

Awen

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Life Should Be Like Disneyland

By Celine Rose Mariotti

Life should be like Disneyland,
Everyday a little bit of Never Never Land,
Dreams fill your heart,
They give us a new start,
A delightful way to fill the day,
Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse,
Spread happiness your way,
And my way,
They lift you out of the doldrums,
Of everyday life,
All the pain and strife,
But then we get swept away
Into something dreamy,
Cinderella, finds her Prince,
Her slipper is the imprint,
She and the Prince,
Will live happily ever after,
The Prince and Cinderella truly matter,
Life for Pinocchio was a bit trying,
He often did a lot of crying,
But Jiminy Cricket
Showed him the way,
And Pinocchio found happiness
In every day,
So, life in Disneyland
It is so grand,
Life should be a Never, Never Land.

.....
dark-blue butterflies
vivid flashes on the breeze
an absence of sound

By Aeronwy Dafies

Originally published on the [5-7-5 Haiku Journal](#)

Meaningful

By Ken Poyner

He hears the lightning sparkle across the comforting woods. With no rain yet, he sits on his porch wondering if lightning, today, is how God rids the planet of those he wants more spectacularly gone than others. Is the lightning, clawing its way through the vacancy around him, seeking him out? What sins could he have committed to merit sudden electrocution, vice being allowed to smother in his own disrepair? He thinks of one, then another, but nothing measures up. How much darker would he need to be? Rain begins and makes for an ordinary storm. He is still inadequate.

Ends

Censorship Troopers

By Mark Hudson

.....
The Censorship troopers come from the U.S.A,
strapping guns courtesy of the NRA.
Dropping down on the U.S. from helicopters,
they will lie and tell you whoppers.

They're starting a brand new war,
against George Orwell's 1984.
Or Ray's Fahrenheit 451,
the censorship war has begun.

Can I still listen to Red Foxx?
Can I read poems by Cardinal Cox?
At least we're not like China yet,
but what can you expect from the internet?

The government will choose what you can read,
they're just covering up their greed.
I heard that librarians can get arrested,
the government is something I've detested!

Am I just presenting my camera eye?
Will I be targeted by the F.B.I?
Or cops, who are supposed to serve and protect?
Closing bookstores, out of neglect?

The censorship troopers are zany,
but I'd have to say, they are hardly brainy.
Censoring books, that others want to see,
politically correct is the new library.

We'll resurrect Mother Goose,
dumbing us down is their excuse.
Protest, you better be quiet,
just like the January 6 Capitol riot!

America, the land of the free,
be careful what you get at the library.
What was the last thing that you took?
Hopefully, the anarchist's cookbook!

.....
Send us your letters of comment!

Merlin's Tomb

By Matthew Wilson

Richard Tanner breached the wall first, as he'd financed the expedition, he figured it was his right although the mold in the bad air unmoved for a millennia made him cough.

At last – Merlin's tomb.

Of course he'd devoured stories of king Arthur's best friend as a boy but then he'd turned his obsession into a money venture.

"Will you get your butt outta my face?" Harold Pinta piped up behind him, deeply disliking tunnels and despite all the hard work that went on the dig – he was adamant the whole thing was unsafe and likely to fall apart at the first breeze.

Richard giggled and pulled himself completely through the slit of rock.

Of course he hadn't told his workers he was coming down here tonight – they'd want some glory for themselves and perhaps they'd sneak off with some precious artifact. No – best to make sure he wouldn't be turned into a laughing stock for spending millions to dig up just dino poop.

But he was here.

Richard laughed when he angled the flashlight up and saw the broken details on the wall. Though there was no sun to fade the images of Merlin's glory on the battlefield, still, many others had disintegrated through time.

But many paintings said MERLIN – showing the great sorcerer blasting Arthur's enemies with his ebon fire. With a twitch of his fingers, Arthur's empire expanded, all resistance batted away with the sorcerer's great powers.

"I can't believe it's finally here," Harold caught his breath and started recording on his camcorder. "That's one small step for man – oh, wait. That's taken. Come on, we gotta say something profound. Richard hardly heard his business partner. After all this time he was going to meet his hero – the man who'd made him crave adventure – to search the world and now he'd arrived at the zenith – the man who single handedly –

Richard stopped thinking when saw the artifacts surrounding the bag of bones.

Where was his wand? Richard wouldn't allow it to be locked away in a museum, it was his alone, desired more than any gold that might have been buried with the great man.

Richard gently touched the wizard's dusty robes, afraid they'd crumble to dust but they held. If Merlin was anything like him, then the great hero would have kept it near his heart.

Richard rummaged in the pockets and angled the torchlight beam down when something cut his fingers.

The card in Merlin's inner pocket was sharp – and laminated.

Michael Rivers, 19 Oxford Street. Born 19/2/2090.

It was a driving license.

"I can't believe that history will remember my name alongside Merlin," Harold cackled. "Richie – are you okay?"

Richard mumbled a response, a dry sound in the pit of his throat.

Now on the walls, he could see drawings of Merlin's time machine – apparently this Michael who called himself Merlin had to make the door wider to fit his store bought weapons.

Flamethrowers he'd taken centuries into the past to use in Arthur's war, bombs and great rocket propellers to murder and paralysis with fear those simple farmers who thought the fire from his hands was magic.

"H-he's a fraud," Richard heard someone say and somehow recognised his own voice.

The man who he'd thought a hero was a criminal time traveler, dissatisfied with his life in his present, he'd broken the time travel rules and made a second better life for himself as some great magician.

"What did you say?" Harold coughed again and waved the dust away.

Richard tasted sick. He'd be a laughing stock after all and Merlin's legacy would be tarnished. The fool who worshiped a criminal.

"What's that for?" Harold asked when Richard raised the pumpkin sized jagged masonry over his head and smashed it down on Harold's skull, breaking bone to expose the brain.

Richard ignored his friend as he pitched to his knees, gasped and lay down like a sleeping dog.

Harold offered no resistance as Richard snatched the camera out of his hands and smashed it. He supposed it wouldn't take long to reseal this place. No one could find it – not for another thousand years.

He would cause a rockfall and say the place was far too dangerous to excavate – the dig had been a bust.

"I'm sorry, Harold," Richard said and started clawing his way back through the exit, leaving his ex-hero to sleep the sleep of the dead, alongside his new room mate.

If Richard hurried, he could make it back to camp without being noticed.

He was almost at the tunnel's edge when he felt cold bone tighten around his ankle and yank him back so he caught his chin on the surface beneath him and Richard tasted blood.

"Wha-"

The dead man in dusty robes clicked his black teeth together and pulled harder on the thief's legs.

"No," Richard yelled. There's no magic here – you're a fraud, Merlin. Leave me alone!"

Richard started calling for help and only realised that to be alone tonight he'd given the digging staff the night off.

This isn't fair, Richard thought. This isn't right.

There was no magic here.

He tried to tell the dead man so but when Merlin's fleshless hands went round his throat, Richard realised he had no strength to open his mouth or even the air to taste the awful dust.

The End

Sauroposeidon (SAWR-oh-POE-sy-din)

By Richard Stevenson

Petrified tree trunk? Really?!
That's what you Oklahomans
thought you dug up?!

Well, excuse me!
Whaddaya expect a gal
with a twelve-metre neck

to have by way of support?
Big caboose too, you bet!
The better to get at the top tender leaves.

The better to get at the leaves
there, Professor Peabody,
the better to get at the leaves!

Aphrodite on the Shore

By Tina Negus

Beached by the tide, washed up on the strand,
with flip-flops, coke cans and polystyrene packing shards,
she met her end in alien air, dehydrated, starved
of available oxygen.

No obvious beauty, this goddess, until light
catches, glances off the iridescent whiskers along her flanks:
turquoise, purple, electric blue,
contrasting with the matted felt along her back
hiding her zoological identity: Scale Worm, polychaete,
Sea Mouse, Aphrodite aculeata.

Some old taxonomist loved her, you might think,
to so name her, to see within her drab form
a hint of feminine loveliness.
Alas, it is more likely the musings of a dirty old man,
the last stirrings of a dried-up academician,
who saw her oval shape, her hairy covering, her bristly lips
as a metaphor for female genitalia.

Makes a change, I suppose, from the more common
phallic symbolism.

Sea Lantern

By Aeronwy Dafies

In the darkness of the ocean depths
Glow a lantern light
The lure of an anglerfish
Glow in the submarine night
Like a star in the firmament
It seems to shine so bright
Should you make a wish?
Or flee that deceitful light?

Originally published in [Tigershark](#)

Pure Science

By Ken Poyner

Quibble thought the entire town could be powered by one
captured lightning bolt. He deputized assistants,
commissioned construction of his lightning trap. First,
secure funding. Second, develop a list of required materials.
But, to consider materials, they needed go back and conjure
the science, craft a design. Then they could know what
materials were needed. All were pleased with their progress.
The day to actually start construction was Tuesday, a special
day, day three-thousand free of storms or lightning in the
region. With this plan, Quibble stared happily into the ever-
cloudless sky, pleased with himself, pleased with naked
physics.

Ends

The Winchcombe Meteorite

By Neil Leadbeater

It's not often you find the debris
of a 4.6 billion year old meteorite
in your driveway,
its flight captured by six camera networks
of the UK Fireball Alliance
and the doorbell cameras
of private dwellings.

That February
when it blazed over western England
before coming down to Earth
it was bored with circling
the solar nebula
so it decided to go AWOL
just like Ivuna, Alais and Flensburg.

Considering its age,
it took its time

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A Weekend Truffaut Festival

By Christine Despardes

An occasional low tittering,
box office goes on tallying
whilst temperatures go rallying
outside the theatre's walls.

Prismatic Light

By Tina Negus

In the darkest place
of the house, at the foot
of the stairs, hanging with the coats
and anoraks of winter
dances a faint splash
of prismatic
light.

I trace its path
from the glass crystal suspended
in morning's window, light refracted, catching
the door's edge, reflected into the gloomy corner:
I block one and see the second disappear,
move my hand, stained fleetingly
with rainbow light,
and it reappears.

Newton sorted it out,
this visible manifestation of light's wavelength
into spectral colours: Richard of York etcetera
as we spouted by rote
in mixed infants.

He proved it brilliantly,
scientifically, this glorious fact,
that all colours are contained in white light.
He might have looked into the storm-swept sky
over the flat-lands of Lincolnshire or Cambridgeshire,
and seen the bow, Noah's bow of promise
arching from purple cloud to purple cloud,
raindrops splitting light
into colour.

I close my fist
over the dancing spectrum,
but cannot grasp it.

.....

Say That Again

By DS Davidson

I couldn't believe it,
I couldn't perceive it,
Please say it again
And keep the words plain.
Did I somehow mishear?
I feel a wave of fear.
But, no, I heard it right
And every thing seems right:
You told me you love me!
Oh, can it really be?
Apparently it's true -
And, yes, I love you, too!

.....

[View From Atlantis](#)

72 issues and growing...

T-Wrecks Trax

By Richard Stevenson

T-Wrecks trax
runnin' through the jungle,
churnin' up the grass ...

Big legs churnin',
chasing after duck-bills
sippin' at a stream.

Such dreams you have!
Chin dribblin' saliva
as you mutter in yer sleep.

Duck-bills in front of you;
duck-bills close behind.
meaty, beaty big ones.

Such easy pickin' too!
Could easily snag
more than one or two!

Sad form,
sagging belly you rest
your skinny little arms on ...

Sofonsofied ...
Transmogrified ...
Sedate.

*Watch out for Richard Stevenson's forthcoming prehistoric
poetry collection, **Dino Dang Doodle**, from Dancing
Unicorn Press...*

.....

Break

By DJ Tyrer

Novelty wears thin
No millionaire lifestyle
No daredevil fun
Just self, four walls, and boredom
Sudden yearning to end break

.....

Listen to the moon
it speaks of forever-love
your laughter, my tears

Alabaster eyes
cold as northern stars
fill with unseen tears

A blue hummingbird
sips nectar from hollyhocks –
warm sweet sugar days

By Jane Stuart