

“Importer of Rare Artifacts”

Freight hopper knuckles shielded my pipe
from the tearing wind to extinguish it;
I used to slept in the crows nest
at the mast of the ancient world.

I dreamt of the frost wind
and stalking long circles,
a hanging blade flashing
in darkdweller eyes.

But what torment gathered
boiling at the sky rim?
What flames on the hills
far beyond the curtain wall?

Whose lips of Voluspo
and tattooed fingers;
what wolf’s tongue dripping,
and diviner’s jaws?

Völuspá, Ragnarök,
I counted the names:
wind elf, magic elf,
Thranduil and Thorin,

and those who marched
from the glacier’s collar;
thunder on the plains
of heels and wardrums.

Clouds above Brocken
pauldrons of thunder
daggers of whalebone
and a headdress of quills;

Somewhere
in the forests near Aricia