

The Falcon

The ages tell of dragon gold and tell of dragon bone,
Of golden sickles, golden boughs-- the golden horn is blown--
Of cromlech and of dolmen and the rolling of the stone,
Of walkers proud, and shiners bright, and one that's one alone,

Of Winter King and Summer King, the black horse and the white,
The path of darkness, brightly lit by briefest solstice light,
The fiddler in the ring of birch-- nine ladies dance the rite--
The soldier of the gilten spur is riding through the night,

Of sleeping lord, of bleeding lord, sewn up with silver thread,
Of wailing women at the stream washing the waters red,
Of maiden bowered in the moor with roses for her bed,
Of lines and runes and spiraled marks that once the learned read.

Who laid the lintel on the arch, and stood the stones beside?
What is the hill that poets walked? Where did the Rhymer ride?
Where is the sword that Uther bound in anvil as he died?
The falcon bore them all away, where ages past abide.

The biting blade all gone to rust, the king to earth below,
The pages crumble into dust; the great walls bend and bow;
The meanings into riddles turned; the answers none can know
For all are gone who understood, and ever shall be so.

—*Olivia Louise Olowan Varney*