

Age of Runes

Falconer

Fates now faded from a twilight time
when heathen hearts whitened and waned
told in tongues in riddles and in rhymes
treading in times when runes did reign.
Winds do whisper of fame and fortune,
the stone is standing for the pagan pride
for bonds of of blood the widow wept.
Her kindred kept her tears in tide. During the sacred tunes
there is steel to the stone.
Raised in the age of runes,
oh memorial throne. Grand the granite carved and cut,
the mourner's monument of stone by steel.
In sinuous serpents from a mason's mind
the fortunate find what the runes reveal.
Read the red and taste the tales,
hearken the hammers beating blows
solemnly singing from the yesteryears
of tales and tears and a widow's woe.

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