

Our Hero

The battle was long and cruel.
Though he fought bravely our hero did fall,
our victory doth his death bejewel.

First to the field, first one to duel
and one by one made his enemies fall.
The battle was long and cruel.

Blows of his enemies did his fire fuel,
he seemed an impassable wall.
Our victory doth his death bejewel.

His prowess allowed his army's renewal
but a blow suffered he in the fall.
The battle was long and cruel.

His widow cried out in pure refusal!
In anguish, his name she did call.
Our victory doth his death bejewel.

In death and in glory we honor him dual.
As proclaimed by the heralds, a hero to all....
The battle was long and cruel.
Our victory doth his death bejewel.

Dana Robertson, January 2007
(Villanelle style)