

Falconer, Legend And The Lore

Forgotten and concealed
are the tales of old.
Yet the spirits of the field
I do behold.
A mist-like shape reveals
the fiddler in his prime,
it's an act through the time.

Under the starlit sky
shadows come alive.
Chapters of laughter and a sigh,
they do revive.
The mist-like shape entwines
the legend and the lore
into a conviction unsure.