

From “The Coming of the Great Wyrn of Philadelphia”

Then reared the Wyrn / Skin silver-scaled
Gleaming in gloom / Of foeman's hall.
“Hwaet!” she roared. / “I bring you gifts!”
“Your lives. Take them. / Then flee my lair.”

Then spoke her foe / Grim bandit-chief
Sneering, scarred / He showed no fear.
“Your lair?” he snarled. / “I hold these lands.
No man nor Wyrn / may take from me

My rightful lot. / All that I see,
I make my own. / As well you know.
Dragons and Kings. / We share a thirst
For loot and land / Which never slakes.”

Behind the Wyrn / Her shield-men stood
Waiting to hear / Their Lady's words.
Did any fear / This King spoke sooth?
Was this the way / Of fallen Earth?

Laughter, clean, bright / filled hall with light.
“Tis true, oh ‘King:’ / Draconic hearts
Are filled with love / For treasure bright:
We value all / to quote the sage

‘Of beauty, strength / and worth’ - but we
Love more our homes / That is the thirst
That Man and Wyrms / both truly share.
This lair is *mine*. / Be somewhere else.”

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