

The Heath

**Mist blurred my vision
Pressure of guilt made my legs ache,
Barely able to stand,
Cut, deep to my heart.**

**Visions of sadness made me stumble.
Night screamed in pain at terrible sights,
Remembering the dead or the dying,
The vulnerable killed in a fearsome battle.**

**Swirling vultures pecked Knights' amour,
In their beaks
Thin air and blood,
The taste of hunger made them starve.**

**Horses lying still,
Killed in this terrible battle,
The moon crying at the sight of the dead,
And the stars sighing in their shame.**

**Lightning forks like adders departing,
Into the frosty, misty air,
Dusk breathing,
Night howling.**

Sarah Krauze