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The Shrive of a Troll

hohoho

Lost, he is lost in the village...
not able to find his way...
lost, lost in the village...

a Troll in size
unable to disguise
behind a barn

wounds leaking
on the stable floor
breaking down
Broken swords
unstable door

"Ayee! More!"

he yells
and gobbles down
a bucket of ale
and spits
on the floor

grumble

"Ayee.. go and found
me a nest…

Ahh… to sleep
find some rest
'll be cursed
nor blessed
before I'll go…
Next!”

stumble's out
in cold March morning

rumble's down
the street
the air is cold an sweet

Where are me mates?

he wanders
picking an' egg from a tree
crunching between his fingers
daubing his ulcerated feet

soon he'll find his way
no one seems to stay
he feels wretched…

grumbles
“Come what may…”

and down the road he lingers…

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Nightngale med Poeter.se id #4750 innehar upphovsrätten