

The Arrow

The sky was dark
The wind was cold
The lightning flashed
And thunder rolled

The queen looked out
Upon the land
The stub of a candle
In her hand

The sky was dark
The rain poured down
The fog was thick
And hid the ground

The queen knew not
What was in store
Her royal army
Was no more

They lay upon
The muddy ground
Where never again
Would they be found

The enemy knights
Had killed them all
And soon would scale
The castle wall

The sky was dark
The queen looked down
And in her shock
She almost drowned

The enemy
Was drawing near
She felt her throat
Choke up with fear

She ran upstairs
To ring the bell
She hoped the guards
Would hear it well

They heard it ringing
Loud and clear
They knew their end
Was drawing near

The sky was dark
The rain poured down
It pounded hard
Upon the ground

The guards looked out
Upon the hills
They saw the army
And felt quite ill

The men dismounted
At the gate
The guards in the castle
Questioned their fate

But alas! One man
Surprised them all
For a flaming arrow
Cleared the wall

To the ground
The missile flew
The arrow
To its mark was true

The enemy king
Had been shot down
The army quickly
Turned around

A cheer rang out
With sheer delight
A thousand lives
Were saved that night

But try as they might
They never knew
From whose hands
The arrow flew

The man remained
To all unknown
Who shot the arrow
And saved his home

But the queen looked out
Upon the land
A smile on her face
And a bow in her hand

For she knew who
Had made the shot
And saved the castle
Upon its motte

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