

Dark Ages

The warrior stands proud -
Bedecked and bejewelled
In serpent-strewn spirals
Of garnet and gold

The poet tells stories
In paeans of praise -
Embroidered, embellished
In rhythm and rhyme

The craftsman sighs softly
As light fades to darkness -
Relaxes in sleep
Dreaming treasures untold

... and time turns ...

Seasons follow seasons
Years follow years -
The poet's words lost
The hero forgotten

While interred in the earth
His treasures sleep sound -
Patiently waiting
Return of the sun

... and time turns ...

Soft brushes awaken
The delicate horde -
What marvels are these?
What skills, what precision!

... the age is reclaimed ...

Dark Ages no more