

# [Free creative writing on an anglo-saxon poetry](https://assignbuster.com/free-creative-writing-on-an-anglo-saxon-poetry/)

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## The young warrior Prince

Anglo-Saxon poetry   
The young warrior Prince

The obscene ravines of deceit   
swamped his sinful, dismal dwelling   
Misreading his own grave glower as power,   
King Rother bullied his kinfolk and kingdom   
Tinged in malice, tainted with fraud,   
the overseer retched bane of wood   
Trampling the innocent,   
feeding the eagles,   
the inebriated aberrant- Rother   
weltered around his castle in pride   
of being peerless

The tyrant had a tender son- Erick,   
the young Prince who succeeded to the throne   
He inherited the sway and sword   
but not the heart of stone

The more Rother pillaged, the deeper Erick healed the preys   
The harder his father thumped the blood-worm,   
the soother were young Prince’s deeds   
King Rother rose his head and forewarned the noble one   
“ I cannot comprehend your upheaval,   
even if you’re my son”   
The young blood roared in revolt   
Determined not deterred,   
he bequeathed a thunderbolt,   
“ I lived an entire upbringing   
perceiving your sin.   
You affronted my mother,   
tormented my folks!   
I am the new overseer”

## The juvenile blood etched history

recompensing the pain,   
replacing the disdain   
with truth, love and friendship   
He epitomised rectitude   
and employed fortitude

His verdicts spoke of justice   
and eyes of benevolence,   
whilst his father wailed in vehemence

Enraged, King Rother growled again,   
swelled in resentment and contempt   
The covert monster soared again   
against his own kindred   
Breaking the shackles of masquerade,   
Rother avowed an open weather of weapons   
He did not waver for once to strike the Prince,

with his own icicle of blood   
The young Prince boiled and vowed to protect   
his mind’s worth   
and lives of his folks   
The father and son fought like foes,   
one to uphold the truth, other to bestow woes   
The might too takes the side of good,   
the traitor succumbed at last   
Imprisoned in his own castle,   
he brooded over the past

The young feeder of ravens rose and echoed his voice,   
“ Every deceit pays the price.   
For how long would evil suffice   
The new reign has commenced;   
it knows no difference   
in terms of affluence or class,   
but only right and wrong.   
No more slaughter-dew!   
Choose to live with love and peace.   
Comprehend the power of God.   
It’s time we stand for each other   
for unity is a peerless sword”