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The Legend of the Wild Man

The Legend of the Wild Man

by John Taylor

The bazaar of Babylon fell silent as he stepped into the square,
an ancient time-worn hunter, wild eyed and gray of hair.
Barefoot with a wooden spear, clothed in skins of beasts,
His features dark and savage, as in the lands northeast.
The merchant people whispered tales of men from long ago,
who dwelt in caves and savage things did hunt with club and bow.

Throwback! Barbarian!
Gray of hair and face.
This lone wild man remains
of a lost and bygone race.

He spoke no word, the Wild Man, nor uttered any sound,
but took his ancient wooden spear and etched into the ground;
a portrait of a horrid thing, a dragon without wings,
feasted on great warriors, its gut the tomb of kings.
He pointed at the image of the beast from deepest Hell
and gestured curiosity of where the creature dwells.

Ignorant! Illiterate!
To believe a wild tale.
But then a traveler spoke a name
and his mockers all grew pale.

The SIRRUSH-cave of Belthshazar, the ancient throne of fear
where heathen lords once sacrificed a maiden twice a year,
unto fiends who fed on men like the image in the dust.
And on this traveler's account the Wild Man put his trust.
And ventured forth still westward, toward the nearby SIRRUSH-cave,
joined by those men of Babylon too bold to fear the grave.

Impossible! Incredible!
The Wild Man's quest did seem.
But was it but a moment ago,
he himself was but a dream?

They followed him for hours, up the grim and rocky path
strewn everywhere were bones of men, slain by primal wrath.
Through this barren rocky grave, a chill, fell wind now moans.
Its whispers name the unhallowed place; it is the Vale of Bones.
Ahead an altar black and grim, forged in an elder age,

bore upon it the bloodstains of a great and elder rage.

Unsettling! Unnerving!
The dead among the stones.
But even not so dreadful as
the cave above the bones.

The SIRRUSH-cave of Belthshazar silenced them in awe.
That graven arch and elder runes that formed a fearsome maw.
Surely greater hands than men's had hewn such giant stones,
and surely far more vile jaws had filled the Vale of Bones.
The Wild Man then charged ahead and on the altar stood
and with his elder spear in hand, revealed a flute of wood.

Enchanting! Enticing!
His melody fills the air
now answered by a hellish roar
within the fearsome lair.

The beast broke forth, a scaly fiend, upon two legs like towers.
Thick of hide and bony snout, its hunger was its power
With flailing tail and raging jaws ready to devour.
The Wild Man, last of his kind, faced his finest hour.
Approaching now before him through the graven ring,
was the dreadful shadow of the Tyrant Lizard's king.

Saurian! Reptilian!
Dread fiend of bygone age!
Dark lord of the carnivores,
Ravenous with rage!

The Wild Man, he trembled not, nor showed the slightest fear,
but uttered forth a battle cry and raised his honored spear.
He struck like lightning, drew first blood, the Tyrant roared in pain,
and the awestruck Men of Babylon knew his quest was not in vain.
But the Tyrant knew no fear that day, upon the Vale of Bones,
and lashed out with fearsome talons to forge wounds of its own.

Brutality! Savagery!
Man and beast trade blows.
Feral strength and primal wrath
Consume the ancient foes.

The Wild Man was fearless still, though cut by jagged snout,
gave no quarter, not an inch, in this his final bout.
Both alone, both the last, vanished are their kind.

But for the glory of the hunt, he'd end his rival's line.
The elder world, and savage times, would be at last laid low.
And for the honor of his tribe, he'd strike the final blow.

Valor! Honor!
His courage paves the way
to glory now and evermore,
smite the beast, seize the day!

For bloody hours the battle raged, until the light began to fail
When in despair, the Wild Man charged and seized its scaly tail.
Across its back he ran and leapt, with feral hunter's skill.
And with his spear he rent its throat, behold the epic kill!
With a final raging cry, the blow of death found home,
And the Tyrant's ruin was writ in blood upon the Vale of Bones.

Triumphant! Magnificent!
The Wild Man prevails.
His savage bane lies cold and dead,
by mighty spear impaled.

Triumphant, torn, and ragged, his nightmare foe now past.
His quest fulfilled, his life complete, the Wild Man breathes his last.
The Men of Babylon stood in awe of their hero slain
And took a vow upon his grave that he had not died in vain.
To ever live with courage, and right what wrongs they can
And fight with honor to the end, as did the Wild Man.

Destiny! Integrity!
The Men of Babylon
swore with their dying breath
to ever carry on.

For the Wild Man weep not, be not distressed nor scared.
For by tales of his courage, fair Andromeda was spared.
For him Saint George fought dragons, and Arthur's men were brave.
For knighthood was born of an oath, upon the Wild Man's grave.