

The Travance Chronicle

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Amizar Wuzwhir, Editor

Poetry Contest Issue

I Remember

Midnight.
The pregnant moon is high in the sky,
Surrounded by her frozen child-stars.
A little girl in ribbons and curls stumbles after you,
No taller than your waist,
Clutching for your hand too big for hers to hold.
Though the dew of sleep is heavy on her eyes-dark unlike your
stormy blue--
They shine with that excitement and wonder of a girl's first love.
Not the kind of love that daydreams of stolen salted kisses
But of adventures and the warmth of her father's hand.
"Tell me a story..." a small sleep filled voice murmured.
"What kind my little bird?" for that was what you called me.
"Oh any kind. Dragons, knights, romance.
Make sure its pretty so the stars will want to hear it over the
waterfall."

I remember that night, not the story, but the way it was told.
Together we watched the hazy dancing of the silver moonbow
darting
in the crashing showers with the humor of a candle flame.

I remember fire kissed your fingertips with the tenderness of a
lover
when you spoke to it in the gentlest sigh.
The crackle of its turbulent laughter spoke to you like an old friend,
responding to your bidding to soften to a quiescent glow.
Watching--always watching--I ached with a want so terrible
to be able to find that one devotion.
Tamer of the Flame.
The Firebird.

I remember that night before the darkness came.
Your old friend brought light to the camp.
There was nothing but a heavy still silence under those cold, cold
freckled stars.
I remember I had thought to myself of how different they looked
than from home.
When I turned to talk to you, your fire you had lovingly coaxed
into existence
was suddenly quenched.
That inky blackness would forever be seared into my mind,
burned sizzling into my flesh like a brand on my soul.
The crimson winged flames bursting forth from your vessel--
the last sight of you my eyes ever drank.

It has been years since the blackness swallowed the blazing phoenix
flame.
still your words I remember.
I remember.
Your voice...I forgot.

The Legacy

Trees sway in the warming breeze
Sun moves slowly through the open sky
A man sits weary on his one knee
A man surely doomed to die
Thunderous roars bellowed from the field
The champions are now in place
The army once strong has been forced to yield
At the sight of the evil's dark face

Up from his knee rises the man
Sweat dripping from his brow
Up from despair with Serpent Slayer in hand
Lance the Boar stands now

Seas of Lizardkin part ever so slow
Sakatha's face draws fear
Lance rushes to meet his foe
The end is all but here

The King and Boar fight to death
Alas both have been slain
The warriors dead with nothing left
No more endless pain

The lizards retreat back into their hole
They believe their King to be gone
But Sakatha slain once more it's told
Lance the Boar's legacy will live on

A Study in Power

Within my laboratory, I combine
The building blocks of nature's opulence.
And with these complex compounds, I design
My firebombs, which, with a throw, commence.

First is powder, black as night, and then
Add clear yet potent pyroglycerin-
This chemical ignites in seconds when
It comes in contact with pure oxygen.

Then fearsome fire leaps up to explode
The powder that lays there in beaker's base-
A chain reaction that cannot be slowed--
That firebomb's fierce, unrelenting pace--

'Tis stopped with cork, which gives off od'rous fume,
Whose banishment will force it to resume.

Two Strong Sons

One was born with bright wyrd
One in death and dark night born
last to give life and love
first to make red mud run

hail the healer of home
fear crimson thread cutter
noonday sun, healer's son
raven sword-breeze seeker

Grove guard walks white road south
Where the weak ones whimper
darklings begin to dance
and demons feed deaths toll

Murder-maker follows
war ice weaving red thread
Shadow-king sleeps with worms
falls to Hammer holder

hail the mother's mirror
hail the black blood spiller
two strong sons smite sorrow
One light, one dark both blood

You Must Be Present To Win

Winning lifes raffle is easy
I'll tell you now how to begin
At Market Faire or raging battle
You've got to be present to win

Opposing Elements

As the hot ice and sacred sin
Blazing virtue and sweet revenge
Pure of innocence and divine evils
Honest illusions and private scandals
Born in fire, ice and shame
Hidden riches and true betrayals
Daring to dream and holding on to it
The inner harbor sanctuary
And home port beached
Jewels of the sun
Tears of the moon
Heart of the seas
All meeting at a rivers end
Dance upon the air
As heaven and earth
Face the fire.

Moon Drop

Moonlit dew on grass
Forms a perfect water drop
Drip, splash, it is gone
Night unfurls her loveliness
Quiet beauty to behold

Unable to Ask for More

You are the halted hand of Merlin
Freezing the tidal waves once
Clashed against the shores of my lonesome heart.
It was a place, so heated with fury
And like the carnivorous beast
I had prepared to become,
I grew an appetite for open arms and
Deceitful, cannibalistic beauties who tore apart men.
And suave unfaithful eyes leading me astray-
But then you soothe my wounds with words,
And I am reborn under moonlight,
My hand cupped with yours
As though we were but two blades of grass
Leaning into one another, barely but always touching-
And like the moon at which my sun follows

You are hope.

Warrior's Pledge

Those bold few who challenge Death,
Lives are shortened by steel's embrace
True freedom comes with every breath
Scars form from her caress.

Dinnae envy those who hide from her:
A shackled existence they must face.
Fearful of her wrath, every moment they must endure.
This is no way for one's continuance, I confess.

Stalwartly ye fend her advances,
Per vitae drips from the fated meeting,
Each battle, every step, just another frenzied dance
With each encounter, she tests your prowess

A mortal blow, your heart stops, the music fade
She smiles warmly, a heartfelt greeting
Finally well earned rest, this is the bed you made.
She leads you to Galladel, whom you must impress.

My Precious White Rose

My love, pure of heart and as white as snow,
Thy beauty hath sent many souls pining,
Thy silken hair, like gentle brook, doth flow.
Thine eyes art as twin stars, brightly shining,

Truthfully hath the gods blessed thee so fair:
Thy perfect smile doth cause my heart to melt.
The siren song of thy voice stirs the air:
And my heart beats with love never ere felt.

The Sun doth rise to gaze upon thy face.
Flowers bloom only to adorn thy path.
The Nightingale sings to extol thy grace.
No one hath conquered my heart as thou hath.

I shall always think of thee when it snows,
I truly love thee, my precious white rose.