

The Valkyries' Silken Touch

Swan feathers soar through the
azure blue of the morning,
euphoria, navy, gray, black, ghost on the horizon,
screaming, moaning, winds
hurry to announce the coming of war!
Battle cries pierce the once
bejeweled blue of the morning
We dive, soar, down, down
The Valkyries touch, like silken water droplets,
dripping down, down, soothing,
as realization falls, the trumpet of their hearts
fading, fading, gone.
Plucking the weak limp feather of the heroes,
from their place in the world,
soaring, drifting,
feathers smooth as cream,
guide the whittle of our heart's desire,
to the slick chestnut podium of our beloved horses
floating, drifting, dreaming, upwards,
to the land of free-floating souls.
Awaiting triumphant trumpets are ready to hail welcome,
harps strum a lavender embedded tune,
sweet amber mead to be slurped,
salmon-fresh pork to be gobbled,
Heroes to be loved by all!