

Zodiac Stanzas in a Forest Volcano

Tomm McCarthy

(The only verse to be sung by CHORUS)

i) Below, evoke you, High One, with words like sacrifice, osprey, wire, hymn, rest, perfective urge. Us—humble chorus, us—we sing, as nameless, of names.

ii) Below, you seered, our high game, wrapped in binds and blinds along a labyrinth of here be lions, be tigers, be bears, be circles—no, not circles, spheres.

iii) Below, dead shepherd, personal planet, sixth from the sun, High one, tall like a lifetime and thin like a line, below you augusted immortal July.

iv) And do you send her self-wise, Nisus? She who is the seasons, who guides now needing guidance, drowned in forgetting, rage and water and autumn.

v) Guilt can be a guide; your moral, taboo, spell, mantra, and coup d'état. You, Nisus, many named as all birds in mortal tongues and High one words.

vi) Father Time, we call you, and Farmer Time. Also, headsman, Saturn, werewolf, Nothing, Hades, death. Call you mercy or justice, but only meaning “guilty.”

vii) Guilty you, Nisus. Whether your form's fire or a lie, of treason or poison, fratricide or destitution at a change of season, you stand at her grave forgetting.

viii) Continue must, though, implored so, your curbing of our populace, mortal, us, humble chorus, refrain from blaming thus, without you, zodiac-less.

ix) Below, because woah, way too long, didn't read, didn't need to, below memory is a mode called “forget it.” Now, Nisus, wish to un-know your lows.

x) Below, your wife-like, ring-bearing, will-o-the-wisp bride flying like a bear made of air or aqua vitae or even shots of ever clear or T.V. noise—Rorschach static.

xi) Bellowing her leather lungs, July, so very volcanic as to ionize a stone and schadenfreude—burning rubber—in a daze-dementia death-made.

xii) Above your head like Empyrean you, Nisus, scry your scythe another time, bring it down between your eyes, lobotomizing your hindsight sing:

oA starting over spell. The seer casting this spell is granted an amnesia of their failings, their feelings of love, and, most importantly, their form. (To be sung, as all spells, by CHORUS)

Ah, I am that which came out then,

Not so much now to approve of.

In my reply, which kills and refurbishes my old colors,

I retract behind a high.

(To be sung, along with all subsequent verses, by NISUS)

- i) In the waterfall, I'm like jazz. Quartz akimbo, wood like metal, an electric amnesia system. Down on rocks, dark like bassoons, where the moss grows and grows against.
- ii) Hey Ursa-lung! I call out to no call back and audibly I wait for a guide until a moment passes and a moon rises, and stars peek through trees like sparks might ignite.
- iii) How can I remember how I was placed here? The recollection of that memory renews too much fear to bare. Resuscitation of that ill term is playing with matches.
- iv) The forest is dry besides that waterfall, so better to let the story crawl from here without prologue. From...where am I? Scuttling out of the syncopating cascading.
- v) Night, like all things, has fallen and I've never heard such a loud silence, such a lost silence, such a prolific rest in such a score. I've lost the count again.
- vi) Laughing or sneezing I, Nisus, follow paths only my feet know though, unbeknownst to me, even they're unsure of its reliability, whether it is or is not.
- vii) There are ghosts in every wood on every night. Sometimes they're just as hard to see then as they are in the daylight. Other times they're otherwise. Visible.

viii) Limbs boning, chilled like shivers, tremble. Paleness like, unlike anything, but, like, chalk? Or talcum powder? Something with excesses of calcium, maybe?

ix) A familiar form, something I can recall through my hesitational fog of not-remembering, forms. Hesitating, I back away despite the familiarity. Why stay?

x) The form, now fully formed and humanoid with white wings not un-angel like, waits, casting its un-eyes, ungazing, my way, through the tree I am behind.

xi) Stay out of its light, Nisus. Here, my mind says. I do not need to question to obey. The shadow of the tree it casts over me begins to turn clockwise. I wise with it.

xii) Finally, the form passes on and I can pay my debt of breath. The light of that shade like all things falls and out of its un-ear and un-eye shot I may rest.

1A spell to grant the seer hope when in an alien place. Allows them to see paradise layered over their current place. Also, a way of asking for the blessing of the high one called July.

I walk.

I am in an abandoned valley of alien rays and roads turned pretty.

I am indeed with her.

To, well, not to give eyes—not both of them—to July.

i) A thought approaches me, casually, as though we'd met once before at a party and neither of us were sure of the other's identity until we'd saddled closer.

ii) Would there be anything to gain from following that ghost, it asks relaxed, maybe just a little bit provocatively. True to form, my ears listen.

iii) That shade, though far through the trees now, isn't hard to track. Its too light whiteness casts a paleness sort of dawning over most plant life in the forest.

iv) There's a path pre-cut through the ferns, salal, brambles, nettles, night-dandelions half blown away, and blackberry bushes where that paleness clings.

v) Curiosity does not get the better of me, we just happen to share similar goals and, for a while, at least, my curiosity and I decide to be teamed.

vi) A creek I'd need to ford to cross has frosted over and, despite my weight, this ice bridge holds me, barely, cracking lowly against me.

vii) Since I can only see the ghost ahead of me and the shadows of trees and hills between she and me, and only hear that uproarious silence, I'm single-minded.

viii) I'm unsure of my goal, of what I will do once I have followed the ghost to her conclusion. Should she stop will I stop? Should she listen will I talk?

ix) I clean these uncertainties from my mind and spy a doe grazing in a meadow, two fawns not far off and coyotes watching from the bushes.

x) When I turn back, the specter's gone and its lightness has disseminated into dawn. Clicking its beak, a rooster, somewhere, scowls.

xi) My curiosity unsatisfied and my own fasting having gone too long, I sit beneath some thorns and munch grumpily on blackberries. Purple dying my lips. I keep some.

xii) I wish now, from the safety of my not having done so, that I would have spoken to that specter and seen exactly what was meant to show.

2A repeating, chanting incantation used by those who wish to know why someone they have loved has died. Effective use of the spell involves meditation.

I repeat how much I endured.

Middle rays each turn to you for you are returned.

At a height, his eyes are coming on to you.

He who kills via ancient remittance.

3

i) Halfway through the day I, again, felt myself dark and alone in this little-big world of willows, words, and dawn light obscured by sunlight. *I awoke again.*

ii) A path? Ah, it's hard to talk of what it was, walking through that savage, dark, and weeping forest. My only guide, the glowing trail of a not-un-angel-like I'll call Ursa-lung.

iii) The berries I'd gathered are bitter, a full bite a bit bitterer. Death maybe imitates this flavor, I've saw. This rawness, this flowing, syrupy-sour zest... It's quite good.

iv) I won't remember what placed me here—fully slept and kept keenly—and I'll try to forget Ursa-lung as easily. How to feel about that shade is sludge in mud too oily.

v) It's best, I've heard, for words travel quickly when one is lonely, to follow bends down streams to cities. To families waiting to hear of adventures to unfamiliar places.

vi) Frogs on logs fall to silence as ticks talk. A tick talks to me and to it I barely listen, of blood-slicked rocks and the bassy pheromones rising to it. I groan again.

vii) From a creek-side cave, boggy, waterlogged, rotten-wooded, moldy, old and un-jolly comes a sticky, gooey, bluish, bluesy glowing. The opposite color of lava. Still smooth.

viii) And in that breath the color of sky's night again, that light, again, has faded again and the moon has aged. I am clothed around my shoulders by that planet.

ix) We are led by the moon, is that known? All lunar-powered like tides and comets, is it any wonder we can't live on it? Can I even ask that?

x) During my ponderings, it begins raining, weeping, lustily. Every other log or limb conversation stifled by the steamy dialogue between water and water. I seek shelter.

xi) I scrape the bog muck from my sole's feet with a stick near the mouth of the cave and, like a moth to a flame, gradually I shamefully chase the cave light deeper.

xii) There's a bear at its back, with wings not un-lung like, and, now that I've found her again, how does my guide perceive me? She lifts her head and doesn't un-see me.

3An evocation of the high one called July. Used during the periods of depression often suffered by seers to bring them boredom rather than sadness.

Life has lost so much.

I had reached the top of the bank and was wading into the sea.

I thought of her,

Of July.

Even boredom is an other.

i) And just as he who, with exhausted breath, having fled from sea to shore turns to watch the waters he just left, I watch Ursa-lung inflate her wings.

ii) And with her body she waits for me to rest a while. I'm dried off in her warmth. We balance awkwardly, like Libras, the pressure to speak and the pressure to keep still.

iii) And, to her credit, she doesn't let it show that she is too put off by me. I can tell her I've annoyed her, but that demonstration won't make it un-so.

iv) And so, for a while at least, we only breathe breaths and listen to the other's breathing. I think that maybe I should go. I think I'll stay. I listen to our staying unwillingly.

v) And the ticks are back to talking outside again, knocking down the seconds passing, dialing the moon, counting the stars, numbering the instances of waiting.

vi) And I wonder how much waiting I can weigh. It's digging, like straps, into my shoulders...the waiting is I mean. Can time pass this slowly, or is it playing?

vii) And Ursa-lung yawns and I can see inside her there's fire gleaming. She must be breathing translucent smoke. And some folk say they don't believe in ghosts.

viii) And she gets up and sort of floats to the mouth of the cave, glowing, in slight variations, brighter as she does. I pause, unknowing, before I follow.

ix) And I think about the muck around the outside of our haven. In the cave the ground is hard and pounded flat and solid. Outside, there's rain to mix with.

x) And, before I lose my Ursa-lung, I take a step and expect to find the forest floor as thick as tar, but it really is much thicker. As thick as obsidian.

xi) And then I realize how cold it all is: the night, the sky, the black bark and the absence of our conversation. Hey Ursa-lung? I say with reservations.

xii) Then I take a moment, having not thought this far into this. She turns and undoes me, like an osprey, with an act of poetry, but I'm still there. Really. Bent like madness in a spring.

4A dis-enchantment to return a seer from being blind or common, often uttered with grace of high ones by stronger seers.

Ah, every other shore,

I flee like a lion and seem high like ages.

I issue from ruins to kill every meal.

Nature kills that "oh," that "one,"

And my high.

i) Smooth like a stone, I reassemble, and I realize I'm starting to resemble that thing that I shouldn't remember. I look elsewhere in my mind.

ii) I find I've been thrown back into the cave and grumble, underground-ness tickles my nostrils and my stomach growls, having eaten not but little, bitter berries.

iii) It takes a gnostic hand to find the mouth, and gnostic eyes to determine the time by the sky. No Gnosticism is necessary for teeth to salivate at certain scents.

iv) In some place, there's a campfire. Nearby, I can smell a rabbit cracking. I inhale a lungful and its fit for an in-law—nicely spiced with cloves and garlic.

v) What a strange sting it is, to be guided by nothing but flavor. To stomp with fervor through any muck in any direction where the air tastes any sweeter.

vi) In the middle of the forest, with no path where one can come to it, the camp appears: a clearing with a spit, stumps for sitting, and fallen boughs—still green—leaned two by two.

vii) There is a scythe besides, sharply rusted and encrusted with the turquoise grit that gets all over pennies. I lead its edge to the fire to clean it. Purge it. Make it holy.

viii) Lightness leans westward, whistling wind words of farewell, and darkness swells in its abandonment like a vagrant in a hidden camp. We make camp for the night, night and I.

ix) Laid in the green lean-to am I when I hear the voice of my guide, from inside me, but still audibly, bouncing off the fogs of the gathering evening.

x) You know me, she'd said as she unmade me. And if you know me, name me truly. Name me. Name me. I know you know me. Name me. Name me.

xi) It isn't that her words weren't true. It isn't that. It's precisely that it isn't that. It's memory, venomously, that. Her name is a rattlesnake in the brush near me. It shakes.

xii) I turn to one side and face away from the camp. Deep, deep in the woods, I see lamplight not quite as fainting as my campfire. *Name me. Name me.* Her voice re-chanting.

5A spell to remember something actively forgotten. The seer casting this spell must be alone in some lost place and there find all things that they have hidden.

The forest was so many other stocks.

True I abandoned her,

Was already on the turns to quit her

From returned love and hungry eyes,

And later she responded.

6

i) There was a time, and I won't speak much further, when I knew her not as Ursa-lung.
When her name was some high thing like bells ringing, balanced in a forest.

ii) There was a house shallow in the wood, between it and city, on a river, near the mill
which had fish jumping like silver and osprey preyed like fever.

iii) There was a field, now gone to fallow, and marsh not much farther which cracked in
the heat like black ice ready to give way to a pit-trap.

iv) There was a path through this gallows-ed field and through this marsh which, though
difficult, precarious, and hell to traverse, I was versed in well.

v) There was a quiet in the wood in which I wandered and lusted after. After noon, most
days, I'd find myself in that path's middle, wondering where brooks or rooks called from.

vi) There was a den of wolves reported and travel was hesitated at. The question was
always both which path will one take, and which path is that pack on.

vii) There was a cold summer in which weeds were wary and my potatoes needed little
looking after. I wore a cloak. I do not wear that cape now. I've never felt this cold.

viii) There was a strangeness which overtook the others. Why was it only their flocks
were hunted? Why was their chicken coup so un-safe? Oh! Why me, Nisus?

ix) There were accusations, made securely, by a boy, Euryalus, which accused a high-one of witchcraft, of summoning wolves to others or warding wolves away.

x) There was an investigation which yielded nothing and only further enflamed the anonymous accuser. Cattle, sheep, and swine were still dined on by the pack.

xi) There was a disappearance shortly after of the accused and all against her mumbled about its for the best-ness and took to dividing her stock into who gets which head.

xii) She was my wife, and she perished in a pomegranate, and, not long after, her dog came to the house in which we had lived, by the mill, and it started speaking to me.

6A spell to illicit a half reply, to be used on a person in profile and with the knowledge that the answer will only be part of what the seer expects.

In it was death,

In the question, each of us was panting:

“Was I ever not before your eyes?”

You all do not reply to us,

Though we all lived in Ilium.

i) I must stop recalling for it sends every bit of me screaming like a banshee and I feel everything too much in every of my memories. I can't remember for the life of me.

ii) It is as a thought that I'm silenced by suffocation, muffled, fixed in assonance, made silent and loud at once. I make loud pangs and curl up as though sick.

iii) Sickness isn't it, I'm un-infected by this, just made to taste its bitterness. Bitterer than berries, than death, than dirt, than driftwood sea-salted and burnt.

iv) I need to look away from my reflection for it makes me this way, crying, clutching my stomach, hiccupping, my diaphragm unable to keep pace with my heartbeat.

v) I try to focus on now, but all my sensation is inward, I lingered too long in that past and now it drags its fingernails across me, a tusk not literally cutting me.

vi) I want to cough, vomit, purge myself of it, I want to cry out *Ursa-lung! Ursa-lung!* But my guide could hear and recalling her true calling might kiss my presence dead.

vii) So, I do what I can to wait for it to pass, watch the fire, focus on its dance, try and forget the past and the passed and passing moments. I try, and fail, to un-know it.

viii) I clench my jaw and close my eyes and shut in every memory, try and dismiss them as fantasy, as not my life, as made-up foolery I tell myself to feel this way.

ix) I try breathing normally and can't. I cross my eyes and pant and bite down on my lolling tongue and, falling into something sleep like, I let blood flood my insides.

x) Asleep, where all is nonsense anyway, I dream that I'm a wolf, prey to an osprey and I know it by her falling shadow. Let go of the ground, I hear Ursa-lung tell me.

xi) I start to be waking, shaking, sweating, bleeding at my bit nails and follicles, reeling from her touch for, I won't remember her touching me in any way.

xii) Ursa-lung is over me, looking in me, and un-un-making me. She's worried like a breeze I realize, and it might be she who has something to show me.

7An incantation to begin and conclude walking meditations. The spell evokes the high ones and grants the seer answers to troubling questions.

I walk.

I was abandoned here, on the views of long rays.

I love.

You're all tall and speechless and in awesome silence.

Answer me, in Ilium, my questions and all others.

i) Feet stamp a white path wide and Ursa-lung floats footless and weightless and I think the less I know about where we tramp and trumpet, the better.

ii) The weather is better. The night is full bright with moonlight and some sight is awarded to our eyelines: a lake and on it an island that isn't land.

iii) I, feet sand standing on the shore, and she, floating like something more than me in the air, we stare at that mass, black on black, a fell tree tangle.

iv) The boat, for transparently now I can see its boat-ness, bobs, wobbles, winds and spins with whirling pools, tops, tucks, and is halfway sunk.

v) As Ursa-lung crafts a flighty path over the mirror to the vessel's rear, small wake rising in her wake, I hear myself squeaking in fear of deepness.

vi) I can't follow, I say, swallowing as she un-faces me. The moon's behind her, binding her like clothes over her shoulder with authority.

vii) I can't follow you, I chant—cause her turning gaze to rephrase its object. She shrugs and perhaps wonders why I was drug out here save fear.

viii) I watch her diminish, quit this, and sit, instead, on the shore for waiting, in ire at myself, irritated with my fear, spectating only lake waves now.

ix) She said that I knew her, nostalgia calls. I pretend not to listen. Name her, she'd said.
Not Ursa-lung, not moniker, homonym, pen-name...

x) Not nick name, nor pet name. Not code name and not affectionate calling nor irritating,
degrading nor n'otherwise mocking. She waits to be named true.

xi) I won't recall. Nostalgia says I'm stalling, but I'm not. I'm resting in the rhythm, not
slowing down the score. This is another's solo. That's all.

xii) I'm anti-sound. The instrument I play in this ensemble is the rest. I'm noise's
negation and I won't not harmonize nor not play my part.

*8A direct call to the high ones, to be used only in times of absolute need of existential validation.
Grants the seer a sliver-sight of their purpose.*

Answer all that's breathless.

Was there much returned?

Was there a now with this season?

And with it do I turn?

What follows every "that" and "oh" that entreats you?

i) Who can say what saw I next? I can't. I wasn't looking. It wasn't clear but impressed me with a memory that isn't mine. A tale tolled to me I didn't pay for.

ii) Sun hadn't yet begun to sing its morning song and night was slighting towards her deathbed, red-covered, warm-looking, restful, restful, resting.

iii) I am alone, throwing, no, tossing or tipping shore stones into the mirror. Ripples from water skaters and stone splashes trouble reflections.

iv) I won't reflect on that which brought me here. A handful of gravel hammers a cymbal crash on the surface near the lake grass. Dragonflies in spite.

v) Ursa-lung has not returned. I let myself lose her. Allowed myself. Lost her myself on purpose. It seems to be my purpose to lose her and hers to find me.

vi) If I sit much longer I'll start to wonder about my past. Better to try swimming. Stripping and shivering I flounder in the water, trouble reflecting with me.

vii) I'm not strong and soon I'm tired. Water gets down my throat and I gulp so I don't breathe. I can see the boat. I won't turn towards the shore.

viii) I drink more and breathe less. I'm breathless and drunk: splashing and slipping deeper, lapping and panting shallowly for, it seems, hours fleeing.

ix) My fingertips touch and linger on a boat lip, a low ship, a soaked chip of still floating wood ripped apart by wreck and crippled from bow to tip.

x) I'm barely awake and bare and cold, thankful for the golden sun that dries me like she did. I think I faint, but I may still be awake. I wait, anyway.

xi) Do I dream? Or is it real? I see another osprey glossing over me. It has wings arched like wheels, like demons, like freemen un-haunted.

xii) There's a boar on the lake shore, a sow with piglets who is wondering how far an osprey can dive and how hard it would be to drive away with a tusk.

9A mantra cast when in need of the ability to endure any hardship, it shows the seer a dream of the high ones and of what can be gained through endurance.

I am in the journey and am spent,

And am not always angry or ruined in the shadows.

I live off another love author who

Kills, reigns, and marries.

i) When I wake, or just snap out of that trance, she's over me, swaying as though in dance, in the air over me, in the wet weightlessness of evening.

ii) She isn't looking at me, she casts a glow but not her gaze. Her eyes are razor-closed and her garments flow around her like water around light or gauze.

iii) It was fate, I want to say, not I. I want to pray that I peddled destiny's trinkets like lasers on uncut quartz cast akimbo like a rainbow. Not apologize, just refuse response.

iv) She speaks in un-words first, softly like piano keys playing harmonies. Her tongue brushes the back of her teeth like brushes on a ride. She's the water, she's jazz.

v) She begins to spin and makes it clear that I should stand, be included in the dance, run along the length of the lake with her throat in hand and I want to.

vi) It's hard to hesitate anymore, the silent music is a tone so blithe that I'm almost writhing as I left, left, left-right-left. Rock-step, step, step. Fate, the goat, cannot be my guide.

vii) She leads, and I follow like a thread—grabbed by her closed eyes—in and out of every un-place in this boat half-swallowed by this whole lake. Like nothing, I swing.

viii) If she's singing I can hear it, like saxophones clearer than on radios, like right here to hear, like clear, like—if she isn't singing then she is anyway.

ix) I'm spun and sewn through and spooled and unspooled and soon I'm not even sure we're touching, but there's a promise there of touch that is enough.

x) I'm tenor and swing bass. I crescendo like a rising moon—a yellow run, and funnily enough I think we're enjoying being in choir together all acapella.

xi) As quickly and clichély as it started, all slows down and I'm back to being still on makeshift seating on our landless island, looking at the lake, thinking nothing.

xii) I look over and she's smiling like she did when she wasn't Ursa-lung, and if I hesitate, if I'm back to hesitating, it's because I don't want to break that spell.

10A love spell. Not to create love, but to see it between people and in people and from people and even from oneself if one can properly observe themselves.

In so much else there is such breathlessness,

and into my back in which she wrists,

that every-wave.

And in a muse or romance,

You are.

i) Hey Ursa-lung, I say to disenchant us. She says, hey, and then, with my name, floats down to right beside me, puts her hands on my knee.

ii) Hey, she says again through touch. Which of us speaks next is mystery. When one can speak soundlessly all the world's a conversation to partake in.

iii) No matter the language I disappoint her. I do not name her. It irritates her I can tell, to not know the name in which she—the real she—dwells.

iv) I let my foot fall into the mirror and watch as a duck, with ducklings, floats by, clucking, interrupting any awkwardness that falls between us.

v) Could she forgive me? After every offer made to me, for not wanting to give her my memories? Would she understand my amnesia?

vi) I wonder, isn't destiny a poor excuse? Can't we only be blameless or blameful? Could we in between? What is this guilt that laurels we in gold with a medal of most guilty?

vii) What's another night of waiting, I wonder. What's another night of opposing, of my seeking ignorance and she Gnosticism? What is any time, but textured?

viii) She isn't speaking further. Do neither of us wish to be a burden? That tastes of iron. Both of us are silly with guilt, but only she doesn't know why she rides thusly.

ix) It must be nearly midnight and I get up and walk to the mast, not to lose her, just to lose me. The night feels heavy like wet wool or steel wool or a well.

x) She calls after and follows me. We climb to where the sail would billow and find it curled, but unbroken. Unfurled it catches the still air there.

xi) The ship shudders a little and struggles to right itself. The sound of water rushing is like a roll on a snare, the rebalancing of our flotsam like a flam.

xii) The termites, long since drowned, talk like the warped wood ticks and as morning slowly dawns on me this terminal vessel seems undead, a ghost of wood.

11A spell that lets the seer see the construction of wild places and the love with which high ones gazed places into the world. A spell to see gazes of men also.

A forest, for me, was so much.

Each was a deserted shore,

Was the steep lands,

Was the love, the gentle gaze of them—

Of Rome, of Ilium, of Virgil, of others.

i) It may be that she can't see the sun. Once, I was told ghosts are nocturnal—that sunlight poisons them by diminishment of their will-o-wisp light.

ii) It may be, briefly, that I feel something like pity or empathy. Every dream she's shown me was pretty and yet she can't see the sun anymore.

iii) The rigging is sagging, and the vessel is moving, however slowly, deeper into the inland sea, away from the beach. I don't know with any sense where.

iv) I find some old clothes, un-moldy and something pickled in a chest below. Vats of wine there too and kinds of water and the kind of fishing line for trolling.

v) I busy myself in daylight by looking for my guide. She must not be visible, for the vessel isn't great and every cranny's vacant. I grunt like a boar and let un-comfort fill me.

vi) I find a bed and bring it onto the deck and watch the osprey circles. The sun and waves rock me into something not un-like sleep. I dream, as I've done, vaguely.

vii) In my vision, we sail on mist so dense that the mast is illegible, I know we've missed our moorage payments, and am unsure whether we've left port.

viii) We are pursued, I perceive. There is firelight behind us and the bass booming of canons and crashes of lead weights splashing in the lake around us.

ix) They catch us like we're salmon in spawn—easy to pick up and toss. The captain's a stern man with crosses and constellations embossed on his shirt sleeves.

x) He calls her a witch and wants me to rid this ship of all her craft. He's a lash and lips which clash together tersely like barley and baked celery.

xi) In bassoon tones he tells me to take her from any seaworthy place and I admit that I obey. Guilt consumes me and soon I follow her, flinching, into that waterfall.

xii) I say her name. I summon her frame. I summon her face. I summon her falling place and she appears so vividly that I turn away and away and away.

12A lamentation said over the dead and a charm to be said to those grieving. It guides the dead to Nisus and gives the surviving loved ones the slightest of happinesses.

It was dark thing, a quell.

Death was a covert, and all has hell as he behooves the eternal.

In the soul, we shall be happy

And not high or ennobled, but still.

i) I'd tasted coffee once to take sleep from me. It'd once aired out my eyes like attic windows and had drawn me like blood from my cloudy pillows.

ii) I night-wake now. It's only the old coldness of the sunless sky that pries me from slumber. I still grumble, complain, but now I number the stars not the rays.

iii) I take a mouth full of water. My wool wear is damp, and I shiver. Should I wish to live, I should move my body, blues my heart, start foot tapping.

iv) I take an hour until when the moon glows and then I know she's missing. Where's my guide? She's not inside this vessel, still wind blows me along and alone.

v) I take a solo and I shout across the water the name that I gave her—the un-her, *Ursa-lung!* And listen to that echo linger like guilt on the still lake.

vi) I take a few minutes where I'm lost, coming across in my memory a remembrance of her walking on water via bridges she'd made of frosts.

vii) Has she left me? I ask the air. Here, where I am powerless to work the sail, follow her trail. Has she given up on getting any apology for my betrayal?

viii) I take her un-name and hold it between my teeth, humming and burning like a harmony that seeps from my gums like sap and drives me until I hear it loudly.

ix) I take her un-name and shout it again and again it fills. I waste my breath though, and I know it. She wouldn't come if she'd heard it. Painful to admit it.

x) I take my wrist and count its pulses, it flicks like frets when pressed, its higher pitched like faster notes. The written score my body performs falls into excruciating silence.

xi) I take the deck unwillingly as it comes to me. I take a piece in my side like my scythe from my former life and I///// close. I don't want this pain. I quit it. There is no pain.

xii) I wash up on some shore, still breathing softly, but consciously unconscious with a bit of shipwreck embedded in my hip coagulating. No pain.

13A lamentation spell, used to allow guidance of the dead to the high one, Nisus, who will shepherd them forever afterwards. The spell allows catharsis.

This is bitter.

Not so great was the fear of others' rays.

Hope wasn't given nor offered in no same spell

Hope kills both of them.

And the most gnostic of them was you, Nisus.

i) It's still night when I come to, wondering where I've come to, not moving though. It's hard to move when your past is still passing through you.

ii) It's still night when I right myself, with trouble, to a stance of struggled standing. I walk two feet and stop to breath and grunt like a sow nuzzling her piglets, expanding.

iii) It's still night when I pull the shipwreck from my hip and cringe and cry and try to smile through the salt tears in my wound and I wash with the lake.

iv) It's still night. And a still night at that. There is no movement here. Even the waves on the shore are rhythm-less in slowness.

v) It's still a still night when I see light somewhere further down the shore and I explore, laying a track of blood in my wake. I am worn.

vi) It's still still and night-like as I approach the light, which I find made by fire. I'm tired and I think I'll sit at it a while. No one else is there.

vii) It's still even as dawn dawns. The sky isn't lightened by degrees, only when I'm not watching it, only when I can't sense its movement.

viii) It's still so still even in the morning light. The lake is wakeless, and wave-less like ice or glass, but liquid. I want to trouble it.

ix) It's still so still even after I toss a rock at it. The ripples are absorbed and made consequence-less. If I seem troubled by this, I am. I am.

x) I still don't know where I am, but I've realized, despite the gash gaping at my side, I'm no longer bleeding. My blood freezes mid pour.

xi) It's all stillness and, chilled, I witness this unplace I feel I shouldn't be, but I lack the strength to swim again. So, I stay still as well.

xii) Still, if I don't move, I know, something tells me, I'll become as statue as this place. So, I tap my foot on the shore and hum a hymn.

14A transmutative spell that allows the seer to become lost within a crowd, not only visually, but mentally as well. Allows the seer to change into an un-seer.

I walk in the night but am breathless,

Deserted, and back every time.

I offered him Rome to kill later unto pewter,

And remittance unto driving through us to mix we with them.

i) I sing. Once there was a war where warriors were, where vultures turned in the sky,
light dialed. Once upon a time, in blood, they smiled.

ii) I sing. Once it wasn't known what happened after dying, where everything was like
the sand, was fine. Once upon a time, we un-knew time.

iii) I sing. Once there was a ham which housed all the homes, which all were burrows
like foxes' or bears'. Once upon a time, we all were there.

iv) I sing. Once and only once some wise fool came and cried, where was he from like a
ghost he had come. Once upon a time, we were so dumb.

v) I sing. Once he'd settled down and spoke of his illness, which was a sort of knowing
unlike anything. Once upon a time, we made him king.

vi) I sing. Once he had the crown he still cried often, wherever he was he groaned and
pouted. Once upon a time, sadness sprouted.

vii) I sing. Once we could feel sadness we looked at ourselves, we realized what an ill
place we had. Once upon a time, our guilt made us mad.

viii) I sing. Once we knew ourselves and all our desires, we needed them all—all of them
quickly now. Once upon a time, we learned our woe.

ix) I sing the silence that separates that verse from the next, and I can feel my heart beginning to beat again and again and again, to the beat.

x) I sing the rest, and, in the rest, I feel I'm able to stand. The waves on the shore begin breaking again. I test the air. It's moving.

xi) I sing the ending of the song without singing, internally, in me and I pulse again like jazz in the water. I'm jazz. I flow and fly.

xii) Hey Ursa-lung! I call out to no call back and audibly I wait until a moment passes and a moon rises and stars peek—how quickly time beats now.

15A spell that validates the existence of the casting seer. A spell that hopes that it can show the value of the caster, however minute, and remove their fear.

Fear is in the middle.

Ah, repeat how much I abandoned and ended breathless shores.

Was I deserted in the loin? Was it not fine that I turned and saw other people?

You reply in Ilium.

i) The sunset is eclectic. It moves its hips down and down until its eclipsed by the land or water to the west. I look, cardinally, for the glow of my guide.

ii) Where am I? I wonder if I've ever known. I wonder if anyone ever really knows, or if there's even an attempt at knowledge, or if it's just acceptance.

iii) There's a slope, steep and steeped in trees not far inland with a blue glow at its summit, like a volcano, or an abduction like the smoothness of lava. It has cliffs of clay.

iv) I scavenge some beach nuts and crabs and spit them on the fire, cracking their shells while I shell myself with bandages. I eat then.

v) For some time, I pick my teeth and watch my breath cold fog up the air. I can't help but breathe. I can't help but see when my eyes are open. I blame my creation.

vi) When I set off, my gait is unsteady, still shaky from my bloodlessness, buckling and bucking and my feet tucking over themselves.

vii) I ascend bending as through boughs and branches and get stuck by prodding stickers, become bramble in the bramble for a while. I grow upwards.

viii) There's no path, no track to follow, just my own trajectory and the laws that bind me while in motion to stay in motion. Physically, this is fine.

ix) An owl hoots like a horn somewhere, satisfied, with a mouth full of shrew, coughing up a pellet. I want to tell it thank you in its own language.

x) Without the forest, it would be noiseless, and I know I couldn't stand this. I know despite my tendency to be agnostic. I can't help but knowing.

xi) The top of the hill is clay cliffs on each side, wide and steep and hard to climb even when one has the time. I stop in the chill. This stay lifts some warmth away.

xii) I try to be electric, feel energy inside myself, but I'm not clean enough. Some stuff's underneath my fingernails, sheets of plunder, fools' gold.

16A spell to see in the dark, but not only the darkness of the world, but the darkness of the mind as well. A spell to see with the high one's eyes.

I come there, to every forest in the black,

And who that's angry stays there so still?

In their eyes, both Rome's and Ilium's, others reply,

By sharing the hell where you go to sight.

i) I'm one with the sunrise. As it rises so do I. I'm bouldering the east cliff and as I climb the light reaches down to hand me handholds. Illuminate roots.

ii) There's an apple tree at the peak and a snake in its base and fresh clothes and boots to slither through. There's a brook nearby, and her inside.

iii) Blue glow to glue my eyes to her un-shadow. She isn't material as the sun shines through her like wind through clouds shines denser.

iv) I don't call Hey, Ursa-lung, I let her look away from me so long as she's the she that's here. When she's disappeared, I dare exhale.

v) What now? Why am I always asking things? Don't I want to not know everything? Why do I insist on thinking? This whole thing is thinking.

vi) I go to the brook which babbles deeply. I can tell through its clarity how deep a spring it is. I wash my face, replace my old skin with freshness.

vii) I leave the clothes and the snake under the apple tree for someone seeking something else. I ease into the brook, holding onto the turf so I can't even think of slipping.

viii) The water's warm despite its clarity and depth. It smells sulfuric and eerily familiar. Its walls are white and hard clay, no iron left in them.

ix) I'm up to my chin. My lower lip I let in. I breathe through my nostrils like a fox does.
And I slide in slightly further. Slightly further.

x) I can feel myself becoming less myself and more everything else. It's like my ions are
osmosing or marrying the hill, the limestone and clay.

xi) I stay awake for a long time, but I lose the will to wake and fall into the state I float
through. I drift wood. I could be anywhere while here.

xii) Who should I be? Name me. Name me. If you know me, name me, say me. Let me be
what you've named me. Let my name be what it is.

*17A spell to see high ones even if they wish to avoid detection. Also, used as a reminder between
seers of the consequences of mis-loving things un-earthly.*

I came there always to wade in the woods,

To watch the slopes and the high ones play.

And one god seemed ruined, largely by July,

For she'd un-named him and wedded the earth with love instead.

i) In my dream, I'm nameless and I revel in this. I unknow everything. Everything's unthinkable. It's like being in denial without knowing how to deny.

ii) I dine on...something. Excuse me, words don't work that way. I pine for...all things? Maybe I don't pine. Maybe...it could be I am.

iii) I've never felt whatever feeling this is. I don't even think it's feeling. It's like I think I should be feeling or hearing a song in my head out loud.

iv) I'm not actually sensing anything. This un-sensing, this inability to have any knowledge of my body, only illusory senses, presents itself. I un-am.

v) There's a farm though—familiarily cold in the summer and a field of gallows near a marsh black and cracked as ice also. I know.

vi) There's a high one who I must be and a dog who doesn't belong to him, or anyone, I know, anymore. The dog stares, unblinking at him, the I.

vii) The I can't stare back as long, and holds his sickle, scrapes the slow mud from boot soles and wallows and something grows like quartz in him.

viii) He's an agate, water dripping through him, disco-balling in him, light through his eyes, the everyday kind, glows the cruddy crystals within.

ix) The dog stares on, accusing, and singing, silently, old blues standards. Even in the dark its quiet voice shines like a lantern. *I have nothing.*

x) Slowly, all accelerates. Somewhere, drum roll please, on snares and tympani. A tuba plays an all flat key and the I cries his soul out in an alto solo.

xi) Now all the fields are left to fallow, the dog guards the house and the I lays in the brook of a dormant volcano in a forest, un-seasoned.

xii) I awake without reason and recombine into myself in the process. I must process all that's come to pass. I am the I. How do I forget that?

18Summons high ones to the place of an execution of murderers so they may be judged by the high ones. A mercy spell for those who deserve no mercy.

You come as a breathless shore and desert them,

And all of them are left to the ion of Troy.

Their hours are shameful, and I weep as I am wild then,

And what kills will be more still? They will have the eternal.

i) And she, who is she who is also an I? Not the I I am, another I, a pair of I's, a way to empathize, to perspective-ize, to resemble or ensemble, to harmonize.

ii) Who stands over me and why? To judge or to hold against me grudges or to guide or to be led to water, not to drink, to be led to un-think?

iii) Who is she? I know I could remember, but if I remember her, I'll be defined by her. She's my other. We don't sound the same. Despite the guilty tones we melody.

iv) She'll appear, right where I am, when the moon lifts the baton. We'll breathe in, ready to play or keep the count or to conduct electrically, other-worldly.

v) She'll be here, Ursa-lung, and maybe that's all she'll be. Just Ursa-lung, just a ghost in every forest on every night and made more visible to me.

vi) Distantly and dissonantly, I re-emerge from the brook. I will have noise, but not make any myself. Somewhere a cock scowls and a rabbit howls from owl talons.

vii) Up here I can watch the sunset and I bet, just like every day, that it will set, but when I look behind me, another sun is rising in the east.

viii) Everything astral stops. As the light from each sun combines I find Ursa-lung before me, made wine-dyed. An astrological anomaly like fate cannot decide.

ix) Every constellation's above us, composed of connections we chose. I want to say a sentence but lack the tenses. I've forgotten everything and—wait, I wanted this.

x) She's like two spotlights meeting on a stage on a mirror or in smoke. Billowing wings inhale and are full of her air. She extends herself until she is every there.

xi) Her hand feels warmer than I couldn't have imagined. Not wet, enveloping. Not soft, binding. Not frail, enfeebling. I am subjected to her like wind or woodwinds.

xii) We're touching and that's more shocking than her soaring, pulling me along like the key string of a kite. We're ash fired into the air. Suddenly, we're un-where. Empyrean.

19A powerful, transmutative spell, which uses a seer's will to make a place as it is in memory.

The performance of this spell is temporary and angers Nisus.

I'm where straight is round.

And I'm so angry at the thinness of my life at that.

Kill animals and hound after their love.

The will elects!

i) Wherever we aren't, I can hear a piano playing accidentals, drum set accents and an upright bass just standing tall and impressive.

ii) There isn't suggestion that this is paradise, no one says that, no one thinks that, for farmers and witches don't belong, even if we aren't anymore.

iii) She looks me over academically. I wonder if she'll ask again to be named. If that's why I was brought, just to name her and defame myself.

iv) Asking doesn't happen though. Only observation, white hot, gazing, and under observation, jazz music, cool blue. Political.

v) I think I'm being polite, but I don't think she'll show me any ire ever again, only goodness to inspire my secret, her name, to be reborn.

vi) I try not to think about it, and listen to the playing, to the riffs and chromatic, colorful scales of everything that writhes here, swimming.

vii) Wherever we aren't, I know I've been brought to earn my passage. I have my fingers slipped like laces around hers. Passing around each other's rings.

viii) There is no suggestion that we're to do anything suggestive other than our fingers massaging the places between the other's fingers slowly.

ix) She looks me over, un-academically, and speaks to me. Hey, she says, I don't want to forget anything. I've forgotten everything, she says and says Nisus in that way.

x) Asking doesn't happen though. There is only confession. I confess, I hadn't expected this. I admit, she disarms me. She holds me through my hand some more.

xi) I think I'm being polite, and I excuse myself. Let go of her, not afraid to fall. You shouldn't, I say, remember me that way, remember me the real way.

xii) I try not to think about it, what I'm saying, just let it be, just let her name come naturally. Hey, Ursa-lung, I say and then I say, Hey...

20A chant used to remind seers of the love that is within them and allow them to see those who love them, no matter the distance this vision would need to travel.

The sigh in each lot.

And if I wrist as wild others come—

Unto every hell in your old soul—

From you, in you,

And then you.

i) Twenty-one times trying I, hey her, but cannot name her. Once an hour, if time is printable un-here, I say hey and no more.

ii) What I should say in these swimming clouds, these hours swimming like clouds, what I should say aloud isn't allowed un-here before...

iii) But there's no before un-here, is un-there? She is waiting and isn't it weighing on me? But how can weight, waiting, weigh more?

iv) Or am I un-breathing? Between frames of time, I'm getting lung heavy, all the hey's emptying out me over four more hours.

v) Twenty-One Ursa-lungs far-flung fly before me, like peering through akimbo quartz or unrefined oils in puddles of troubled ripples.

vi) Is she fading? Should I say things, not hey, I mean, things—like wait, or hark, or whatever names jazz melodies spell in arpeggios.

vii) Or shouldn't I? For her I was first created and by the same lung-winged frame, adoting, may I be unmade for saying the wrong way?

viii) Let me back, I say to the hers, words fail me, so I fail. Don't kill me, let me be, I can't breathe. Short ways I plead, monosyllabically.

ix) There's burning in her burdening sad gazes. I may faint, I realize, at the spectacle of those special, spectral eyes. Blankness amazes, unmakes.

x) Twenty-One gazes faze me. Her not un-lungy wings worry the un-air. Lead flirts with my feet until time repeats every hey uttered.

xi) Every hey-hey, a hey-hey-hey, three hey-ss by four and a halting hey or seven over all pail wanly back in my way lay played and pave and.

xii) Twenty-What? But...am I? Are the twenty-one she's fading, am I? Let me say there's burning, twenty-one suns in every sky turning.

21A spell to see things that are amiss and a pledge to right them. Used more often as a vow to protect than a way of seeing. Seers often already see the wrongness.

The way was the age at the time of gazes,

And they made offerings in Mantua.

The king offered me, and I returned to crown

The delectable land that the animals loved.

i) It's ten at night. There's time again. Things can sound like rhymes again or doo-wop or blues or rests or tap shoes shouting from being stepped on.

ii) I am iambic again, here again, in the harmonies of the spheres again. The suns, both those suns, all the suns, have set and it is not yet morning again.

iii) Who she is, is immediately remembered, that true name like a leather bracer—July, a high one reformed, reborn, re-birthing, my Ursa-lung truly sung wife.

iv) But I don't wave this name above me like a trumpet. I pant and look around me, around the volcano where I'm being. Who she is to me I...

v) If I say what saying she requires of me, she'll leave and in leaving leave me left alone. Would I be lonely knowing how she'd gone? Is grief company?

vi) I'm aware of other creatures, details of her drowning, my performance in that pomegranate, of the farmer-headsman with a dog, un-his, whining.

vii) Though she knows my name, I know myself better as I. Could I define myself any finer without her signs. Besides her name what can I trade her.

viii) There's black ice on the mirror cracking statically like radios. There's the rhino presentness of my being. And there's nothing. That's all I have.

ix) I've got my clothes I suppose. And a fuller beard than ever. Though she'd never want these mortal things. A ghost she is with not un-lung like wings. And a high-one ringed.

x) There's the thistle fruit in the fens below the hill, I see. There's firewood and plenty of emptiness to fill a stomach. What a farmer I turned out to be. What a headsman.

xi) Love isn't it. Guilt can be a guide and I followed her. Did I want to improve from the I who murdered her? To know being better? Without regard, unselfishly, she tutored me.

xii) I hear a herd of sheep un-shepherded passing. Their marshal is a big horned ram that Ursa-lung is riding. As she waves, down I climb to pay my learning fee.

22A spell to see things through the eyes of the past, not used to decide if something is traditional but to see how time changes things, passively.

I walk.

I am so much in time that I,

Do not look with large eyes at July,

But even in beginning, I reply:

“Study does not honor other people, lost in ancient places.”

i) How followed have I, now? I've flocked with them like warbling starlings in a murmuration, these sheep I mean, and her, who seems to know I know her name again.

ii) How often have we done this? I wonder this. How long has she pursued me and how many times have I amnesia-ed, stopped recording, lived lineless, scythed?

iii) How many names 'sides Ursa-lung has she resigned to, hoping that this time I'd rewind memories like tapes and remind myself of her?

iv) How bitter my memory is, how sour, so hectic, epically fractured and I must feel, at every moment before I choose to forget only strong empathetic regret.

v) How she leads me, every me, each new me, like soon-to-be-slaughtered sheep which she can't quite shear without consent. She needs and is annoyed by me simultaneously.

vi) How now I feel so shitty, some pity, for my mugger, who I, headsman-ly, did my duty to overzealously. Under a waterfall, she drowned like metal. Wedding all.

vii) How wet and vile-y we've wordily conversed in un-functioning ways since that day, or those days, when our ways of relating to one another were otherwise.

viii) How does she remember me, if at all, I wonder. If at all, it must be as witch remembers midges. I wonder what her dog thinks, sighing in the sunlight.

ix) How tempting it would be to consider forgetting. For both of us I mean. Though we must have think that before. We are here, here we are, aren't we?

x) How come we need to do this? How un-fair can life be, I'm a farmer, I remember, and if Ursa-lung had begun at one point to witch, she...

xi) Wouldn't she have witched well? For good, I mean. Consider I'd every time wronged her, she still chants no spell nor song of deforming at me.

xii) She, how she could harm, how many powers she possesses must be astrological, hyper-conical, and... to be un-responsible would be easy.

23A pleading spell, usually directed at one high one in particular and usually July or Nisus, which asks for guidance and pledges to be the tool of that high one.

I walk, so dark and lost that even I abandon I.

Night is the only time.

I offer myself to those who author,

And in each reign, I rebel at once,

“Guide me, until time is gone!”

i) In a meadow we stop like a ballad. Fog like a blanket. Woods like paper baskets made to boat across a creek bed. Still water we pool so.

ii) Un-pretending, from her ram mount, Ursa-lung's descending and I hear her from near to the back of the herd, where lambs bray like cotton.

iii) I've not forgotten why we came here, I say to her, wavering, as she, gliding on opaque and lung like wings, floats among the young things.

iv) You have—her voice like a holy wafer, like communication—before. Could you be reminded of times you would de-mind 'cause its finer mindlessly?

v) Dark like bassoons, I attend her, rocky, un-dementedly, I wait for the finish of her speech and then I whisper to her, I remember.

vi) Hey Ursa-lung, I go on, spelling out in gnostic ardor, I named you wrong—aren't you that high July, that summer, a different star stream all together?

vii) Has she eyelashes to bat? Never mind, there's not a flash of anything upon her, just the same moon-whiteness one might confuse for lightness.

viii) I flush like tidal wave, and, with some sputtering to brave, I reconsider my utterance. By some chance did I say it wrong? Did I speak at all?

ix) Her smile falls like twilight, like a dropped beat, like lemon drop, like sweets. That's me, isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't that my name?

x) She laughs like a witch—that itchy, crashing cackle—like waddle being pulled from walls, like gluey fingertips, like lipstick, like heebie-jeebie kisses.

xi) Modernly, on wings not un-lung-like and rising with an unmaking gaze in her burning eyes and breathing like an organ in a church with bursting bells...

xii) She looks at me. With a smile she wishes me well. With cackles, looks up and cracks like lightning away. True to their tune, my ears listen for a while.

24A spell that asks guidance from the high ones when dealing with a dispute in alien places.

Grants the seer knowledge of the dispute to arrive at judgement.

Walking I am and saw that, for all but the breathless,

We are in a furious ire.

I offer heightened thoughts and he answers me,

“Be a teacher or kill naturally

Every earth.”

i) A day has passed, a moon has rhymed, a lamb has died, and I have dined on whey,
roast, fried grass and creek water. Once, I saw an otter playing gaily.

ii) It's still so evening in the morning light. I sit on a fallen cedar, watch the herd over
which I've been made keeper. The dog comes curiously to greet me.

iii) *Good morning*, the fell fowl in its muzzle suggests with a shake at the fire. Grunting I
pluck it from the dog's mouth and start to shuck it like corn.

iv) The dog goes to play with the sheep and I, sleepily, stake the dead goose and snooze
for a moment. We are, all of us, nameless, other-less, sans Narcissus or any other N name.

v) On the cedar log, knees bent, elbows all akimbo like an electric skeleton, salt-rimmed,
shaken and bent like madness, an unreflecting spring floating past him—

vi) I dream of Ursa-lung, of my name for July, and her strange way of saying the name
which she took away from me. *Name me, name me. know me, name me.*

vii) They are, our lost names, like ospreys whose circling nothing jars, beaming heavens
by, gently moving, gently loving, and gayly maddening the suns and other stars.

viii) As if I never slept, I wake and turn the bird to keep it browning, keep it from
burning, let it stay drowning pleasantly in the flavor of its fluids.

ix) When the dog drops a stick at me, I toss it and it, lost in the tall grass, is sniffed out like a mystery, like a herring of a normal color. Like music in a spring.

x) When the goose has cracked like a chestnut, I cut into it with fingers and curse at their burning and greasily click my tongue. The dog licks them.

xi) When time becomes apparent, talking ticks and what not passing, the goose bones picked and hawked up like owl pellets, the fire low and at its warmest.

xii) When all that, all I've sung so far, has happened. When every crack has cracked, every breath has blown, every Ursa-lung, un-Ursa-lung-ed has flown. Then, at last, at very last, I hum a hymn to make what I've learned known.

25An important spell, used to thank the high ones, a muse, or some other high person in need of thanking. Gives the thanked the vision of the seer's satisfied need.

Every night is good in these eyes,

and boredom ripples from me.

I rest myself so that every ion in me

Reigns within you.



Tomm McCarthy writes genre works, poems, reviews, and travelogues, as well as playing and composing music. He lives and works in Tacoma, Washington and is interested in the study and poetics of haunted, legendary, and imaginary places. His work has appeared both in print and online in publications such as *Creative Colloquy* and *Hyperallergic*.

www.TheCollidescope.com