

The Goblin Market,
or,
The Sorrows of Satan · *Turner Cassity*

The Southeastern Comic Book and Science Fiction
Fair will be held in Atlanta August 13-15.

—*Atlanta Gazette*

To bargain hopefully for dog-eared Marvels
Come a stutterer of twenty-nine,
A deaf mute ten. And if the flesh has evils,
Here, in the epic sweep of sword and pen,

Are not the extra syllables subtracted
So the silences can add a tongue?
Ur-hero in whose image, much collected,
These your servants are not made, among

Your Ur-er, more heroic acts, give up
For once omnipotence, the role of prompter;
Deign to know, yourself, the unmoved lip.
Consider: if I promise, I your tempter,

All the world and tights that never crease,
How will you answer dumb, get thee behind me.
You will not? Well, if you need to ease
Clay feet, I shoe them. You know where to find me.

Meanwhile, be that speech of last appeal
To trade for whom the barterers must come.
The stutterer can say “Adida deal”;
The mute lips move, around their chewing gum.