

## The Castle

Dana Robertson, SCA-Clari ce Roan, July 2006

The king desired a mighty castle raised.  
The turrets spiked into the heavens high  
carrying bright banners of red and gold  
the strength and honor of the people  
woven into the fabric  
displayed above the walls of the strongest rock.

One by one, the artisans shaped each rock  
piece by piece, the rounded rocks raised  
the level of the wall, forming a fabric  
that guided the gazing eye high  
above the throngs of curious people  
who wore the kingdoms red and gold.

In the great hall, sunlight streamed like gold  
illuminating the smoothed face of the chiseled rock  
and portraits that immortalized the people  
that to nobility were raised  
are framed by carved wood and hang high  
framed in turn by swags of velvety fabric.

And as people gazed at the lush fabric  
purchased with royal coins of gold  
they heard voices and music lifting high  
caught in the crevices, stored in the rock.  
If the rock broke, would the spirits be raised  
to move again among the kingdom's people?

And what stories would they tell the people?  
Tales of how the lush fabric  
was woven from the spun wool of sheep raised  
chewing green grass into genuine gold  
while mindlessly meandering around rock  
and on grassy hills, while the spirits watched from high?

Or would they tell of the royalty living high  
above the lands of the people  
in their fortress of secure rock  
with their clothes of shimmering fabric  
and their prominent crowns of gold  
a stature to which many desire to be raised?

High is the castle, standing over the fabric of the landscape  
dotted with people and homes, gilded gold with sunlight.  
A castle cannot last without the solid rock of it's people.

(\*This poem is written in the style of the Sestina.)