

Song of a Mubid

I am a cleric, praise Ormuzd.
Inducted from the age of eight.
I seek the pure and seek the good.
I look on high to divine fate.

The prince has fallen deep in love
With one in Kabul he should hate.
Be wary of the feral dove...
I look on high to divine fate.

His noble father worries so.
The bird-brained son wants snake for mate!
And yet he promised, can't say no!
I look on high to divine fate.

For three whole nights the same old drill,
In service to both Shah and State.
Why are there clouds above me still?
I look on high to divine fate.

Nought as of yet can be inferred.
Does peace or chaos lie in wait?
And yet a man should keep his word.
I look on high to divine fate.

The clouds are breaking, what a wind!
His might the land shall elevate...
From Rum and Iran, to the Ind.
I look on high to divine fate.

From fire and water shall be born
The greatest champion to this date.
I'll break the news, for it is morn.
Praise Ormuzd for this divine fate.

Documentation

A couple years ago I wrote a Kyrielle. To date it is the only Kyrielle I have ever written and I would like to enter it into your competition.

To learn more about Kyrielle: <http://www.shadowpoetry.com/resources/wip/kyrielle.html>