

Teller of Tales

by Marc R. Johnson

He left us

He came to us with wandering tales of wild things
Savage, biting, slashing, tearing
A violent voice boomed becoming of beasts

The teller of tales gnarled his hands
Reaching for recoiling children
Clinging close to the care of mothers

A lady's worried wail heard by heroes
Champions, conquerors, saviors, good men
Felled, torn too easily by ferocious fang

The teller smiles at a cadence lacking climax
Imparting on us fright and fervent
He left us abandoned, empty absent an end

