

## A Battle

Gwydion

Rows of men, in restless lines  
Air still echoes, death signs  
Not yet flown, from emptied halls;  
Footsteps falter, crumble, crawls

Steady are my horse's hooves, as I spur him on  
The alder sprigs held high, on the left, at dawn  
Arawn rules Gehenna, by blood blessed  
Brân is your name, warrior of the shining crest

Some of them were cast away  
On the fields of fight  
Because of holes torn in them  
By the enemy's might

Eerie voices linger, last;  
Final choices, feared, now lost  
Devastation drains, renew  
Still bodies strewn-knotted knees

Nor the high gods who ever lived my fight  
My enemy and hope; demons for fright  
A dispute breaks! The divine Amaethon  
Death within my grasp, planning aggression

Silver scrolls of birch bark  
Record the roots of trees  
Sycamore; timeless oak  
Faceless king of a thousand years

I shall not see a world that will be dear to me

Summer without flowers  
Kin will be without milk  
Women without modesty  
Men without valor  
Captures without a king  
Woods without mast  
Sea without produce  
Wrong judgments of old men  
False precedents of lawyers  
Every man, a betrayer  
Every boy a reaver  
Son will enter his father's bed  
Father will enter his son's bed  
Son will deceive his father  
Daughter will deceive her mother

An evil time!