

TRUE HUNTRESS

BY RICHARD PAUL

None can say just how her story started,
Nor by what need or learning was imparted
Her hunter's skill and stealth as she darted
Through the woods with the blood of the young on her face,
And her heart afire to answer sick disgrace.

Her prey announced its presence callously
With baying hounds and horns blown lustily,
Riding in *her* hunting grounds so lazily,
They did not think there any need for fear,
They didn't know a true huntress drew near.

She paused a moment to watch and despise
This mockery of a hunt before her eyes;
Forsaking honour as they ran down their prize,
Forsaking their own beasts, abused and mad,
Presenting easy targets, in crimson clad.

Remembering the remnants of the kitts,
She set down her arrows, took one and nocked it,
Then choosing a porcine churl she loosed it;
Through the gaps in the trees the arrow sped
And struck the false huntsman, who fell down dead.

The foxes they killed would've known to run,
But these fools tarried and stared, to a one,
And two more arrows struck home whilst they were stunned,
Yet more struck another three in their backs
Once the fools realized at last they were attacked.

The manor house they'd left at break of day
To sate their bloodlust in this unworthy way,
They came back to find it set ablaze;
The kennels and stables left an ashen mess,
The dogs and horses loosed in the wilderness.

None could ever catch the huntress
Nor 'scape the shadow of fear and distress
If they dared those woods by her arrows blessed.
Rancid blood for innocent had been won,
Yet her anger endured and she was not done.

(*- = Stressed Syllables)

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