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## Mere Shadowlands [Poem]

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## Mythcon 50

Looking Back, Moving Forward

San Diego, California

August 2-5, 2019

Mere Shadowlands [Poem]



# MERE SHADOWLANDS

(IN MEMORY OF C. S. LEWIS)

FOR THE ROMANTIC  
THRU AND THRU,  
WHO LEARNS TO ROLL  
WITH THE PUNCHES,  
WHO WALKS INTO  
THE ANCIENT TWILIGHT  
THRU VERMILION SUN  
AND CERULEAN SKY —

FOR THE ROMANTIC  
FROM SOUL TO SPIRIT,  
WHO LEARNS TO RUN  
INEBRIATED WITH LIFE,  
WHO DRINKS THE WINE  
OF CHRIST'S SACRIFICE  
TO BECOME SOBER  
ENOUGH FOR HIS TEARS —

FOR THE ROMANTIC  
FROM FLESH TO BONE,  
WHO LIVES TO DIE  
IN THE VEINS OF DESIRE.  
WHO SWIMS AGAINST THE TIDE  
OF WHAT IS NOW SURGING,  
TOWARD THAT DISTANT CHOIR  
OF WHAT OUGHT TO BE —

WHERE DO THEY FIND SPIRITUAL REST —  
A SIMPLE, DIRECT PASSIONATE QUEST  
WHERE THE AESTHETE IS NOT SLAIN BY TRUTH,  
WHERE AUTUMN'S FARFLUNG CEMETERIES  
SUBMERGED BENEATH WET CHAMELEON LEAVES  
MOCK THE SURE BEAT OF RELIGIOUS CANT —  
WHERE ECHOING ANGLICAN BELLS CHANT  
A SMOKY WAGNERIAN PURGE  
OVER THE KILN'S HALLOWEEN DIRGE?

TO WHERE DO THESE  
PALE SHADOWLANDS LEAD?  
FOR WHOM DO THESE  
MORTALS SILENTLY PLEAD?

— DANIEL R. MILLER