

RILDIX FALLS

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Rildix falls again, again,
Through the burning night,
With cracks too loud for ear to bear,
With fires that blaze too bright.

The walls resume, then burst anew;
Like mountains pile the dead;
The tongues of fire leap higher, higher,
Till Ash reigns there instead.

Once more the Rildix Great One dies,
Holds tight his final breath,
Clutching his heart in meaty hands
To fend the walls from death.

Once more the Rildix' frenzied chant
Brings corpses to defend;
Once more his slain spread their disease
To foe along with friend.

The madness roars contagiously;
The corpse-breached walls gape wide;
Hysteria tramples through the land
That was the Rildix' pride.

Too late, the son with death-faced force
Sweeps thundering through the street,
And hooves crunch bone as the son alone
Hunts down the Great One's seat.

The Rildix warps in humming death,
Heart clutched in bloodied hands;
And moan-gales shake the portal where
The cold son stiffly stands.

The king lifts ponderous, blood-swelled head;
The blackened, cracked lips part:
The son, for fear of father's curse,
Impales the old man's heart.

The Rildix grins. The heart stands cold,

But dead lips speak at last:
“My bright boy, had you stayed your hand,
Mine anger would have passed.”

Through tooth-gapped walls the stiff wind screams;
There are no human calls.
“Now you must die the coward’s death
Each time that Rildix falls.

“You rode to save the city, boy?
You sought to ease the dead?
Now you will sup, imbibe their pain,”
Confides the bloody head.

“The city that you scorned to aid,
Whose last defense you slew,
Will rise again eternally
To act this night anew.

“And you must feel each shattered limb,
Pour blood for each blown lung.
You’ll beg for death beneath their skulls.”
The black lips stutter, done.

The ghost-walls tremble like mirage
Where the Rildix bade them rise;
The corpses, human-featured, sink,
As the Great One’s death-chant dies.

But smoldering eyes burst forth once more
Till the young man shouts, in flames:
And scored cheeks nurse that final curse
For the son the Rildix blames.

Now Rildix falls in scarlet fire
Each time this chant is told;
And Rildix repeats itself on earth,
A tragedy far too old.

Can no one stop the Rildix’ curse
And end our fearful plight?
For Rildix falls again, again,
All through the burning night.