

## BLACK CASTLE DUHN

Dark and dank, cold and grim,  
are the nights in Castle Duhn;  
And the days not much better where  
lives are etched in stone-cut rune.  
The flowering vines are trimmed away,  
the moat dredged deep in vain despair;  
To foil the attacker's hope of gain,  
and banish light and love from there.

A Lady rules that mansion black,  
that once held song and laughter gay;  
But now her guards hold silence deep,  
while water wears the stone away.  
The peasants, as in days of old,  
pour drops of beer, drop crumbs of bread;  
They know that hope must come with Spring,  
to stave off Winter's sullen lead.

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