

Oaken Bench, Footsbane

In the High-Hall // of Bryn Madoc
Stands the warrior // Mara Palmer
There to do the // pre-Feast war dance
Bring to heel the // Feast-space chaos

Jumbled tables // willful benches
All stand fast to // thwart her order
Silent in rebuke // they mock her
Silent foes to // Mara's feast-plan

In the corner // crouched in silence
Table waits to // daunt her cunning
Waits to bring her // work to ruin
Close by, bench // in baleful waiting

Now does Mara // call forth strong backs
Here to work // her will of iron
Bringing order // out of chaos
Oaken bench leaps // hard upon her

Down it plunges // seeking life-price
Hard it surges // seeking foot-death
Lands a blow // brings forth, resounding
Mara Palmer's // high-pitched keenings

For the oaken bench // brief triumph
Only briefly // Mara's downfall
Carried forth // she seeks strong binding
Mara Palmer // Hard-foot rising

In her name // the feast hall order
Brings in line // the baleful oak-bench
Bent to will of // Mara's helpers
Forced to carry // revel's full weight

In the High-Hall // of Bryn Madoc
Stands once more // brave Mara Palmer
Contemplating means // of vengeance
Leaving in her wake // oak kindling

AEdwardus hic fecit

*In the New Year, May 19, 2014 (A.S. XLIX)
with love to a fierce pen-wielder*

Notes

“A tale of furniture, bloodshed, and revenge, loosely in the Anglo-Saxon style...”

Dreamstone 34 (2013): Mara Palmer was in the process of arranging the feast hall at Camp Daniel Morgan when a bench shattered her toe.