

The Dream Stone

(terza rima in iambic pentameter)

The legend calls from darkest winter's night,
Through seeming hollow stillness in the air:
"Come one, come all, upon the field to fight!"

The first grand tourney of the year declare.
As blossoms of the Springtide season spread,
Good fighting men and women doth prepare.

An ancient field of honour proudly tread,
Where tales are told of noble battles waged;
Of gallantry by which the Dream is fed --

Now forty rounds about the Sun it's aged,
Throughout Meridies its glory known;
With pageantry and pomp its story staged

Each fighting gentle seeks to hold their own
And take their place within the Dream of Stone

~Oengus macGillaDubain