

MIRAGE

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JACK L. CHALKER, editor

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I do not know if it ever existed--
That lost world floating dimly on Time's stream--
And yet I see it often, violet-misted,
And shimmering at the back of some vague dream.
There were strange towers and curious lapping rivers,
Labyrinths of wonder, and low vaults of light,
And bough-crossed skies of flame, like that which quivers
Wistfully, just before a winter's night.

Great moors led off to sedgy shores unpeopled,
Where vast birds wheeled, while on a windswept hill
There was a village, ancient and white-steeped,
With evening chimes for which I listen still.
I do not know what land it is--or dare
Ask when or why I was, or will be, there.

.....H.P. Lovecraft*

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THOMAS B. HAUGHEY (pronounced 'Hoy') is a fellow WSFA member, a student at the University of Maryland, a fanzine editor (MIRTH AND IRONY, which "Mirage" readers should like, and which will shortly feature material -- fiction -- by yours truly), and the only person I know who would've gladly slept on the bar at the Phillycon. Almost cherub-like in person, his excellent poems show a hidden pessimism. Still, they are filled with power; I predict that, as a poet, he'll go far.

MISSILE WAR

A shimmer beam of waver light,
A heavy form beholds the night.
A silver, black, bold coffin glare
Dinly seen above the flare.

The earth is shrinking,
Sun is nigh.
Son of Ordian
Blights the sky.

Darkness here and dark shall fall.
Tongues of disaster shall forth call
a note. A note shall buildings crush:
A trill, a scream, the caps turn slush.

The bat, the vulture, crow of doom,
Ventures near the half-full moon.
Dead alive in lifeless void,
Magic hammer tenso deployed.

Rukh and mammoth up doth ply,
Half-blind hornet's stings to icy
Quiet rolls the rumble not,
Chariot rattles unforget.

A flicker shadow larger comes.
The thing the sun its mocker shuns.
A scream, a moan, a shriek delight,
Aosir's champion to the fight --
Then thunder.

The walls are gone, the sound no more;
The world is now as in days of yore.
The gods are gone, the sun's at rest;
A heathen shine the world has blessed
trumpet fire at peace.