

## Mara Cleaver-Wielder, Bird's Bane

*Hwaet!*

Mara Palmer//Dark Death-Dealer  
Wields the cold-iron//ichor-staining  
Bone and flesh//fall fast before her  
Flashing cleaver//cold Doom-Bringer

In the mead-hall//at the hearthside  
Stand the dough-bowls//at the ready  
Stands the sharp-iron//honed and thirsty  
Waits the hard-block//death's receiver

Butcher's table//tasting fowls-blood  
Tamed by Mara's//meaty maulings  
Cleaver claiming//cords and tendons  
Mara quick-wrist//wringing chaos

Sixteen birds//the breasts and leg-parts  
Fall before//the flashing cleaver  
Quick as lightning//lashing hard-strokes  
Hack apart//the poultry sinews

Praise we, then//this woman wielding  
Cold and heavy//hard-steel cleaver  
Sing a song//of poultry prowess  
Raise a cup to Mara's//mayhem

Flashing cleaver//cold Doom-Bringer  
Bone and flesh//fall fast before her  
Wields the cold-iron//ichor-staining  
Mara Palmer//Dark Death-Dealer

*AEdwardus hic fecit*

*Autumnal Equinox, 2011 (A.S. XLVI)*

*with respect to a fierce steel-wielder.....*

## Notes

**Anglo-Saxon style poetry** is alliterative style rather than a rhyming one; that is, the structure is based on repeating consonant sounds. Lines are divided into two half-lines separated by a slight pause (often shown either as an exaggerated space or two lines).

For more information, download the Anglo Saxon Poetry Guide located here:

<http://www.gemyndeseld.net/stories-by-the-hearth.html>

Another light Anglo-Saxon verse, this one celebrating a splendid day in a Coronation kitchen with Mara Palmer in the autumn of A.S. XLVI.