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Forgotten Ground Regained

A Journal of Alliterative Verse

New Series 3, Summer, 2024

Withowinde Retrospective

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New Series 3, Summer, 2024 (Withowinde Retrospective)

Masthead

Forgotten Ground Regained (ISSN 2996-6353) is owned and edited by Paul Douglas Deane at 18e Millerick Ave., Lawrenceville, New Jersey and published at alliteration.net. Submissions in or about alliterative verse are welcome.[1] You can email the editor at pdeane@alliteration.net.

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To join Forgotten Ground Regained's email discussion forum, navigate to the following link: https://gaggle.email/join/forgotten-ground-regained@gaggle.email

Contributors

Brian Bishop is a retired teacher of Latin and a participant in the Neolatin community that seeks to encourage more widespread use of Latin as a spoken language. As former president of the Volapük movement, he seeks to promote interest in this, the first widely used international language. His publications include *Recitation of Latin Prose and Verse* (Bolchazy-Carducci, 2013), and *The Sardana: How to Dance It* (The Society for International Folk Dancing). He also founded the Dozenal Society of Great Britain, a group devoted to promoting base-12 arithmetic.

P.D. (David) Brown, a resident of Aberdeenshire, has studied both Fine Art and Law and worked both as a hypnotherapist and a Countryside Ranger. He brings to his poetry a long-term fascination with mythology, the occult, and paganism, and an equally powerful fascination with the power of the spoken and written word. His publications include *The Hidden Door* (2013), *Thirteen Moons: Reflections on the Heathen Lunar Year* (2022) and two privately published poetry collections (*Dark Fruit of An Ash -- The Pennings of a Ranger-Poet*, and *Nine Runes of Mead-Speech*). He also co-edited and contributed to *The Rune Poems: A Reawakened Tradition* (ed. P.D. Brown and Michal Moynihan, 2022).//

Steve Close has for many years been a leader in the Australian living history and re-enactment society, Europa, based in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney, in Australia, focusing on the culture and lifestyle of the ancient German peoples. He won the 2012 Cædmon Prize for his poem, Ingelrii's Maþþumsweord.

Ian David Greenwood (1947-2019) was born in East London, grew up in Bridport, and attended Blundell's School in Devon. Returning to London as an adult, he became a teacher; a vocation he followed for the whole of his life. As a young man, Ian began writing poetry, an activity he continued until his passing in 2019. For many years editor of *Slingshot: The Magazine of the Society of Ancients*, an organization of tabletop wargamers, Ian's other passions included literature, philately, cricket, and the second world war, all of which find representation in his poems. He won the 1994 Cædmon Prize for his poem, The Whitby Elegy.

Larry A. Hood (1951-2021), a resident of Oklahoma, worked in the family business as a bricklayer after a brief stint in the U.S. Navy, but was an active correspondent with pen pals all over the world. An autodidact, he joined *Ða Engliscan Gesithas* and taught himself Old English. Writing and poetry were his passion; he translated the entire Bible into Old English, translated Old English riddles into modern English, and wrote modern English poems in the Old English style. He was for many years a leader in *Winlandes Scir*, the North American branch of *Ða Engliscan Gesithas.* His alliterative verse includes three poems in *Withowinde.*

David T. Jones is an academic journal editor with an interest in Old English language and literature. In addition to his Cædmon prize-winning poem, "Cuthbert's Way", he has published a couple of other original Old English alliterative verse poems.

Damon Lord, a writer and poet, is the 2023-2024 Worcestershire poet laureate and winner of the 2023 Brother's Cup, a provincial lecture competition sponsored by the Freemasons. He has been a core performer at *42*, Worcester's premier genre spoken word night, since 2011.

Pat Masson (1940-1994), for many years a resident of Cornwall (Bodmin Moor, St. Cleer) and later of Devon (Perranpourth), was active in the Tolkien

[1] Note: Editors usually mark the caesura, or break between half-lines, by adding extra space. However, in the Old English manuscripts the caesura (when marked) was indicated by a small, raised dot, or *conus*. Therefore, in poems where the poet chose to mark the caesura, I use the conus, unless the author specifically directed otherwise.

Society and Þa Engliscan Gesithas, a British historical society. She won that society's Cædmon Prize in 1988 for her poem Dragon-Fighter (published in *Withowinde*, 83), published "Hymn to Earendil" in *Mallorn: The Journal of the Tolkien Society*, and published two other alliterative poems (a riddle and a rune poem) in *Withowinde*. She died young from cancer, but her poetry and short stories were preserved in *Nor Bid the Stars Farewell*, a private booklet prepared by her mother for her funeral and distributed to family and friends.

Chris McCully is a poet and a retired professor of Old English and the history of the English language who worked at the University of Manchester and most recently, the University of Essex, specializing in the relationship between language form and poetic metre. His poetic works include *Serengeti Songs* (2016), a volume of *Selected Poems* (2011), and a translation of *Beowulf* (2018) which uses analogues of the Old English metrical and alliterative system. He won the 1992 Cædmon Prize for his poem, Cape Wrath.

Brian Mitchell, a resident of Warwickshire, is a retired high school writing instructor and author of the poetry collection *The Nature of Things* (Feather Press, 1985). He is deeply interested in the local flora and fauna Since 2014, he has written columns in local newsletters on natural history and topics of local historical interest. He won the 1986 Cædmon Prize for his poem, Grondeswigyle (Groundsel).

Tony Mitchell (1934-2023) was born in 1934 in London, the only son of Harry and Violet. He travelled to Egypt as part of his military service in 1954 and returned to the UK to become an educator – first, as a teacher and then as a teacher trainer. Upon retirement, he became a county councilor and supported a variety of charities and causes. His love of poetry was evident in his publishing a collection of his work at the age of 86 (*Life's Lines*, Michael Terence Publishing, 2020). His alliterative verse includes three poems published in *Withowinde*.

Steve Pollington is an English author who has written a variety of books on Old English and Anglo-Saxon England, mostly through a small press, Anglo-Saxon books. He also teaches Old English language and literature through the City Literary Institute, London. A member of *Þa Engliscan Gesiðas*, he was editor of *Wiðowinde* for many years, and has published two poems in *Withowinde*.

Charles Robert Sleeth (1915-1997) was an American from West Virginia. He studied at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship and served as etymology editor for Websters 3rd New International Dictionary. From 1962 to 1984, he taught English at Brooklyn College. In addition to articles on Old and Middle English literature, he wrote *Studies in Christ and Satan* (Toronto University Press, 1982). He won the 1984 Cædmon Prize for his poem After the Flood.

Martin Vine is a writer and performer with a particular interest in Anglo-Saxon England and how it relates to the modern world. He is the most prolific poet associated with Þa Engliscan Gesiðas. He has won that society's Cædmon Prize twice (in 2015 and 2019) for his poems The Commuter and The Wood, and has published thirteen additional poems in alliterative verse, nine of them in the pages of *Withowinde*. This includes quite a few comic poems, originally composed for the amusement of members at society functions. He has also published a nuts and bolts guide to writing Old English style poetry in *Withowinde* for the benefit of his fellow members.

John Whitbourn, a former archaeologist, has published 19 books since winning the BBC & Victor Gollancz First Fantasy Novel' prize (judged by Terry Pratchett, among others) with *A Dangerous Energy* in 1991. Most of his fiction is set in an alternate history in which Elizabeth died of smallpox and Mary, Queen of Scots took the English throne, resulting in a Catholic counter-reformation. He won the 2021 Cædmon Prize for his poem, From Place to Place.

Phyllis Wicks is a retired information technology manager and spends her time researching medieval British and European history and literature and teaching Old English. She is a member of the Witan, or governing board, of *Þa Engliscan Gesiðas* and is also active in the Tolkien Society.

Brian Wright (1946-2017) was born, and lived throughout his life, in Hillingdon, Middlesex. He had a passion for English history and language. Having left school without qualifications he completed a degree as a mature student in the 1980s at the (then) West London Institute of Higher Education. This education gave him confidence in his voice as a poet and and he was awarded a prize for his work. He was also a highly skilled, self-trained, amateur carpenter. Over the years, he published five alliterative poems in *Withowinde*.

INTRODUCTION

In the last issue, I highlighted my discovery of a small magazine called *Wiðowinde*, published by "Ða Engliscan Gesiðas" (The English Companions), a society devoted to everything Old English, and the role that Dr. O.D. (Duncan) Macrae-Gibson, an Old English scholar, played in the founding of the *Cædmon Prize* – a competition for the best poetry in the Old English style, with separate award categories for Old English and modern English submissions.

This issue is a retrospective on the Cædmon Prize and other alliterative verse published in *Wiðowinde*. I have been able to obtain permission from authors (where possible) and from next of kin (when necessary) to reprint almost all of the alliterative poetry published in *Wiðowinde*, including all nine modern English Cædmon Prize winners.

From 1984 to 1996, the Cædmon Prize competition was judged by a committee. Through most of that period, the committee included Dr. Macrae-Gibson, and the prize competition was publicized in the *Old English Newsletter* and various other outlets. As a result, Cædmon Prize winners during this period included noted scholars like Charles R. Sleeth and Chris McCully, non-members with an interest in Old English, and active members like Pat Masson and Ian Greenwood.

In 1996, the prize committee was unable to select a winner, due to a paucity of submissions, and the prize lapsed. It was not awarded again until 2012 (after a couple of unsuccessful attempts at revival.) In the 2012 competition, submissions appear to have come primarily from members of the Gesithas. They were published in *Wiðowinde*, with the authors' names attached, and society members then voted to determine the final winner. From 2015 on, a slightly different procedure has been followed: poems are submitted and published anonymously in *Wiðowinde*, After the winner has been determined, the winning poem is reprinted in the next issue with the author's name attached. Recent submissions appear to have come primarily from society members. In some years the winning entry has been composed in Old English.

Over the years, *Wiðowinde* has published modern English alliterative verse regularly – not just for the Cædmon Prize competition. This issue includes a selection of the best alliterative verse published in its pages. Most of the remaining poems have been published on the *Forgotten Ground Regained* website. Links to them are included in this issue, under the heading "Other *Wiðowinde* Poems".

Wiðowinde provides a rich selection of themes and styles. Much of it is traditional alliterative verse on historical, English themes, but by no means all. There are some stunning poems in here. Read, and enjoy!

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Call for Submissions

The Fall issue of *Forgotten Ground Regained* is open for submissions. **I am especially interested in poetry that explores themes of love, devotion, and desire** – themes that are, thus far, relatively sparsely represented in modern English alliterative verse. Submissions should be sent to Paul D. Deane at the following email address: pdeane@alliteration.net.

This was generated by an AI program. I'm not an artist, so I'm sure there are better ways to suggest the theme! Which is why I am also open to submission of original, human-crafted artwork, either stand-alone, or to accompany a specific poem.

Requirements:

1. **Submissions must be in modern English, but authors should feel free to submit poems that take advantage of the diction, rhythms, and syntax of particular language varieties and communities.** I do not discriminate against Scots, Appalachian English, Black English Vernacular, Indian English, or any other language variety, though I do ask that authors be prepared to supply notes to explain any terms or expressions that outsiders to their communities may not readily understand.

2. **Submissions should make skillful, *systematic* use of alliteration** in ways that use alliteration to reinforce the rhythm and connect important ideas. Overall, I prefer poems that have a stronger impact on readers when they are read aloud. I therefore encourage authors to include links to audio or video versions of their poems in their submissions.

3. **I would love to see people experimenting** with modern English versions of Old and Middle English alliterative verse, with Old Norse forms like *ljoòahattr* and *drottkvætt* or modern Icelandic *rimur*, or with new alliterative forms designed to highlight modern English rhythms and speech patterns. While my first preference is what traditional scholarship calls alliterative-accentual verse, I am also open to alliterative free verse or to alliterative versions of traditional forms, such as the ballad, as long as the alliteration is clearly a structural rather than a decorative feature of the form.

4. **I am open to work both by contemporary poets *and to projects that would normally be considered to fall outside the literary mainstream***, such as speculative poetry, SCA Bardic Arts projects, and fan fiction.

5. **There is no hard upper length limit**, though poems more than five to six pages in length are likely to be published separately on the website, with links provided from the Fall issue, rather than being included directly in the pdf magazine. Note that I love both both the lyrical and the narrative turns in poetry, so longer narratives will be given careful consideration.

6. Send submissions in the body of the email. I will not read attachments.

Submissions for the Fall Issue must be received by September 15th, 2024.

Cædmon Prize Winners

Charles R. Sleeth
After The Flood (Cædmon Prize, 1984)

(Noah is discovered lying on his back on a double bunk bed constructed of boards. ft should not be hard to recognize him as Noah: he is in every way the conventional figure of a patriarch, with long hair and a fuI1 beard, both grey, and a simple loose robe of coarse cloth, and the low narrow room, in which he is lying can hardly be anything but his and his wife's cabin in the Ark, with heavy beams overhead, and just off the foot of 'the bed a small square window, now open to show a patch of clear blue sky, but equipped with a square wooden side-wise sliding cover which in its closed position would obviously make the window nearly watertight. Waking up, he stirs, twists, mumbles, clears his throat, mumbles some more, then draws his head up higher on the pillow, runs his open hands over his face, opens his eyes, cornposes himself, and begins to speak in a low voice, but audibly.)

My dreams are still · of the dry ages.
Waking, I weep · for the world's drowning,
I, Noah, that knew · it could never last.
(he does, in fact, weep silently)
What a fool I felt, claiming foreknowledge,
mad maunderer, mediating
visions and voices · for very truth
that everyone knew · were airy delusion!
As I preached, how prim · and proud everyone
called me – they dubbed me "damned hypocrite"!
They said I set · myself in judgment
of their wills and their ways, but how well I knew
soft life, liquor, love, revelry.
I so dote on drink · that I dream this moment
of grapes growing · in a great vineyard.
And my maid Miriam, mother of Ham,
her embrace in bed · made my beard tingle;
losing her, I lost · my life, nearly.
No, I was hardly · holier than they,
but God's governance, gravitating
from his sovereign seat, singled me out.
Though I winced and wailed · as his will opened
itself to my sight, and insisted on
living my life · as I liked, never
a move that I made · diminished his rule.
Free will's working · is wondrous strange.

Originally published in *Withowinde* 70, Fall 1984

Comments of the Prize Committee:
... a notable demonstration of the vigorous poetic life the old metre can still show when the action of its varied rhythms is allowed to play unmuffled by too many unstressed syllables.

Brian Mitchell
Grondeswigyle (Groundsel) (Cædmon Prize, 1986)

I come from air · to colonize earth;
ground glutton, · ground swallower
is what I'm called. I come to rest
and rise from settlements. · Rich is my home
where soil is cleared · but I can creep
into corners and crannies · and can survive
in the rubble of ruins · raised from dust.
I thrust through cracks · to thrive on walls.
Though golden my crowns · no king am I.
Common my race · crowding like men
Unloved by them · we live by risk:
Our roots are routed · by rake's teeth,
our nodding heads · new to the world
sliced off by scythe · succumb to its ways.
Foe to the farmer · we flourish a while.
We grow, we grow, gather in strength,
lovers of light, lords of the field,
till probing ploughs · expel our bodies
push us upwards · to pale in air.
No heaven this · but Hell on earth.
And back in gardens · men grub us out,
we burn on bonfires, our burial mounds.
We bear no grudges · for goodness is in us:
Hated we are · but healing as herbs
for soreness of skin · and stomach ills.
We struggle to age · then sigh for freedom.
Light-headed we go · not heavy in spirit
but wise in our whiteness · wafting on breeze-dreams
aloft and alone · to light in new realms

Originally published in *Withowinde* 74; announced as Cædmon Prize winner in *Withowinde* 77, Winter 1986

Comments of the Prize Committee:
... much in the manner of sone of the 01d English riddles [it] keeps moving stance to look at this aspect and that of its subject. The result may be held to be effective rather as a patchwork than a unified whole – but that too can fairly be seen as in the spirit of Old English composition.

Pat Masson

Dragon-Fighter (Cædmon Prize, 1988)

Cursed is the country! Kingless, nigh hopeless
Of any chance of change · in their cheerless doom
Of oppression and pain, the people have suffered
long and with loathing, for they lie in thrall
to a dread demon Dragon and warrior
both he is, and baneful. A blaze in the darkness
and in sudden slaughter · sleep is ended,
farmland and forest-land · with a flame-crop replanted
that rises, ripens, reddens, and withers at last
to a drear desert. At the dawn's breaking
he shifts his shape, shows now the semblance
of mocked humanity. Men he has recruited
by force or fee · follow and serve him
and call him King. With the coming of dark
and the fading of light, as the falling sun's
undermost edge · meets the earth's far brink,
the linden-shield · lifted to protect him
and bloody broadsword · brandished in anger
to deal death-blows · drop in a moment
clattering in his clutches – claws cannot grip them –
then his byrnie bursts as his body grows vast,
and like scabs on his skin · scales are seen forming.
First of all his flesh · the fierce-eyed countenance
And haughty head · are wholly changed,
And while manlike on mould · the monster stands
A fell fountain of fire · forced from his grinning jaws,
Weapon of his worm-shape, worse to contend with
than sword-blade or spear-point, seeks out its victim
Whose shape shrivels down · into sheer cinders
to be wafted away · on the winds of night.

A stranger came striding by. Destruction and harm
on all sides he saw, and the sufferings of the people
grieved him greatly. Grim in warfare
though young in years, and used to battle
he would fight to set free · folk so tormented.
Others had ere this · uttered bold speeches
to the merciless monster; maiming and slaughter
rewarded each of them. They weakened in the fight
while the dragon-man endured. Doughtier is this hero,
strong enough and steadfast · to withstand all harm
and by courage and cunning · conquer the enemy.
On a ruined riverbank, to raven-blackness
charred by dragon-breath, he challenged the tyrant,
facing him fearlessly, defying his menace;
waits now in that wasteland his word to make good
either to fall in the field · or free them from their thralldom.

Originally published in Withowinde 83, pp. 8-9, December 1988

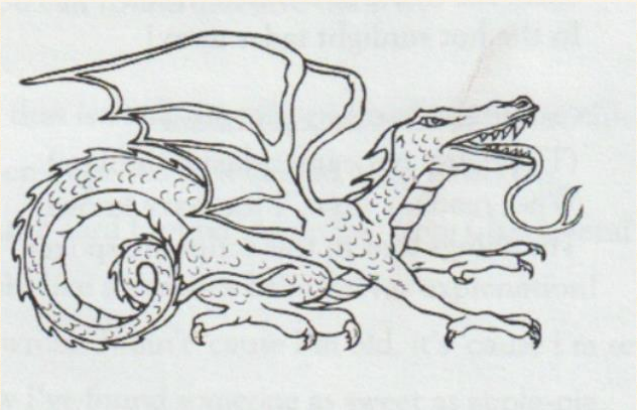

Illustration by Pat Masson

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Comments of the Prize Committee

Pat Masson's "Dragon-Fighter" is a worthy winner. We leave her Beowulf-like hero in expectation only of his great battle, but before that we have been confronted with her well-conceived and powerfully described adversary, soundly in the Germanic tradition but not slavishly following any exact model, and we have responded to the poetically presented ripening and withering of the fires of his wrath.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Chris McCully
Cape Wrath (Cædmon Prize, 1992)

Not wrath as in rage, but as reefing ships
from Viking hvarf, a veering of sails
where turning tiderunners · tracked southerly
toward the lush lowlands, allure of pastures.
Aiming point, then, intersection
maps are made from; meeting of sea-paths
where gannet-strike · and stiff-winged gull
attempt the turbulence, tracing white wakes
between kyle and keel, cloud and breaker.

Nearby, the blunt, abrupt cliff-falls
Define a finish, failure of land-mass:
Insult to isobars · and Iceland's tundra
the hurt behind · of the high ness offers
a bare buttock · to the barren Atlantic,
gained from glaciers · to what good purpose?
This neb remains, a node with its geos,
guillemots and seals, its migrating flocks
whose vagrant convenience · these voes accommodate
indifferently on the dull · edge of the hour-glass.

One assumes easily, searching guide-books,
some more spectacular spot – spout, rainbow, crag
limitlessly colluding · down the long approach;
stacks striding ashore; a stave in the weather
or whale-song's witness; wheel of sky-talons.
Instead, one stands · at an austerer somewhere:
an end leading East, angles implying West
afford the furniture · of a flat summit,
a light-house lost · to its unlucky prospect.

Appropriate, perhaps, that places one steers to,
orients of arrival, don't relish the intrusion
withdraw to a distance · where days are smaller,
views less violent, less vivid the sunscapes:
the world here *for humans · is too hard to compass.*
And whatever they own · absolutely
eyes make out ill, ail the inheritance;
no one can seize completely · the seen locale.

Turn away troubled, reattempt the route,
pricked by disappointment, by prehistory.
This meaningful wharf · was meant for others
earlier and more avid, more energetic
whose justified journeys · joined to an ocean
whose bounds were unbroken, whose bearings real,
whose atlas included · no anti-climax.

Originally published in *Withowinde* 95, pp. 6-7, December, 1992.

Comments of the prize committee:
... some distinguished work ... Englisc poets well demonstrated how suitable the style is for response to observation of the natural world, notably in some of the riddles; parts of Auden's *The Age of Anxiety*, which "Cape Wrath" at times recalls to one, have done the same in the modern language.

East Cliff, Whitby

Ian Greenwood
The Whitby Elegy (Cædmon Prize, 1994)

Here at the cliff's edge, clear skies above me
the gannet's gathering-place, gorse-hidden I would wait.
No man might wander · where I had chosen
unless he by some falseness · had found out that shelter.
The lark's skein-song · spooled down the air-roads,
solitary wind-hover, Heaven's high cantor.
Once, young and year-fresh, when I yearned by the shore,
Saltspray soothed me, summer's dew-fire;
but now this memory-store · makes moist the eyelash,
Winter, that grey wolf, grants no man comfort.
I saw the sea-eagle · stoop to the fish hoard,
where, like one wind-gusted · or guided towards me,
tiny at the wave's rim · you ran along the shingle.

This our talking-place survives · sunlit as before,
hidden from the horse-track · a haven among furze-bloom.
The eagle wheels on, watchful on his sky-riding.
The fierce sun beats · on beached hulls by fish coops.
Old, I still catch larksong · loveliest tune-river,
flowing to the seal-ways · yet flying above me.
Quiet your voice then, its vows clung to me.
Quiet too is grief: its grip will not slacken.

Originally published in *Withowinde* 101, p. 5, Winter, 1994

Comments of the prize committee:
... a truly elegiac poem, calling up images of "The Seafarer", but vital and self-sufficient, and without any suggestion of derivativeness.

Steve Close

Ingelrii's Maþþumsweord (Cædmon Prize, 2012)

Photo provided to Withowinde by Steve Close

This alliterative verse was written in preparation for a skaldic competition in Australia at the Europa Re-enactment Society Yule Feast for 2011. It conveys the story of a rare sword viewed by Europa members at the Sydney Power House Museum during the year. After becoming aware that an Ingelrii sword existed in their stores, but was not on public display, we organised a private viewing for 6 of our members who then travelled down to the city from the Blue Mountains by train especially to see it.

Daniel hlaford the hereman · with hearty glad tidings did speak
Hidden in the hoard of a maðum house
lay an ancient hard-edged blade.
`Ingelrii's craft of old renown,
the only one in the great southland.

So went Europa's werod
from the Spring Wood they set forth.
Wyrm riders, weaving,
wending their way from their mountain lair
Toward the secret dwelling stowe
of the flame-crafted steely sword.

Wes thu hal from the gate-warden
questions asked and are welcomed.
Our Runes must ramble · and rest in their book.
Then the werod duly went netherward
into the dimhus of wonders.

Halls of hidden riches · lie hushed by our path.
The soul of fire-stormed steel · sang on the air
Before even we beheld it · in all its black glory.

And then we reached the room · with its restless wonderment
Our honoured sky skinned · marvel spun hands
Did hold the hallowed · worthy heartwork of Ingelrii.

Originally published in Withowinde 161, p.16, March, 2012

Martin Vine

The Commuter (Cædmon Prize, 2016)

I'm careworn weary.
A faceless face · in a flock of suits,
a sullen shield-wall · shifting homeward.
From platform push · to packed out train,
crumpled in carriage, I'm careworn weary,
enclosed by stress · and collar white.
My neck abraded, I need escape,
bound to bosses – bondsman loyal,
tied by necktie · tightly knotted,
oaths sworn to office · unappreciated.
The rails rumble, a rhythmic dirge,
an uneasy echo · of my empty life.
Then brakes biting · break the song-spell:
A squealing scream, shriek of ravens,
slows to standstill · our steel paved journey,
this train of thralls, tired and jaded,
that wait for word · of what is wrong.
The carriage carries · its crowd nowhere.
I crave comfort. I'm careworn weary.
The guard gives · a grim announcement:
an obstruction struck, stopping all routes.
Mute commuters · make no complaint;
a broken body · blocks the home-path.
My nerves ruined, I needed escape,
but the austere mortgage · stopped beside me
with finger-fetters · fast round my throat,
its threat a whispered, "I know where you live."

Originally published in *Withowinde* 177, p. 10, Spring, 2016

Evening Commuter Train

Martin Vine

The Wood (Cædmon Prize, 2019)

The wood is waste: wildland stronghold
where nightmares dwell, their daytime haunt.
This wood is wolf-fast: a wilderness lair
with claws of bramble, bites of nettle.
This wood is shaded: · the shortcut home
we dare to risk · if running late,
when fright of mother's · the mightier fear.

A gloom of green · gathers, cloaking.
Shielded from sunlight, we swiftly dread.
Each bough above · bears an ambush:
Waiting woodwoses, · wild and hairy,
with clubs to crack · or cleave our heads.

This wood is waste: a wilderness lair.
The path peters out; pucks have covered it,
left only lights · to lead us awry,
to mud-mired ground · of grendel pits.

Wild Wood by Bill Boaden

Arches in Wild Bottom's Wood by Greum

Each thicket is home · to hidden elves,
mighty man-scathers, matchless archers.
If we linger a little, they'll loose their shot
of pin-sharp points · primed with venom.

This wood is wild: a wasteland stronghold,
the root-rumpled soil · ready to trip us,
this abode of bear, boar, and auroch
whose snorts and snarls · spur us onward
to seek escape: the signs of haven,
the hope of hedge line · heading to ploughland.
We take with us tales · untold to parents.

When time has turned · twenty years on,
I chance on the wilds, walking with family.
To adult eyes · all is smaller,
the trees of terror · a trifling copse.
This wood is puny, a pocket covert.
My childhood fears · feel so laughable,
then I suddenly spot · my son, shuddering.

Originally published in *Withowinde* 193, p. 10, Winter, 2019

John Whitbourn

From Place to Place (Cædmon Prize, 2021)[2]

When we arrived, wind-driven
water-wanderers with womenfolk
Here held no welcome for us.
And rightly so.

Homeless home-seekers,
spear-bearing land-seizers
if we could,
if allowed.

Anderida, as was, with walls tall ,
held warriors mail-clad,
in ram-beaked warships,
the foe-doom of our frail craft
should spear speak to spear
and shield strike shield.

The Count of the Saxon Shore
must not note us.

So spoke Aelle, our lord.
And rightly so.
Riverine routes, vacant valleys, were our lot.
Till times change.

Times change.
Old ones die, the new arrive.
Such is the way of Wyrd.
There is no other pattern.
That is proper; so Life decrees.
And rightly so.

We multiply to make a Folk.
The Roman-Welsh less so.
Without comforts, coins, and tax
they wither.

Perfumed patricians, togaed Tyranni,
are perverse, sow sterile seed.
Wealas warriors are 'soldiers',
paid for the day.

Anderida held metalled horsemen
and ship-sinkers no more.
High walls not for storming
stood unmanned, housed only Welsh:
Sheep for the shearing,
mere prayers their protection.

Dread Arthur was dead.
Aelle, our lord, lived,
Had husbanded his breath
to see this day.

He took Anderida with ease,
aided by Woden-vow.
Keeping which we kept nothing:
biting blade- edge sacrificed all.
Come clear dawn,
after blood-soaked night
There were none left
to call Anderida home.
Ours was now the naming
our strife right – and rightly so.

Times change. Aelle fared forth.
Today we are termed Englisc.
Fireside-fastened, my head frost-helmed,
I sit in sea-girt Pevensey
For our new lord, Pefen,
calls here his place. And rightly so.

Originally published in *Withowinde* 200 p. 42 and 201, p. 8

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[2] Author's Note:
Ælle and Cissa besieged Andredsceaster and slew all that dwelt within so that not a single Briton was left alive.
' — The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' entry for 491 A.D.

Andredsceaster is the Chronicle's name for Roman Anderida, renamed as Pevensey (perhaps from 'Pefen's eye'=Island') by Saxon inheritors. Anderida was a 'Saxon Shore' fort, possibly constructed by Carausius circa 290 AD. Formerly a coastal port, subsequent shingle deposition, plus Medieval infilling, means it now sits a mile or so from the present shoreline—but still dwarves the Norman Castle tucked in one corner post 1066…

The Chronicle's unusual, specific, stress on '…. not a single Briton was left alive', has led to speculation re a special, thoroughgoing slaughter, foregoing plunder or slaves, undertaken in fulfilment of a vow to the pagan pantheon. An article 'A Gift To Woden From Pevensey?' which appeared in Wiðowinde number 88, August 1990, dwelt on this interesting-albeit-horrible theory in some detail. Modesty prevents me naming its author.

David T. Jones

Cuthbert's Way (Cædmon Prize, 2024)

Author's note: The poem relates some of my thoughts whilst walking Cuthbert's Way. The runes in the Old English version spell his name.

Old English

Of mynsterstowe · mearc gehende
Þær he his droht ongann · dryhtan to ðeowe
ðrynesse scuan · ᚹ beagod
Ðanon flode feþende · faroþe streames
brad ond hluttor · ᛒ gefægrod
Þæs ottres eard · eaþe on fotum.
Þonne stræt gegnum · strælrightes seo ᚱ
Be gastum twenum · geoferenda
Geweorc wrætlic · nu gewested stent.
Ðanon heah ofter dunum · heallstede neah
Þær beorn ond ᛗ · bidon geara
Nu is leode gewiten · land geswigod
nymÞe hwilþan sweg · hwiÞan oncweden
Þonne hylla neoÞan · Þær he wæs hyrde ær
nu oÞre neat · eardaÞ ðas hleoÞu
æftergenga · ᛚ on wongum.
Ðanon stige to stanscæfe · streowen nides
Þær hy his geban bæron · and beorg sohton
ᛜ on heolstre · ceald nu under swegle.
Þonne stæfum be staÞe · styred on gesihÞe
Þær he his siÞ endode · æt ebbe geseald
of scyne hwealf · and sceaftes ᛏ.

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Photo by David Iliff. License: CC BY-SA 3.0

Modern English

From minster-site, a march hard by,
there he began his life to Lord as servant,
in shadow of trinity with thorn crowned.
Thence faring by river, floodway's bank,
broad and clear, with birch made fair,
the otter's realm, easy upon feet.
Then onward by street, arrow-straight the road,
amongst the ghosts of farers gone,
a wondrous strange work now stands waste.
Thence high over moors, a hall-stead near,
there warrior and steed once bided;
now has that folk left, land is silenced,
but for curlew's cry, echoed on the wind.
Then 'neath hills, there he was a herder once,
now another beast dwells on those slopes,
descendants of auroch on plains.
Thence a path to stone-cave, a resting-place of need,
there they bore his bones and shelter sought,
torches in darkness, cold now under the sky.
Then staves by shore, steered into sight
there he ended his journey, at ebb given,
from shining vault and creation's glory.

Originally published in *Withowinde* 208 (as entry), 209 (Old English, as winner), and 210 (modern English version).

Other Withowinde Poems

Phyllis Wicks
Warriors (2023)

My father fought for lord and family.
He fell on a field of frenzy and madness,
blade notched by blows, broken he lay
and moved no more, mud-drenched, alone.
That mangled man they brought to my mother,
blood-soaked and beaten from the battlefield,
all laughter fled and limbs asunder
unmoving, unliving, unbreathing:
His sword they found shattered in the slaughter.
Weeping she blamed the warriors, war besotted.
I grew older and Oslaf found me.
I had children and chased some dreams
by the bright firelight, in the bright sunlight, in his broad arms;
but swordsmen and spearmen were needed again,
shield carriers summoned.
Oslaf followed as a fighter should,
but foremost he was a farmer,
his blade the scythe to behead the barley
not shear a helmet, slice a belly, smash another man.
He fell in some field far from family and from home.
They brought his body back; the bairns looked on,
not knowing their father, not knowing their mother
who lamented her lost lover and longed for him,
her hair bound in braids as she circled the balefire.
Our sons grew tall, tilled the fields
until war returned and whisked them away
like a wave washing the shore.
No trace left, just tears and terror,
no bodies were found to bring back that day.
Nightmares came but no one was there to comfort me.
I dream now of days when my dad raised me high,
or Oslaf's arms enfolded me urgently,
or fragile fists held my fingers fast.
Men can't say with any surety
where the soul goes on its last setting forth.,
where the spirit sleeps at last.
They will bring my bones to burn at sunrise,
smoke and soul all snaking upwards,
lifted heavenwards where my loved ones are waiting.

Originally published in Withowinde 208 p. 38

Brian Bishop (translator)
Catullus, Poem No. 3 (1999)

Translator's note: *Arranged by Brian Bishop to conform to a regular pattern of alliteration, perhaps more suited to our present-day language.*

Grieve, o gods, who guard love;
mourn, mortals, men of gentility:
My lovely's linnet · lies dead,
the linnet pert, my pretty passion,
whom she held · higher than all else.
So sweetly he sang, as her squire he served her;
as a daughter her mother · he admired his mistress.
Never would he budge · from her beautiful bosom.
Here and there · he hopped; for her
alone, cheekily, he cheeped and chirped.
But lo, he plods · the long lane,
whence none return, now numb.
May you be damned, dark Death,
who swiftly swallows · this sweet and pretty thing.
You have purloined · that lovely linnet.
Oh, evil act! Oh, ill-starred linnet!
From the anguished eyes · of my own lady
the steaming tears · streak in streams.

Originally published in Withowinde, 117, p. 19

Godward: Lesbia and Her Sparrow

Damon Lord
The Severn (2019)

The Severn's ceaseless, · serpentine flow --
Lengthy miles lead · the longest path of the British Isles.
Your names are numerous: known as Hafren in Welsh
Saefern to ancient speakers · of the Anglo-Saxon tongue,
in the Latin language, listed as Sabrina.
In modern English mouths · your moniker is Severn.

From peaks of Powys · you pierce from Cambrian springs
through Shropshire's short hills. Shrewsbury salutes you,
and abound at Ironbridge, an abundance of metal
climbs, curving tall, across your gorgeous views.
When in Worcester's vale, awhile you pause,
embrace a cavalier elegy · for Elgar's musical memory,
before rising · to ruin poor Tewkesbury,
drowning the dear town, drenching the streets.
Gloucester easily offers · access to docking,
beating back against · the bore in springtime tides.

A final last farewell · to flat coasts, English and Welsh,
twin road-bearers · boldly guard the mouth
with the due diligence · your dying moments observed
as you sink, satisfied, submerged into the Celtic Sea.

Originally published in Withowinde 192, p. 11, Winter 2019

Steve Pollington
Farewell (2002)

Steve Pollington recited this poem, inspired by the ship-funeral scene from Beowulf, at the funeral of Pearl Linsell, a longtime member of *Ðа Engliscan Gesiðas*.

The vessel could not tarry, was wave-hungry, out-eager.
The ship shuddered, shifted away,
drew out from the bank while the throng held its breath.
Onlookers stand wondering, thinking, reflecting,
knowing not where the foam-steed has fled.
We cannot know the home-port, the heart's end-strand,
but we wish the wayfarer speed on the journey:
A fair wind, a timely tide,
And a warm welcome on the far shore.

Originally published in Withowinde 127, p.17, Spring, 2002

The Burning Galley

L.A. Hood
On reading: *Sutton Hoo: Burial Ground of Kings*?

Leaf (1998)

A swirl of leaves · sail on the breeze,
fueling hopes · of a far-faring kin.
Wind and wave-splash · wash along gunwhales
shaped for speed · when sail is full.
A launch moves like · a leaf on the water,
A foam-necked floater · on favorable winds.
Blown to new shores, blessed in the effort,
In an age of darkness, East Anglia bound.
Billowing sail · braced to travel
On mast amidship · made for high seas.
Stem and sternposts · strengthening all,
With sea and spray · and sun on wave,
The land lay ahead, · their heritage behind;
readying the future, remembering the past.
The coming of kings, · contacts, alliances,
left earthen enclaves · along the Deben.
Still, monarchs reign · fleeting moments in time
Leaving only remnants · remaining to ponder.

Who knows now of · that name long ago?
Time and the elements · have taken their toll
on leaf and legend. Lost in the soil.
The past reveals relics · that pale in comparison
to what must have been · beautiful and wondrous.
Horn of aurochs · ancient in rune lore,
shield and sceptre, ten silver bowls,
the honored helmet · an icon to us,
with its animal spirits · spanning that crown.
Sword and scramasax, gold shoulder clasps,
buried with baldric · and great golden buckle
decorated in serpentine · interlace symbols
only understood · in that age of darkness.
With lyre for music, and mailcoat for war,
a lamp of beeswax · to light the dark way,
axe-hammer, spears, and the spoons of mystery;
the riddle of Saul and Paul, remains an enigma.
All lay in leaf · now lost to the world
Along with that soul, sailing uncharted seas.

Originally published In Withowinde 116, p.14

Brian Wright
Cain's Kin (Grendel Alone) (2003)

My cursed kind · can know no joy,
wandering the world · on woeful turf,
forsaken by God, feared by man,
only known · to other unthings.
The mournful wind · in wild places,
the cold night sky · in cruel lone walks,
these sights and sounds, soothing to me,
as I plot · my pitiless tasks.
Such is my wyrd. I must work it,
harp and laughter · hidden from me.
A lord's laughter · louder may be
than my muttered · mouthing of bile,
but is the lord · blameless always?
Mead benches taken · from blitheless men!
such is the way · of witty lords.
My curse is that · I can eat
the happy men · of hated lords.
The firelight dies. I draw nearer
to the darkening · hall of dead men.
I sup my fill · as they sleep deep.
Maybe the lordly · in their lone bower
would sweeter taste · than steely heroes.
Or maybe a man · made of legend
could end my wyrd · and work my rest.

Originally published in Withowinde 130, p. 15

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P.D. Brown
October 14th (2007)

A toast I make · to a true English king
to Harold Godwinson · and his housecarles fierce
who plied the pole-axe · like a prow through red water
slaughtered with their lord · at Sandlacu Ridge.
And to the fyrdsmen · who fell like leaves;
an Autumn for England · that October day.
Winter fast followed, William's cold grasp!
Let us hallow the memory · of Harold's last shield wall,
let us drink to the dead · who died where they stood!

Originally published in Withowinde 143, p.42

Sutton Hoo Helmet

Tony Mitchell
Toys (2012)

This mask mocks man, iron hard, eyeless,
hateful helmet, horrific headpiece,
that hid a fearful man and made his fear
seem frightful.

Are those sweat stains, though silent,
speaking still, since he last used it,
so long ago?
Striking out, shattering bone, brain's cave,
to stash another fierce face,
whose fear hid too, behind a visor,
needful skull-guard.

Grim warriors on the walls, forever fixed, forlorn,
what do you see from there?
Your vigil is in vain; the enemies have gone;
and all that now remain
are toys.
For children, memories of war and battles from afar,
frenzied gestures, frantic, frozen, immobile, plastic.
the gate is in the mind, the turrets silent stand
no iron feet on stone.
You cannot climb the cardboard wall.
And now the clash of steel on steel
sliced flesh and broken bone,
the martial shouts and mortal screams
are all a part of childhood's dreams.

Behind the warlike mask, the phantom of the past,
a far-off fantasy.
Your flights are falsified, fake battles fought for fun,
the floor is spread with corpses.
Illusion fails .... and lapses
and toys are tossed away.
But once the men were real
and our illusions, less easy to disperse.

Originally published in Withowinde 61, p. 17

More by Withowinde Poets Online

Justine Blaydon
- The Coming Winter (*Withowinde*, 2012)

Geoff Boxell
- On Senlac Ridge (*Withowinde*, 1999)

Karen M.P. Carlson
- Rædwald's Return (*Withowinde*, 2005)

Tony Clarke
- Over the Sea (*Withowinde*, 2010)

Malcolm Cowan
- A Puzzle (*Withowinde*, 2015)

Ian Greenwood
- Two Riddles (*Withowinde*, 1993)

Ian Holt
- Love (*Withowinde*, 2019)
- Wayland's Revenge (*Withowinde*, 1993)

L.A. Hood
- Sweord (*Withowinde*, 1997)
- The Scop of Streoneshall (*Withowinde*, 1995)

Math Jones
- Hoder's Song (*Withowinde*, 1995)

Pat Masson
- Riddle (*Withowinde*, 1976)
- Mnemonic for the Futharc (*Withowinde*, 1980)
- A Lay of St. Boniface (posthumous)
- The Last Valkyrie (posthumous)
- Hymn to Earendil (*Mallorn*, 1980)
- The Yule Tree (posthumous)
- Making Waves (posthumous)

Tony Mitchell
- Strange Season (*Withowinde*, 2021)
- Huscarl (*Withowinde*, 2021)

Sam Newton
- Excerpt from Wuffingatæl (*Withowinde*, 1990). Also published at wuffings.co.uk.

Steve Pollington
- Hengest Wants War-Companions (*Withowinde*, 2012)

Karl Thornley
- The Lay of the Sea-Wife (*Withowinde*, 1996)

Martin Vine
- After the Equinox
- Modern Historian's Riddle
- Ancestral Echoes (*Withowinde*, 2017)
- Land Rites (*Withowinde*, 2012)
- Lay of the Staffordshire Hoard Dragon (*Withowinde*, 2011)
- Beor's Lament (*Withowinde*, 2006)
- Heorot, The Early Days (*Withowinde*, 2002)
- At Ethandun (*Withowinde*, 1999)
- King Penda's Apache Attack Helicopters (*Withowinde*, 1998)
- Extract from 'Malfosse' (*Withowinde*, 1995)
- Blodmonath [from *South Saxon Chronicle*]
- Epitaph to the Sussex King before Æthelwalch [from *Winlandes Sagu*, #5]
- Place of Slaughter [from *The Dark Path*]

Phyllis Wicks
- The Modern Poet's Word-Hoard (*Withowinde*, 2020)

Brian Wright
- The Sais and Taliesin (*Withowinde*, 1999)
- Giants' Work (*Withowinde*, 1999)
- At the Place of the Hoary Apple Tree (*Withowinde*, 1998)
- Icy Yule (*Withowinde*, 1997)

Henry Wyvern
- Lords of Battle (*Withowinde*, 2023)

Alliterative Verse Translations First Published in Withowinde

Nancy Varian Berberick
- The Home-Reft, *Withowide* 106, pp. 4-5
- The Fight at Finnsburu, *Withowinde* 109, p. 10
- Deor, *Withowinde* 113, p. 7

Rahul Gupta
- The Battle of Brunanburh, *Withowinde* 193, pp. 35-37
- Deor, *Withowinde* 194, pp. 30-31

Withowinde Poems in Alliterative Verse only Available by Ordering Back Issues

- Anonymous poems in Mike Jensen's article, "Modern English Rune Poetry", *Withowinde* 31, pp. 9-14
- Beryl Bickerstaff, "An alliterative Poem", *Withowinde* 127, p. 6, Spring 2002.
- Phil Clark, Translation of "The Seafarer", *Withowinde* 94, pp. 6-7
- Anthea Crane, Two Riddles in the Old English Style, *Withowinde* 176 pp. 14-15
- John Edkins, An original apology for absence, *Withowinde* 42, p. 3
- Rahul Gupta, "The Old English Rune Poem", *Withowinde*, 195, pp. 29-31
- Guy Hollowell, "Æthelbert and the Fire-Drakes", *Withowinde* 72, p. 22, Easter, 1985
- Zin Walker, "Hengest's People", *Withowinde* 121, p. 2, Spring, 2000

J.R. Skelton, A Minstrel Sings of Famous Deeds

Poems and Book Links Added

Judith Barrington

- Afterimage in *Horses and the Human Soul*

Rob Batton

- Satan and St. Michael in *Bearings*

Earle Birney

- "War Winters" in *The Collected Poems of Earle Birney* (also, "Anglosaxon Street")

Matthew Brennan

- *The Sea-Crossing of Saint Brendan*

Nancy Campbell

- Kinguleruttui / The Survivors (from *Disko Bay*)

Brenda Cardenas

- *From the Tongues of Brick and Stone* (Contains the alliterative poem, "Report from the Temple of Confessions in Old Chicano English")

Philip Chase

- Fragments of alliterative verse in *The Way of Edan*

Agatha Christie

- "Down in the Wood" from Star Over Bethlehem

Frank Coffman

- "Gods of the Garden" in *Spectral Realms 19*
- "The Veil is Torn" in *Black Flames and Gleaming Shadows*

Susan Edwards

- Slaying the Dragon
- The Paths of the Dead
- *Beauty, Light and Music: Poetry and Prose* (Contains two alliterative poems: "Slaying the Dragon" and "Ancient Entities Enduring Eternity")

David R. Ewbank

- *The Lamb Cycle* (contains the alliterative poem "The Anxiety of Age"), a humorous riff on Auden's *Age of Anxiety*.

Amanda Gorman

- New Days Lyric

Malcolm Guite

- *The Singing Bowl* (contains the alliterative poem Tree and Leaf)
- *After Prayer: New Sonnets and Other Poems* (contains the alliterative poem Empty)

Ada Hoffman

- Octopi Viewing a Submersible in *Strange Horizons*

Katharine Kerr

- The Gift of Shadows

Rosemary Kirstein

- Fragments of two alliterative poems, in her novels *The Steerswoman* and *The Outskirter's Secret*

Roy Liuzza (translator)

- *Old English Poetry: An Anthology* (includes Old English Riddle #44 **and #47)**

Charles Martin

- Poem for the Millenium from *Signs and Wonders*

Cassidy McFadzean

- *Riddlehoard.* First published in *Riddlehoard:*
  - Beneath a golden altar
  - His arms primed
  - I smile earwide
- *Hacker Packer.* First published in *Hacker Packer*:
  - Born of a wolf
  - The ship shall be nailed, the shield be bound

Timothy Miller

- Pythagoras

Paul Park

- Ragnarok

Joshua Philipp

- Unshaken Faith and Other Poems

Richard Pierce

- *The Book of Mankey* (Contains the alliterative free verse poems "Exhausted, Mankey Sleeps, Dreams He's His Dead Dog, Mitch" and "Bearly")

Pedro Poitevin

- Antimatter

Claudia Putnam

- *The Land of Stone and River: Poems* (contains the alliterative poems "Migraines" and "The Battle of Brintellix")

B.F. Randall (ed.)

- *The Peregrine and the Rune* (alliterative verse translations from Old English)

Bertha Rogers (translator)

- *Uncommon Creatures* (Exeter Book Riddles)

Rik Roots

- *Snowdrop: A Story in Verse*

Jane Satterfield

- *Apocalypse Mix* (contains the alliterative free verse poems "Bestiary for a Cemetery" and "Cursing for Beginners"), plus other poems (Spellcasters and Errant Queen, "Spring Charm with Wildlife Camera", Incantation for a Vanished Visitor and Night.

Mariana Scott (translator)

- *The Heliand* (original text)

Peter Sutton

- *Elgar Country* (contains "The Healing Hills" and "The Hereford Statue")

Jeff Sypeck

- *The Beallsville Calendar*
- *Looking Up: Poems from the National Cathedral Gargoyles* (contains the alliterative poems "Mearcstapa", "Theodicy", and "Riddle"
- Translation of *The Tale of Charlemagne and Ralph the Collier*.

Robert Trainor

- *Requiem for the West* (Contains the poem "Requiem for the West", in a stanzaic alliteration form)

Lewis Turco

- *The Hero Enkidu*

Christopher Webster

- Hengest

Kathleene West

- Alliterative Accentual Verse, With Love in *Prairie Schooner* 77.4 (2003), pp. 28-29.

P.F. Widdows (translator)

- *The Fables of Phaedrus*

Links to Online Performances and Translations

Marie Borroff (translator)

- Noah's Flood (from "Purity") in *The Yale Review*

A.Z. Foreman

- David's Grief
- Psalm 113
- Opening of the Odyssey
- Scylla and Charybdis scene from the Odyssey
- Homeric Hymn to Ares

A.Z. Foreman (ctd)

- The Epitaph of Gnaeus Naevius
- The Ruin by Dafd ap Gwilym
- A poem by Qays ibn Al-Mulawwaḥ
- On the Recapture of Al-Hadith by Al-Mutannabi
- On the Recapture of Al-Hadith by Al-Mutannabi
- Bārbad's lament for Khusraw Parwēz
- Saadi: Golestan 1.10
- Li Bai's Borderland Moon
- The Lay of Igor's Campaign

Harry Frost (video narrator)

- St. Erkenwald

Math Jones (author/video narrator)

- A Knotsman Poem: The Route the Trouble Takes
- Bear Shirt, a funeral poem
- Forþfēran, a poem of farewell
- From Mimir's Well
- Grim
- Kinder Lay
- Odhinn on the Tree
- Völva
- Whispers

Damian Love

- The Old English Exodus: A Verse Translation

David Russell Mosley (author/video narrator)

- "Arthur Comes to Windermere," "My Dear Dumbledore," and "The Gnomes." (video recording)

B.F. Randall (translator)

- The Fortunes of Men

Lancelot Schaubert (author/video narrator)

- The Rings of Venus

Form Challenge by Andrew MacBaine
Form Challenge by Albreda

From Mimisbrunnr.info

- *Lytla Skalda* (Icelandic poetry manual)
- Other resources and translations

Links to Alliterative Verse in Blogs

Sigrun Aldgyth

- A Lay for Earendel
- Eostre Descends into Hell
- Lay of the Barrow Wight
- The Legend of Hildebrand
- Weland and the Silver Hand

Edith de Brereton (SCA Persona)

- Baldr's Death
- Battle Poem
- Hyrst Werre
- Wilhelm's Insult Poem
- Wyrd

Björn Brudberg

- Before Thunder
- Creature of the Night

S.R. Hardy

- A Norse Bestiary
- Beloved of All, But One
- Eiriksmal
- The Chaining of Loki
- The Snake and the Kettle
- Through Blood, the Knowledge

Jamie Lennon (Teleri the Well-Prepared)

- Brynhild and Sigurth
- Signe's Lament
- Hall-Builders
- Storvikmandius
- Wild Geese Fly
- Processional for Novice Tournament/Challenge of the Heart
- Coronation April 2009
- For the Kingdom Arts and Sciences Festival 2009 Winners
- Oldcastle Memorial 2009
- Peace-Weaver
- Endings and Beginnings
- Storvik's Sea Captain
- For Sylvanus Perrin
- Christ and Theseus
- The Lay of Storvik's Founding
- Seven Virtues
- Hereward's Crown
- The Mere-Wife
- Wulf and Eadwacer (translation)
- Storviksaga
- A Poem About Some Fighting

Jonathan Lovelace

- Christmas Marvels
- Spring Morning
- Gardens

Michael Murray

- Bogusword
- Hormonally Pigmented Puppets on Parade

@spiders

- Bureau of Consensus
- Bedtime Stories

@whoshim

- Old English style alliterative poetry
- Another Alliterative Attempt
- Ten
- Home for Christmas
- Going Mad
- Endeavor
- Humility's Victory
- The Valley of Kings
- The Wyrm and the Son of Man
- A Dream

Other Bloggers

- A Colony of Ants, a Flamboyant of Flamingos, and a Bloat of Hippopotamus Met One Day by Lillian the Home Poet
- A first foray into alliterative verse and a second attempt by Richard Bicknase
- A Place for Peace of Mind by Elizabeth Eaton
- A Poem on Reenactment
- A Tale of the Town and Gown by Michelle Reid
- Aftermath of an Affair by Laura Bloomsbury
- Ashra and the Dragon by Ryan M. Irvine
- Aurora Artificialis by @endlessforms
- Avid Haunt by BrandiBeeMital
- Blades (Friends at the Table fanfic) by bircheswatching
- Bondage Broken by Judi van Gorder
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