

Beowulf in Hell (in Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse)

by Kyle Muntz

They strung him up, and beat him with sticks, and bent his muscles, They taunted, "We shall of being a man." men crowded in They drank blood they drank the rain they spat bits of they sang fragments had already forgotten. small animals between their teeth. thunder sheered the clouds. away, mountains began to walk, the mountain paths, trees. Beowulf looked towards soup. is to be soup, to be a sheep, to be string, to be an axe, to be the reek in the stables The children have Wind settles, dew hovers, thoughts shiver	stowed on the balcony, and beat him with rocks, and bared his insides, teach you the meaning Beyond the rafters, many large groups. drained from children, of distant countries, spawned children, of songs the world Across the hall, scurried, breadcrumbs Blasted by wind, Thousands of miles woke. Hillsides bringing with them the many outlying towards his innards: To be a man to be a goat, to be an ox, to be cattle, to be wolves, of black dung in the evening. crossed inside it. winding the fields, dappling the leaves, through darkness,
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the hours shuffle,
the calf bleeds,
the man shits,
the boy dies,
the flower curls,
the stove cools,
and flies settle
battlefield).

This, Beowulf thinks,
of being a man,
a sprouting limb,
to die like a wolf,
I die right now:
no God, there was
never a battle,
He feels a tree
of a forest. He imagines
the animals in their dens.
would eat him, they
child spits in his face.
with rocks. A girl
Her face is small,
She crushes him like
dropped heavily

the hour turns,
the cart breaks,
the man dies,
the boy fails,
the fields cool,
the steel hardens,
fitly the remains (of the

this is the truth
to be a life,
a scavenging beast,
to die like a dog.
a dog. There is
never a God,
never a monster.
fall in the center
for a moment
All of them
would. A small
Children pelt him
rears her arms.
her figure is thin.
a crass boulder,
down the rocks.

