

ODIN BEFORE THE FINAL BATTLE

I scrutinized the nine worlds
For nine dreadful days, suspended
Like a Mongolian Shaman
 while common
Men looked on with respectful fear.

 I scoured
The spiritual world for hours
 with discarnate tears
 in my weary
 eyes.

All alone like a lunatic
Beneath the moon, I hung from
 the towering
 Yggdrasil tree.

Then one chilly
Morning, with the sound of
The whining wolves in the northern
 hills,
I finally understood
That the Aesir priests alone
Could not rule the warriors.

Baldur's compassionate
 priest-mentality
Caused his tragic fatality.
After persuading me to fully
Accept the Giant Loki—
Who is of a different race—
Baldur was murdered with Loki's
 poisonous mistletoe.