

Where I Introduce The Antagonists: The Duchess of Moisture, The Empress of Waterfowl

The Duchess of Moisture streamed from her castle;
Deep in her mitered soul she was enraged;
She arranged her forces for the battle;
It was a drear morning; in the village,
By the tall volcano, near the rivers,
And in her houses, her anger began;
Her sea witches were sent to claim us; the oars
They rowed with were golden; far inland
My muscles were tired; buoyed by the dead horses,
The Empress of Waterfowl, her purple
Pennant raised, cried out to the marshes,
To the curlews and sheldrakes, the supple
Formations of swans; the moon showed what was left;
No quality of language would spell our grief. . .

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