



A Brave Heart's Sonnet

I do not fear Poseidon's grasp
That I might share Polybotes' grave
Nor accept Dis Pater's clasp
For all his wealth become a slave

I would not bend the knee to Thor
Though Ragnarök were on the rise
I would not cower 'fore Israel's lore
Though Armageddon were in the skies

I do not fear unyielding gods
Oh, how much less then mortal men
I stand though demons run roughshod
Their evil hooves to pierce the skin

Yet at one thing still do I start
To find a maid and lose my heart