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## A Great Strength of Time

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## Online MidSummer Seminar 2025

### More Perilous and Fair: Women and Gender in Mythopoeic Fantasy

August 2-5, 2024

Via Zoom and Discord

<https://www.mythsoc.org/oms/oms-04.htm>



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### Additional Keywords

Mythic Circle, Mythopoeia, Dragons, Fantasy, Fiction, Poetry

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his scythe against her, preparing to commit a final persecution upon her, the air split with thunder and all present fell to their knees—

From over the hill rose the great dragon, rising on immense wings into the sky, its black eyes bright with renewed vigor, its long red tongue tasting the air. The beast roared again, hovering above the old woman as the village men fled across the glade, their weapons cast away in the grass along with their resolve. Even the chieftain ran, his scythe abandoned on the ground, as the dragon exhaled brilliant streams of fire over their heads.

True to its word, the dragon did not seek to kill the men but only chased them from the old woman.

She rose to her feet and looked up at the majestic creature, at once afraid and admiring, for now the dragon had strength to fly to the mountain of its birth to be received by its spiritual kin.

*I go now, old woman. You have my gratitude.*

“I hope you die fulfilled,” she said, truthfully.

*I thank you for your mercy. You are beautiful in my eyes.*

#

Long after the dragon had flown away, as the old woman sat in a chair overlooking the hills from the porch of her solitary house, she wondered, as the night fell and the stars flared in the sky, if the dragon’s soul had risen in the pantheon of ethereal beasts—and if the falling star she spied, just before the moon rose above the hills, might be its spirit marking its progression through the universe.

# A Great Strength of Time

by Kevan Kenneth Bowkett

They journeyed  
To find the Dragon in her lair  
Atop her hill of gems in the broken city.  
Full armed they were  
Against the Dragon’s power.

But it was her day of the year to visit her relations,  
And she’d left the Sphynx in charge.