

The Hunt

(Clari ce Roan, August/September 2006)

On bended knee
the archer draws his arrow back
on bended knee
he awaits sharp white cloth to see
weaving through the forest black
given the chance he will attack
on bended knee.

On bended knee
a fighter tends his fallen mate
on bended knee
a grave beneath a shady tree
a marker placed with chiseled date
she brings flowers to decorate
on bended knee.

On bended knee
in the chapel with candles bright
on bended knee
mouthing prayers so silently
tears glistening through eyes closed tight
a tribute to her fallen knight
on bended knee.

On bended knee
she folds the child into her arms.
on bended knee
she strokes his hair so tenderly
a mother's love protective charm
forming a shield from pain and harm
on bended knee.

On bended knee,
he bows before his sovereign king.
On bended knee,
the king's knights him so reverently,
her proud heart quietly breaking
her knight she is remembering
on bended knee.

Tears glistening through eyes closed tight,
a tribute to her fallen knight
on bended knee.