
The Archer and the Moon Goddess: Mythic Interviews on a June Anniversary

by **A.E. Clark**

Welcome. Mind the step! Until your eyes
Adjust to this gray world, permit a shade
To be your guide among the shadows. Which,
Those flowers on the table? Asphodel.
Sit down; please drink with me a noble vintage
From a blighted year. There's nothing like
The taste of a remembered future.
You see a wine-cup tremble in my hand,
But once—made strong by love (she later left
With theft, in haste to climb the silver stair)—
This arm shook Heaven. The power above,
I said, must answer to the life below;
And I refused to cringe and sweat, and wait
For change: I took my stand, I took my aim,
I took my chances. Nine times the bowstring sang,
The notes an anthem. It all seemed possible.
Then Heaven shook me.
I woke in twilight, puzzled, like a soldier
After amputation. None of us
Are any longer what we were, but I,
I am still who I was. Can she say that?

What do *you* want? OK, five minutes, then.
This press kit ought to answer any questions.
Go easy on your eyes, don't look too close;
Here everything is dazzling or dark,
And hard the edge between. Watch this coin soar!
The gravity's a game, incredible,
Things simply *want* to rise, and I can't *wait*
To see the pole-vault. Renovation of
The craters is complete. What stood here once
I don't recall.

He was a fool, I'm sorry,
A perfect fool in an imperfect world;
A wise man learns to take the better part.
You know my choice, you see my raiment shine;
I will not wring my hands and whimper just
Because the other side is cold and black
Or an inhuman vacuum strains the heart.
You think it's easy, all that I've attained?
The other things will come some day, I guess.
You want perfection, catch a hare for dinner.
I'm busy. He can eat his honor. Next!