

Poetry Series

**Warren Atherton**  
**- poems -**

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## Warren Atherton()

In some way throughout my life I suppose I have always doodled with writing mostly to escape the harsh reality of a rough upbringing.

My poetry reflects on all aspects of life, some based on personal experience whilst others reflect on the lives of people around me.

I really only started writing poetry four years ago when someone incarcerated asked me to write something to help them pass the time of day.

In total I have written but fifty-nine poems to date, fifteen for each of the four years one might say. I do have some particular favourites, especially my 'Sage' series which are all the imagination of a young girl who lies seriously ill in a coma. In order to keep her brain alive and active, she creates a land called Tillanho and her special someone to win over the evil that lurks there, hence the Sage!

Whether or not she remains in this critical condition now totally depends on the outcome of a great war that is looming in her land of Tillanho.

# A Chilling Tale

With a last gasp of innocence  
The Reaper turned its' head.  
Precipitated anger burned  
Through evil eyes of red-  
Eyes of the undead.

Ghastly tasks beheld it,  
Born of witches womb.  
Rotting flesh its' maddening crave's  
To feed straight from the tomb,  
A horror in full bloom.

A lone and silent creeper  
A trail of stench behind,  
Place one foot upon its' path  
And it you'll surely find.  
A blessing to be blind!

So venture not in darkness  
And burn your candles low,  
A predator you'll never find  
Like this-the hacking foe!  
Take heed, you never know.

Warren Atherton

# A House On A Hill

She sits all alone in her own little house  
In a world where no people can see,  
And her mind is a place where a myriad dreams  
Bring a life to one old, such as she.  
There, she can dance and sing of her love  
And imagine the days she was fair,  
Where none can intrude on her own painful thoughts  
Of her life, and to what brought her there.

All the while she will sob and her tears freely fall  
For the soldier she lost long ago.  
Say 'I Do' once again in that old village hall,  
To a love she would not get to know.  
So, she drinks to remember and drinks to forget  
As she sits in her old rocking-chair.  
Every hour of the day in a drunkenly fret,  
With her bourbon in hand, not a care.

No child from her womb just a plain ring of gold  
That she clasps in the palm of her hand.  
And she'll rock in the dark, watching tick follow tock,  
'Til such weeping is all she can stand.  
No family to visit on warm, sunny days  
Just a photograph bears all her dreams.  
In a monochrome world, lives her life in a daze  
As her world falls apart at the seams.

So she sleeps all the day in a ramshackle room  
Amid thick layers of dust all around,  
And a pale, waning Sun sits atop of her tomb,  
As she dreams of the day to be found.

This tale comes to end in a house on a hill  
Where an old lady died in dismay.  
But her chair gently rocks in a rooms' bitter chill,  
And her ghost can be seen to this day.

Warren Atherton

# A Vagabond Fable.

Stopped saying your prayers?  
Ask if anybody cares.  
You live your life sublime  
Just as I once did live mine.  
Your table-top the street,  
And hobble on calloused feet;  
That back that once held straight  
Now arches fierce with hate.  
Your staff to yield some ease,  
Support arthritic knees.  
And coat upon your back?  
You wrought from an old coal sack.

Ask for a penny, beg for a dime,  
Still the same snap of 'I aint got the time! '  
Emotionless gazes from passer-by eyes  
Whilst you grimace on life and all of its' lies.

Warren Atherton

# Archaeology - We Dig It!

So deep amidst the dunes of sand  
One ghostly soul with map in hand  
Did come upon 'his' ancient land,  
A treasure trove of contraband!

'These maps with signs, such damned delay! '  
Mused he, squat thinking on the day.  
Without a notion none could say,  
That underfoot a kingdom lay....

..Across the Nile towards the great yonder  
Sailed a boat. Laden with such wonder  
She anchored afoot the excavation,  
Where a chamber made for exultation  
Lay open to the Pharoah.

Sarcophagus of gleaming gold,  
Hieroglyphics of his life foretold  
And files of men and infants bold,  
Sweat buckets, toiled, to bear the load.

And in the rear the 'Royal' line  
With artifacts of jewelled design,  
Followed down the labrynth mine-  
One way in, to Pharoah's shrine.

Papyrus baskets full of bread and  
Jars of wine to wait the dead.  
The Sun that blazed its' mighty head  
Then rose up from its' eastern bed  
To sail the Pharoah through its' light,  
A star becoming was his right.

His constellation guards the night...

Warren Atherton

# Dance The Merry-Go-Round

A rotating planet of life  
Unsteadily turns on its core.  
Five levels of gas  
Above scattered land-mass  
Blue oceans all lapping a shore.  
A celestial globe full of strife  
With teeming life forms at the helm,  
An energized ball, resisting its fall  
To a state of near overwhelm.  
Our passively smoked-ridden home  
Industrial spew eats the air  
Atmospheric collapse  
Heat-exchange in relapse  
A Costa-Del-Sol everywhere!  
Extinction, succumbing to dust  
Our 'DNA' stains on the ground  
A curse to all dead  
A void coloured red  
Will dance the Merry-Go-Round!

Warren Atherton

# Ghostly Knights

.And from the south the Clandalks came  
Bestowing kindness all the more.  
Indoctrination-heed the law!  
Set up camp to cleanse our shame.  
Haranguing their message clear,  
Presaged the fall of man and beast,  
Temporized our final feast,  
Such vestige of a yesteryear.

Cosseted their precious fold,  
Marched slowly through a twilight dirge,  
With heavy hearts emotions surge,  
For once the world looked bleak and cold.  
O'er fields and streams, green hills now black  
One last crusade to flee this earth,  
Such a numinous air, bring on re-birth!  
Leave desolation at our backs.

A scarlet sky, a dying sun  
A scabrous landscape all around,  
A haunting moan the only sound;  
Our transformation has begun!

Warren Atherton



# Hooked - Line And Sinker!

Alarm bells clanging, the shattering of glass  
Poverty stricken, the gall of your class.  
Go grab the bootey, exchange it for cash,  
Your habit needs feeding so give it the hash.  
Squat in some alley, you're dancing on air  
Never a thought to what brought you there.  
'Tripping' on out no troubles or cares,  
'Til coming-down time' - the real nightmare.  
Fight off insanity, ignore the heed  
Lay waste those spectres by giving them feed  
Crack up the arm, then 'speed' with a weed  
Happy delirium, its' want now your need.  
Unwanted panic and jitters big-style,  
Half choke to death on vomit and bile  
Steady that needle to find one more aisle,  
Poppy day magic - the art of beguile.

Squalid and dank, no home through the years,  
Nought can abate them all rueful tears.  
No love, no kin to help ease those fears,  
You sent them away, all callous, in jeers.

Warren Atherton

# Huntress

Only past the midnight hour do her eyes twinkle.  
Moonbeams for Sunrays,  
Starlights in the zenith of her amphitheatre,  
Lighting every soft step on her lush, green carpet.  
Tentative those first few soft steps  
For! What if they should discern her entrance?  
Then there'd be no grande finale  
Just an empty starlight void.  
No, better that she caress those soft paws  
Licking quietness into every crevice.  
Nought to beat the art of surprise,  
There's too much hunger in her this night.  
Motionless stance! the gnats distance,  
Not even the wind detects her presence.  
In her divine grace she silently passes  
Invisible to all but the moonlight.  
None to welcome the Huntress.  
In one giant leap for her kind,  
The show is over, all to go home bar one.  
She is the final curtain.

Warren Atherton

# Jenny Came Out Of The Closet!

Jenny came out of the closet  
To whimsical statements of mirth!  
But the times held her down,  
Cried enough tears to drown,  
And such sorrow consumed all her worth.

Bereft of bohemian life,  
All society snapped at her heels.  
Cold the knives in her back,  
A pathetic attack,  
On a beau who a different way feels.

An exclusive design of our God?  
So why then torment her with lies?  
Damned archaic your brains,  
Such cold blood in those veins,  
To ignore such a soul in disguise!

In her present dilemma she shines,  
Adapting the scope of her range.  
With a 'force-ten' of will,  
Confrontation bears nil,  
Now her only thing constant is change.

Warren Atherton

# Lament

Happens, I came upon a copse,  
T'was in the dead of night.  
Moonlight torched a meadow path,  
Led thee to this place of wrath,  
A Silver Birch bade out a laugh-  
My monolithic epitaph!

Lay, did I, 'pon leaves of old  
Whilst winters' wind made moan.  
Thoughts of you did cross my mind,  
Love so rare and far behind.  
Ne'er again such bliss to find?  
Such bitter tears would hath thee blind.

Dawn breaks without thy sight,  
I sleep a thousand years.  
And in thy dreams I see a copse  
And too, therein a maiden stops  
To lie beside an aged corpse  
While winters' wind our cradle rocks.

Warren Atherton

# Maddie

She works her fingers to the bone  
To make a pitiful crust,  
And always it is 'them' who make  
While she stays bust.  
Her struggle never seems to cease  
Her state of pure abash,  
And always so much month left  
At the end of her cash!  
She got herself a credit card, a flexible friend  
Then picked up on a loan, the bank  
They couldn't wait to lend.  
She blew it all by Friday, blues hungrily fed  
And didn't stop to ponder  
Why her blues turned into red.

She's taken on some vices now  
Her only friend the street.  
With blonded tress and heightened dress  
A way to make ends meet.  
So give a smile for Maddie, a lady of her time,  
It's her in her small corner, and I, in mine.

Warren Atherton

# Nursery Rhymes On Pain

The hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world!  
But voices inside daddy's head  
Say, 'Smack the little girl'.

So, who killed Cock-Robin?  
'I', said the Sparrow, 'With my bow and arrow'.  
..But Daddy laughed with so much glee,  
And that's the short and narrow.

Little yellow sunbeams dancing in the air  
Tell us that the sunshine is shining everywhere.  
..But on our house no sunbeams shine  
With Daddys presence there.

Farmer, farmer sow your seeds, up the field and down  
God will make your golden corn grow the whole year round.  
..But sow me a daddy all valiant and true  
And leave this one underground.

Afterthought:

In a cottage in a wood, a little old man at the window stood.  
Saw a girl go running by a-knocking at his door.  
'Help me, help me sir', she said, 'I'm all alone now daddys dead.  
'Come little girl come stay with me, happy we shall be'.

Warren Atherton

# On Wuthering Heights

'Tireless sleep, I hear her weep  
Across dark plains in her lonesome keep.  
So far away her soul in dismay  
Where echoing moans keep Cathy at bay.'

I'll fly like the breeze across all the seas,  
Endlessly on, for her heart to appease.  
A sad moon shines across the windy moor,  
On to her rescue, break open deaths' door.  
There we'll entwine, one essence refine.  
One pure light mere words can't define,  
And harrowing nights with their fiendish sights,  
Will reap the wild wind on Wuthering Heights.

Warren Atherton

# Psychopath

Mia was the first to show,  
Stood all alone in cold dismay,  
Knife clenched in hand as she did pray  
That all those voices she could hear  
Of ones' she'd loved in yesteryear,  
Would heed her cries, not go away.

What brought her here she wished she knew.  
Bad dreams last night portrayed a face,  
Yet of the eyes there was no trace?  
That apparition bade such fear,  
And knew, she felt, why she was here  
In this forsaken, hellish place.

Such 'black' as this was hard to bear.  
What use was sight, when there's no light?  
To find a path would be delight,  
When something else was lurking here.  
So palpable was her own fear.  
She felt its presence roam the night.

Onward then on bended knees  
She wasn't going to lose her head,  
Nor end this quest on being dead.  
Whatever lurked out in the dark  
Would feel her knife and bear its mark.  
With this in mind she stole ahead.

"I sense your pain and troubled soul,  
So don't be fooled to flee from me,  
I could have slain you easily  
Last night when i appeared to you.  
So flee you really mustn't do,  
Or all the demons, you, will see'.

Mia froze at such a sound,  
A voice that grated at her heart  
And tore her every nerve apart.  
Whatever sensed her presence there



Was not about her life to spare,  
Nor grant her quest a fair head-start.

Brandishing the ten inch knife,  
Mia hacked instinctively  
From where that voice so teasingly,  
Mocked the courage she had shown  
To face the demons all alone  
And set her weary spirit free.

All time stood still, she felt no pain.  
The knife she held had made its' mark,  
Her father's chest, her mother's heart.  
To send her parents back to hell  
and break their god-forsaken spell  
Was all she'd lived for in the dark.

A pair of demons wailed and flew  
To where they went she never knew.

Afterthought:

Do you ever wish upon a star?  
Ever want to turn the clock back  
And not be who you are?  
Remember how life used to be?  
And why our evolution  
Brings about such misery?  
Teased for being different,  
Bullied night and day.  
Why didn't they see the hurt they caused?  
His pain was on display!

Ever thought on younger days?  
He thought he was so handsome,  
Created out of love.  
So what went wrong when he arrived,  
You didn't like your dove?  
He knew not how to please you,  
He tried for, cried for years!  
And only ever lived to see  
You shedding no more tears.

Warren Atherton

# Said The Sun To The Earth.

From the east rose a Sun on a pale azure sky  
To a landscape of barren earth-red.  
The last filament gone without hue, nor a cry,  
No more life, every molecule dead.

Raging winds full of dust radiate from this Sun,  
Permeating an atmosphere thin.  
No more air, acid rain – the carcinogen Gun,  
Killed the Man, killed his wife and their kin.

Ribonucleic strands fossilize in the sand,  
While their hosts bake like bread on the Earth.  
All around scattered bones, desiccate to the land,  
One last trace to the man and his worth.

“Say you’re damned if you do and you’re damned if you don’t?  
Time to vote, mark your cross on the spot.  
False their promise that ‘They will! ’ Will you cry out when they won’t?  
But your cries come too late - they ‘Did not! ’

Inter-planetary craft, you’re too late, turn around,  
What was earth’s now a rock floating by.  
You may watch as I sear of the dust on its’ ground  
As I sit in my pale, crimson sky.”

“Call-a-hush”, cried the Earth, “Close your eyes, go to sleep,  
If you wake you might see me no more.  
All you’ll see, if you see, through your tears, if you weep,  
Is my heart broken down to the core.”

Warren Atherton

# The Sage (Girl Creates The Sage)

Descended, dripping, from a ledge,  
Hair, beard and cloak as white a snow.  
Cascading droplets to and fro'  
As he stepped foot on Tillanho  
In darkness, at the corses edge.

An orange grove before him lay  
And to the west the mountains soared  
Above white clouds, their summits scored,  
And distant ravens loudly cawed  
To greet the Sage in wild affray.

The village children rushed to meet  
This wise old man with tales to tell  
Of slaying Dragons in the dell.  
Incant his magic as they fell  
And turned to moon-dust at his feet.

With staff in hand he trundled on  
O'er yellow pastures kissed by Spring,  
And sounds of 'bumbles' on the wing –  
Enough to make a goblin sing!  
Such wondrous sights to gaze upon.

Through deep ravines and rocky shores,  
Then on toward a mountain-side  
Where foxgloves in its ground abide.  
Its northern face a mile wide!  
The old Sage smiled, such power allured.

Inciting ancient runes of old,  
A roll of thunder pounds the sky.  
In wizards tongue, and staff held high,  
Points at the zenith, no descry!  
As mountain granite turns to gold,

“ Behold the realm of Tillanho,  
All forests and all rivers firth,  
Foundation of this elven-earth

From whence all things were given birth  
When faerie-dust the windeth blow."

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse I, Dominicus/Osedicus)

"There's more to this life than a handful of dust",  
Rued the Sage as he shifted his gaze,  
And through all Tillanho cast a wintry gust  
Sending chills in a shimmering haze.

A magical carpet of fresh-fallen snow  
That no sooner had started did cease,  
Covered all of the landscape, a fierce winter show,  
As it danced like a wraith on the breeze.

An Owl caught his sight as it perched in a tree  
And he smiled as he yelled out its name.  
"Osedicus-Tawny, palaver with me  
Since in Tillanho nought stays the same."

They spoke all the evening, the night to next day  
Of events passed before in the land.  
When Merlin had preached of his wizards' allay  
And when all turned to gold by his hand.

In Tillanho-tongue spoke of 'Gretchel the White'  
And her battle with 'Magda the Witch',  
Of the vicious affray that ensued with their fight  
And concluding in dead Magdas' ditch.

Of Changelings and Halvelings they spoke of the most  
When the Forest of Till was their home.  
And of travels they made to the Emerald coast,  
In grand galleons the oceans did roam.

To far away places and lands then unknown  
Had the Sage and Osedicus been,  
By the light of the moon, when no compass had shown,  
Found the best land that they'd ever seen.

One enveloped by mountains that touched on the sky  
And with prairies that reached to beyond.  
Where lakes gleamed like crystals, and Suns' golden eye  
Warmed each surface like red floating fronds.

Remembered King Mizil and Queen Galafare  
And their castle on Galantry Hill.  
No finer Keep to be found anywhere  
As it shadowed the Forest of Till.

King Arthurs descendants had served in their rule  
When the Sage was but merely a boy.  
And in Valiant Valley, the Knight-yielding school,  
Forged a staff for a childhood toy.

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The Sage and Osedicus finished their talk  
As the snap of a twig paused their muse,  
And stood there a Pegasus steadfast to balk,  
White as snow wearing four golden shoes.

"Dominicus White! " hailed the Sage in a smile,  
As Osedicus greeted the same.  
"Been flying I'll wager for maybe a mile,  
And you're getting too old for that game".

"Absolute clap-trap! " he whinnied them back,  
"For there's plenty more life in these wings.  
And for all of my wanderings no miles do I lack  
And my tales do the masses still bring".

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse II, Unrest In Galafay)

'As a matter of fact, please permit me to say',  
Said Dominicus White looking round.  
'A darkness is rising in mid-Galafay,  
All the people have moved to high ground.

It's whispered the Demons have broken 'The Wall'  
and flock in their scores out of Hell.  
The sweet scents replaced by a foul-smelling gall,  
Those who breathed it lay dead where they fell.

And that's not the worst', sighed Dominicus White,  
'For it's rumoured the Dragon is free!  
The hills to the south were a-smoke all the night  
And great fire-balls viewed from the sea.

The few men that remained for to fight off this foe  
Have never been seen in a week!  
There's nowhere to hide and no safe place to go  
Now the future of Galafay's bleak.'

The Sage stood in silence and stroked on his beard  
Whilst Osedicus looked all around.  
Dominicus White had confirmed what he feared,  
As a deep distant thunder did sound.

'There's no time to waste I must get to the south,  
Osedicus must fly to the east.  
Go gather the Elven who dwell in Falouthe  
And proclaim 'Tis the time of the Beast! '.

Tell them we'll meet at the edge of Till Wood  
When the time of three moons has gone passed.  
Dominicus White, you make haste to West Rud  
And wait word that our army's amassed.

The Demons will flee to the west I am sure  
Whilst they fear of the east and the north,  
Where the power of The Wall and the 'Pittacal Door'  
Will blind them that try to get forth.



And once they are blind, they would all run amoc,  
I remember the last battle well,  
When the vast files of Demons, the Devils own stock,  
All went marching, in trance, back to Hell.

Fly then companions, with Gods speed you go  
And the power of Great Merlin be yours.  
In three moons shall the fate of our 'one' Tillanho  
Be decided on its southern shores.'

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse Iii, In Galafay)

The 'Dark' had consumed much of Mid-Galafay,  
As the Sage of his steer did dismount.  
Two moons had since passed on two cold, lifeless days,  
And of corpses the Sage had lost count.

The gut-feel of dread was much stronger this time  
As he tightened his grip on his staff,  
A presence so evil, emitting a whine,  
And so shrill spoke of vengeance and wrath.

A foggy, cold mist lurked a foot from the ground,  
Like a blanket of ghosts in torment.  
Ghoulish visions that howled but denied of their sound  
Gnarled their fangs, for such murder hell-bent.

The staff he was clutching began to emit  
A luminous bright orange glow,  
And the demonic mist disappeared in a fit  
First one demon, the rest now in tow.

A carpet of insects lay dead in its wake  
And small mammals were drained where they stood.  
Whatever lay dormant in that misty-lake  
Had a craving for red, flowing blood.

An ominous stench now began to ascend  
In palpable swirls of green smoke.  
Ring-fencing the Sage, putrefying its spend  
Merely given its life for to choke.

A green flash of lightning reached down from the sky  
And touched on the staff in his hand,  
Sending blistering heat and the charred staff to fly  
Whilst the Sage was consumed by the land.

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse Iv, Dwarven-Folk Remembered)

Dominicus-White stood afoot on the sand  
In Albraith in the country of Rud.  
It was here that the Dwarven-folk made their last stand  
Whilst defending their homes all they could.

Over four thousand moons now had risen and set  
Since the battle of Rud had been fought.  
And with sword, axe and spear and much toil and sweat,  
Saw the Dwarven-folk butchered. Some caught

To be slaves to the Demons in fiery hell,  
If their strength held them up to the end.  
Of the women and children, none living to tell,  
No more scouts for a message to send.

The thoughts of Dominicus came to a halt  
And his tears fell like rain to the shore.  
Too late to react, were their deaths all his fault?  
Of the latter he'd ne'er been so sure.

He peered all around through still watery eyes  
At the mountains that soared to the stars.  
Those sentinel rocks had but muffled their cries  
And reluctantly yielded their scars.

Pushing sad memories to the back of his mind,  
He thought on the few days ahead.  
Could they really have victory with no Dwarven-kind?  
And knew this was best left unsaid.

"And what of the Sage, had he reached Galafay?  
And what such employ was my part?  
Stood here in West Rud with just one more day  
Before all of the madness will start.

What can 'I' do alone in this place?  
No counsel was given at all.  
Was this some secret plan that they all had to face,  
Will I ever receive of my call? "

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse IX, About Gretchel The White)

"For 'Gretchel the White', her long story unfolds  
In a time when a peace held the land;  
Still a ten year old girl, as yet future untold,  
As she sat looking down on the sand.

It was late in the morn' when a bright light appeared,  
And it danced like a kite over head.  
Casting all thoughts aside, Gretchel stood as she peered,  
And then followed the light as it led.

Down a meadowy path and away from the shore  
Went the light and the follower-on,  
To a shadowy nook by a young sycamore,  
Where it halted, then flashed and was gone!

A grey, misty haze made a hasty retreat  
And in place now what looked like a Sprite,  
Dressed in leggings and blouse and with nought on its' feet,  
From the haze had begun to alight.

It held out a hand as it fell to one knee,  
Curtly smiling, adept in its' stance.  
"Gretchel Carlan the White', yours will Tillanho be",  
And began an admissible dance.

All around there were chimes and the tinkle of bells  
And her feet matched his every skip  
As they danced from the nook to a dendritic-dell,  
Just like twins that conjoined at the hip.

All the while they were dancing and laughing away,  
Was the Sprite thinking hard on its' plan;  
That its' conjugate damsel, in splendid array,  
Would help kill all the perils of man.

In a no-distant future, a mad Witch would arise  
And of Gretchel the need would be great,  
Where she's slay this mad Witch and assure the demise  
Of such entity hell-bent to hate...."

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse V, Osedicus In The Storm)

Osedicus-Tawny had flown for one-moon  
And his journey had not been a breeze.  
The weather-front shift brought a whole different tune,  
Raging winds, monsoon rains, choppy seas.

He had to fly low or get blown into space,  
Which meant gliding twelve feet from the sea  
So when mad gusts of wind hailed salt-spray on his face  
No more sorrowful sight could one see.

With his vision impaired and his body all drenched,  
An east-westerly wind as his foe,  
His flight feathers stuck where salt water entrenched  
Every quill, only one place to go.

He dropped like a stone and the ocean embraced  
One more victim to sleep in her bed!  
Join a myriad others, her wrath too had faced,  
All who crossed her would all end up dead.

As he sank to her depths, one such cold irony  
Had him smile on an old anecdote:  
"The Owl and the Pussycat went out to sea,  
In a beautiful pea-green boat".

It was just at this stage when he first felt the heat  
And his body surged up in a twist,  
Where he felt himself rise by some magical feat,  
Ending up in the sky's chilling mist.

So without any haste he opened his wings,  
Let the wind blow salt water away.  
What he spied way below was a hot, spewing spring  
Which erupted a warm, misty spray.

What became of the storm he would now never know.  
But again, laughed at death in the face.  
He'd transcended the clutch of the sea down below  
And avoided the cold grip of space.

Warren Atherton



## The Sage (Verse Vi, The 'Dark' Speaketh)

The Sage found himself in a lowly-lit cave  
In some dank subterranean gorge.  
All about him were bones in this skeletal grave,  
To remind of the devils' own scourge.

He'd fallen quite hard but had broken no bones  
As the 'over-growth' hampered descent,  
Both arms lacerated from sharp flints and stones  
And the last of his energy spent.

"The conquest of Tillanho has but begun",  
Spoke a voice that the Sage recognized.  
"Your feeble attempts on a war we have won  
Are no match to the 'Dark' powers size.

You have but one choice then palaver is done,  
So you listen and hear of me well.  
You'll have no place to hide and have nowhere to run,  
All resistance the Dark Lord will fell.

The Elves will be crushed with one sweep of his hand  
And your weak human-kind all be slain,  
That wing-bearing horse which now sleeps on the sand  
In Albraith, will know nothing but pain.

That vermin Osedicus who flies to the East  
Was consumed by the perilous sea.  
Proclaim to the Elven, 'The time of the Beast? '  
It lies rotting in sick malady.

Your own powers diminish with each passing hour  
And the Staff of old Merlin is mine.  
Dispossessed of all magic, relieved of its' scour,  
Of its' lustre there's now not a sign.

You've nowhere to go anymore my old friend,  
You are friendless and now all alone.  
Of your only volition give up the defend,  
Let the seeds of alliance be sewn.'

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse VII, Risen)

"Inhospitable wretch! Do you quickly forget  
Your defeat at the Pittacal Door?  
The Dark Lord himself is still no more a threat  
To the power of all Tillanho lore.

And what does he send? A demonic disgrace,  
Who was slain as he taunted me then,  
And as punishment doomed to a rank, hellish place  
For your cowardly flee from my men.

Hear of me well while a fraction remains  
Of your soul, or eternally burn!  
Afterwhich, there will be not a hope of refrain.  
Take a tip from this Master and learn.

A fusion of light now began to ascend  
And enveloped the Sage where he lay.  
A myriad colours, hypnotic their blend –  
A procurement of blinding display.

The howl of the Demon cocooned in the shell  
Of the cavernous gorge underground,  
Could be heard far and wide of its' menacing yell –  
One more entity "penance" had found.

A deep, distant thunder-clap boomed overhead  
As the Sage resurrected the earth  
From the dark, murky depths of the lost and the dead,  
To surmountable, salient mirth.

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse VIII, The Eve To War)

Through solemn eyes he hoped had lied,  
A dense and dismal mass he spied.  
Out of the darkness whence it came,  
To murder and to maim.....

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A saprophageous, slimy mass  
That took on every shape,  
Denied the Sage his easy pass  
And no time to escape.

This bleak golgotha all around  
His scanty form addressed,  
The onslaught of sardonic sound  
And tangible unrest.

His thoughts turned to Dominicus  
Out in the west of Rud.  
Those words he'd yelled now scurrilous,  
And here should now be stood.

He must get word to his old friend,  
A trap was all but set.  
Deceptive-art, a demon's trend  
How could he soon forget?

Incanting ancient runes of old  
He closed his weary eyes,  
His equine friend he'd all but sold  
To foes the world despised.

To face a prey that fed on blood  
Whose numbers would be vast.  
He'd stand defenceless where he stood  
And surely perish fast.

With haste he gripped the black, charred staff  
While blistered fingers burned.

That perspicacious psychopath  
Would have his friend interned.

Transcending pain he muttered words  
And held the staff up high.  
Whence from the trees a flock of birds  
Were cast unto the sky.

"Fly like the wind, to West, my friends,  
Dominicus must flee!  
Proclaim the Sage will make amends  
If by my side he'll be."

One momentary shadow cast  
A gloom above his head.  
Then instantaneously passed  
As to the West it sped.

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse X, Osedicus Sleeps In Fallout)

The moons silver hue torched his path to Fallout  
As Osedicus flew through the night.  
Right above him a shadow approached from the south,  
Swirling west in migratory flight.

"That's a strangeness", he thought, " For they fly the wrong way,  
What on Tillanho steers them to west? "  
But he gave up the ghost and at risk of delay,  
Hurried on through the night without rest.

At the break of the dawn he saw movement below  
And what looked like a dancing white light,  
When an orb-looking crystal, that bobbed to-and-fro,  
Rose to greet him, much to his delight.

"A pleasure it is that you made it at all",  
Spoke the sweetest voice he'd ever heard.  
"The Darkness is rising, we're here at your call,  
So let's hurry, I'm sure you have word? "

The orb-looking crystal began to descend  
With Osedicus flying in tow.  
He thought of the Sage, whom they'd all now depend,  
And his tears fell like raindrops below.

His dearest old friend had been there all along  
And had given up most of his life  
To safeguard the Races each time it went wrong,  
Through the toils, the troubles and strife.

And now here it was starting over again,  
Only this time the foe was much worse!  
A sanguiverous mass that existed for pain,  
Scoured the land in a hypnotic curse.

A fusion of light brought him back with a start,  
With his vision severely impaired.  
When he dropped to the ground like a featherless dart,  
So much hoping his life would be spared.

But instead of crash-landing he stopped a good foot  
From the earth in a hovering state,  
And then gently touched down with his eyes tightly shut  
Praying life over death be his fate!

When he opened his eyes he could see crystal clear,  
And then nothing but clear crystal see!  
Every object emitted a glass-like veneer  
As he humbled in stark reverie.

He now stood in a courtyard created from glass  
In a Citadel, emerald green.  
Where gargantuan turrets, the zenith surpassed,  
Emanated a citrinous sheen.

It was no tale of Fairies or make-believe dream  
That his life had been spared once again,  
Or by chance met a Wraith with the highest esteem  
For his plight, was no accident feigned.

A melodic intrusion of tinkling bells  
Brought the end to the lack of all sound,  
And just as a Wizard, engrossed in his spells,  
He succumbed to the magic around.

His eyes felt so heavy, his head in a spin  
Yet his mind warned of words not to keep.  
But this was a battle he never would win,  
And he aimlessly drifted to sleep.

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse Xi, Magda The Witch)

In a far distant place in the Tillanho north,  
Stands a tower jutting half a mile high.  
Like a granulite epitaph menacing forth  
To the heavens - a graptolite spy!

Gramineous plains that envelope its' base  
Stretch as far as the good eye can see.  
Where red-tinted hollyhocks grapple for space,  
Dispossessed of their strong-holding spree.

There a cold, restant wind moans the day and the night  
And in stark veneration it wails,  
As it haunts through the tower like a spectre in flight,  
Unforgiving and desperate it sails...

The years have long passed since old Magda was there,  
And her dread of divulsion bears cold.  
Would she find her lost tower now a ramshackle lair  
Of languescent, cold spirits of old?

"But revenge is so sweet when your foe thinks you're dead  
And death too is so full of surprise".  
So while lay in that ditch eating worms from its' bed,  
Spat a curse on the girl she despised.

Old Magda the Witch dressed in soiled, black attire  
Stood atop of the place where she fell.  
She was zealous with rage with a heart burning fire,  
One true advocate sent up from hell.

Now before she could contemplate Gretchel the White,  
To her Tower she must hastily flee.  
Where her cauldrons and potions lay dormant as night,  
'Waiting her incarnation with glee.

In her hands was a worm-eaten, rotting old broom  
Placed strategically facing the north.  
As she started to chant it rose up from her tomb  
Racing skywards to carry her forth.



Over precipice, edifice, orifice flew,  
Like a gale as it circled the earth.  
And on seeing young children she cackled anew  
As she praised the Dark Lord for re-birth.

Warren Atherton

## The Sage (Verse Xii, The Dark Lord)

In machiavellian manner with malicious intent  
The Dark Lord surveyed the scene.  
He'd watched in a fury, his demon hell-sent  
Had but failed in what now should have been

The death of the Sage in that underground pit  
And his victory almost secure,  
But instead of near glory, humility hit  
Like a rotting and festering sore.

He stood by the window, glared out at the night  
In a mood that was blacker than coal,  
Then threw off his cloak at the maddening sight  
Of the thing that denied him his goal.

The demon now hung from his own castle gate  
Where the crows scored the eyes from its' head,  
To remind and to warn those who prevaricate  
Would most fervently wish they were dead!

A squamate obscenity entered his vault  
And instinctively fell to the floor.  
With not even a glance the Dark Lord threw the fault  
At the beast, as he silently swore.

"You failed in your mission, you pitiful wretch,  
The vile equus Dominicus flees!  
Ten thousand-strong army and all you need fetch  
Was the Sage to my feet on his knees!

That pathetic monstrosity hung on my gate  
Under your jurisdiction has failed.  
I should skin you alive you grotesque reprobate  
With the rest of you slowly impaled.

Were it not for your show of reverence to me  
I'd have no hesitation at all.  
Now get up off the floor or my wrath you will see,  
I've another plan nothing can stall.

The Dark Lord sat down on an ornate high chair  
That he'd dubbed as his 'Immoral Throne'.  
It had arms carved of snakes and a single eye stared  
From a back made of charred human bone".

The creature rose up from the floor to its' knees  
And with lowered head started to speak,  
"Please forgive me Great Master, I'm shamed to displease,  
I placed trust in a cowardly freak.

But my judgement was clouded, I loathe to admit  
For I haven't had sleep in an age.  
To the East, West and South our great armies now sit  
And wait word on our Master's next stage".

The Dark Lord stared hard, then a thin smile appeared,  
This subservience suited him well.  
"At least you got that right", he purposely jeered,  
"Now get up or I'll flirt you to Hell!

Consume these right now and you'll tire no more"  
And he placed three live beetles to hand.  
The creature ate nervously, never quite sure  
If his Lords' good intention would stand.

He knew from experience not to assume  
Where the Dark Lord himself was concerned.  
He'd pledged his life-service in this very room,  
Now immortal, forever interned

To a ruler whose tyranny knew of no bounds,  
Showing cruelty none could surpass.  
And any who stand, most now dead, he still hounds  
Like a hare to a burrowed impasse.

Warren Atherton

# The Sage (Young Girls' Dream)

An eastern wind in merry dance  
Scoured the vale in lively prance.  
To a rising Orb of yellow-gold  
Which cast its light across the fold,  
And set the vale aglow,  
In the realm of Tillanho.

Fell golden leaves from crystal trees  
That swirled around amid the breeze.  
A caverns mouth with stardust shone  
For eyes who sought the magic one,  
And hear of knights to battle-go  
When young was he and Tillanho.

In shimmering mists of pearly-white,  
Incanting all his ancient might,  
And casting spells of alchemy -  
The midas touch of wizardry,  
The old Sage veiled the sky  
In Lapis Lazuli.

Warren Atherton

# Two Towers Of Might!

Alone sat I 'gainst an old English oak  
In meadowgrass up to my head.  
Did sadness befall me and tears to revoke  
Those memories best left unsaid.  
Two visions ensnared to leave me impaired  
Not thinking, not living just ghostly aware  
Of what once was, once lived, once cared.  
A violent start on a rickety road  
A blow here and there-saw plenty of stars!  
Not twinkling bright or a heavenly sight  
Just a shooting pain to add to the scars.  
Two visions implode to lighten the load  
And blacken thy sky and blacken thine eyes  
To a deafening roar of pitiful lies.  
And pillars of might more precious than gold  
Rise up from the rubble the zenith their goal  
And all of the malice that wrought such ill  
Fills up thy head, thine eyes so watery skies  
That see no evil, fear no evil- will pour  
Their valiance when September cries.

Warren Atherton

# Visitation

The time came when first I saw!  
That breaking point was clear to see.  
And mind close to insanity - for!  
What if 'they' should catch my sight?

And beam me up in whitest light?  
Would my existence lesser be?

What visitation rights have they?  
An Inter-stellar craft to take  
Their chosen people, when they wake  
From life-like dreams but not recall  
Once vivid memories of it all.  
Best not to for all humans' sake?

If not for time back then I'd be.  
Confusion reigns, cannot discern  
The incident and how I yearn  
To seek the truth and know the score  
Such life has never known before.  
Implanted thoughts forever burn.

As when a child its' first breath takes,  
And gentle hands caress its' cheek.  
Gracious in form, destined to seek  
All knowledge that will lead to bear  
Upon this being standing there.  
Cried bitter tears o'er the week.

So 'father-time' himself awaits  
Not one alive, but surges past  
All those who live and die as fast.  
And explanations, desperate for,  
Pass me by. Curse Einsteins law!  
Make relativity abate.

What purpose then to break my night?  
Such fussing ne'er become them, lo!  
And such a light I hated so.

Why then abandon such a cause,  
Return no more, put life on pause?  
It pains me that they come then go!

But when they do come back to me,  
No wiser soul will ever be!

Warren Atherton

# When Yearning

I mused there at the the table.

A myriad thoughts and emotions,  
Like the sonar of the great 'Blue',  
Trying to permeate the depths to reach you  
And still I wasn't able,  
The deep-freeze of love ever stable.

I dream.

I remember your glowing smile  
Would make the room explode for me like  
A blinding Supernova.  
Now it's always cold.  
A palpable inferno diminished  
By the icy hand of familiarity,  
A point of pure beguile.

Yet, still a flickering ember,  
Where shrapnels of light,  
Only subdued by the ignorance  
Of an unresponding heart,  
Burrow through the loneliness.  
Such dissipating, fear abating will-  
My incandescent light.

Warren Atherton