

A Noble's Account of the Battle of Blutigeswasser

by Alexander Vyorst, Grade 11

They sat in their ditches, frightened and scared
Many of their weapons not completely repaired
Sitting in silence, nothing could be heard
The bard had stopped singing, and had not spoken a word
Then all of a sudden, the men heard hooves hit the ground
And the silence was shattered by a thunderous sound
Metal beings charged, each one on a monster of a horse
They formed tight ranks, creating an unstoppable force
As the metal wall approached, a man spoke his solemn prayer
Some closed their eyes, some broke in despair
But some gripped their pikes and yelled in rage
That in the story of their life today would not be their last page
They raised up their pikes and the horses were jabbed
The horsemen fell off their steeds and began to get stabbed
But after the second wave of horsemen, the pike wall was broken
A gap had been formed, the floodgates were open
The rest of the line began to crumble
The battle of formations devolved into a rumble
After many hours, the battle was done
And under the cover of night, it wasn't clear who had won
The armies' flags were tattered; their banners were torn
The blood had mixed with the dyes, and new colors were born
The bodies were piled upon a patch of dirt on the ground
And the few men that were left stared at the monstrous flesh mound
They lit up the heap and up came pillars of smoke
Which came from the bodies of once youthful folk



Amongst the fire, a young soldier had awoken
Choking on smoke, his screams for help were unspoken
But he had already gone through the battle alive
So, he struggled and raged, intent to survive
The soldier erupted from the mound, inhaling the air
In terms of his fate, God had been fair
He jumped into the river, completely submerged
When he came up from the water a new man emerged
In the story of his life, today would not be his last page
It was the beginning of something great, the dawn of a new age