

3-15-1996

## *Europa*

John Grey

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Grey, John (1996) "*Europa*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1996 : Iss. 19 , Article 7.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1996/iss19/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:  
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



---

## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL “HALFLING” MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.htm>



## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

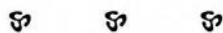
Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; Europa; John Grey

bottom where the Kraken had disappeared. Heimdall examined the cup carefully, declared it to be a fusion of the Kraken with the green stone he had swallowed, and said that I should keep it as a remembrance. He also warned that in some strange way the Kraken lives on embodied in the cup, so that no one should ever drink from it . . . and no one ever has.



"No one ever has, eh? Well I guess I'll just have to be the first," declared Storrard boldly. "Have one of your servants fetch that mead for which your hall is so famous."

Aegir sighed, "I really wouldn't do that if I were you. Still, if you insist . . ."

"I do insist," snapped Storrard impatiently.

Aegir signalled to one of his servants, and soon the man returned with a keg of mead and poured some of its golden contents into the Kraken Cup. After muttering a runic charm to offset any poison that might have been present in the cup or added to the mead, Storrard raised the cup to his lips. But, to his horror, no sooner had his lips touched the rim than the cup seemed to grow larger and take on a life of its own. The tentacle tip writhed free from the cup and wrapped itself around Storrard's neck. He had time to utter only one gurgling scream before he was pulled headfirst into the mouth of the cup and swallowed.

As Storrard's boots disappeared from sight, and the Kraken Cup shrank back to its normal size, Aegir mildly remarked "Tsk, tsk, tsk. I did try to warn him."

Then the sea lord's expression hardened. "As for the rest of you, I think you'll find that your leader's magic perished with him and my daughters are no longer your hostages. So you had best begone . . . at once."

The leaderless vikings remained where they were standing in a dazed, horrified silence. Aegir rose to his full fifteen-foot height, pointed to the entrance way, and belted: "I said, BEGONE!"

That outburst broke the spell, and the vikings fell over each other in their rush to vacate the hall and get to their ships. Aegir followed them to the shore where the vikings were desperately trying to maneuver their dragon ships around for departure. The prevailing winds offered little help, so Aegir took out a triple-knotted wind cord a sea-elf wizard had given him and untied the first knot. Immediately a brisk wind began to blow seaward, and the dragon ships set sail.

The vikings were beginning to congratulate themselves on their good luck when Aegir loosed the second knot. The wind began to blow much harder, hurling the ships westward across the surface of the sea. Then, just as the ships were silhouetted against the horizon, Aegir undid the final knot and they were struck by a fierce tempest with gale-force winds, towering waves, and sea spouts. When the storm died down, there were no ships to be seen.

Aegir waded into the sea to embrace Ran and their daughters. "If any of the vikings survived that storm," he muttered, "sooner or later they'll drift ashore on one of

those little islands out there. When they have to survive on whatever fish they can catch and comb the strand for driftwood to burn, then—perhaps—they will learn to value the real treasures of the sea."

---

## EUROPA

by John Grey

Europa on the sea-shore frolics with her maidens, rejoicing in all the things she's never felt, when the great white bull appears, snorting like an Olympian god but also as a man, its giant bulbous eyes refracting her beauty in a shameless mirror and, with a grin playful as the splashing waters, she climbs upon his back, her wilful hands seeking out his strength in that relentless mound of muscle as her quidnunc followers giddily warn and encourage with the same shallow breaths, and then he bounds away, plunges into the sea as Europa screams the fear of those who believe wrongly that they have conquered the animals, for this raging ruminant is Zeus and her apple-eyed wiles shrink to nothing as the ambrosia sweat seeps through her soft pink skin, stirs into the salt of the ocean, boils up a mix potent as the stars, and they travel to Crete, he bellowing like a crude savior, she gripping the hard flesh of his neck, and he spills her on that island's sand like a pocketful of coins, leaps upon her in a thousand shapes of thrusting sex, pries open the locked fears of her virgin body, grunting the beast end of his power in her witless ears until she rolls over on that strange beach, panting like one who has received a holy spirit unexpectedly in a rush through the loins, and she stays with him on that island, plays consort to his devouring needs for as long as her beauty satisfies, bears three sons, Minos, Sarpedon and Rhadamanthus, marries the island's reigning king and, though Zeus never again metamorphosises into a bull, she spies any number of those smoldering creatures in the Cretan fields, blows them peasant kisses while keeping her royal distance.