

WSKG Contest

O'er the river and at the mountain's foot:
The mournful wind howls, the vengeful
storm prowls,
Taking shelter: beasts and beings, wildfowls
From the east a stranger walks, cloaked in
soot.

The stranger has still thirty leagues to go,
A long way marching through the rain and
trass
Many days, many turns of the hourglass
He pushes on, the road is long and slow.

He carries with him at all times a box,
Within it stowed a rose of gold and gem
Carefully curved thorns up and down its
stem
The case is shut with the finest of locks.

He keeps the box close, hidden at his side,
Safe from thieves with a curious finger
At the waystops and inns he doesn't linger
He will protect his years of work and pride.

In the meadow a mourning wind thrashes
Rolling and raging like the storming seas
Rising and falling, battering the trees
Surging and heaving, flinging the ashes

Lightning flashes torrential rain pours down
The river at the mountain's foot is wide
Far to its bed and to its other side
The mountain regal rises, clouds its crown.

Surging over its banks the river roars,
overflowing , full with the pouring rain
Tipping tall mast the wind howls in pain
The river hungers, gobbling up all oars.

The boat it rises, falls on river waves,
He battened the hatches and reefed the sails
The boat rocks and sways, he clings to the
rails
That twisting watery serpent he braves.

Now the mountain he climbs, steep paths,
sheer walls.
He strives higher, he must reach its summit
He clings tightly or else he will plummet.
Excitement abounds, the journey's end calls.

Sun bursts sudden, through the clouds he
has strode,
The late light shining in the sky burns red,
This is where the trying journey has led
Far, far from home he has followed the road.

He takes out his box and opens it's lid,
The rose within it shines bright, looks alive
Deliver the rose, for this he did strive,
This for the hero's legacy he did.

He lies down next to the grave on his packs,
He looks up at the stars so high above,
He recalls the hero, his greatest love,
Without her, his mighty dove, the world
lacks.