Iduna

Iduna was staring out my high prison windows
Toward her green fatherland of Asgard:
Such a lovely face, such a Northern prize!

I warned her bluntly that she must consent to be
queen of Thrymheim
Or I would ravish and kill her as if she were a poor slave
and not an Aesir goddess.

"Never", she replied,
"I am the wife of Bragi, the master of sweet songs
and I can never be your queen".

Was Iduna worth my hideous death by fire
at the hands of the Aesir avengers?
Have you ever possessed a golden goddess?
One can't reach heaven without such a woman!

Frigga

Volva the prophetress from Nifelheim informed my father Odin
That there was a festival being prepared for me
behind Hel's gates.
My mother Frigga refused to accept the prophecy,
She was determined to take my destiny into her own hands.

Frigga alone among the Aesir knew that I was inclined
to hope too much for harmony, beauty and order;
I did not fully understand that peace comes
only after victory in war.

Frigga rode out into the world to take solemn oaths
From all the elements on earth not to harm her son Balder.
But Frigga overlooked the tiny mistletoe
growing out of the knot of an oak tree.

Evil Loki discovered Frigga's mistake
And Loki tricked blind Hoder into hurling
the tiny sliver of mistletoe,
which fatally pierced my heart.

"Balder is dead", the Gods mournfully announced,
But Frigga shook the tears from her eyes
And demanded that someone ride down to the land of the dead
And bargain for my return!

My funeral fire was set and it turned the sky and sea red.
Defiantly Frigga covered her eyes and ears and murmured,
"Everything dies but my noble children will never die".