

Alastorron

Deep within the snowy mountain
beyond the plateau stepped
Fortressed in his caverned chambers
King Alastorron slept

While Colos, the titan eagle,
his ancient vigil kept
To guard the mountain high and cold
where from the north wind swept

Many years the king had slumbered
through times e'er falling sand
Deep in his caves of Calamar
as peace was on the land

A king of might with crystal sword
clasped firm within his hand
Draped in repose with royal cloak
of braided golden strand

While through these years, stealth Belazar
Grew evil in his plot
To seize the throne of Calamar
and claim its land his lot

And thus he taxed the tilling serfs
full half of what they wrought
And threatened till his fear, instilled,
controlled their every thought

Then by the fear that filled the land
raised in each peasants' prayer
The mighty king stirred from his rest
within his caverned lair

His eyes snapped open with suspect
in anger they did flair
His beating heart did then entreat
his crystal sword to glare

When from the caves of Calamar
by eagles winged flight
Came forth the king Alastorron
to swing his sword of right

All warriors of Belazar ,
the evil Lord of night,
raised every sharpened spear in hate
with foul cries of there might

This battle cry was echoed loud
'cross steppes and through the hills
Yea, every hamlet covered from
that dreaded sound which kills

For every nave knew well the fear
of Belazar's foul wills
While weeping for deliverance
each maidens' nightmare fills

From every camp across the land
vile warriors did gush
To heed their dark lord's call to arms;
Alastorron to crush

Yea, even in the dead of night
above soft rainfall's rush
Could pounding footfalls still be heard
as troops marched through the slush

A hundred campfires flecked the steppes
'fore morning shadows role
The smoke and mist as thick as milk
hung low across the shoal

Then Belazar road into camp
with cloak shown black as coal
He sneered with evil confidence;
this day would bring his goal

As he reproached the ragged troops
with snarls of his scorn
The mist grew dark above their heads
with shadowed sweeping form

From its presence the cruel hoard shrank
As waves swell 'gainst the storm
And groans of fright gripped their throats
when Colos's cry did warn

"To arms! To arms!" roared Belazar
"a thousand Finn I'll pay
To every man who's spear will find
Alastorron today"

A scramble broke for blade and shield
the order to obey
With sword and pick or quivered bolt
to join the armed foray

And every soldier cursed the king
with a naive bravery
In taunting jest of claimed reward
for deeds unsavory

But all the brash and boasting noise
was their delusory
for all knew well this day could bring
their death's delivery

Yes, long was sung the fabled wrath
of King Alastorron
Legends of his horrific might
to be kindled anon

What boy did not, in games of war,
wield crystal sword's icon
and claim his mock victory in
the name Alastorron

Then from the north encampment throng
beyond the cloak of mist
Came anguished cries of dying men,
a clue to battle's twist

In sweeping dives from side to side,
across the foggy list,
coursed Colos with his talons spread
No armor could resist

Upon his wiry feathered back
King Alastorron rode
and swung the glowing crystal sword
to rend it's morbid load

Limbs were severed, armor impaled
and helmets did explode
None could dislodge the King's attack
nor stop the blood that flowed

Stark fear now gripped the bravest heart
as through the milky vale,
each man could hear approaching death
and grew cold in his mail

Some ran screaming, off through the mist
like children they would wail
Some stood frozen, wrapped tight in fear
and fell like brittle shale

Still others, brave, or maybe fools,
 would firmly stand their ground
Yet ready as they seem to be
 the king would cut than down

Oh, on it rolled from steppe to steppe
 that fearful fighting sound
of clanging swords, of screaming and
 of dying all around

Till morning sun rose off the hills
 to melt the mist away
And thus reveal that nauseous site
 which greeted light of day

The reality of spoils greed
 with such a price to pay
To tear the life from mothers' hearts
 and bid the vultures play

Was there someone to weep for they
 who lost their lives for greed
Perhaps the bitter Belazar
 remorseful for his deed

No... Belazar lay cold and white
 among the dead debris
No accolades, no spoils sweet,
 no bier would he need

But one did stand upon the field
 'neath morning's heavy light
With aching heart and saddened eyes
 still reeling at the site

Alastorron of Calamar
his sword still glowing bright
Would kneel to pray for all the dead
and curse this "need" for right

Then through the land of Calamar
trumpets and bells did sound
Then troubadours and poets spread
the glad news all round

"Thanks be" they sang; "our land will live
by fear no longer bound
Praise the might of Alastorron
again peace has been found"

... Spring after spring warms Calamar
and meadow flowers grow
Across the steppes to the mountain
where from the north winds blow

Legends say; high on the mountain,
in caverns far below
the good King Alastorron sleeps
his crystal sword aglow

Calamar will know peace until
the Devil's fire is fanned
by spineless men's complacency
and evil's greedy hand

Yea... Men grow old and children play
as peace is on the land
Memories die but fables live
through times e'er falling sand

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