

Revising SEVEN ACCURSED

By Holly Lisle

I wrote a poem some years ago that gave me an idea for a series of stories I really wanted to write. *Seven Accursed* tempted me and fascinated me, but I was constantly on deadline, and I never got around to writing it. It came back to me, fully as tempting as it was back then, when I had to come up with a proposal for another publisher. The poem that was the genesis of the idea needed some revision, though, as the idea has changed and shifted. This is the current version—the one that will go out as separate material with the proposal.

We are now fallen, we who strove
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 strove.

None will speak our names again;
The holy places shun our souls
We chose the path of war and lost
Our fathers moved to claim their due.
None will speak our names again.

Dare not the summits of the gods
They curse the sons who challenge them.
Devour them and throw them down
And leave burned bones as testament.
Dare not the summits of the gods.

Who will reforge our shattered swords?
Who will dare move against the gods?
Who will speak good for humankind?
None. And none. And none again.
None will reforge our shattered swords.

We are now fallen, we who strove “
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 strove.

Thought you might be interested in seeing how it changed.

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