

What she posted:



What I responded:

Ode to a Shield Maiden

By J. Ryan Opp

As our enemies advanced in the skirmish this day
And I reflected on if I would die,
I beheld a strong woman who would not give way
Like a Valkyrie come down from the sky.

I said to myself, "Should you live through it all,
You shall begin a quest anew:
Upon this young maiden you vow to soon call."
The warrior I mention is you.

By Odin's great blessing, though I nearly died
I may attend now the post-battle bender.
But instead to your barracks on Swiftheart I ride
To discuss my terms of surrender.

The maidens on watch for ambitious young fools
Launch forth their sharp piercing gazes,
But I come prepared for I know the rules
I've brought gifts and will sing out your praises.

At the top of my voice, I call out to the camp,
"May our gods strike me down if I'm wrong
But to our lady's beauty, is not Frigga's own damp?"
Since I lived, I continue my song:

"Her strength is like mountains, her eyes blue as ice,"
I proclaim, "Her wrath may I never feel!
But her kindness as wide as the ocean crossed twice,
And her love can make all my wounds heal."

Then with a flourish I produce from my wagon
A roast hog, it's ham hot and pink.
"I offer my meat, and the mead from this flagon,
Because first I should buy her a drink."

"But more, I've been told, I must give her my heart
Not sure how, as it is still beating,
But this one's also mine now," I pull from the cart
An enemy's (sorry, it's still bleeding).

By now, I'm surrounded, with blades at my chest,
Your shield maidens have thus inward hemmed me.
And I submit to their mercy, I've given my best.
"And tell yo girl to DM me!"

