

Robert Calvert, Volstead O Vodeo Do

There had always been the unearthly dark
of fathomless absence
until, from the south, came Muspellsheim's
inferno of flaring yellow flames.
And then, from the North, came Niflheim
where legions of freezing shadows lurked.
The abyss was crystallized by the Northern frost
that breath from the burning south made melt
and from this fusion there was made
the towering troll: immense Ymir.
From whose slain body's blood the sword of Odin
caused the oceans. And from whose carcass he claimed
the Earth. Man-trod Midgard was all his flesh.
From the bulk of the bones were the mountains made
and from his tangled hair: the trees.
His hollowed skull was hauled to form the vaulted sky
where the Gods assembled constellations;
in their cauldron Alchemized the sun.
To runic wands of task it turned until,
at last, the first veined-blade of grass had grown.