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Carn Cabal

Owen R. Neill

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Abstract

Beast of wonders, hunter of myth, companion of the Lord Artorius swift as light to pursue the wild boar among the forest glades of Buelt.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Carn Cabal; Owen R. Neill

CARN CABAL

by Owen R. Neill

Beast of wonders, hunter of myth,
companion of the Lord Artorius
swift as light to pursue the wild boar
among the forest glades of Buelt.
Cabal, gentle friend, a marvel
to the eyes of strength and size
which none could scarce exaggerate.

When on the trail of the trickster, Troynt,
the boar of legend, hunted long
but never caught though death came near
on many a chase by other hands.
Cabal, a dog most wondrous, flamed
with heat of chase. So swift he was
his paws left prints upon the stone
whenever he paused to taste the wind.
All day he ran, the scent of Troynt
sizzling in his flaring nose.
All night too the pace kept on.
Eyes gleamed to light his rocky flight.
his shaggy coat glowed like the moon.
And all the stillness knew this night
the boar of legend would die by noon.
The dog of Artos left the world behind
and finally ran the boar to ground.
The end was swift, so the legend says,
for no one ever heard the battle sound.
The head of Troynt was taken treasure
back to castle, a history to record.
And Cabal slept two weeks they tell us,
so great the effort for his glorious lord.

Thus Arthur took one footprinted stone
and placed it on a memory cairn
for all the world to recall the tale.
Some say there were those who sought to steal it
and carry it away a day and night,
but on the morrow they would find it
back upon its stoney site.
Great dogs of legends run and show,
none more wonderful than Cabal we will ever know.

