

SUPPLEMENT #13-
Poetry

AMT GARD

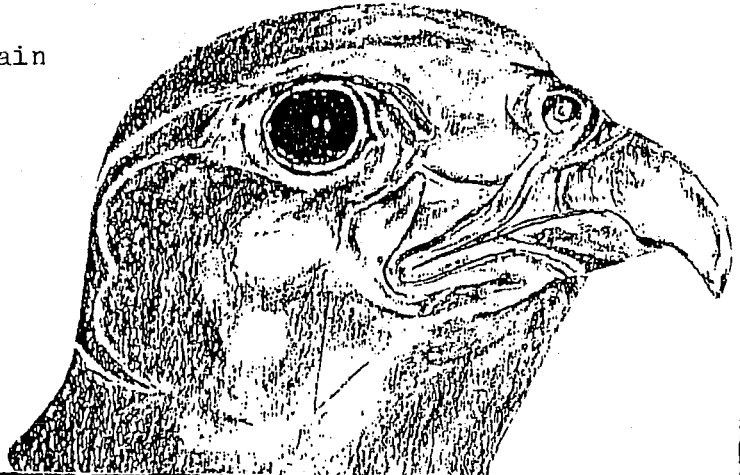
Editor's note: There is a lot of good Amtgard poetry, far more than can be contained in the 20 pages of an Amtgard supplement. Pieces chosen for this work reflect the various contributions of the most prolific and the most successful (award winning) poets and songwriters of our fine medieval and fantasy society.

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- *cover art by Sho-kia, art on this page by M'Deth
- *editor- Aramithris

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I See

Whispy clouds of mist surround the mountain peaks.
Rays of light break through the mist
And light upon a face.

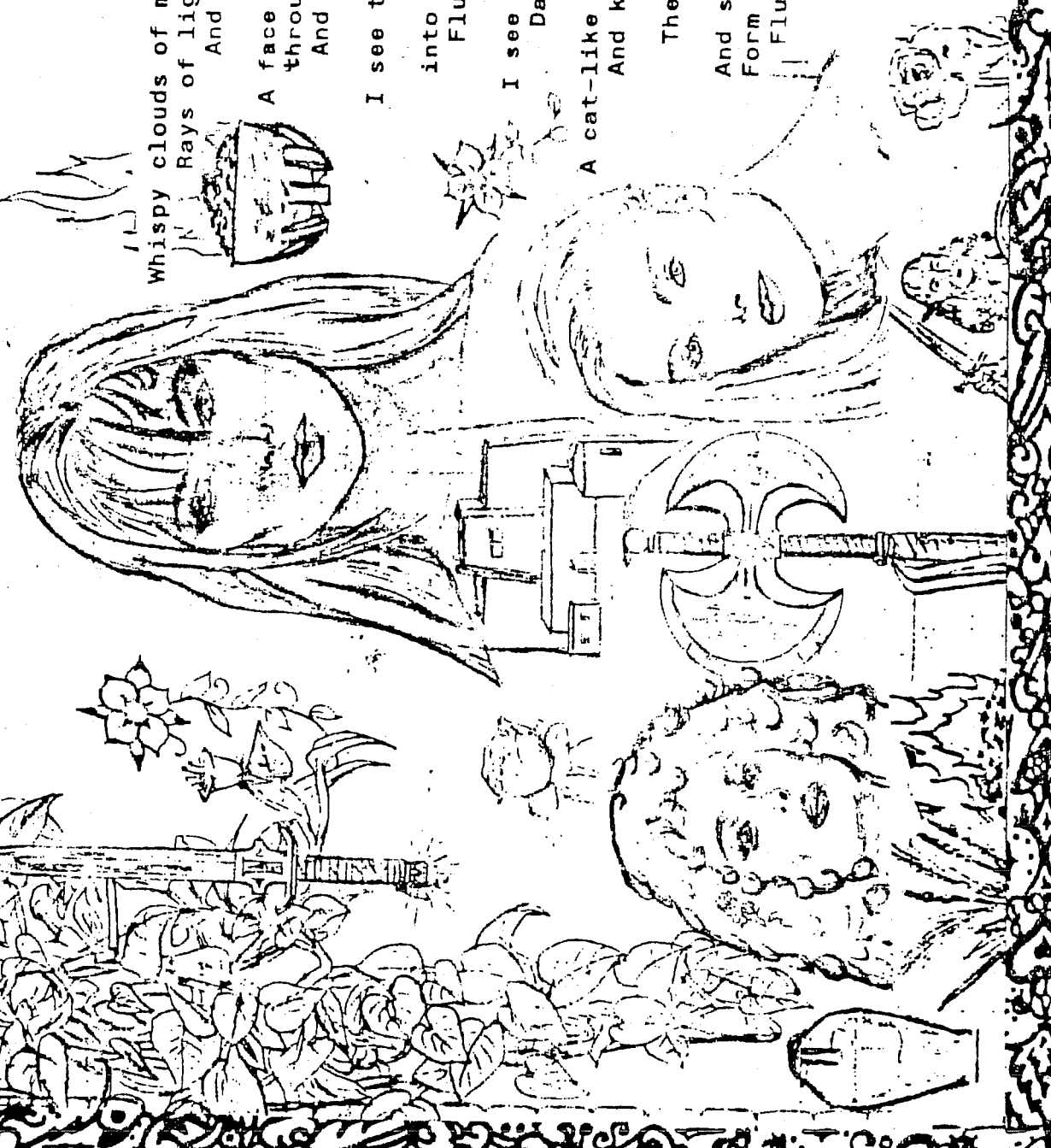
A face of a young woman peers
through the dimly lit air
And in her eyes I see.

I see the whisps of her hair
Flowing
into the wings of a bird
Fluttering in flight.

I see the corner of her eye
Darkening, forming
In the depths

A cat-like glare with inquisitiveness
And knowing all at once.

The cat licks its paw
And purrs,
And suddenly the whiskers
Form the wings of a bird
Fluttering in flight.



Casual Storm

The tower stands darkened
by the wrath of a storm
a quick silver man
steps nearer the door
seeking some shelter
seeking some warmth

The raven flies overhead
guided by the raging storm
a sleek midnight maiden
has opened now the door
offering him shelter
offering him warmth

Thrice calls the raven
forgotten in the storm
he crosses the threshold
he enters thru the door
happy he's sheltered
happy he's warm

Incense drifts upward
like the mist from the
storm

mysterious midnight
woman

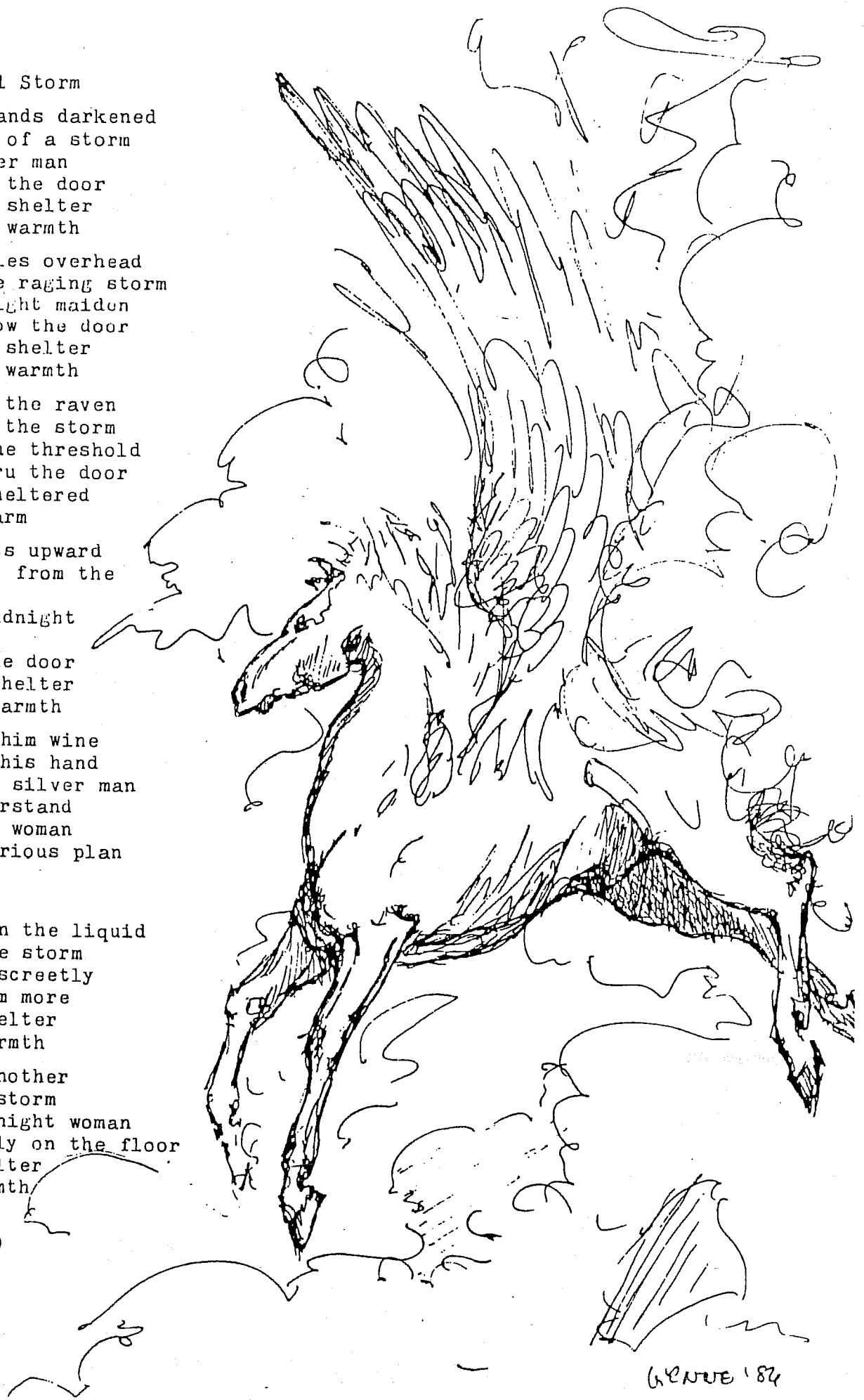
closes now the door
now for the shelter
now for the warmth

She gives to him wine
softly takes his hand
and the quick silver man
does not understand
this midnight woman
and her mysterious plan
for shelter
for warmth

He drinks down the liquid
unaware of the storm
she smiles discreetly
and offers him more
yes to the shelter
yes to the warmth

Downing yet another
risen is the storm
the sleek midnight woman
lies invitingly on the floor
intent on shelter
intent on warmth

(continued)



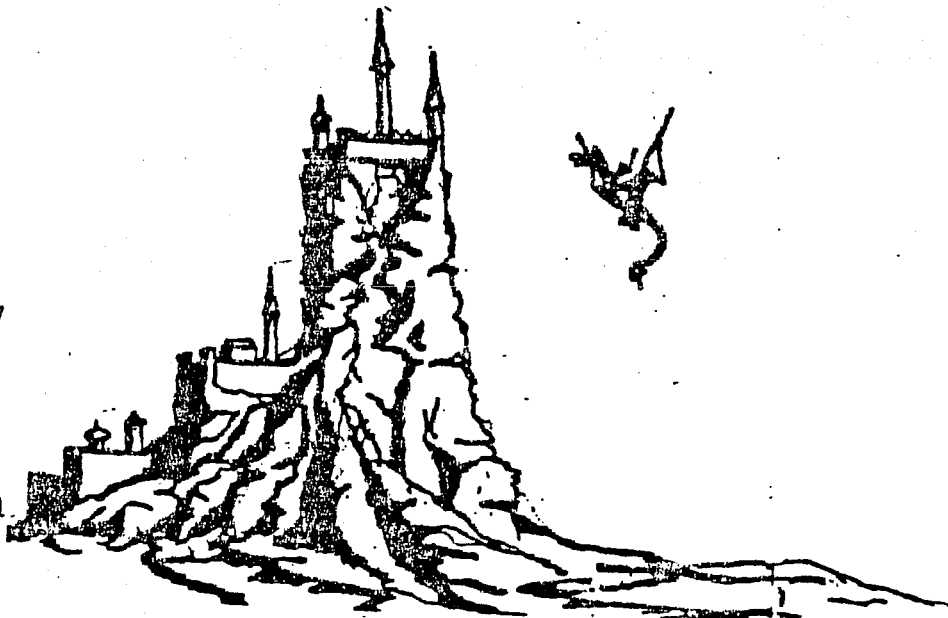
WENUE '84

He goes to her quickly
laughing at the storm
fingers remove clothing
passions begin to soar
now for the shelter
now for the warmth

Having planted his seed
spent is the storm
he looks into her eyes
seeing now to her core
something for shelter
something for warmth

She raises her arm
the blade shining brightly
the quick silver man
knows now her plan
too late, he can't stand
the blade strikes home
no more shelter
as she drinks of his blood
her price, her warmth

The raven flies once more
satiated is the storm
a sleek midnight woman
opens her tower door
offering shelter
offering warmth

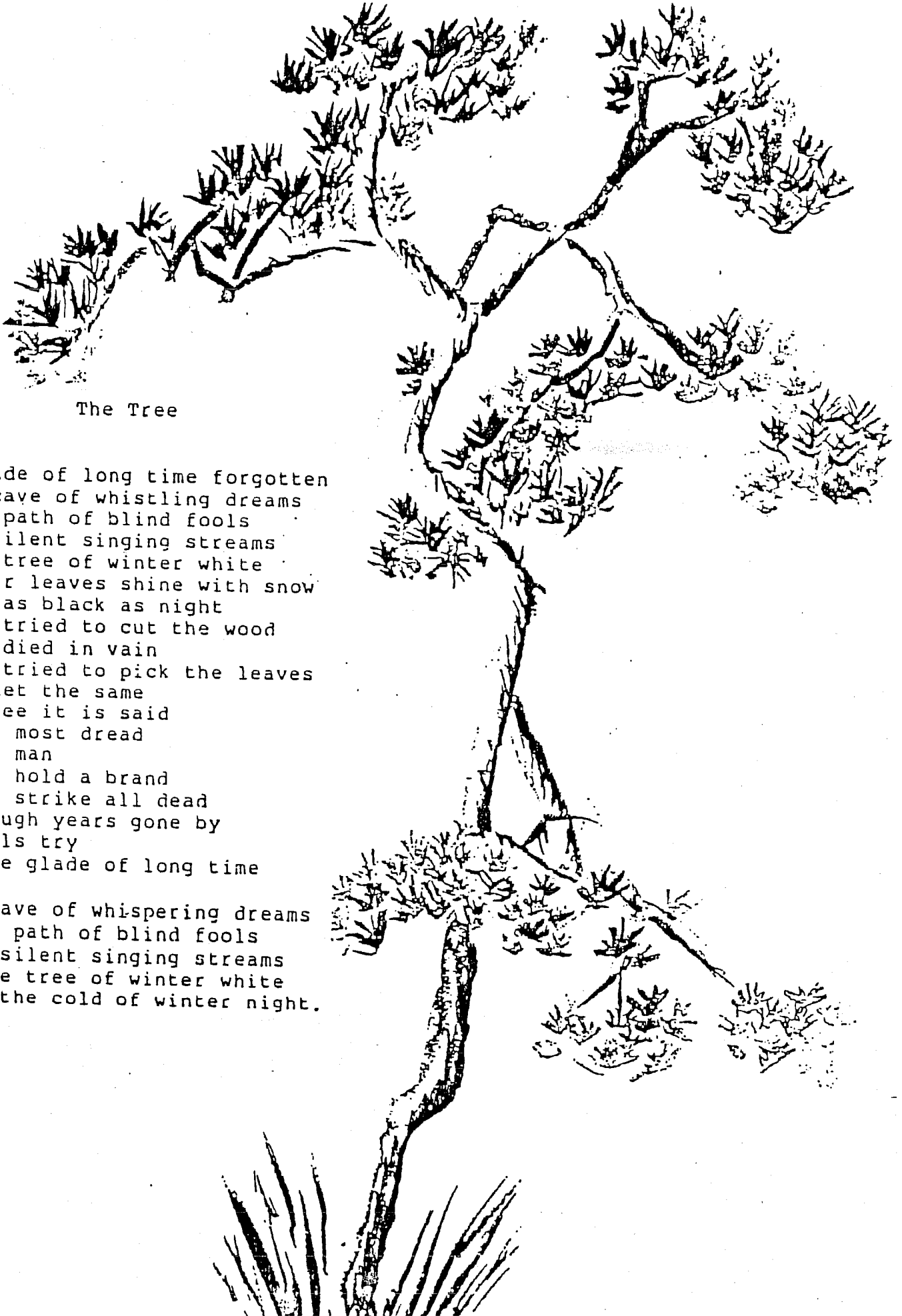


The Lovers

Two dark stars burning against the earth-sky of frozen crystal.
This is her season of grace.
His eager feet have spurned the darkling scape of snow
The glittering granite spine.
To join his song to hers.
With icy plumes of love and fury
His cruel muzzle tenderly caresses her star silvered pelt.

No stranger to passion's violence she turns on him
Marking his throat with the scarlet badge of her preference.
Drops of scarlet sprayed like a bloody fan
To warn all lesser ones away from the savage nuptials.
Triumphant, he crys forfit to the winds
As she slips away to the glacial bower.





The Tree

In the glade of long time forgotten
past the cave of whistling dreams
along the path of blind fools
near the silent singing streams
Lives the tree of winter white
It's tender leaves shine with snow
It's bark as black as night
Many have tried to cut the wood
Many have died in vain
Many have tried to pick the leaves
all have met the same
For the tree it is said
has powers most dread
Any mortal man
who should hold a brand
is able to strike all dead
Hence through years gone by
many mortals try
to find the glade of long time
forgotten
pass the cave of whispering dreams
follow the path of blind fools
along the silent singing streams
and cut the tree of winter white
to die in the cold of winter night.

LIGHT AND DARK

By Lady Alessandra

HE SPARKLES AND IS FULL OF LIFE
HIS EYES GLOW INTENSELY IN THE NIGHT
HE SLIPS AROUND IN DARKNESS YOUR UNAWARE
THAT HE IS TELLING YOU TO BEWARE
FOR DARKNESS IS A PART OF LIGHT
YOU MUST HAVE BOTH TO LIVE YOUR LIFE

TEARS OF DARKNESS MAKE THEIR TRACE
AS A SMILE OF BRIGHTNESS LIGHTS HIS FACE
BLACK SATIN RUSTLING IS THE SOUND
AS LAUGHINGLY PINS YOU TO THE GROUND
THE GRIM REAPER TAKES HIS PLACE
AS ALL BRIGHTNESS SHOOTS INTO SPACE

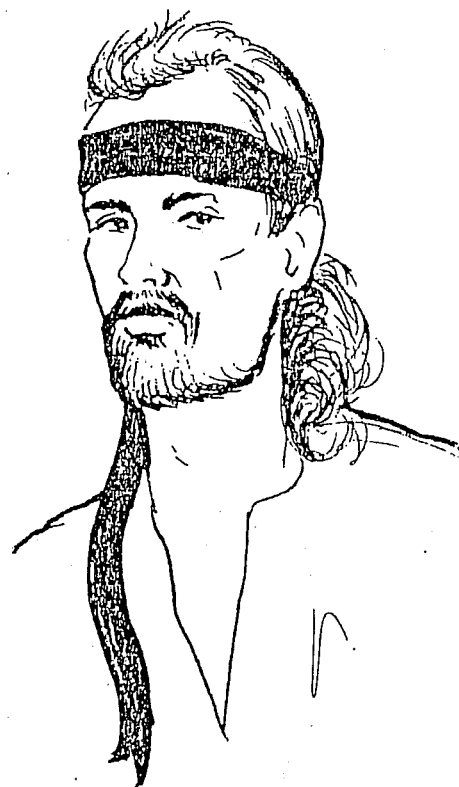
FINALLY YOU UNDERSTAND THAT HE IS TRUE
LAUGHINGLY HE WHISPERS "LOVE IS TOO"
YOU WONDER SHOULD YOU TRUST THIS MAN
LOVINGLY HE TAKES YOUR HAND
AND LEADS YOU TO WONDEROUS PLACES
WHERE CONTRADICTIONS FILL THE SPACES

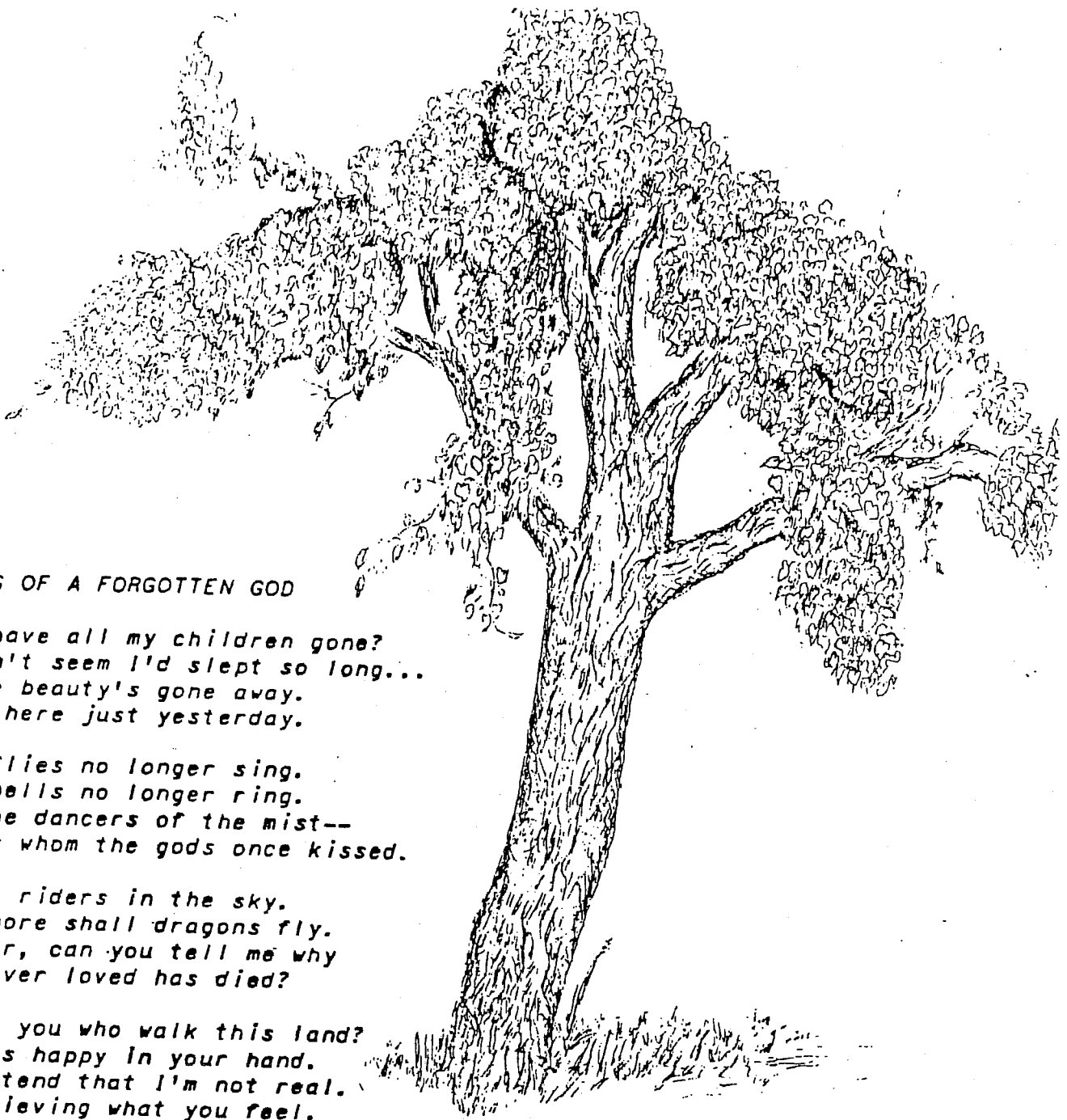
"LIGHT AND DARK"
"WHICH IS WHICH" YOU IMPLORE
"ACCEPT...AND LIVE FOREVERMORE"
"BELIEVE"...THEN HE SIGHS
DARKNESS AND LIGHT BECOME AS ONE
NOW HE KNOWS HIS WORK IS DONE

SO DO NOT FEAR
FOR HE WILL STAY FOREVER NEAR
UNTIL YOU TWO HAVE BECOME AS ONE
THEN ALL CONTRADICTIONS ARE DONE
YOUR BOTH SO CLOSE...SO NEAR
BELONGING TO A DIFFERENT SPHERE

THE TWO HAVE BECOME AS ONE
LIGHT AND DARK...IT IS DONE
THE HALF'S HAVE BECOME A WHOLE
HAPPINESS STRIKES THE SOUL
SOON THE CYCLE STARTS AGAIN
THERE WILL NEVER BE AN END

HE SPARKLES AND IS FULL OF LIFE
HIS EYES GLOW INTENSELY IN THE NIGHT





SONG OF A FORGOTTEN GOD

Where have all my children gone?
It didn't seem I'd slept so long...
All the beauty's gone away.
It was here just yesterday.

Butterflies no longer sing.
Faery bells no longer ring.
Gone the dancers of the mist--
Mortals whom the gods once kissed.

No more riders in the sky.
Never more shall dragons fly.
Stranger, can you tell me why
All I ever loved has died?

Who are you who walk this land?
Death is happy in your hand.
You pretend that I'm not real.
Not believing what you feel.

I'm tempted to strike you down.
Don again my crystal crown.
Take you back to yesterday.
Instead--I'll just go away...

"Hokku"

Summer breeze whispers
my name in song and sunshine
while faery queen smiles

Forest for the Trees

Pride yourself on prudence -
Survival a key trait,
make it to the next day,
even as a drudge ...
Codify your view into law,
make it the way of the land.
Tell the young ones to temper their dreams.
Bend the willows and break the oaks.
Kill the trees to save the forest.
Trees need light, space, and air.
You are no friend of the land,
polluter of streams,
cutter of trees,
killer of dreams.

When I was a child I saw you in a hazy vision.

I loved you, you were me only older.

A person not yet real or solid just what could be.

I decided, for you, to try the best that I could.

I asked you to remember me when I finally was you.

You did. Now We are one.

I see myself in your eyes.

You're me only younger.

You are real and important.

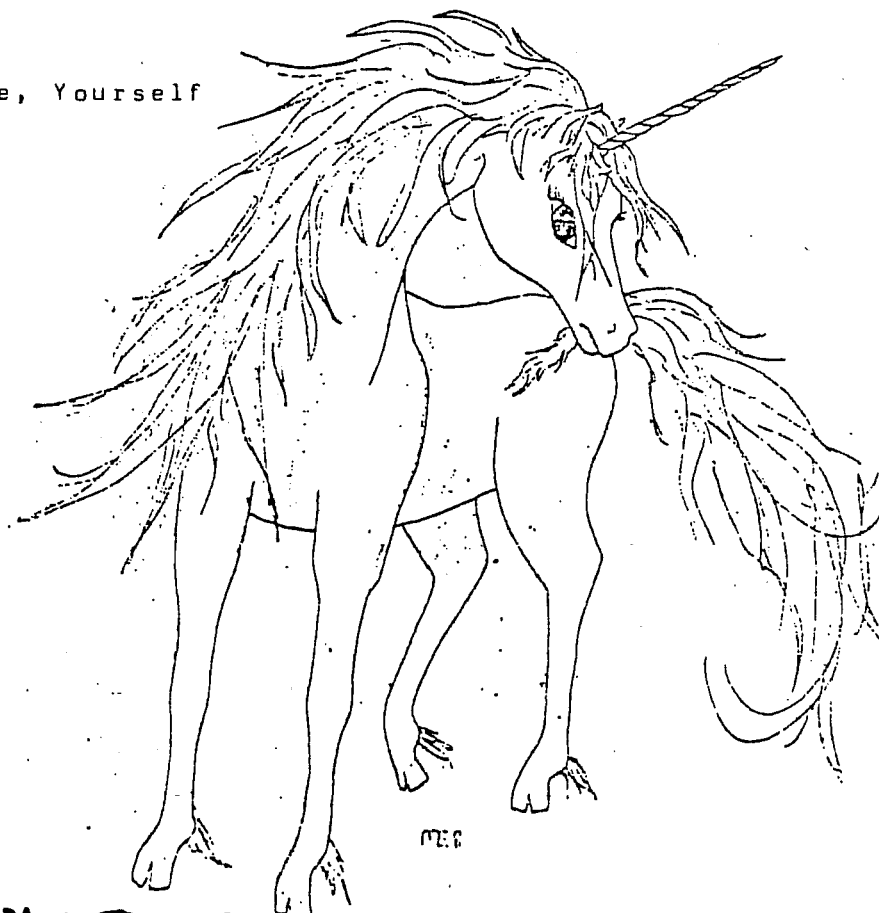
I have come back to help you.

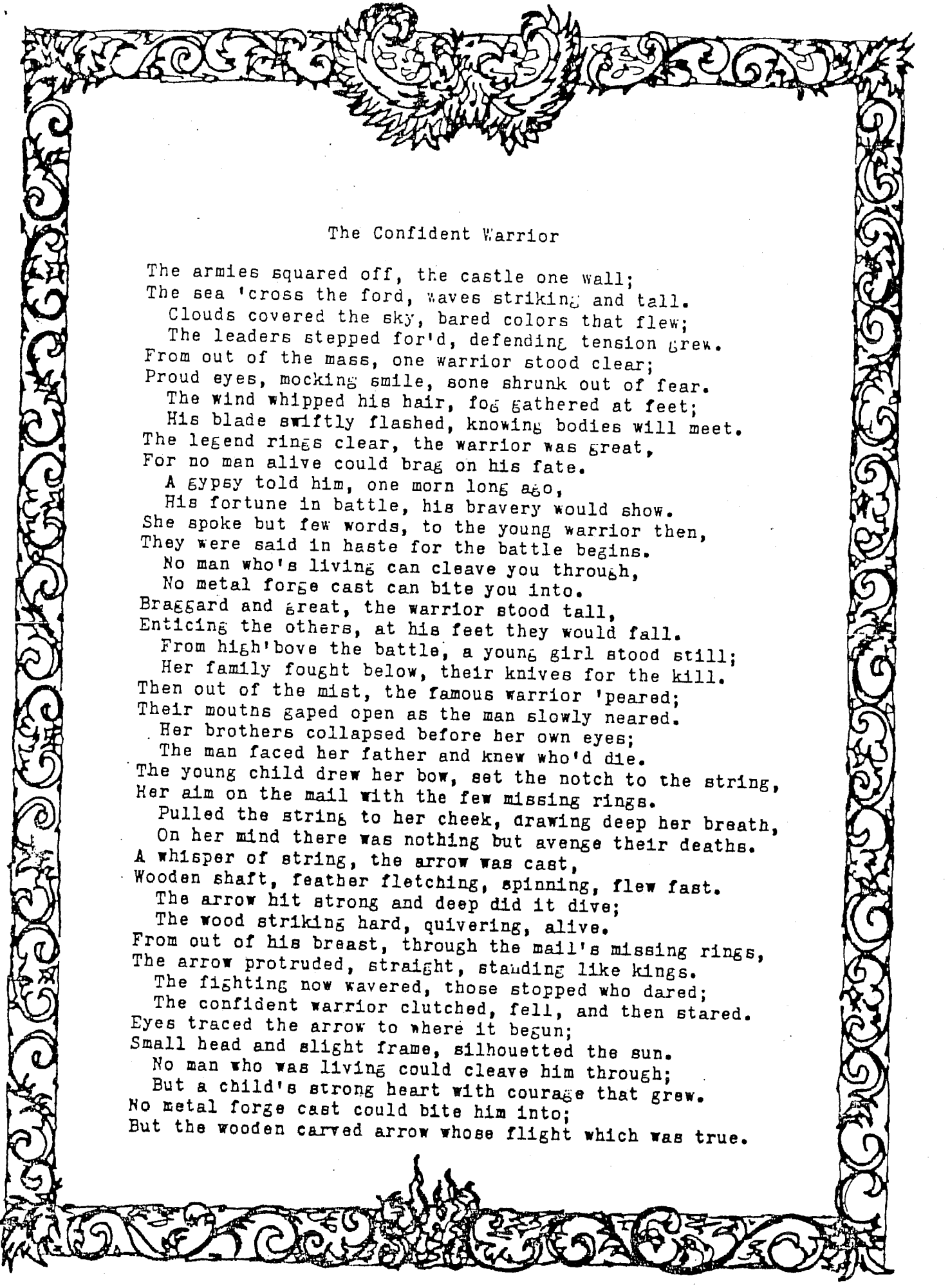
All I ask is that you remember me when you are here.

All I ask is that you remember where you were.

Remember and go back because I may need you.

Thank you. Love, Yourself





The Confident Warrior

The armies squared off, the castle one wall;
The sea 'cross the ford, waves striking and tall.
Clouds covered the sky, bared colors that flew;
The leaders stepped for'd, defending tension grew.
From out of the mass, one warrior stood clear;
Proud eyes, mocking smile, some shrunk out of fear.
The wind whipped his hair, fog gathered at feet;
His blade swiftly flashed, knowing bodies will meet.
The legend rings clear, the warrior was great,
For no man alive could brag on his fate.
A gypsy told him, one morn long ago,
His fortune in battle, his bravery would show.
She spoke but few words, to the young warrior then,
They were said in haste for the battle begins.
No man who's living can cleave you through,
No metal forge cast can bite you into.
Braggard and great, the warrior stood tall,
Enticing the others, at his feet they would fall.
From high'bove the battle, a young girl stood still;
Her family fought below, their knives for the kill.
Then out of the mist, the famous warrior 'peared;
Their mouths gaped open as the man slowly neared.
Her brothers collapsed before her own eyes;
The man faced her father and knew who'd die.
The young child drew her bow, set the notch to the string,
Her aim on the mail with the few missing rings.
Pulled the string to her cheek, drawing deep her breath,
On her mind there was nothing but avenge their deaths.
A whisper of string, the arrow was cast,
Wooden shaft, feather fletching, spinning, flew fast.
The arrow hit strong and deep did it dive;
The wood striking hard, quivering, alive.
From out of his breast, through the mail's missing rings,
The arrow protruded, straight, standing like kings.
The fighting now wavered, those stopped who dared;
The confident warrior clutched, fell, and then stared.
Eyes traced the arrow to where it begun;
Small head and slight frame, silhouetted the sun.
No man who was living could cleave him through;
But a child's strong heart with courage that grew.
No metal forge cast could bite him into;
But the wooden carved arrow whose flight which was true.

HAIKU

scout

silent as sunlight
sifting through the em'rald trees
child of forest song

archer

bow's wood and sinew
man's flesh and blood, eye and heart
combined, one weapon

wizard

heartswept, wings of fire
yearning skyward, no respite
Wisdom is Power

wench

flower midst combat
gladly cheering the victor
whatever his name

barbarian

cold lands lead to warm
fear, pain, sorrow, even death -- lost
in Berserker gang

warrior

staunchest of the bold
no magic save a fierce heart
and a will to win

healer

above the charnel
dispenser of life and death
like some primal god

assassin

clad in night's embrace
chosen prey stalked in silence
face of death unseen

paladin

iron. haloed in light
blesser of touched and touching
flame born, life giver

druid

trees are but doorways
to the heart of the Forest
her children have keys

anti-paladin

iron. shrouded in dusk
thief of life's breath from dead foes
ash spawned, death's touch

monk

war as an art form
combat a swift dance of death
peace wrought of chaos

bard

peacemaker, dreamer
weaving the fabric of time
lest the past be lost

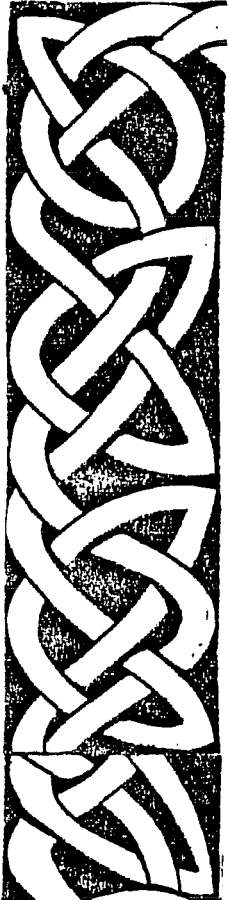
monster

human shape concealed
hidden hunger let escape
beast within revealed

Enough
(or, How Does it Feel to be Conan at 48?)

Locks of steel
Body of iron
Arms still ready for the spring-
seasoned maid
Still enough to kick the bloody
heir back to his kennel.
No matter the ache in the bone,
the mailed fist a little slow.
Still enough to cause the bitch
wife worry
And seize the guts of the
Southern boy-king.

Aye, enough for today,
The hounds not yet blooded on
a soft under belly named
tomorrow.
Still enough.
Just.



YOUR EYES
by: MARIKA

As I gaze into your eyes
My love for you I can't disguise.

They hold me captive.

Deeper and deeper into me they go,
The excitement it brings me I cannot show.

I am your captive.

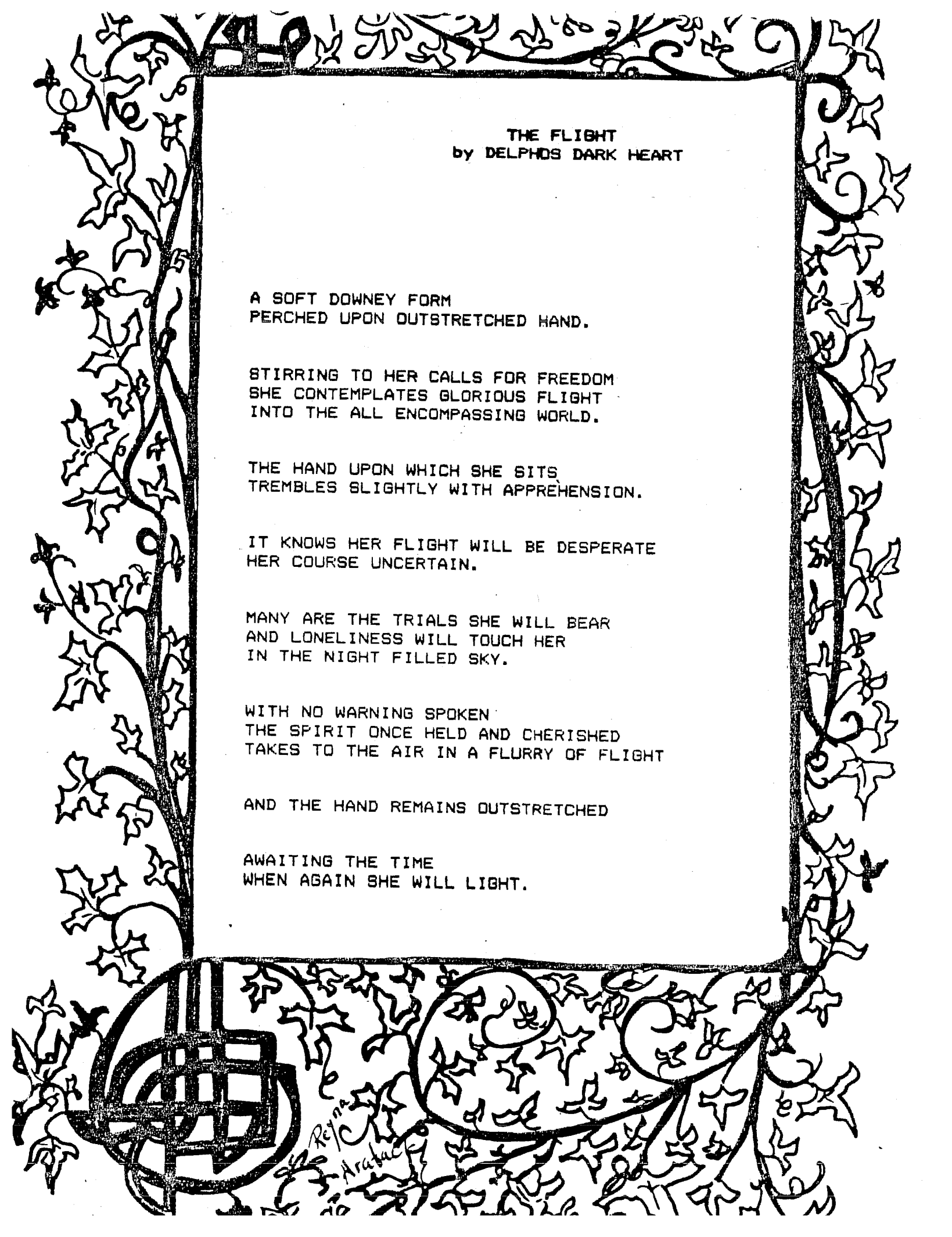
In my heart I feel a pain,
With your eyes you've made a gain,

Me-
Always-
as your captive.

AGELESS...TIMELESS
by: ARAMITHARIS

You made me laugh...
I valued that highly in the here
and now.
Your enthusiasm for life would
not be quenched.
That rare quality drew me to your
oasis in the desert.
I was sad to leave,
though I knew the sea was to be found
across trackless wastes.
Thus I left your relative security,
rediscovering that I could sustain myself.
And to my surprise,
I found that my affection did not fade.
My love will never dim,
for it was never lost.
Whenever I choose,
I can close my eyes,
and drink in the light reflected
by your shimmering depth.





THE FLIGHT
by DELPHOS DARK HEART

A SOFT DOWNEY FORM
PERCHED UPON OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

STIRRING TO HER CALLS FOR FREEDOM
SHE CONTEMPLATES GLORIOUS FLIGHT
INTO THE ALL ENCOMPASSING WORLD.

THE HAND UPON WHICH SHE SITS
TREMBLES SLIGHTLY WITH APPREHENSION.

IT KNOWS HER FLIGHT WILL BE DESPERATE
HER COURSE UNCERTAIN.

MANY ARE THE TRIALS SHE WILL BEAR
AND LONELINESS WILL TOUCH HER
IN THE NIGHT FILLED SKY.

WITH NO WARNING SPOKEN
THE SPIRIT ONCE HELD AND CHERISHED
TAKES TO THE AIR IN A FLURRY OF FLIGHT

AND THE HAND REMAINS OUTSTRETCHED

AWAITING THE TIME
WHEN AGAIN SHE WILL LIGHT.

Love Betrayed

A haze is on the moon
I think of you too soon
All is still here in fairyland
That is yet untouched by man
The stillness is broke
A hand breaks in and gropes
As you try to pull me through
The barrier to you
Yes you've answered my call
I try to let go of it all
Fear strikes me as I near your land
But now you refuse to heed my command
I've called my armies
We are at war
You promise not to harm be
We'll see what's in store
Too late I find
You can't trust man
The only thing they understand
Is to take what they can
My wings have been clipped
The glow leaves my eye
I wish only to be released
Or to die
You cruelly crush me
With what you call love
You'll use me
Till I'm all used up
All in the name of humanity
This is my insanity
Now I come to you in dreams
I smile as you scream



"Chamber Call"

I'll come no more to your bed, good knight,
For I fear one day you may be dead,
Where your many lovers you take at night,
Tis clearly a grave and not a bed.

You laugh at me as I shake my crown,
No good knight, I do not jest,
I will no more in your arms lay down,
No more than in the charnel rest.

And now you stare as if I said,
Rather than in your favor be,
That mayhap I wished that you were dead,
I wink at that but most discreetly.

No, sir knight, I will not go,
Into your chambers this nigh or next,
Within your sheets the fungus grow,
So do not fret and look so vexed.

You chose this life of passion's tune,
And happily, I may so boldly say,
You took life's blossoms as they bloomed,
And now you look at me as if to pray?

No, good knight, I will not go,
Though in your arms I found true peace,
And in your bed you made me glow,
I will no more share you this feast.

Adieu and adieu, good knight!

My Lord Knight

Like a spear, like a sword
Drawn most exceedingly fine.
As bright and as tempered,
This lord of mine.

Like the wind, like the waves,
Like the winged arrow's flight.
As merry my love,
And as swift in delight.

Like a whisper, like a song,
That is plucked from the string.
Like the dawn and the dew
And the stirring of wings.

Like a star, like the moon
In her glimmering pride,
Like the spirit of a dream
To his love denied.

Ken of the Moon Time

Echo off the mists in the upland country,
the call of his kind was heard in the valley.
The faint sound had risen,
aloft on the breeze of the aerie,
the call, and the draw,
of a black cat dancing.

The praries have been searched,
their contents revealed,
the dens of mice, the warrens of men.
The warmth of the burrow,
though snug in the earth,
is hollow of comfort when the moonlight
has touched him.

And in the clarity of night when the two
shall be one,
the cat knows his match in her lavender eyes.
The valleys and hills they bring together,
for their love, as their roaming,
recognizes no bounds.



RAIN

A season ago I met you. We were laughing and it was raining.
I was free as were you. No other loves remaining.
You asked me if I'd stay until the sky was blue.
And I agreed because this time could cause no hurt I knew.

The seasons turned and still we met; sometimes in the rain.
An easy love, a friendly love not capable of pain.
More like friends than lovers and the friendship it was true.
Both thinking all the while, "I'll never, never hurt you".

Then one came back I thought was gone from me forever.
Hesitant and shy he was and seeking for my favor.
And I watched myself considering your eyes of very blue,
But secure I was because I knew I'd never, ever hurt you.

Now again I'm sealed to him to whom the fates decree
Shall be my love all of my life. I never shall be free
Of he who holds my heart, my soul. Into his arms I flew.
But when it rains I sometimes cry. I'm sorry that I hurt you.

The Love in the Eyes of a Woman

Love in the eyes of a woman seems so deadly,
Like a rose out of bloom.
They pierce your heart and drain it away.
Their passion they give takes my breath away.
But one must pay for the love of a woman.
Your soul will never stay the same.
Your spirits have been drained.
She'll give and take and take more than her share.
But I do not despair,
For I am a man,
And I need to feel a woman's touch.
I need to feel the tingle running down my spine,
And the heat of our sweat running wild like our breaths.
Men have died for the love of a woman.
Many have cried for the feel of their touch.
Once they love you,
They tell you good-bye.
You hold back the tears deep inside.
You live with the pain until you die.
And this is what brings an invisible tear to every man's eye.



AFTERMATH

AN ILL BEGOTTEN KNIGHT
A NOBLE OF AN AMBER STONE
HIS CRIMES OF A PASSION INDULGED
TO SAVE HIS WARRIORS GRACE

A FOE VANQUISHED AS THE MORNING WANES
LITTLE ACCOMPLISHMENT HE THINKS
NOT UNLIKE GRAIN BEFORE THE GRIM REAPER

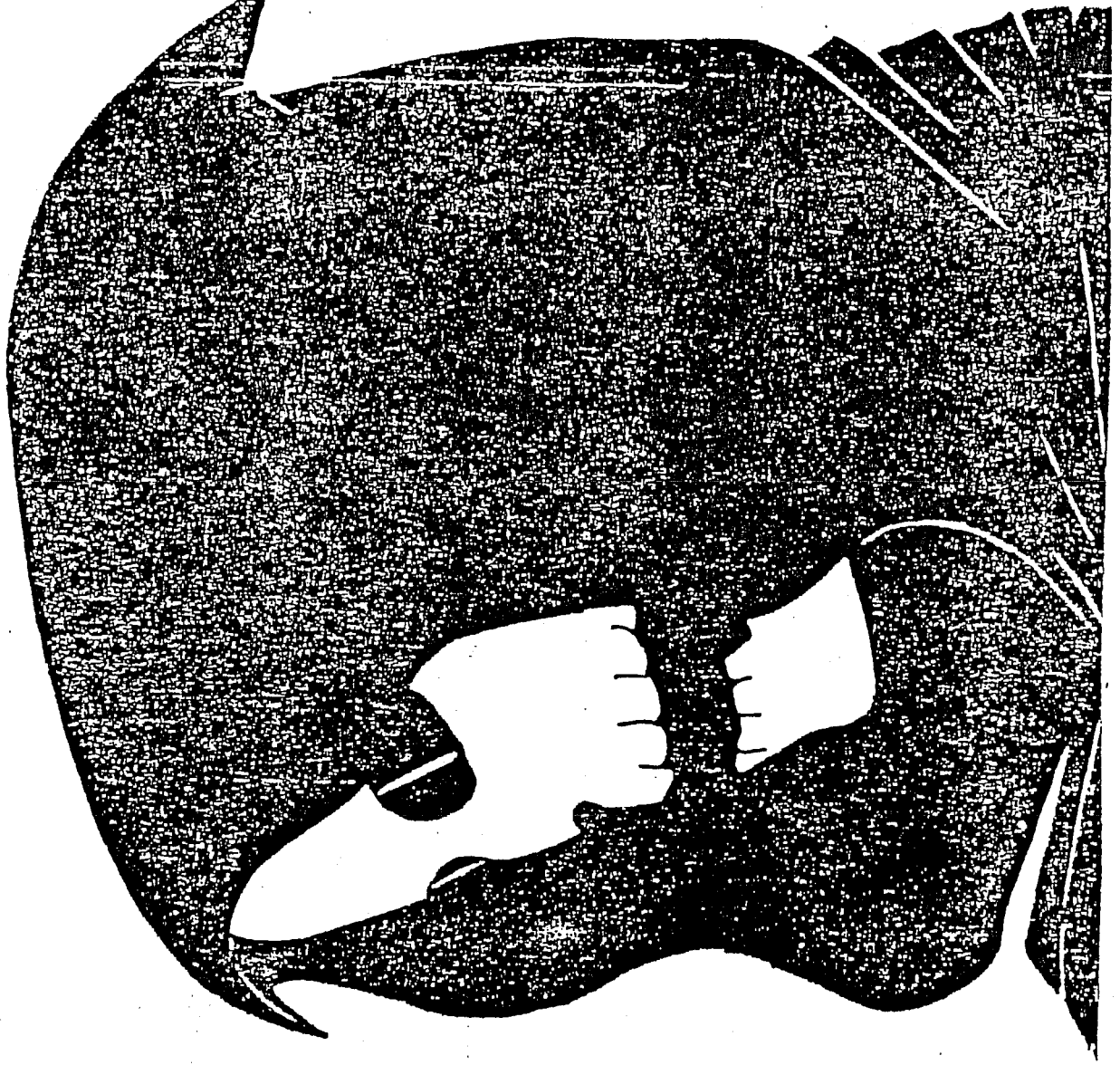
IN DREAMS THEY COME TO HIM
AN ETERNAL HOMAGE PAYED BY AN
IFIDEL GOD WHO NOW SMILES A BLOODY GRIN

LIKE SHADOWS THEY ACCOST HIM
SEEMING TO RISE FROM THE EARTH
SEEN AS THE THORNS OF FLOWERS TO BE
CAREFULLY AVOIDED LESS ONE BE PRICKED

DIRT SQUATTING AND IGNORANT PYGMIES
MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO PLAY GOD
A DUSTY GRAVE CAUSES CROM TO LAUGH
AND SET TO SMILE

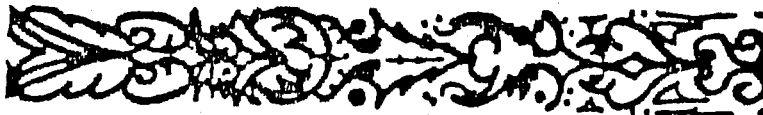
RANKS SWELL AND AN ARMY IS CONCEIVED
A BOWL OF DUST AND PROMISE OF
IMMORTALITY RIPPLES THEIR MASS
AVALON SHUDDERS

AN ILL BEGOTTEN KNIGHT
A NOBLE OF AN AMBER STONE
HIS CRIMES OF A PASSION INDULGD
TO SAVE HIS WARRIORS GRACE



Silverwood

I met a young maiden so sweet and so fair
t'was down in the market and nearby the square
she laughed and she smiled
till I was beguiled
then quickly it was that she stole away
quietly whispering she belonged to the fey
for silvers more binding than gold
I searched for my maiden so shy and so sweet
hoping in vain that perchance we would meet
I ran and I walked
till weariness I fought
then defeated I dropped to the ground on my knees
and settled myself 'gainst a silverwood tree
for silvers more binding than gold
so I'm told
silvers more binding than gold
I slept and I dreamt of my maiden so fair
awoke with a start and found her quite near
she sighed and she cried
she said her goodbyes
but not before singing the song of her tale
knowing that soon our love would sure fail
for silvers more binding than gold
so I'm told
silvers more binding than gold
I wept with my maiden her name I did learn then
and how no man could have her no man could win
she spoke and she whispered
till I reached and kissed her
pledging my love 'neath silverwood trees
her feet went to root her hair did sprout leaves
for silvers more binding than gold
so I'm told
silvers more binding than gold
I love a young maiden so sweet and so fair
if I could but touch a strand of her hair
part nymph and part fey
she stands to this day
in the grove of the silverwood my love can be found
now my heart and my soul are forever
silverwood bound
for silvers more binding than gold...



Scarhart

IN THE NIGHT

A SONG FOR THE CORSAIRS

There are some here among us,
Who have lost all hope;
They see no future.

Do you know them?
You people sit around,
Blissful in your arrogance,
While the future is dying.

O won't you see?
Stop and take a look around you;
See the dreams, crushed, bleeding;
Hear the children crying out for love;

There, behind their masques.
Come and join with me,
Reach out to them tonight;
Don't let them slip away;

Because it's lonely
In the Night.
You are too young to die,
Too young to fade away;
Hope falls when dreams die.

Come and take my hand.
The night is slowly waning,
See the flickering candlelight.
Dawn is swiftly coming;

Brings with it the promise
Of the New Day.

Look at me.
Please, won't you try to see;
We have forever.

Don't get lost
In the Night.