

Wretched Sword

By Richard Paul

The hilt shall be formed of faithless fingers
Hewn from the hands of monstrous traitors
Then submerged in the steel ere it cools,
A worthy end for some flecks of some fools.

This hilt shall be wrapped in a coward's flesh,
From their backs by admonishing flails threshed
Then tanned and made strong enough for the work
Which the rest of the coward's fool body did shirk.

The heart of the cross-guard shall be liar's teeth
Pinioned by true metal, above and beneath,
And naught but truth shall stir these teeth to move,
Thus honour evermore keeps their actions true.

The pommel shall be a murderer's gouged eye
Set in amber and coloured red with dyes.
The eyes of those who killed true folk, uncaring,
Can serve as counterweights henceforth, unblinking.

The metal for the blade shall be taken
From the gifted blood of those forsaken.
Poor, fate-cursed wretched whom hope cannot tend
Might gift their life's blood, and in death justly rend.

From the fallen make your weapon,
Raise it high to greet the sun.
From the fallen strike for honour,
Cruelty's bane by cruelty spun.

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