

MERLYN

A Song of the Crystal Earth

by José Argüelles, *Surfers of the Zuvuya*

'MERLYN

Nightseer

Who writes the crystal script
whose spectral robe
is the spiralling filament staircase
down which the 13 galactic rays descend
into Camelot's subterranean lake
where untold fragments of the one dream
swirl in luminous self-absorption
emitting strange electrical charges
attracting to each other
their own forgotten sources

MERLYN

surrendering to you
following you
I arrive at last
at the deepest point of your realm
the innermost Earth
which is also
the flight room of the mighty crystal ship
Excalibur

And there
in the Temple
called Refuge of the Dragon and the Grail
Merlyn's apprentices
Andor, the dragon-witted warrior
And Vi-El, the Grail-weaving far starborn princess
Stir the cauldron of unconditional love
no common mix
and yet this brew
pulsing with the harmony
of all the stars we have ever called home
bubbles and seeps through
the portholes connecting the larger collective soul-body
of this dear Earth
to its myriad individual dream-bodies
ourselves
now caught in our postures
of aggression, conflict and confusion

"Stir! Stir! Stir!"

Merlyn cries

"Make sure the recipe is correct
Mix in it the formulæ
that will register in the dreamers
as the alchemy of love

and the desire for magic
as ceremonial
as the Sun is pure!
Stir! Stir! Stir!"

This Earth is aching breaking shaking
its dream dragon body restless to emerge
crouches at the edge of the known
waiting for that ripe moment
to appear in all its rainbow wonder

O you apprentices of the crystal flight room
of Excalibur
Refuge of the Dragon and the Grail,
Andor and Vi-El,
I call to you from my sleep
on behalf of all the dreamers
of this planet
stir the potion well
that the Grail may appear
from within the dragon's
coiled tail
its cloud banks bursting
with light never before seen
by eyes of flesh

O MERLYN

from the rocks of Earth's far-flung island realms
appear simultaneously
in all of your shape-shifting forms
speaking the dawn
writing the power of the dream
with your crystal script
now
I call upon you
now
to cast your pan-harmonic spell
to wake the dreamers all,
and stop their march
through this living hell

O Andor and Vi-El
cook in glee
the potion that returns
all memory for now I must awake with all
into the greater dream
or not awake at all!