

Inspired Verse



and child
Unborn on to the ruddy lake. Each blast
 Of war-wind almost rent their swollen
sail,
 Propelling them towards the hidden isle,

Towards safety. And, as prophesy foretold,
 When twixt the Archs legs their vessels
hull
Passed through, its upcast shadow flaming gold
 From every edge, the queen brought forth
a son.

 And he cried out unto the regal stone,

And soothing lullaby it did recall;
 The waters soft illumination shone
And not a ripple marred the oceans lull.
 Unharm'd, the greater family did retire
 To their protected Age for thirty year

And did youthful Ahlesendar return,
 Reclaim the crown, and overwhelm the war.
Rejoice, then, every Dni citizen!
 For it was this prophetic king who taught
 From violent Root shall New Start be born
out.

Submitted by: Hannah Catherine

Sing, oh sing of the exiled king,

And of his broken throne.
Of his matchless worth and his storied birth
Beneath the arch of stone,
Of his newborn flight through the deadly night
As his enemies pursue him.
Past the island gate he'll prepare and wait,
For his foes shall ne'er subdue him.

Cry, oh cry for the ones who die
At the foot of war's cruel throne.
The living weep and the dead ones sleep
As cold as fallen stone.
How long? How long must the funeral song
The dirge, the lamentation
Both day and night mark the fear-wracked plight
Of the suffering D'ni nation?

Pray, oh pray for the far off day
When the king reclaims his throne,
When the scourge of war has been banished far
From the sheltering halls of stone.
Through the endless night they still seek a
light
As fragile as an ember.
"The king will come like the rising sun!"
Say those who still remember.

Sing, oh sing for the great high king
Now reclaims his mighty throne!
Hope's bright flame burns D'ni's king returns
Through the ancient arch of stone!
Sing joyful songs for he rights cruel wrongs
And tyrants cower before him.

For the dream war killed peace can now rebuild
So the D'ni will adore him!

Submitted by: Kehl: Creator of Simple Words

Past, long past. Deep in the dark
Of myst memories an ancient wrote
words of coming truth: The Arch
welcomes the reign of the great one

While wicked wars ravaged on, the
Young one waited among the Garo-hevtee,
Taken out among the branches
Terokh Jeruth. When will he wake?

Biding time after narrow escape from
Such nuhdahtahv bfahsee. Peril from
The warlike Pento and pursuit forcing
Koreen from his home.

Now awake our Great One, baby born
Under the Arch prophetic. One of whom
Oorpah told beyond his age of Garternay,
One would rise above all.

Mothers, of Pento, of Dni mourn over sons
slain. Soft and fair tears flow swiftly
to the lake, filling it full of sorrow.
All cry out: Ahlsendar return to us!

And the young king soon sailed through
Keraths Arch, his ship the harbinger of
horrors death. The once war times now ended
and all Dni rejoices in his coming.

Ahlsendar, our Great One, Arch-born,
Arch-returned, bastion of peace for us.
Tears of joyous celebration cover all,
true happiness again.

Our place in the Great Tree preserved,
and the Great Ones salvation remembered.

Submitted by: Ri'Neref

What lies beneath this fallen world?
The cold expanse with darkness filled.
The winding paths that crush the mind,
They fall to dreaded depths, yet climb
To reach the windy surface clime.

Whilst chambers daunt and haunt the lost
Never to waken, minds cold with frost.
Eager for life, not yet to live,
First live to come, last dead to lie.
All this has passed, because great shame
Was passed on cursed Aegaris name.

Whose cart of death in sleep was found,
Long years before, while sleepless bound,

Ahlsendar, the king, was crowned.
For not just in statesmanship did he rule,
Fulfilling in greatness: the prophesys tool,
The legacy left him he passed on,
Telling a time with Dni gone.
Of other things as well as that,
The new tree falling, stricken dead.
As survivors found a missing thread.

What lies beyond these fallen worlds?
The emptiness that drives the word.
The written phrase burned to the page
Made to discover the next great age.
But power drives the mind to greed,
To death and darkness does it lead.
And such the poet laments greatly,
For peoples fallen deep, innately,
Till crowned again the Great One reigns;
And peace has one the great campaign.

