

POETRY & PROSE

Grendel

by Frank Dunne, MSPE

Lo, dreaded of the fenlands, murderous child
of Cain,
Grim fiend of night, sleeps beneath a fetid
tarn.
Seething rage, scorning every noble thane.
Rejected by virtue, brooding among the
skarn.

He waits in his cave, guarded by fire snakes,
But when the dark sky is speckled by
starlight,
Then up to the black earth til dawn breaks.
Marauding ogre, the root of a kingdom's
blight.

Skulking ranger of the mist shrouded moors,
Wanders the forests, and feared by the bear.
With the might to splinter great Heorot's
doors,
Feasts on the innocents who trespass his lair.

O' Grendel, bleak monster, prepare your last
stand,
A hero comes—the strength of thirty his
hand.



A Fibonacci String

by Kate Jones, RFSPE

Self.
Mind.
Reason
Powers thought,
Thoughts fuel action,
Actions build civilization,
The cradle of mankind's reaching for the
Universe.

The Golem

by Frank Dunne, MSPE

Few of the Prague Ghetto could deny their
spiritual affection,
To the Book of Zohar where comes a thing
of righteous protection.
Summoned to help the troubled, a being of
Rabbi Loew,
As the Book of Splendor bears witness to the
man and demon connection.

Created of the clay from the banks where
rivers flow,
Dybbuk or shedim, no one could say, or ever
hope to know.
Behind its teeth placed a prayer written in
ink,
And as in the past, laying vengeance upon
their wicked foe.

And though it moves, never does it breathe;
with eyes that never blink.
With a head, but yet not a mind to talk, or
even think.
For it is the Golem, mystic messiah of spite,
Summoned for a purpose, not alone, Rabbi
and Slayer in sync.

It is late afternoon; the moon already casts its
cold bitter light,
And the roofs are no longer reflecting a tinge
of sooty-white.
As the frail sun of winter sleeps, the scourge
prepares to smite,
While the melancholy of the snow's blue tint
coats the streets of night.