

Dennis Daly – Three Poems

Battle Axe

The battle axe breaks through the wood
Near the handheld iron center,
The splintering, a bisector
Of stinking fear and brotherhood.

Still there is nothing understood
By the bludgeon and bloody blur,
The battle axe breaks through the wood.

A new shield, another falsehood,
Protects the heart of cloying muser
And his scribe, a blackguard bruiser,
Who writes in rhyme, as well he should.
The battle axe breaks through the wood.

Short Sword

For stabbing underneath the shield,
To tear, to cut through broken mail,
To spike a foot or groin impale,
The short sword rules the battlefield.

When walls concuss and none will yield,
Then agile hands use blades half-scale
For stabbing underneath the shield.

So many threats one finds concealed
With bites and stings behind the veil.
No chorus here, just tattletale.
The Earl of War once more well-steeled
For stabbing underneath the shield

Shield Wall

Forthwith I commanded, "Shield wall!"
Scarred warriors stepping forward,
Each to each fearsomely anchored,
A set barrier, a catchall.

They bring bodies of wherewithal,
Hope their futures go unskewed.
Forthwith I commanded, "Shield wall!"

The clarity of protocol
As matched up to what was augured,
Ousts the knowledge of all that's blurred
By reason, that other cure-all.
Forthwith I commanded, "Shield wall!"

Dennis Daly has published seven books of poetry and poetic translations. He writes reviews regularly for The Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene and on occasion for the Notre Dame Review, Ibbetson Street, Wilderness House, and the Somerville Times. He occasionally reads his poetry at various venues. Please see his blog at dennisfdaly.blogspot.com.