

A Quest for a Sword

A sword requireth heat
to make,
I would not forge
this info.

Born in a fiery furnace

From the flames
is born
a blade
worthy of a knight,
nay, a king!

Hark!
A saber emerges, hard to beat
not fake,
In place where potent gas from gorge
flows into,

Take care,, brave sir, not to burn us!

Oath without shames
is sworn.

Yonder weapon to the knight,
nay, the king,
doth speak:

"Look for me, O King,
in the place of fire.

Wield me
and together
we shall be grate
Let not your heart be troubled
Should ye falter
Show hearth, brave knight
And finding me shall be thy fate,
As ye run, serving God, country, family, and altar."