

Siren Song

Brinehall was its prideful name –
What Verdyn called a captive home.
Laws and rules he held to blame –
For culling hopes to wander; roam.

Long had Verdyn heard the words:
*Gaze upon the shoreline vast,
The glory unto our island cast.
A hall and home to hold our kin,
To purge our bloods and soothe our sins.
Hall and home tend all wants of heart,
From hall and home we never depart.*

Fins and scales as toddler's toys
Robbed him of his stripling joys.
Growing up was an anguished cry,
His youthful years went thusly by.

Tide and salt were all he knew,
Waves and waters icy blue.
Adventure, peril, they called to him –
Stifled dreams of unseen beauty.
But binding him to Brinehall's rim were
Muffled screams of love and duty.
What wonders lay across the sea?
A world of longing, he longed to see.
A world of yearning, bold and free.
Anywhere else he'd rather be.

Verdyn's rants of loud unrest
Brought the ire of Brine to bear.
But Verdyn met the wrathful crest
With a fixed gaze and a tireless stare.

“For hall and home you hold contempt, so
From laws and rules you’re now exempt.
But the price you pay for careless scorn,
Will surely leave you scarred and torn.
Our way of life you choose to spurn,
So leave thee now, to never return.”

Brinehall was its prideful name
What Verdyn used to call his home –
At long, at last, he was truly free,
To wander wild and freely roam.

Uncertain though he was in truth,
He ventured onward trusting youth
For the wanton strength and will to heed
The siren call from lands afar –
To forgo home in thought and deed,
With the open seas as a guiding star.

The ocean tore his sails apart
As storm clouds gathered overhead,
With his exit off to a squallish start
He followed where misfortune led.

Foreign lands he reached at last
To find his ardour nearly spent –
In a world beyond, the horizon past,
Regret plagued him as he went.

Life then went on just the same,
As he sought and found no thing to blame
But fitful thought and fickle mind
For all he knew, now left behind.

A while then he spent wildly lost –
Waves replaced by solid ground;
With no salt, no wind, no icy frost –
He drowned in hopes of being found.

He bore witness now and then
To righteous souls, to sinful men,
To countless lives, to comfort wives,
In a world uncaring – to what survives.
With his yearning heart now far away
And calloused musings farther still,
His roaming feet for ever astray
Wore down hope and his careless will.

When he saw again the oceanside
Painful stirrings welled within;
Standing amidst the rising tide,
With salt and wind against his skin,
To Brinehall he felt firmly tied.

Hardship, sorrow, loss and grief
Seemed to be the final start
Of the answers to his siren's call.
But as is life, so is misery brief
That he learned to slow his aching heart
To a dash, a walk, a measly crawl.

Weaving through each town he crossed
Leaving quicker than a fleeing trout
Heaving seas he soon forgot
Grieving no more the home he left.

Shades of Spring and grass that thrives,
Sounds of Summer, the harvest prize,
Dulcet Autumn's cosy nights, and
Pristine Winter's coldest white –
The seasons four to mark the year
Tore through Verdyn's glum veneer
Replacing despair's spectral debt
With equal parts of pale regret
And equal parts unbridled cheer.

Heart's desire was a compass false
Which led him rashly to what enthrals,
But with wisdom he now reconciled;
He no longer was a willful child.

Like misty mornings, biting cold, that
Rouse the tender, sleeping earth below – the
Lure of youth is manifold, setting
Fears afire and doubts aglow.
But tempered in the forge of noon,
Sunshine lingers warm and rife,
So too was Verdyn's conceit pruned,
His spirit hardened in the forge of life.

Kinship, laughter, love and joy
Take will and strength and fire to sow,
In the grip of life's employ, he
Found an open heart can only grow.

A simple life he built with grace,
So rare in depth, yet commonplace.
It was ages now since he'd felt alone.
For he was loved, and he was home.

As the vibrant dusk of age arrives,
Musings turn to wistful sighs,
Over things undone and words unsaid,
Regrets seen in crimson red.
Verdyn's gaze though, was a gentle rose
His will on life he once imposed.
Of mind and body now grey and old, but
Still an unquenched fire of spirit and soul.

So it was, on one such day,
He heard some voices so robust
Their youthful passions sure conveyed
A burning, urgent wanderlust.

As he thought of days long gone,
His own foreign siren song,
Overcome by fondness, pride
He recalled once more, the oceanside.

To the lively striplings, brave and tall,
Leaving every thing behind,
He wished them well, he wished them all,
And saw it fit to then remind
Of a truth to which he'd once been blind.

*As you're poised to start off, leave, depart,
To wonder, wander farther away,
Heed these words, o' earnest hearts,
Heed them well and give them sway.
As far and wide as you'd wish to roam,
There is no place quite like home.*