# Beowulf in Hell (in AngloSaxon alliterative verse) <br> 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,

[^0]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.


[^0]:    Available online at «http://fictionaut.com/stories/kyle-muntz/beowulf-in-hell-in-anglo-saxon-alliterative-verse»
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