Ragnarok

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by Sue Haun

Long have we wandered, singing of gods,
long have we walked the stones of cities,
sleeping where the night found us,
eating what our songs could bring us
but going hungry in those cities

And now the gods have battled fate and lost
But we still sing, and soon we shall awaken them again

We, the wanderers wait in Odin's tomb
and watch the dust fill up the skulls of Valkyries.
We wait, I say, we wait
until the dust itself is turned to stone.
Then we shall place our shoulders to the slab
that seals the tomb, and with a heavy shrug
roll back the marble boulder and begin again.
With long strides we shall cover the earth,
striking our harps, and singing a melody
to set the sun and sky in motion,
and with Thor's hammer forge an iron cross
on which another Asgard to renew.

But wait we must, until the blood of war
is born again as fluid in the veins of violets
But wait we must, in silence with the stars,
for time and destiny are far beyond us