

Odin's Court

I sit at the long road of tables,
As fires prance about from
The hearths of stoves.
Mountains of roasted
Meats; piled to the
Ceiling as rivers of ale
Spilled from chalices;
Sparkling of gold and
Glimmering rubies.
The cracking of mugs;
The trill of lutes leaked;
The thunders of laughter.

—*Daniel Schirtzinger*