

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"