

Three Heroes

By Richard Paul

Three heroes in a desolated realm,
Fain strike hard at the heart of its evil,
And yet, so soon, they're all but overwhelmed
By wolveren horrors scenting three fresh kills.
From out the cracks and shadows, e'en the clouds,
Every dark space hides one, then more behind,
And for each beast the daring three put down,
More nightmare grins and crimson claws they find.
Soon the archer must run out of arrows,
Soon the sorceress's spells will be spent.
E'en two dwarven arms must tire and slow,
Then heroes three are naught but meat, and rent.
So few to evil's realm set forth to vie,
Now chewed and bare their overbold bones lie.

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