

On Oblivion

*Hear ye, Hear ye
the ill fate that is upon us!
You heard the news boy?
Our memories begone lad!*

*Alone and Unforgotten
before Oblivion standing
Vile and Forevermore
Woe at loss left hanging*

*They say he fought with Valiance
They call his loss mistaken
they say he had a Name once
which now has been taken.*

*No caring sorrows grace his brows
no bitter tears for him shed
“Woe to us” uttered once more
when his voice be heard*

*Forever more shall we remember
let none of us forget
the day Woe rose up
and fought in our stead.*

*(Translator’s note - Alimonos is
translated as Woe)*

The Thread of Life

*Oh Thread be a dear
and wrap yourself up tight
my schedule you see is so packed
before the dying light*

*I have to spool and nestle you
and comb anew the threads
to sew you up and to be done
while Noon her light still sheds.*

*Oh be a dear and hurry up
and I shall never leave you
You see I spool the Thread of Life
and never shall I cease to.*

*Oh wrap yourself for me my dear
if you would be so kind
so I can thread the light of day
and let it warm the mind*

*Oh be a dear, our time is up
and I will need to sew you
The veil of night is oh so dark
and I won't get to see you.*

*You showered me with bitterness
with poison you have laced me
See now this nighly mess
it's creepy crawl, oh can't you see?*

*No longer do I have the time
to finish all I sought to
The Reaper slowly coming up
My thread he is clinging onto...*

The Longing

*A woven chain in hand
weaved over with regret
atop it a small locker stand
bitter, hanging on my belt*

*Within it placed are faces
for years from me long gone
a burning surge of memories
within me burns with scorn*

*My hands are scarred beyond
reproach
my knotted hands look old
eaten away by hempen rope
and dried up by the cold*

*My quarters are filled up to the
bream
With treasures and with gizmos
Coin, scrolls and woven seams
the world's wonders hindmost*

*My company is fleeting birds
that speak tongues aplenty
their painted tint a dozen
their graces kind and chosen*

*Yet one hue now taints
upon my soul it stains
a wish by loving lips
for which my body stings*

*“Your home once more come meet
enjoy all that you worked for
and I shall wave white and neat
the handkerchief forlorn”*

Diligence

*Since man showed his face
Green upon this world
with wonder he would gaze
but effort did withhold.*

*It seemed as if he thought
others would fend for him
he thought himself a God
with hair of golden seam.*

*The Scholar could no wonder
this being stomach not
she scorned all that was human
with everything she got.*

*And thus she picked him up
and barked right up his face
of letters and of arts she spoke
hoping he'd learn his place.*

*She taught him how to nurture flame
and how to weave a basket
to hunt for rabbit with a rope
and how to build a casket.*

*The human wanted taming not
and boldly he resisted
the Scholar scorned him and did trot
and sailed as he had wished it.*

*And thus did man now understand
the loss was all his own
his sanity could not withstand
he reaped what he had sown*

*So ever since doth he set out
the Scholar to recover
in her vast knowledge to indulge
her whereabouts to uncover.*

*Perchance one day may come to pass
when they will face each other
Though it is known that the Lass
has long since won their banter*

*For doth a path she has aset
for him to follow after
and in his diligence the man
himself has sought to alter.*

Slow Burning Flame

*First they came; armed
with tongues coated in silver
they spoke of conquest and of charm
of women and of children*

*Then themselves they armed
with words sown on the winds
“That one’s the reason we were
harmed”
“This on shut down our streams”*

*Later came the iron bars
Unyielding, freezing cold
their merciless embrace was harsh
forever wishing us to hold*

*Last came their whips
merciless; cracking on our backs
crushing our bodies with their tips
forcing us forward with each whack*

*But they forgot into account
to take our boiling rage
they say it started with a cry
and spread out in our cage*

*Spreading like wildfire, free
upon just one good night
our fire for the world to see
it roared with primal might*

*The Champion, they said was heard
See there, first in line
they say he barks and sheds a tear
for those who are out of time*

*Unbroken, with conviction
his face like burning coals
his voice broken from friction
he yearns to free our souls.*

*Thousands the whips he tasted
the arrows and the blades
with every hit, steady his pace
his hands balled up with rage.*

*Tightened; into a chokehold
against our oppressors
twisting the necks of those who lied
claimed; they’d be our saviours*

The Tidings

*Hear my plea, I kid you not
I bring the darkest tidings
Hear my words, though they are
unsought
I'll share with you their sightings*

*Our daughters, so the story goes
they've gone and lost their marbles
the mountain ground beneath their
toes
their dowries left as garble*

*Upon the winds her words were laid
swept as seeds that root so deep
she caused it; the Tendershade
who flocks folk like they are sheep*

*So sweetly she seduced their minds
as tender as a kiss
to venture high and low for signs
that there is green and bliss*

*With just a taste, her sweetened
words
did sway their mind goodbye
they ventured to the Underworld
to gawk at the other side.*

*They left behind their "loved" ones
both rough and unrefined
those who would have them dress as
sons
and toss them to the side*

*Maybe astray they've not been lead
to leave that rot behind
perhaps I too heard what she said
and long to lose my mind.*

Death

*The End draws in plain
A humble show of hand
Upon the distance, sounds a cane
through the coarse grains of sand.*

*“Lady forgive me, if you may,
if I am rude of customs
the human kind is lead astray
it’s ways I dare not ask for*

*Upon your door, I knock just twice
I shouldn’t try no further
it is sadly Death; that is your vice
your burial ground calls hither.*

*Please be so kind to hurry up
don’t let the boat man wait
I swear there is plenty for your cup
your hungry appetite to sate.*

*Please be so kind and don’t you mind
those feeble begs are pointless
do close your eyes and fall in line
and spare the unwanted noises*

*I swear to you, tis be my oath
that I shall be your guide
no evil or wicked eye both
shall dare to touch your hide.*

*Your son you humbly sent away
he is sailing on the ferries
Your daughter has been sent astray
to go and pick wild berries*

*You father and your mother both
my hand have held to travel
Even your husband that you loathe
for all that he unraveled.*

*I held them tightly in my arms
throughout our whole descending
like you they meant me harm
by being condescending*

*Now up we go, the time is nigh
please let your voice be ceased
go tell your darlings of your sigh
halt; stop; you are deceased*

*Please let your Death now swift
its course to slowly take
and spare my lady your disdain
for that, it is too late”*

The Seed

*For water quenching so I wish
to shower my existence
I breathe it in, just like a fish
I need it every instance*

*No mother shall I ever know
nor shall I be caressed
I came, I left and thus I saw
that I am to be depressed*

*But never have I been alone
not even by my lonesome
my name giver I have known
the midwife, oh so wholesome*

*I gaze upon her countenance
it shines ever so brightly
I felt from her a resonance
as if she sought me slightly*

*No pleasantries did we exchange
nor harm she ever brought me
the only thing she ever changed
with water cold she graced me*

*The water was my savior
it held me in my cradle
I was held in its favor
and spoonfed with the ladle*

*And strong I grew,
and faced the sun
she was there; just making stew
she seemed to have a plan*

*Now I am called to fall and wilt
For water how I beg so
gone is all she ever built
I guess she might have said so*

*It seems she must have known
somehow
this would be my undoing
bereft and longing to know now
if I'll again be blooming*

*Poor and devoid I am left
to tend to my own sorrows
seeking the midwife's gentle heft
before I meet my burrows.*