keep forever bubbling the oracle  
which transposes itself upon the wind,  
gives hope to men who come without  
to know the secrets of their faith.  
There, in hope, they call with horns  
beyond two squares within two squares,  
seeming, only seeming real,  
all glass and radiating rainbows.



## DRAGON SOL

by Rhea Rose

the golden blood of gods pounds in your core,  
searing sea of molten force  
blazing breath  
raw licks that scorch and beat  
upon our shield

crown sphere of heat  
set upon us burning,  
your chaotic spotted soul flares and strikes the night  
singed, darkness hisses in your path and

borealis born  
your spirit shimmers,  
the heavens warmly swept

## EYE OF MIRANDA

by Rhea Rose

dark shepherdess of epsilon  
whose lightless watch and  
silent cyclic trek  
alludes to clashing eons,  
the billion battles wrung and won  
to wax with Ariel Umbriel and Oberon

Beyond that black cycloptic gaze  
your stone soul  
tends to flecks titanic,  
ice cliffs the chevron scars  
mute scores of chilling song  
made colder by deep dark distance

Into *that* night  
of tumbled mysteries,  
locked in frozen tears, clenched in stone  
where tidal heat once thrust  
a spark  
clandestine flock has passed.

Your dark eye dreams of dark  
and rings Uranus unperturbed by sight  
but your mysteries, unbound, combine  
and in that light you wane and wait  
dark shepherdess of epsilon  
eternal stare and stir of time