

The Castle-revision1

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 length of lush fabric
was woven by women raised
in the kingdom, spinning genuine gold
from coarse wool, with nimble fingers strong as rock
and hearts that hold the kingdom's honor high?

Or tales of how the royalty in the castle high
called upon the talents of the people
to raise the ramparts of rock
to fashion the flying red fabric
emblazoned with the coronet of gold
that over the escarbuncle and laurel is raised?

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

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