

Brothers of the Sacred Circle: A Prayer to Ares

by Tyler Berg

When our body falters, deny us rest.
When our minds crack under the strain, forbid us sanity.
When we are too tired to fight give us war.

We beg such of you not for our glory or gain
Only to dwell briefly in that fabled circle of contention
And only to bind one another in the covenant of battle.

We give to you our tendons and teeth
Taken from us and torn during our sacred rites
Blessed by the blood we shed freely for the privilege alone.

We are brothers in the circle, starving and parched pariahs
With churning stomachs and haggard eyes we know no higher pride.
We will shake hands in victory or defeat, proud to have fought so
bitterly for mutual honor.

Our passions beg no payment of riches and privilege.
We willingly submit to this hell as it is the fire that forged us.
Our mutual communion.
Our cradle and our casket.

