

On Many Fields a King

by Katryne Blak, January, ASXXXVIII

(*On Many Fields a King* has the format of an Elizabethan sonnet, except that the first line has two extra syllables. I think it sounds a bit more like storytelling that way.)

On many fields the dust will drift, where swords
Lay on, and dwindle to a single man and blade;
There watchful ladies say unto their lords:
In truth, on many fields a King is made.

If he stands last, he is of fiery kind,
Who sleeping rests with honor said and done;
And waking kindles memories to find
His glory in the hearts of companions.

If he first falls, so is the barley hewn
To grow a taller tale, where tales are loved;
And so may darkest night increase a moon,
And sun diminish lesser stars above.

Whereever gentle memories are moored,
They tell of him, the East's appointed sword.