

THE RUIN

Anon

Well-wrought this wall: Wierds broke it.
The stronghold burst...

Snapped rooftrees, towers fallen,
the work of the Giants, the stonemiths,
mouldereth.

Rime scoureth gatetowers
rime on mortar.

Shattered the showershields, roofs ruined,
age under-ate them.

And the wielders & wrights?
Earthgrip holds them - gone, long gone,
fast in gravesgrasp while fifty fathers
and sons have passed.

Wall stood,
grey lichen, red stone, kings fell often,
stood under storms, high arch crashed -
stands yet the wallstone, hacked by weapons,
by files grim-ground...
...shone the old skilled work
...sank to loam-crust.

Mood quickened mind, and a man of wit,
cunning in rings, bound bravely the wallbase
with iron, a wonder.

Bright were the buildings, halls where springs ran,
high, horngabled, much throng-noise;
these many meadhalls men filled
with loud cheerfulness; Wierd changed that.

Came days of pestilence; on all sides men fell dead,
death fetched off the flower of the people;
where they stood to fight, waste places
and on acropolis, ruins.

Hosts who would build again
shrank to the earth. Therefore are these courts dreary

