

The Flute and the Sword

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ABSTRACT

Part I

The Red blossoms showered along the way,

Barren trees drenched in Rubies of Valor,

The Cruellest April winds dance around the lanes,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

A man armed with a sword on his right,

And a Shield shimmered from his armor.

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Part I

The Red blossoms showered along the way,

Barren trees drenched in Rubies of Valor,

The Cruellest April winds dance around the lanes,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

A man armed with a sword on his right,

And a Shield shimmered from his armor.

Neither a king was he, nor a knight,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

He rode on a horse, an amateur like him;

Both aliens to battle and bloodshed,

Reminiscing the days of the merry yore

All drenched in sorrow and sadness

Part II

He had heard of the musings of Athara,

The great city, who adorned herself with flowers and gems.

Now, all that lay were howls and debris

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

He had travelled there on his horse.

A flute in hand, and a song in his mind

The city took away all that was his and lay,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

Now all that was present was a raiment

Of darkness, chaos, and blood;

Mighty soldiers lay slain,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

Part III

“Elrian”, his father had said,

“Time changes our passions to distant tremors,

Harmony transforms into songs of war.”

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

The blood streams and corpses were of the people he loved,

And they were the kins that Athara gave him.

He dropped the flute, and took the sword;

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

Sweet harmonies halted in his mind,

Songs of battle, and rage played on.

He entered the enemy lair,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

Part IV

Laughter played his cards in the enemy camp,

Elegies of Athara mused in his mind.

The sword, and the shield led him:

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

The pawns fell down with ease,

The Purple curtains were wreathed with scarlet drops,

The commander lay under his sword,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

A new song played in his mind,

“For all who draw the sword, will die by the sword”

Teary-eyed, and broken he knelt, and shrieked,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.

He dropped his sword of scarlet drops,

The on-lookers dreaded the warrior he had become,

He climbed on his nomadic friend and rode to the flute,

All drenched in sorrow and sadness.