

A fantasy writer's lament



There' s a dragon sitting in my head,
not breathing fire unless I refuse
to give him a role in my latest work
or choose
to pretend he's not in my head at all but just
a figment, imaginèd.

In shadow behind the dragon
a silvery unicorn prances,
slipping in and out of mist,
taking his chances
I'll add him to the story,
wild and moon-kissed

Hunting (both dragon and unicorn),
seeking friendship, not conquest,
fae creatures try
to convince me they're wonderful and strange,
not just like every other sentient being
under the sky.

(Magical families and travels
or fantasy love and crime
don't differ from the mundane kind;
they're merely more exotic
to observe,
and in my mind.)

They make incessant noise in my head,
these uninvited guests of mine,
chattering day and night.

Sometimes I'd like some peace and quiet,
all for myself, and so...
I write.

(image from shutterstock – public domain – fractal art/poly dragon – photoshopped)

A goblin sweetheart (Vrzvl's haikus)



Hair as green as leaves
Tangled like curling spring ferns
Round a grinning face.

Eyes as big as moons,
Deep as the dark Cannis Sea,
Full of wild mischief.

Teeth as sharp as rocks
In a mouth wide as the sky;
Lips open for me.

Arms, thin, taut as wire

And hands like soft twig brushes
Caressing my face.

In my dreams you walk.
Where shall I find you in life,
My goblin sweetheart?

(One of my online gaming characters was a young goblin who had just left home to seek his fortune – and maybe love. I wrote the poem in response to a call from a fellow player for poems related to our games. He printed it in his newsletter. The goblin's name is pronounced Vu-ru-zu-vul. (Goblins don't see the purpose of vowels.) The Cannis Sea was in our gaming world, sadly defunct but still a source of inspiration from time to time. I have vague intentions, some day, of writing a novel or novella with Vrزل as one of the characters.

Vrزل also scribbled a picture of what he thought his sweetheart might look like...)



Unicorns at play



In the moon's white light
We play in our soft meadow
Dancing over grass.

Beneath the gold stars,
Piercing the dark of the land,
Our bright horns shimmer.

While the black clouds roll
Our manes flicker with lightning
And our hooves thunder.

At dusk in the trees
You may see a faint shining
Welcoming the night.

When dawn opens day
Our shadows might still linger
In a loving heart.

To a gamer who is moving on.



(Sometimes the organiser of an RPG will abandon their game before others are ready to leave – not just the players.)

We played hard.
Through woods and mines, into cities of frozen stone,
And vast graveyards of polished bone,
We took our swords, two-headed axes and sharp spears,
All down the years.

Our hearts beat
With the heroic cyber pulse of might and story,
Making us virtual wizards of dread and glory,
Pumping your writing out along our veins,
Singing our names.

We stayed close,
Playing the game, fighting the fight, killing monsters that haunt dreams,
Defeating ghouls that emitted eldritch screams.
We never questioned whether you were true.
We trusted you.

Now you turn
Away from the roles, the play, shelving those who served so long,
Abandoning soldiers who, for you, were strong,
Telling your friends in a voice that hints of shame,
'It was just a game.'

Who would say,
Compared with friends or kin in London, Paris or Rome,
Compared with loved ones here at home,
That we who kept the faith are not, at the end,
At least as real as them?

While my music gently plays.



There are goblins playing in our streets tonight;
Sharp teeth snapping,
Thin hands clapping,
While my guitar gently sings.

There are ogres creeping past our gate tonight;
Large ears swivelled,
Huge feet muffled,
While your drums gently thrum.

There are orcs standing at our corner tonight;
Fierce arms folded,
Wild faces calmed,
While my pipe gently thrills.

There are elves travelling on our road tonight;
Bright eyes laughing,
Wide mouths grinning,
While your accordion gently hums.

There are warriors knocking at our door tonight;
Shields held proudly,
Swords shining boldly,
While my cymbals gently clash.

There are creatures passing through our town tonight;
Filling your dreams,
Playing my games,
While our music gently plays.
