Chanson de Ysmay

I sing of Ysmay, Meridian Queen,
Though she knows not this humble balladeer.
Across the wint'ry field, the first I've seen
of this lady, though no crown does she need
to mark her station of nobility;
her regal bearing and gentility
proclaim her majesty is without peer.

Closer now she drifts, with a gracious mien,
here to consider courtiers' appeals,
there to laud men-at-arms fresh from melee,
then to delight the children who stampede
her for attention. Her laughter is sweet,
lifting all spirits like a sun-hued mead.
A paragon of hospitality:
each lostling and newcomer, Ysmay greets
and guides to find their place within this dream.

Now she stands near; silence falls as she speaks
her words of wisdom, all measured and meet,
to set the vigil of a peer-to-be.
Her eyes of chocolate-brown pass over me;
mine lower, and the wine-red hem recedes.
Senses thrill like a draught from Caffa's bean.
This humble bard watches her majesty.
With her courtly presence and words, she weaves
the folk of the land as one in the Dream.

About the work

After a period of inactivity in the SCA, I was struck with inspiration at the 40th Year event. After doing some research on Her Majesty's persona, I chose to write a poem in the form of a *chanson de geste*, which a 12th century Anglo-Norman would likely be familiar with.

Briefly:

- Each line is 10 -12 syllables
- The poem assonates (The last stressed vowel is the same in each line of the stanza, but the consonant differs – so "career," "queen," and "seed" fit the scheme though they don't properly rhyme).

The bones of the chanson come from my observations at the event as well as impressions from those who have spent time around the queen. It is also seasoned with sprinkles from the posted "Likes and Interests" page for the Crown.

A brief overview of the form can be found here:
https://www.thoughtco.com/chansons-de-geste-1788872

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In service,

Baron Dyfn ap Meurig y Pencerdd,
Seated Bard, Bryn Madoc
Companionate of the Bard
Companionate of the Poet Laureate