ATLANTIS WISHED

ANTHONY ETHERIN
WITHIN SAD SLATE, WIND HALTS A SITE. THE ISLAND WAITS, SANS TIDAL WHITE. AWE HITS ITS LAND; AT DAWN, THIS ISLE TILTS WISE A HAND. IT STANDS AWHILE. IN WASH, LAST TIDE, THE SAND IT WAILS. WAN SALT, IT HIDES ITS WIT AND SHALE. ITS DEATH IN LAWS, IT LIES AND THAWS.
Penteract Press, August 2018

This poem is a Shakespearean sonnet, in iambic dimeter. Its lines are perfect anagrams.

Cover woodcut: The island of Utopia by Ambrosius Holbein.

Inside—Cover art: A portion of the Gilgamesh tablet that describes the great flood.

Font design: Anthony Etherin

Anthony Etherin is an experimental poet. Find him via his Twitter account, @Anthony_Etherin, and at anthonyetherin.wordpress.com
GREAT HYMN
TO THE ATEN

ANTHONY ETHERIN
Spire, by a mar,
spill autumn on
my halo star.
Up still, it's won
mid—sunray, or
it's Aten—All
a wonder saw
was red: No wall.
A net astir....
O, yarn us! Dim,
now still it; spur
at Sol a hymn
on mutual lips
Ra, maybe, rips....
This poem is a Shakespearean sonnet, in iambic dimeter. It is also a letter-palindrome.

Cover: Relief from the Temple of the Aten, Tel el-Amarna.

Inside-Cover art: Fragment taken from the Great Hymn to the Aten, Tel el-Amarna.

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