

To Our Celtic Heroes

Around the stone hearth, firelight flickers
on children's faces,
intent on the words falling from
the darkened stranger's mouth.
As the swelling pitch doth rise and fall
to the beating of young hearts,
eyes shine and glow in awe and wonderment.
Hushed up are gasps of dread; and they are
beguiled, enthralled in another place
inside the ancient tales of the Mabinogion.

Heroes march across their eyes in battlescapes,
and legends are reborn
in magic fields of myth and dreams.
They live again to act and sing
the valiant hymns of yesteryear;
but still fall prey to the human politics
of love, and greed, and envy,
for you, my child, lessons when these
stories are retold;
be glad, be glad for the never ending song.

Touch the minds, awake these souls,
of their burning Celtic hearts;
and lay their faith in wait
for the challenge of adversity.
Thus well tempered they will see
that cataclysm hidden in tomorrow,
and fight the latest dragons
with an older bravery
bequeathed by long gone forbears.
God bless our future champions

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