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Darkedge

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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Faragrim's icy-cold brow with her warm lips
before calling up her cat-drawn cart and
riding off toward Asgard.

Faragrim watched Freyja until she rode

out of sight, then he headed back into
Midgard, striding westward—walking on the
heels of his own long shadow, cast by the
rising sun.

Darkedge

by

Lee Clark Zumpe

I remember being a blade once,
A promise of victory;
A harvester of death;
The object of a curse
Upon a warrior's breath.

I cut the air at his command,
I shimmered in the sun.
I slept in leathern bed;
And on days of battle
I was bathed in red.

A name I know he gave to me:
I, a brother he trusted,
I, his only real friend;
Darkedge is what he called me
Till he met his tragic end.

With grace I saw years pass by,
My thirst was yet unquenched,
And still my bite was keen;
But the warrior used me little
For he was not what he had been.

When finally he roused me from my sleep,
Face withered, eyes distant,
His ambitions had been laid to rest.
I wept for the warrior's youth
As I plunged into his breast.