

The Formidable Foe: Jens Ward

The tread of his boots brought sound to the night
The wind grasped his body and held on tight
The tussocks danced and licked at the rawhide
The Norseman wavered not in his undaunted stride
He was forever haunted by the formidable foe
A shadowy figure always lurking in the cooking fire's glow
The yell of battle was a constant in his dreams
Life by the sword had picked his bones clean
The chains of one's breeding are difficult to break free
In quest of solace he sought the salt of the North Sea
He reached those craggy cliffs and bared his teeth to the spray
Fighting back an urge to join in the foray
His legs stood braced as he watched far below
The attack and retreat of the white horse's flow
Whatever he heard
In whatever he saw
There was no escape
From the battle cry of war.