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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

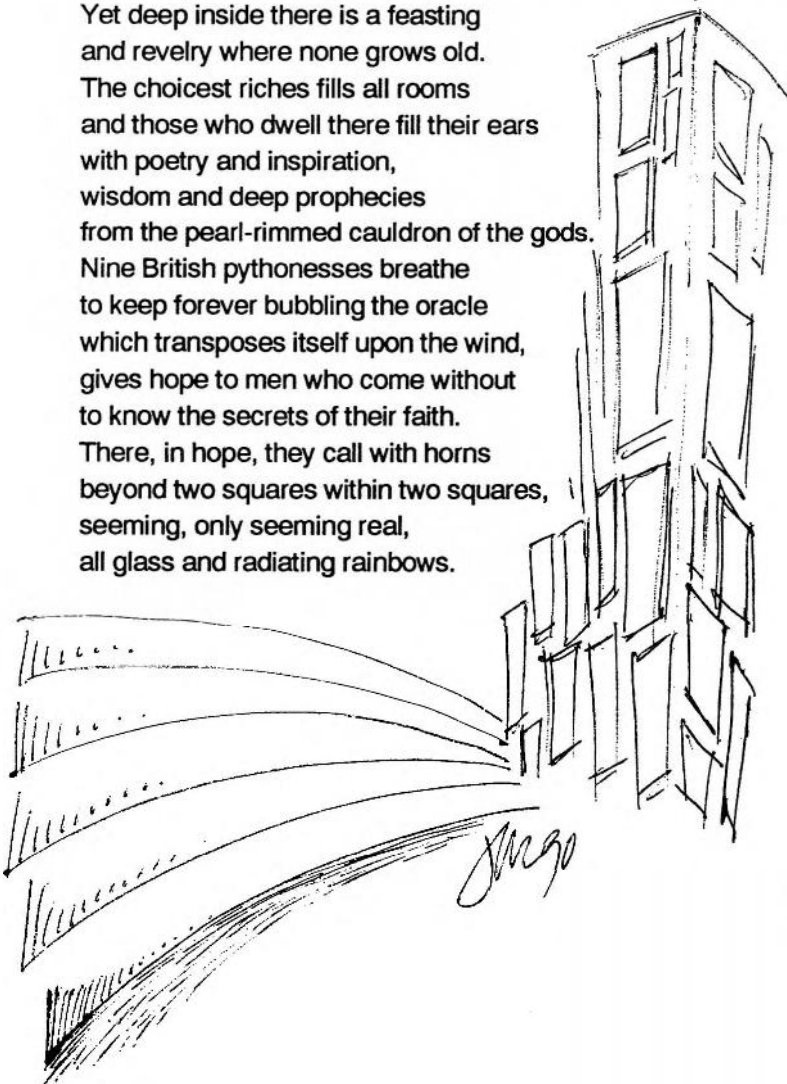
Poetry; Annwyn Castle; Dragon Sol; Eye of Miranda; Owen R. Neill; Rhea Rose

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