

Ulfhednar

Youth gazes at me with soft eyes. The leader-son is dressed in wolfskin and times gone by, but ages do not separate us when-
he talks, he smiles, feels and then sees-
the familiar amber around my neck.

Sitting next to me he stretches his hand, ever so carefull. So young are his ancient hands, workinghands, woodholder. His curiosity finds the lines on my shoulders: he follows them with his fingers, walking the path of Bird on my skin.
'Woohoo' he whispers- and I say 'yes, owl'

I'm standing in the moss, here on the highgrave, where the wind howls en heather stretches along long paths in front of our eyes. This is where the boy lives, forever living now in death's arms. His eyes softbrown, like the deers who wander in the longgrass near the forrest.

The mount whispers about the past
Of bone and skin, of red cirkles
Of priesthood en godshonour
Of death and ashes, and eternal life.

The pallisades are high. They are made of oak, strong and solid, an ancient cirkle. They divide the land of the living from the Netherworlds. On the wood symbols of mourning and love, dressed in ocre.

The boy walks fragile, wandering in the circle. He will never come out of it again. This is his world and I follow him, scared that he will disappear in the mist of decades. When he lays down next to me, we both feel the ages passing by. He seeks my hand and then there is only now.