

The Spanish Lion

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A large dust devil scurried
across the hot desert floor,
and out of its wavering heat
rides a giant of a man on a
tall white Arabian stallion
to meet the last charging
Moors.

His sun lit castilian
sword held high,
a warning to the Moors,
who yet may die.

On the dry desert wind floats
the pungent odor of decaying flesh,
and nowhere on the battlefield
does the blood run fresh.

Birds of prey circle aloft
and scream their deadly cry,
as they wait for the last
invading Moor to die.

Silence falls upon the
crimson-battlefield.
Feasting upon the
unexpected bounty,
the scavengers
care not why.

Hundreds of shield clad
Moors lie dead or dying.
Their banners no longer
flying.

Their mounts wandering
aimlessly on the desert sand,
as the victors steal the gold
from the dead Moors' hands.

It's the year one thousand,
Spain has won the day.
Thanks to the noble El Cid,
who fought like a Spanish lion
to keep the invaders at bay.