

Three Drops From the Cauldron

He wakes with the fire burning low
And Morda snoring under starlight.
Blind panic in the inky darkness - he
 leaps up groggy.

All our work will be wasted! Then
trips, accidentally kicks, devilish coals
catches his shirt on the chains that keep
 The cauldron level as it brews ..

In the hissy fizz and acid-burn chaos
He feels hot fluid - three drops - scald his thumb
He sucks the injured member - desperate
Urge to cool and soothe. He groans and .
Yelps as he stares at the damaged vessel -
Its contents - a full year of patient pharmacy -
dispersed to the soil.

All this failure, as the night opens up ...

Copyright Ian Irvine (Hobson), 2014, all rights reserved.