

Dragon Lust

Fifteen years I've lived with dragons
and I bedded each in turn,
but the best,
the one with beryl scales
and wide set eyes,
shows no interest
in my touch.

Nights I kneed, I grind
I tempt him,
execute my skills,
goad him—it's madness!
His company
too vast to utter.
Yet my efforts fail,
his slumber rocks the walls.

Tonight he shares another's den.
Dragons do as dragons will,
how was I to know?
The one I'd fallen hardest for
preferred gentlemen to maidens?

--Marge Simon, *Star*Line* Editor,
former SFPA President
Goblin Fruit, Spring 2006

Loki

There is a forge in your mouth
lie-smith. Heat, there, and a forked tongue
twist and beat a truth to shapes
most pleasing. Scrape the mistletoe
against your teeth, take aim -- small wonder
that your lips are scarred, and now
locked. But what metal, molten,
gathers in your throat? What sharp key
could you bake in the kiln of your rage?

--Amal El-Mohtar
July/August 2005 issue of *Star*Line*

SFPA Membership:

One Year: \$21.00 – US/Canada/Mexico
\$25.00 – International

Ten Year: \$200.00 payable in two payments of
\$100 over two years.

Lifetime: \$300.00 payable in three payments of
\$100 over three years.

Paypal: SFPATreasurer@gmail.com

Snail Mail: Checks payable to Science Fiction
Poetry Association mailed to

Helena Bell
SFPA Treasurer
1225 West Freeman St, Apt 12
Carbondale, IL 62901

Poems in this sampler were published in:

Allen, Mike. *Strange Wisdoms of the Dead*
<http://www.descentintolight.com/>

Amaze: The Cinquain Journal
<http://www.amaze-cinquain.com>

Goblin Fruit
<http://www.goblinfruit.net>

Ideomancer
<http://www.ideomancer.com/>

Star*Line
<http://www.sfpoetry.com/current.html>

Tales of the Unanticipated
<http://www.totu-ink.com/>

Wildside Press
<http://www.wildsidepress.com>

© 2006 - Deborah P. Kolodji, 10529 Olive St, Temple City,
CA 91780. All poems reprinted with permission. All
rights to poems retained by the poets. E-mail Deborah
Kolodji at dkolodji@aol.com if you would like to help
distribute this brochure.

Art by Marge Simon

Dragon Lust



A Sampler of Fantasy Poetry by SFPA Members

With a 28 year commitment to fantasy, horror,
science fiction, and speculative poetry in all its
forms, the Science Fiction Poetry Association is a
thriving community of genre poets.

Membership privileges include a subscription to
*Star*Line*, a copy of the annual showcase *Rhysling
Anthology*, *Rhysling Award* voting privileges, and
Dwarf Stars, a new anthology of short poetry.

SFPA Website: <http://www.sfpoetry.com>
Market listings, membership information,
Rhysling and *Star*Line* listings,
genre poetry news and local poetry events

SFPA e-mail list: sfpanet@yahoo.com.

The SFPA will continue to promote all realms of
fantastic poetry. This brochure spotlights a sample
of fantasy poetry written by SFPA members.

Hero

I've taken away your magic boots,
your enchanted sword,
your ring of invisibility.

I've taken away your talking cat,
your princess,
and her clever maid.

Look, down in the crumbly depths
of your knapsack, there - you forgot
your grandfather's fountain pen.
Fill it with my blood,
and write history.

--*Samantha Henderson*
Ideomancer, Sept 2006

cotillion in shards

I am the Queen of Fragments, she said,
of everything unfinished and broken.
No sooner this pronouncement spoken
then her four-tiered crown slid from her head
to shatter on the palace stairs, each piece
sharp as a vorpal blade, hurled as dice
at the shocked tableau: new movements spice
the Winter Dance, as bold red colors fleece
and silk and lace. Like ice from eaves
the dancers fall, none left whole but all
still breathing, Death delayed — the ball
never to see morning. No one grieves.

--*Mike Allen, former SFPA President*
Strange Wisdoms of the Dead,
Wildside Press 2006.

The Tale and the Teller

Once, says the princess
there was a princess.
Once there was a tower, a sword
a golden cage with no way in but her
and no way out but this.
Her words beat the air like wings.
Her words sting the air like thorns.
It's not the kiss that wakes us
but the breath, she says.
Once, says the princess
Now.

-- *J.C. Runolfson*

In the Way of the Gate

This is no gentle sloping path of grass
to fabled cities rich with gold and silk--
no broad sward here to lead the footsore past
the misbegotten shepherds and their ilk.
No morning sun illumines the winding road
nor summer breeze draw heat from weary brow--
when light does fall, it drives me like a goad,
the wind so stiff, it makes my shoulders bow.
I seek the gate in valleys steep and dire,
through thorny vales and caverns without day:
a doorway into rebirth laced with fire,
an aperture to rid me of this clay.
And if I find the secret of this door?
Go in to stay, and leave it nevermore.

--*Jennifer Crow*
Goblin Fruit, Summer 2006

Angerboda's Child

Discard from heaven,
evil grows in dark seas.
Jormandgund circles the earth.

Son of a trickster,
one long calm wave grows.

A safe harbor
becomes churning chaos,
tsunami of evil.

Swallowing serpentine tail,
he circles the equator --
scaly body forming
the world's noose.

The force of his venom
stronger than Thor.

--*Deborah P Kolodji, SFPA President*
Tales of the Unanticipated #27, Autumn 2006

Icarus

He soared
and touched the sun.
And yes, it burned his wings.
His fall, a meteorite's streak
to earth,

tragic
and terrible.
And yet, that lure of sky
remains. We gaze above and dream
of flight.

--*J.E. Stanley*
Amaze: The Cinquain Journal, #9 Aug 2006