

# FAMOUS fantastic MYSTERIES

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The strange day when all human thought and memory blanked out. . . .

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## GOLDEN ATLANTIS

*Atlantis is no fable. I have heard  
The murmur of its bells on golden nights.  
And in the wailing of the tropic bird  
The memory of ancient homing flights  
To a tall island where the humblest rights—  
Those of a bird as well as man—were held  
Sacred since inborn, safe from jealous spites.  
Atlantis was a land where freedom dwelled.*

*They were not truly sages who averred  
That the great eastern Atlantean bights  
Lay close to Egypt, and that from them purred  
The sphinx-prowed galleys, spreading dark delights  
Along the Nile, creating appetites  
Brazen as Moloch's. Could the golden-belled  
Have chimed with slavers of Israelites?  
Atlantis was a land where freedom dwelled.*

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**By Richard Butler Glaenzer**

*This I know best—down in my heart has stirred,  
In answer to the Pool of Malachites,  
Still bubbling fathoms deep, the living word—  
A word so healing that it cured all blights  
A word so kindly that it checked all slights,  
A word from which all loving-kindness welled.  
The word that follows, in the tongue of sprites:  
“Atlantis was a land where freedom dwelled!”*

*Envoi*

*Prince of the world, Maker of blacks and whites,  
Of red men, yellow, man however spelled,  
Giver whose hand, disdained as empty, smites,  
Atlantis was, a land where freedom dwelled.*

