

The Ballad of Fairn and Veridane

Long ago the lovers lived,
And long ago they lost.
For cruel was fate,
They saw too late,
That love had such a cost.

They met atop a grassy bluff
O'erlooking sky and sea,
The sun had set,
When gazes met.
They joined in reverie!

Unmatched by any god or man
The planes had ever known,
Their passion grew,
A tempest true,
Their love a cornerstone.

O'er many stars and moons and suns,
Carefree they lived, and gay!
But came a time
When sweet sublime
To worry did give way.

My love, beseeched the troubled Fairn.
What ails your spirit so?
I cannot bear
To see that stare
Of gloom and sadness grow.

My love, did Veridane reply,
Were you and I the same!
I fear the day
When you must pay
The price of mortal frame.

But I, immortal, must remain.
Alone what would I do?
What I would give
To only live
A life grown old with you.

I do not wish eternity
Without your smiling face,
Without your wise
And gentle eyes,
Without your warm embrace.

And so despite his lovers cry
With no regret did he
'Neath heaven's gaze
Forsake always
His immortality.

So Fairn and Veridane lived on,
Both mortals and elate.
But as time passed,
It did not last,
For other plans had Fate.

A deadly fever Veridane
Upon his brow did take.
And while he slept
The poor Fairn wept
For fear he would not wake.

What can I do to save my love?
Did Fairn cry, now aflame.
What jape is this
To make him miss
His former godly frame.

I vow I will return to him
His everlasting life
It matters not
The journey sought
With danger will be rife.

Within the elemental planes
A magic flower grows.
It's nectar prized,
For in its guise
The godly lifeblood flows.

A blossom from each element
Will godliness restore.
I'll venture there,
To danger's lair,
'Fore death comes to his door.

So Fairn set off upon his quest
To find these blooms pure.
Four gates he built
With magic gilt
To find this precious cure.

Gold Gate resides where all winds meet,
Both starboard/port ale.
Where skeletons
And sailors' hymns
Adrift do haunt the sea.

Fire rings the Copper Gate,
Where ash and smoke are breath.
The wild ones dance,
In feverous trance,
Appeasing molten death.

The Iron Gate in ruins rests,
Ensconced in blackest mist.
Its story lost
To time and moss-
Forgotten, those death kissed.

A silent fall feeds Silver Gate
Beneath the pale moonlight.
A solemn gaze
Where Ryu plays
Grants contemplative sight.

Throughout his quest did peril wait
Round each and every turn.
But fight would he,
He'd never flee-
His lover's cure he'd earn!

Beasts of every type he fought
And elemental spawn.
The demons lurked
The zombies smirked
And dragons lit each dawn.

But from each gate did he return
In triumph through shear will.
Then quickly sped
Unto to the bed
Where Veridane lay still.

A potion made from nectar sweet
He fed his dying love-
Whose sickness waned,
His strength regained!
As Fairn praised heav'n above.

But as the two embraced at last
Misfortune came anew.
Below the bed,
A serpent red,
They from a slumber drew.

A startled strike it lay in Fairn
Who buckled to the floor.
The poison swift,
His soul did lift
To Death's awaiting door.

Though Veridane was god again,
He could not death rebuff.
And so alone,
He weeps and moans
Atop their grassy bluff.

Thus ends a long and tragic tale
Of willing sacrifice.
Their love so true,
They saw it through,
And paid the final price.