

# The Warrior Trilogy

Experimental

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## **The Warrior I**

Half a score has passed since woman turned  
warrior,  
Taking up a shining shield and sparkling sword.  
One by one her enemies lined up, just to fall.  
She fought for many years, always getting  
stronger,  
Fighting back against the threats to Earth's  
green mother.  
Standing up with her fellow knights in the pink  
dawn.

Once again, the sun sets, a long night before  
dawn.  
Under moonlight, the armor of the warrior  
Shone brightly as she did her duty, a mother  
Protecting her children, bearing her silver  
sword.  
Her enemies are growing, but she is stronger.  
Standing fast against the tide, never shall she  
fall.

Away from the life she knew, a leap, then a  
fall.  
Alas, the night is always darkest before dawn.  
And O how that sun did come. And she grew  
stronger.  
She stood tall, struck fast, a true gleaming  
warrior.  
She polished her armor, wiping blood from her  
sword.  
Before she took up arms, she was a loving  
mother.

"Be strong," the children cried to their weary  
mother.

And she was, protecting them both against the  
fall,  
Once more she clutched the leather wrapped  
hilt of her sword.  
The light reflected off her, brighter than the  
dawn.  
Once more she took the mantle of the warrior,  
With renewed vigor, she charged to battle,  
stronger.

But her foes grew more, she needed to be  
stronger.  
She needed to become more than just a moth-  
er.  
She needed to devote her life, a warrior  
Without match, fighting with all her might not  
to fall.  
But now it seems that she may never see the  
dawn,  
A Snap! And she is left, holding a broken  
sword.

She was left defenseless, the knight without  
her sword,  
As she weakened, all her enemies grew stron-  
ger,  
She knew that she would not survive until the  
dawn.  
Knowing her children would be left with no  
mother,  
She said goodbye and prepared herself for the  
fall.  
You were struck down with malice, noble war-  
rior.

And in the dawn, we children found her broken

sword.

The warrior lived on in us, we grew stronger,  
But our mother wasn't there to help with the  
fall.

## **The Warrior II**

She wields her sword with such awesome skill.  
Twirling her shining blade through the air.  
She stands steadfast, alone on the hill.

The steel passes, carmine water spills.  
One enemy falls, war is declared.  
Bodies all around her, cold and still.

A slash, a parry, a stab, a kill.  
A second wave, a rusted horn blares  
She stands steadfast, alone on the hill

Help arrives, they fight from in the rill.  
Likely to perish were she not there.  
Bodies all around her, cold and still.

Widowed, she prepares her living will  
Gone now are friends, enemies glare.  
She stands steadfast, alone on the hill

The duel was brief, though fierce were the pair  
Bodies steadfast as one on the hill  
She left naught but love for her shamed heirs  
They stand now around her, cold and still

## **The Warrior III**

The Warrior Stands  
She strikes down her foes with grace  
Until they're too much