

Heather Alexander "Windrider Unchained"

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Windrider, fettered, imprisoned, and pinioned,
Wing-clipped by magic, his power full drained ,
Valdemar's Heir is defeated and captive,
With his Companion by Darklord enchained.

Darklord of shadows his fetters is weaving,
Binds him in darkness as deep as despair,
Mocks at his anger, and laughs at his weeping,
"Where is your strength now, oh Valdemar's Heir?"

Darklord has left them by shadows encumbered,
Darshy and Windrider trapped in his gloom.
Deep in his prisons, past hope, past believing,
Heir and Companion, will this be your tomb?

Out of the shadows another draws nearer,
Out of the twilight steals one furtive light.
Shadows dance pain, while the light sings despairing,
Drawn here by Darshay and Windrider's plight

Power new-won have the Singer and Dancer,
Power to shatter their curses at last.
Power that also could free the sad captives;
Power to break the bonds holding them fast.

Heart speaks to heart in the depth of the darkness,
Grief calls to grief, and they falter, afraid,
Why should they sacrifice all for these strangers?
Then new-won compassion sends them on to aid.

Dancer in Shadows, she weeps as she dances,
Dancing, unmaking the shadow-born bands.
Sunsinger now through tears gives up his power,
Sings back the magic to Windrider's hands.

Spent now, the twain fall unseen into shadow,
Gifted to strangers all that they had gained.
Darklord returns, and by fear is confounded,
Flees the avenger, Windrider unchained!

