

# Awen

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atlanteanpublishing@hotmail.com

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## Still Falls The November Snow

*By SchiZ*

Fall the snow  
On a November Sunday afternoon  
As the children play outside  
Down heavy with moisture  
They continue to play  
Trying to catch a flake on the tongue  
Until their parents called  
And watch the falls of  
The November snow cascading  
Onto the grass

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## The '80s

### – A Decade of Good Memories

*By Celine Rose Mariotti*

The 1980's – a good decade – very pleasant  
Ronald Reagan was President  
We were safe and secure  
Dallas, Dynasty and Falcon Crest  
Nighttime soap operas  
We were glued to  
My family and I fell in love  
With Las Vegas  
Our favourite place to go  
We travelled to San Francisco,  
Hawaii and Lake Tahoe  
My Dad and Uncle  
Were alive and well  
Life in the 80's  
Was swell!

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## The Quest for the Perfect Soup

*By Mark Hudson*

We are on an intergalactic quest,  
to find the soup that is the best.  
We are going to have a taste test,  
to find our favourite soup with zest.

We went to Venus, despite the weather,  
for chicken soup, we only got feathers.  
We went to the Isle of Barbados,  
to look for soup that had potatoes.

We got in a spaceship, went vroom!  
In search for soup with mushrooms.  
But the only mushrooms we got,  
we bought illegally with some pot.

We looked on the moon for vegetables,  
but the soup there wasn't edible.  
We found the moon was made of green cheese,  
so we had some soup with split peas.

We had some soup with onions,  
but it put sores on our bunions.  
We had soup on our favorite nebula,  
but then we needed an enema.

We ate ABC soup on Saturn,  
but we got bored with the patterns.  
We tried to go to Alaska,  
but got stuck in Nebraska.

We couldn't find the perfect soup,  
we agreed they all tasted like poop.  
Was it, all the cooks were to blame?  
All the soups tasted the same.

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## Never

*By Howard F. Stein*

I have found a name for you:  
"Never."  
You touch like liquid,  
Flow through my fingers  
Like a stream,  
And move on.  
You were never one  
To settle down much –  
Too confining.  
You were gone  
Before you even got here.

Still, there was something  
In your glance  
That drew me to you,  
But your eyes were soon  
Far off again  
In some distant dream.  
I was hoping at least  
For a "Maybe,"  
But all your face  
Could say was "Never."

# Hugh Bardolph and the Dragon

*By Cardinal Cox*

Brash young Hugh arrived at the royal court  
And at once requested to see the King  
But the gruff old Lord High Chancellor thought  
To see the young knight first was the done thing

"And what, young man," he asked, "is the reason  
What do you carry in that heavy sack  
That at this late hour and in this season  
Excuses you of the manners you lack?"

"My Lord, some days past was my wedding day  
And my new young wife I took for a ride  
Across broad East Lindsey we chose our way  
On our horses, myself and my young bride

Then a bright lightning bolt came from the sky  
In that moment, scared our two horses so  
But next instant, and here I do not lie  
And I have, at hand, evidence to show

A dragon came forth and stood in our way  
So I took out my sword to fight the beast  
Yes I would make the fearsome creature pay  
Make it wish it had not come to the east

We fought and fought but I killed the foul thing  
And here in this bag's what's left of the head  
Such a tale that one day minstrels may sing  
Of how accursed beast became dead."

The chancellor sat and stroked his beard  
"Tell me again your adventurous tale."  
And so now young Hugh was much afeared  
It sounded as though he'd had too much ale

"My beautiful new wife and I rode out  
A lightning bolt foretold much would be ill  
For there were none to come if we might shout  
When a one-eyed dragon came round a hill

So with my straight lance I pierced its neck  
With my sword (now much notched) I sliced it's throat  
See here in this very bag, you can check  
The hideous creature's skull you will note".

The chancellor leaned forward, tapped the skull  
"Is it Lincoln's dragon hunting season?  
Are they so numerous that you must cull  
Individuals with little reason?"

Had you obtained a permit for this act?  
Applied for Royal Licence for this hunt?  
Or rather – is this not the actual fact  
This is just all some flashy jester's stunt?"

Now callow Hugh looked sullen and downcast  
As though some light truth had been revealed  
Mumbling – hesitant – he said at last  
That which he had been keeping concealed

"Sir, my wife and I rode along the shore  
And a lightning bolt fell – struck the bare cliff

With a rumble and bang – as if in war  
Revealing bones of this creature of myth

I found the skull amongst the rocks and sand  
And then brought it here to the royal court  
I meant to entertain with my tale and  
Did not expect to be so quickly caught

It was my idea and mine alone  
My pure young wife had no part in this gest  
To bring you and the King this skull of stone  
Now I fear in your gaol I'll be a guest."

But then King Henry stepped from where he stood  
And clapped his hands, saying, " Well played, young  
lad  
Your foolish tale has entertained me good  
Your intention was never to be bad

But just to try some trick to earn some fame  
Well that, young man, will indeed be your fate  
Soon all here at the court will know your name  
Be a steward and on me you will wait."

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## The Devereux Vault

*By DJ Tyrer*

A grand old family vault sits in one corner of the marshy graveyard, the Devereux Vault. It's a tradition in Tandbury for children, for a dare, to risk the tomb. Cautiously they, some more daring than others, cross the graveyard to that finely-built yet faded tomb. Those that make it, who do not panic and flee amongst the gravestones, who do not goad one another into a fright, approach the vault in which is set an iron grating; the bravest insert their fingers, daring the dead to nibble them. Most times, nothing happens except, maybe, that they scare themselves and yank their hand back in fright, laughing with embarrassment. Some manage to hold their hand in place for some time, allowing them to strut amongst their peers with a certain bravado.

But, there are times, few and far between, when things do not proceed that way. On those occasions, there is something there, something in the darkness of the vault – something that doesn't belong. Through the tunnels that crisscross the area, products of some forgotten past, these things come snuffling like dogs in search of bones to chew, but, on occasion, finding little fingers thrust through the grill, offered up as if dainty treats for their delectation. They approach and sniff, then, take a bite. The child recoils with a scream and a splash of blood to taint the tomb, the creature within retreating to chew the morsels in peace amongst broken coffins and the scattered remains of the forgotten dead.

*Ends*

*Originally published in [Siren's Call ezine](#)*

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Send us your letters of comment!

## Sing Me a Moonsong

By Harris Coverley

Sing me a Moonsong  
Over the silent laughter of gently mocking lips  
Sweetly poisoned green  
Beneath eternal blackness pricked by white eyes flaring

My fingers deep and dragging in the pallid sands  
My nostrils singed with aether  
Silver boots caked with frost  
And crackling helmet porous

I'll follow you my love!  
Across the Tranquil Sea  
And 'round the bend to Serenity  
I'll seek from Tycho up to Copernicus  
Then double-back to Langrenus

Through Rains  
And Storms  
And Clouds  
And Vapours  
Even far north through the Coldest Ocean grey

You cannot hide!  
I'll find you!  
Even far around the Darkest turn  
That range of the Lunatic crags  
Obscured from Gaia's view  
For a jog in a fifth of gravity  
Never did a suitor any harm yet

Oh yes – oh yes my love!  
Sing me a Moonsong  
High and wide  
Carried upon those golden solar winds

I'll find you my love!  
So keep that fork of thorns burning...

.....

## The Craziest in the Doctors' Offices

By Celine Rose Mariotti

Do you need an appointment?  
Better get some ointment!  
Doctors these days  
Are like a giant haze,  
They are all groups controlled  
By the local hospital,  
Nobody at these offices are helpful  
Or useful,

Don't ask a question,  
You'll get indigestion!  
They take your blood pressure with those  
New machines,  
The readings come out too high,  
You just want to scream!

Best to adhere to Benjamin Franklin's advice,  
Because going to the doctor makes you think twice,  
So, an apple a day  
Keeps the doctor away!

## 4 km de 1'0 à 1'E

By Geoffrey Taylor

"You may sit there!" Points with a pen.  
She is one who is surpassing fair;  
clarity of brow and bustle of hem.  
I'm the the first to peruse the care of fare,  
her manner is imperious as I point in there.  
Where had I roused her contempt  
as if some infernal blight on the chair?  
Could the cause be my foreign accent,  
or associate me with some incident?

Were she one of those yachtsmen  
who witnessed my antics on the beach?  
Where I teetered in getting my leg thro',  
with the end of a towel in reach,  
my bare loins from exposure keep?  
I had descended a ramp onto the sand,  
and my footfall sank where I planted each.  
Ladies twain held a bairn by the hand;  
as for me it is uncharted land.

My plan is to dry off then explore;  
though tardy in the commencing of my swim,  
and brief ere I wade to shore.  
The ferry small and moored-in  
ere her next crossing's due to begin.  
The chimes from the mainland answer  
those here with their hourly ring.  
Sand-flies would make one a dancer,  
(there's a senior couple on a verandah.)

An outhouse buried in nasturtia,  
though its ruin adjoins a home;  
of tourists I may be the first here,  
finger post points elsewhere to roam.  
Wholesome crops on a hearty loam;  
neighbours tarry as they are able,  
open farmlands 'gainst ocean's foam.  
Split slate hangs at gable.  
(Lovers glance from the next table.)

The place is filling with diners,  
when elders enter I turn in my chair.  
Else there's predominantly minors:  
and all would make you aware.  
Too long-in-the-tooth to return a stare:  
now, to stand and settle the bill!  
The room at the window 'gins to glare.  
She seeks my attention with indomitable will,  
and beneath the mask I'm smiling still.

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## A new offering from CRM Enterprises

Celine Rose Mariotti is offering **Zodiac** necklaces  
accompanied by a sign-themed story.

USA: \$33 (CT: \$34.80)  
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## Ascension

By Andrew Leonard

We bide our time in the spaces between  
And sow our seed across twilight's sheen  
We descendants of Sol  
Cleansed in darkness, made whole  
Hubris stripped from our lot  
We set our sight on cosmic rot  
Foul dwarves and giants alike, we indict  
And in their doom our children delight  
Ever ravenous they grow, our loves enshrined  
In wombs of christening, never divined  
Rapture of fecund flesh secures  
An untold lineage, quietly endures  
Against the stars we make our stand  
A divine culling, our God's command  
Perpetuity, our noble aim  
Fathomless reaches, we rightfully claim  
The void's obscenities shall be undone  
The worlds refashioned, one by one

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## Sunlit Tomatoes

By SchiZ

The morning sun gazed against the tomatoes  
That are still green  
Proud is my sister for she finally grew something  
That wasn't eaten by the squirrels  
As they needed to ripe, she put them on the window sill  
For they were cherished as if they were gold  
Day by day, they turned a little red in colour  
They were big, fat beefsteak tomatoes  
The ones large enough to put on a burger  
But today, they have disappeared  
And I wonder if we are having spaghetti tonight  
With a homemade tomato sauce  
Since, I guess, the tomatoes finally turned red

.....

## Fires of Middle-earth

By Aeronwy Dafies

In twilit realms  
Gods follow reavers' trail  
Clash of arms  
Aesir blades never fail  
Fires spread  
Engulf Middle-earth, all the Tree  
Blood flows  
Drained from the veins of the free  
Wolf moon  
Eclipse of human domain  
Gods fall  
Middle-earth will never be the same

Originally published on [View From Atlantis](#)

## Sometimes It Is Just What It Is

By Howard F. Stein

Sundown, this sundown;  
Nightfall, this nightfall;  
Before words, these eyes  
And memory's eyes.  
I do not search for names,  
For fast-changing, fast-fading  
Colours, as our sun  
Glides toward the horizon.

Dying, leave-taking –  
Similes and metaphors  
Steal the show  
From pure immersion –  
Sundown is worth  
More than its cliches.

Day's end is not my death.  
It is diminuendo  
In earth's rotation.  
Crescendo will arrive  
In its own time.  
Magnificence suffices.

Sometimes, a sunset  
That gives me goose bumps  
Is just what it is.

.....

## A Manner of Speaking

By Jane Hutto

Clarinda calls at the break of day  
And sends her voice far away.  
Some say she's mad, others say sottish,  
No one knows how deep her heartache.

Winds catch a message she's wont to cry  
Over the fields, beyond the sky.  
An auditorium's what it's like,  
A silo her witness, the breeze her mike.

Just once a good many years ago  
(Clouds were heavy, dark and low)  
I chanced upon the actual spot  
Where Clarinda'd stood, like as not,

And through a heavy will-o'-the-wisp  
Some words I caught and some I missed.  
Transference is what they say it was –  
Something I'd heard all because

Somebody's sadness, somebody's woe  
Still circles the airwaves here below.

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Gears and cogs spinning  
Ash falls like snow upon land  
Deader than winter

By DJ Tyrer

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