

Lady Astrid

By Dyfn ap Meurig, with help from her friends.

My words are weak, unworthy expressions
to frame our love for Lady Astrid.
Relentlessly cheerful, challenging sorrow,
banishing doubt; despair stood no chance.
Feisty, bewitching, a winsome lass,
(she found no strangers, only friends unnamed),
the soonest to laugh at self-made folly,
the last to catch the coarser jests,
the dancing archer, the animal lover,
whose affectionate manner brought folk together.
The men of Bryn Madoc, in minds alike,
Named her their Star, a stellar example
of all that is good, in this game that we live.
Whenever we called, she offered her aid;
game for the chores, a grin on her face,
ready to work, to make war on the task,
fearless to face the foulest of jobs,
this champion of cleanup, this queller of kitchens.
Her price was fair: a fizzing draught
and chocolate bar, brown gold of the west.
For these she moved mountains! She mustered her energy
which knew no bounds; unbowed, come what may.
The years passed by, and Astrid grew
from sunflower maiden to mild earth mother –
milder, truly, not tame or timid;
she spoke her mind, said her peace
for good or ill, but always kind-hearted.
Those who knew her could not be unmoved
to hear of her passing. The hearts of some
still bleed from that wound. The world moves on;
her absence now, unnoticed by most
who never heard her high, sweet laugh,
or saw her dance, a dervish in blue.
But look you close, to care-worn faces
whose tired eyes sparkle when speaking of Astrid;
her friendship's legacy, it lingers in their hearts.
My words are weak, unworthy expressions
to frame our love for Lady Astrid.
So no more words, oh witless scop!
Now raise the mead cups in memory of her
And hold her close in heart and thought.