

The Lament of Adr

Adr spoke these words once. They are to be remembered in the heart, though they shall not ring in the ears of any Ulven save those who are meant to know them. Adr spoke these words before a great Moot.

F ar-found flame-farewelled friends
F lung from Gaia's grasp to glory
But what honor comes in this?
The horse of Signarr hides
Betwixt the fair breeze of blades
Seeking to slake the thirst of wolf-wine.

Sweet handmaids of the world's mother
I ncite and invite strife's shallow scars.
The war-shirts shattered,
The slaughter-boar rent asunder,
F ree-flowing the mind-stone's sword-flood.
The bitch of wounds sees only gain.

I see kin, dripping with heart's blood,
F orever squabbling for glimpses of Geldir's grain.
The fecund fields, sown with soul-seed's water,
Sprouting only war-reeds and wheat of carrion-twigs.
A harvest of ash and bone,
Wolves' -barley for the black swans of battle.

Children starve, yet fittings and food

Abandoned for the firmly-sewn shirts of the battle-birches.
Whole Clans die, names lost to the wind,
Only we guard the forest's-whispers
From the stream's wear on carven stones.
What can ten do for one thousand?

Yet guilt lays not only with the shepherds,
For the rams run headlong to the ravine
Bucking barriers for fleeting honours.
Horns are shorne, tracks of wound-fires
Trace hides of each grazer of the sword-din.
Crippled hands bring little to the seat of poetry.

The gates of the fortress of poetry must open,
Withstand the wounds of widow's weeping,
The well-worne paths swept clear
Of dreadful deed and brother's betrayal,
The Journey's judgment remain unfed
His swords of bone unwashed in dishonor's wound-sweat.

Sons of death's disollution! We eleven
Speak with poet's prose for this moot.
No more the harvest of hate,
No more the Pack's lament.
We see the warrior's wounds and weep
For truth shall change in time.