

## The Lone Eagle

From the misty shores of our homeland  
An eagle soars upon capable wings, alone and silent.  
Forward unto the war, the choice not his own.  
For his mistakes he made himself, his options void.  
Now fate dictates where they lead him, towards death, or life?  
Is the cause important? Is this bloodshed in vain?  
Through his veins course determination, courage, and virtue.  
Yet is it for naught? Is this fight wrong or for justice?  
Nevertheless, he must take flight, the 'why' matters not to him.  
He cares only for the when, and the how.  
How will he fly home on damaged wings?  
When will the winds carry him home from these foreign lands?  
Handing his own freedom away for ours, he bloodies his talons  
And allows his wings to be clipped so that we may fly.  
Though battered and grounded, no longer able to glide or sail the skies,  
His heart will shoot upward and climb high to the heavens  
When he at long last see's his home, the horrors faced at his back.  
Yet when landing upon his home soil once more, he finds no warmth.  
They welcome him with jeers and judgmental gazes.  
He sullied his youth for them, yet they send their scorn  
And vile accusations that seem viable to those who have not witnessed what he has.  
He fights those he bled for, he left his nest cold and empty  
So that they could mock him in comfort.  
His trial was long, yet this fight is longer still.  
And until one day when the little hatchling is held under broken wings  
With twinkling eyes, holding a gaze of reverence reserved for heroes  
Will he know that his war is finally over.

## History is Beneath the Skin

She peels back the curtain,  
Her vessel is bare before me.  
She is an old soul sealed within a young frame.  
She knows not what she allows me to accomplish.  
She grants me the gift of great opportunities.  
The chance to look upon a priceless relic,  
Precious and pristine, preserved from a bygone era.  
The chance to frolic through a forbidden garden,  
One where few may enter.  
She does not allow me the chance to touch her.  
She allows me to touch a tapestry.  
To trace every thread, every single stitch,  
To trace a history, an epic  
That transcends my very existence.  
She allows me to experience such euphoria  
For she is no muse, nor distant mermaid  
She is not folklore, fairy tale or legend.  
She is mortal. She is reality.  
And she stands before me.

## The Rushing Rain

They gallop forth from gloomy veil  
Sailing on blustering winds boldly through vast skies,  
As they rush onward, reckless and cavalier  
Caring not for subtly as they surge forward.  
Their gentle canter changes into a thunderous charge,  
As they steadily careen towards their end, never slowing,  
Shooting onwards, never showing signs of stopping,  
Their goal draws nearer and and ever nearer  
They cross the cinereal expanse, they cut through cloudy plains  
The distance closes, the extent of the expedition has been reached.  
Crashing against the cold earth, the end is now.  
Splattering here, spattering there, scattering all across the ground.  
All around their broken bodies burst and soak the rocks and soil.  
And in a house, quaint and quiet, sits a restless child,

Whom upon hearing the rain pitter-patter upon the shutters and shingles  
Is silenced and lulled into a sleep most sound.

### Marching Song

We packed our bags and left our homes  
In order to march, in order to roam.  
We kissed our wives, waved our family goodbye  
For we won't know if we'll live or die.  
Right. Left. Left. Right.  
Marching off towards the fight.  
One. Two. Three. Four.  
Walking up to the Devil's door.  
Pass the baron in his tower, he's counting his gold  
We'll die young and he'll grow old.  
Cross bridges, ford streams, walk over hill-and-dale  
And wish our beloved land farewell.  
Right. Left. Left. Right.  
Marching off towards the fight.  
One. Two. Three. Four.  
Walking up to the Devil's door.  
Heaven's behind us, Hell's in front of our face  
All the same, we won't slow our pace.  
Lads, we're heading off towards a war  
And we know what will be in store.  
Right. Left. Left. Right.  
Marching off towards the fight.  
One. Two. Three. Four.  
Walking up to the Devil's door.  
Friends, if you die, it'll make me frown  
But if you do, fall face down.  
And on this day, if I should fall  
You won't hear my name next roll-call.  
Right. Left. Left. Right.  
Marching off towards the fight.  
One. Two. Three. Four.  
Walking up to the Devil's door.  
Charlie's in the trees, Jerry's on the hill

It doesn't matter who they are, just go and kill.  
Fight the foe with sword and shot  
Use your fists if they're all you've got.  
Right. Left. Left. Right.  
Marching off towards the fight.  
One. Two. Three. Four.  
Walking up to the Devil's door.  
When your heartbeat mimics the rhythm of the drum and fife  
You're a soldier for the rest of your life.  
The war is right, the war is wrong  
Changing the words won't change the song.

### Perfect Paradox

Staring into eyes, twin paradoxes  
Through which I view her soul.  
Gentle it is,  
As are the seas that seal it away.  
Wild it is,  
As is the ravens-mane cascading,  
Flowing in gentle ringlets, framing a face  
Known to show unfathomable serenity  
Or twist with unbridled savagery.  
She is undomesticated in her tameness.  
She is intimately unknowable.  
She is as the seas nestled within her skull,  
She is a gentle gale,  
She is a tender typhoon,  
She is the perfect paradox.