

Legend And The Lore

Falconer

Forgotten and concealed
Are the tales of old.
Yet the spirits of the field
I do behold.
A mist-like shape reveals
The fiddler in his prime,
It's an act through the time.

Under the starlit sky
Shadows come alive.
Chapters of laughter and a sigh,
They do revive.
The mist-like shape entwines
The legend and the lore
Into a conviction unsure.