

Songs of my People

“I can understand songs about years,” I said, lazy in my hammock. “Seasons? Sure. Months? Well, some months are special. I can even see why you would make a song about a day of the week. But why a twenty-stanza epic about October 18, 1867?”

The bard shrugged, his wings humming. “The purchase of Alaska is very important to my people. A day that epic deserves a song of its own.”

“Hold on. Your... people? You mean sprites?”

The bard looked crossly at me. “No, I mean, you know...” he waved vaguely “...us. I was born in Hoboken, you know.”

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