

+ +
demon

unseen thing that writhe

+ seethe that mock

his voice

+ bodys need that ride

his soul to feed

+ feed it twist

like mist then hit

like fist it swipe

his cap then crack

his wrist it make

him ****

+ make

him dizzy

put his legions

love in traction

bring his savior to inaction

make his sleep die (zombo-dreamie)

make his wife cry toddler-screamy

(+
of course no way to treat it :)

like to meet it?

cant

it busy

+
(or, One Earth Year) August

May was
perfect. All you'd need. All of nature up to speed.
September was
a fast twirl-- May,
in tights.
October brought
early nights.
August was
just. The month for knights.
March
+ April were
one for kites.
June was
rockets. O! so cool. Mornings, girls beside the pool.
July was
high, flying by.
January was
cold.
December's shine was
gilt-edged white.
Cherished November,
witch's eye.
Perished February,
killers' lie.
Not a one
a sacrifice.
All of them
waving, waving:

(like a young girl)

(as a man claims rights)

(the month of orange)

(Cair Paravel)

(with a gust)

(summer defined)

(DQ)

(ghost story told)

(Mass for Christ)

(frost so nice)

(deadly ice)

(coming twice)

(pearls sans price)

"Bye. . ."

LIVE FOREVER: BRADBURY 6/2012

FROM GREENTOWN, TOMORROWLAND: TYRANNOSAURUS REX! BY ELECTRICO'S

MAGIC †

JESSAMYN WEST COMES A PILOT ABOVE THE CLOUDS, AN EXPLORER
WITHOUT A SHIP. CHANDU THE WIZARD VIA TIME-SLIP. WITH WARPAIN ON
LIKE COCHISE WATCH HIM NOW SWITCH HIDES: CALL HIM ISHMAEL, OR

EINAR; †

ON STRANGE, DANGEROUS RIDES, DARK HE IS, †

GOLDEN-EYED,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAN BOTTLING DANDELION WINE FROM OLD SAM
SPAULDING'S PLAN. HE'S SOMETHING WICKED, DRIVING BLIND,
FLYING OFF A CLIFF. A FEARLESS BATTLE-POET! SAYING,
SIMPLY, 'IF. . .' MIXING MONSTERS UP WITH KIDS.
PICASSO ON THE BEACH. TOSSING AUSTEN
IN WITH VERNE; PLYING BOTH TO REACH.

HE IS SPIRIT †

GHOST

OF TWAIN. OF STEINBECK-- LOVECRAFT TOO.

VIRTUAL PREDATORS ON THE VELDT?

OUR DOCENT SEES US THROUGH.

HE'S ALL THESE THINGS

AT ONCE IT SEEMS,

A WIDE-EYED BOY WITH ROCKET-DREAMS

OF PILLARS OF FIRE †

SUITS OF ICE CREAM,

OF CARNIVALS DARK †

SUMMERS GREEN. HIS MORNINGS †

MIDNIGHTS

WERE MATCHED IN STRENGTH, HIS DUSKS †

DAWNS A PERFECT LENGTH.

ALAS! THE OCTOBER COUNTRY SUMMONED OUR OLD GUIDE. A ROCKET
TO THOSE STARS HE LOVED HIS FINAL FULMINATE RIDE.

OF LONG RAINS ON VENUS †

SKELETON-FLUTES,

OF GHOSTLY CROWDS †

ICE-CREAM SUITS,

OF USHER'S FALL †

MOONSCAPES

HE'D FINALLY LEARNED ENOUGH.

HIS REVELS NOW ARE ENDED.

. . . Does he dream of quieter stuff?

‡ Those Across the Sea

Yesterday, at dawn:

Arriving bloody, much beyond repair-- yet beyond not all her care-- still was he able to sink to cross-guard his blade into the rock at the foot of this tower before he fell.

She pulled him inside

‡ somehow managed to half-guide half-push him up the spiral stone staircase, once there only just able to drag him across the threshold

‡ into her high healing chamber.

She'd not believed a single of his tales, never once-- he

‡ his boastful drunken noisy knights

‡ all their wild days of power, men

‡ their stories, was there no end to the bragging? Yet here she was gashing her fingers peeling away splintered battered

‡ spattered, shattered armor-- then hearing a distant sound dashing to the window to see below what had both led

‡ followed him here.

So much for stories. They were real

‡ they'd come. For him. Ettins

‡ vermillion devils. Grinning reptiles the height of hillsides. Banshees. Titans in the mist out to the very horizon.

This isle was now defenseless, any others having fled

‡ her Lord was injured, unconscious-- she stood alone. To save him-- or at least die defending him-- she must needs leave him.

Ripping away the lower quarter of her gown to avoid stumbling she flew back down the staircase

‡ outside. She strode to that rock where he'd collapsed

‡ was there met by the marshalled withering-gibbering-shrieking shock-troops of Hell Itself.

Filled they the air with their filthy salivating cry:

SUNDERTHEPAST

DESTROYTHEFUTURE

SHREDALLHOPE

--thus railed they all recalling the wounds given them by the weapon called by man Ex Calibri Ur

['Made by God'
[or even just 'By God']].

Her shredded palm

+ fingers barely encircling its grip she drew a breath,
+ uttering a squawk of pain slid sword from stone.

With, it seemed, terrific ease.

Gilt-edged

+ parchment-thin this shining steel snarled

+ sang. No dent or nick was there along its narrow, sterling length.

This had saved mankind? Had it ever seen so much as a practice duel?

Yet it flooded her bloodied hand (that had never so much as slapped a child's wrist)

+ wrist with a startling

+ confusing, quick icy strength. How soft her flesh,
how bright the blade. Of a sudden, for her was it forged.

Wielding it, her sight became as illumined pages:

ogres' wrists twisted in furious warriors' fists with iron

+ copper bands. Lightning
bolts

+ cyclones. Verdant feudal lands.

The laughter in her ears was near to deafening. A woman wielding the ur-blade, the God-steel?

With no room for the hesitation of cowardice she seized a demon by one horn

+ clove neck-to-ribcage its form
in twain. Separated halves boiled away in the shallows.

Came a shrieking wyvern. Slicing a fistful of soot-black wing,
she grounded him. Opened him. Sidestepping the ichor-flow she faced
next a giant, the crumbs on his smiling lips houses, an uprooted cottonwood his
toothpick. Hawks about his head like the gnats about her own.

A slash to a tendon, a severed vein. The brawler stumbled bawling backward home again, leaving
in his wake a quake.

More. Measure upon measure. Row upon row uncountable. She

+ this strange living brand now one with her hand met them two, three, met them five at once.
Ten-- decimation. Marrow tinted the tide.

Unbelieving, Lucifer's Rallied fell silent. A woman wielding the ur-blade. The God-steel.

The hilt in both hands poised just above her right shoulder, she somehow met the stunned stare of
all remaining as one. Then leant forward

+ whispered:
"Boo."

Any weapons were flung aside. The earth rumbled with their flight.
Of a moment, she desired chase. But stayed.

The glimmer of the blade refused to fade, a flame aglow in the waxen mist.
Painted in gore, she returned to the tower. Spent, she bathed, then tended again to
her Lord's wounds.

Now:

Next to him upon his bed, cradling his beautiful head, she spoons elixir
to his aged lips. The spoon slips. She presses
cool cloth to his brow.
What medicine remains does kill his pain. Still, the larders are near empty,
‡ she hesitates to venture for game, fears leaving him.

She thanks God for water in the well. Indeed, begs for guidance, to be shown the way.
Yet her words fall flat. Prayer is now largely rote; a note
for note recitation. She mightn't have bothered
the One above; there's no question of her love. Even sans prophecy,
even sans hope. It seems her love is outside all, shielding them both
as castle wall.

Even as she knows once happened, bread will not appear on empty table
nor wine in empty cask. Nor does she expect such. She directs no anger
at this. Rather,
she feels humbled. For good or ill,
this is her show alone. Perhaps that was the whole point.

Next to him upon his bed, cradling his beautiful head, she spoons elixir
to his aged lips. The spoon slips. She presses
cool cloth to his brow.

She listens to another,

‡ still another, story. Quests

‡ travails,
'crost deserts

‡ seas. Geas. Crusades. Minarets. Blood

‡ mud. He remembers strength

‡ vision

‡ pride, yet needs no less assurance for all that.

His mind is sometimes whence it was, keen as that blade God gave him.

But, injured so,

‡ aged, murmuring in half-sleep or through a medicine-daze, he often
summons Parsifal, or calls valiant Passelände, both now long gone; or
shouts for Sleipner-- some future or past god's steed.

Or just as often for plain mead.

Or says, 'Guin, I dreamt of others like me. Roland. Robin. John.

They're to carry on after I've gone. I'll be glad when I'm done, Guin. The world's

end seems always where I am. Where are the rest of my hours? Oft times
I've been already dead. I was deep in my grave when they
cried 'Come Out!' They called me to save them from still darker powers.'

Next to him upon his bed, cradling his beautiful head, she spoons elixir to his
aged lips. The spoon slips.

She presses cool cloth to his brow.

She searches every cupboard. This was the last of the medicine.

She places the blade alongside him should he die in the night, the hilt
against his hand, feeling such should remain his kingly right.

'Guin--!'

Awake still. Gazing at the ceiling but speaking to her with the fervor of a Scheherezade, panting:

'Guinevere my fantastic shield the shapes signal before my dreams. I heard

Saladin shouting to me 'cross his desert-land: 'This is where the war

that wasn't fought wasn't fought! This is where the men who didn't die didn't
die! There can still be dark horses therecanstillbedarkhorses--

'I sought answer from those powerful trees. The witches
lit switches

'round great oaks in the dark of the new moon.

✦ the weir-wolves, dug they

their new metals from the ground--'

'Tomes of the ancient tombs, tombs of the ancient tomes--'

'So this be what they sound like. Like

pale myth, like a megalith. Like Merlin's

glyph of warding! Merlin! It's a sign of warning! No reading

what's in store--'

When he does find fitful sleep, she ventures to the cellar. There she finds a single
untapped cask of mead. She finds she cannot lift it. Recalling the battle,
she laughs in the dark. Then remembers
the pulley,

✦ begins the lengthy

✦ tiring task of hauling that cask up the inside of the tower

✦ into the healing room, thinking only

✦ whispering only

in the name of all things holy lord god my savior Jesus do not fall, do not fall, do not fall--

At last, she removes the cask from the apparatus, rolls it beneath a window, taps it,

✦ pours a cupful of the golden stuff to drink.

Moonbeams beyond that window are split by branches like frozen witches' hands. The ash trees
seem his silent sentries,

✦ should be so, down through sword-slashed centuries from

Creation to

Camelot to

Avalon, these

holy
healing
lands in all their
crystalline
glory.

She pours a second cup

✚ brings it to her husband.

But drinking is as yet too much. Next to him upon his bed, cradling his beautiful head, she spoons
the mead to his aged lips.

The spoon slips. She presses
cool cloth to his brow.

Tomorrow, at dawn:

Less will he ramble. Guinivere will go from his chamber with sheets soiled

‡ return with boiled, humming softly a canticle he has come to enjoy.

Hearing a distant sound, go she will to the window. Glancing out at those windmills towering on the far, far horizon, their arms sweeping giant majestic circles across fading golden fields, she will espy upon the sky-like water approaching motion. The vassals returning.

They will hail the tower. The ostler

‡ his daughter, hauling ashore foodstuffs, casks of mead.

Others come; an apothecary.

She will breathe: Medicine.

‡

smile

[at last]

‡

cry.

[at last]

‡

cradle his beautiful head

‡ whisper to him:

'Tell me more, my valiant lord

‡ King? Of thy wild days of power. . .'

[again]

