

Stuart Davis

"Atavistic Viking"

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At the state museum in a glass display
a Viking sword and shield lay
Which instinctively I recognized
and my Danish blood began to rise
I smashed the case and pulled the
weapons free and uprooted my family tree
Then I moved up north and built a
lakeshore home
out of tree trunk frames with a
mud thatch dome
I wrapped myself in a sheepskin coat
and climbed aboard my wooden boat
with the pent up rage of my ancient kin
a thousand years inside my skin
Sailing east I spotted a campsite
a group of tourists playing in the moonlight
They pointed at me and laughed like hell,
until I came ashore swinging my sword

Bodies scattered as I plunged my blade
through their gore-tex tents
and set fire to the family mini van
with their Coleman lamps
Then everybody watched daddy dangle
from a birch bark limb
A little visit from the instincts lingering
in the Atavistic Viking

As I floated away from the bloody grounds
the beautiful loot weighed my boat down
I made my way to a posh resort
where the rich and famous come to port
and pulling away from a harbor slot
I spied a most resplendent yacht
In the middle of a costume party
a little drunk, so they hardly
noticed me climbing on board in my helmet
with the horns swinging my sword

Bodies scattered as I plunged my
blade through the captain's chair

and dragged women to the galley by
their hair and underwear
Set a torch to the master cabin,
loaded up my spoils
Another visit from the instincts
lingering in the Atavistic Viking
And the planet hasn't seen such
horror in a thousand years
The bellicose screams of my ancestors
still ring in the Atavistic Viking

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