

## Years of Peace

Gwydion

With the mildness of dandelion spores  
Dust clouds float gently,  
embracing the absence of patterns  
Finding dizzy sleep on this ground  
Covering the golden booze,  
oozing from a merry pile of jars

Slowly my eyes adjust to the clarity outside  
Piercing the brain like relentless mining picks

Stubborn ember's light flickers and shut  
Ashamed when obfuscated by the rising sun  
Only for a brief moment,  
It won't be long until they're lit again

Festivities are still roaring,  
a homage to glorious days  
After witnessing years of victories,  
fierce and brutal expansion  
What's next to come?

Now we can only rest, rest and eat  
And drink, and smoke, and stumble, and roll  
But even with these endless celebrations,  
the horizon is a line of monotony  
Surprisingly bitter gift for the accomplished success...  
At least, for a warrior

We swirl, and dance like sottish creatures,  
Expelling energy from every pore

We let morning invite us to sleep,  
something that night has evaded for many weeks...

Our dreams filled with vivid images,  
The heat of battle...  
Sweat dripping inside the armor

Slowly my eyes adjust to the clarity outside  
Piercing the brain like relentless mining picks

Stubborn ember's light flickers and shut  
Ashamed when obfuscated by the midday sun

Slowly my eyes adjust to the clarity outside...  
NO!!!