

ECLIPSE

It was as close to golden Asgard as the dwarf had ever been,
 Perhaps Freya came from the sun or the faraway stars?
 Perhaps the white snow of the North had magical properties?

The dazzling Brising necklace reflected in Freya's big blue
 eyes,

How bold could he be?

He would be crafty, he would entice her with the necklace;
 Had her eyes ever adored a man the way they adored those
 jewels?

The beautiful necklace dangled around her bare shoulders,
 But the dazzling jewels were pallid in comparison to her
 sublime breasts;

He could not breathe, his hands trembled,
 Let eternal blackness take him,
 Turn evolution back to the snake!

Was there no sign of this event in the sanctuary upon the
 mountain?

The old ones knew of this and said it was a premonition of
 Ragnarock,

The final battle at the end of the world;

Had Odin missed some vital wisdom?

How could Freya descend into Hel for a few baubles?

Was it moral lack or was it natural appetite?

Perhaps even Mimir did not know of such things.

Evil begins here in this dim Northern cave and not in some
 perfumed southern garden,

Civilizations fall here,

Religion becomes imperative,

Temples are built here!

Women have always watched and waited for the victors,

True religions understand this,

The noble warriors ensure it.

(cont.)