

LOVE'S PYRE

You relished such a delight, to take me in your love so high.
Then cleave me down, looking on with Loki's smile.
You savoring with a malicious sigh.
Far away in his arms, believing me a victim of your guile.

You turning away, thinking me dead on your love's funeral pyre.
As an ancient Norse warrior, on his way to great Odin.
Relishing the flames, rising high from my body and soul on fire.

Little knowing I'd rise, refusing to join my ancient kin.
Now reincarnated, I breathe with Thor's passion.
Hear my heart, like his hammer, its roar in the din.
My magic, mere Valkerie, unveiled in its fashion.

- Of one called *Spellbound*
- Copyright ©Brian R Dillon – Written in Fall 2002