

## The Lesser Known Saga of Snorri Bjornson

### First Circle

When Snorri Bjornson was ready to go raiding,  
King Harald gave him a longship to bring home riches.  
In those days, Fjordane was neither ruled nor governed,  
but inundated by obstinacy and sense-numbing pride.

Snorri sailed a westward adventure with his fleet,  
seeking sun-drenched coastlines of possibility  
where Earth is fertile and greener with promise –  
a farmer's dream to steer his own life.

Helga, daughter of Mary, was Snorri's mother.  
She had blessed the journey for her son's sake.  
Long nights at sea under the fist of Thor  
gave Snorri insight on oaring treacherous waters.

One dawn Snorri met his fate – by Odin's hand –  
a Vinland youth seeking a landholder's grip.

## Second Circle

The story now turns to Iceland.

There Snorri rose to chieftain, and received  
his gold arm ring and pleasure granting maids  
from kinsmen who were great warriors like him.

Snorri was well-liked and respected;  
the gods were in his favor – he was saved by Odin  
from axes and curses that sought his destruction  
in the frosty echoes of livestocked battle fields

where his enemies tried to bleed his essence:  
the Lawspeaker condemned Snorri with tidel-breath  
resoluteness, not for his deeds, but for his nature.  
Yet a home in Asgard with the gods had been selected

for Snorri to weather out the snowy penumbra  
once the bridled-horses had unleashed their fury.

### **Third Circle**

The burning drizzle of Snorri's tears of wakefulness  
carved their first night together in the King's Drekar –  
the clinker-built symbol of boys thieving their future.  
A flesh-on-flesh dance to the gods and savage beasts.

Haloed crows witnessed Snorri's dignified affair;  
the fetches of Thor hovering over the realm of reality.  
Thor himself betrothed to man-cursed love,  
and from the feast at sea Thor welcomed the union.

Snorri's wet head and sweaty clavicle now consummated.  
The warrior of raids sailed favorable winds  
up north to uninhabited lands where, now blessed  
with the gift of the Word, Snorri built his farmhouse.

From then on Snorri and his Vinland youth shared drinking horns  
and sought to raid no foreign lands but their own navels.

## Fourth Circle

That summer Snorri went to the Althing.

By now many Icelanders had settled the Northern lands;  
and 1/3 of the law was being recited every year;  
and justice was believed to be dispensed from its hills.

Snorri pitched his tent near the Lawrock –  
the sinner eases his fate through men's edicts.  
Yet no pomp or reverence provided sustenance,  
and the Seer predicted the loss of his kinsmen.

Snorri knew then the iron spikes approached,  
and the Lawspeaker's troops in a fierce V-line  
Confirmed the arid farmlands at Thingvellir were  
not equal as Snorri had been promised by his King.

Helga urged her son to hunker in the tyranny,  
but "weeds can adapt to the despotic tundra."

## **Fifth Circle**

Snorri Bjorson chose to fight with Thor's wise-sword.  
He poured his molten rage and shaped his axe –  
a battle of maxisms was near and even the gods at Asgard  
with their wound-flaming sword could not stop him.

The laws of man were not making corpses of the claymen  
roaring for Snorri's victory – the fair chance at life.  
The banners of Thor adorned the fields, Iceland  
and its decrees of bondage slain in the blood-wet dirt.

But Snorri saw the Seer's true words reflected  
in his Vinland boy's marred, sunlit locks:  
wandering endlessly in vengeful states of mind  
brings about the all-consuming passion for hate.

For now Snorri had endured his destiny,  
and mastered his mind through the experience.