

Oh ... and Seven Accursed

By Holly Lisle

I wrote a variant of this poem a while back, just because. I was digging through old material for plot ideas, found it, and came up with a humdinger. I had to rewrite the poem as both it and the story evolved, but, here it is.

Seven Accursed

*We are now fallen, we who dreamed –
We seven who once strode through Hell,
We who breached the citadels
Of mighty gods and called them ours.
We are now fallen, we who dreamed.*

*None will speak our names again;
The holy places shun our souls
We chose the path of dark and lost
And Dark has come to claim its due.
None will speak our names again.*

*Dare not the summits of the gods –
These places do not welcome men,
Devour them and throw them down
And leave bleached bones as testament.
Dare not the summits of the gods.*

*Now I raise my shattered sword
To summon gods I scorned before –
Summon Grief and Vanity;
Call on Hubris, and Remorse.
Now I raise my shattered sword.*

*We are now fallen, we who dreamed –
We seven who once strode through Hell,*

*We who breached the citadels
Of mighty gods and called them ours.
We are now fallen, we who dreamed.*

Contents © Holly Lisle. <https://hollylisle.com> All Rights Reserved