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## Dance of Death

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## Dance of Death

*Stephen Ast*

The day was sunny and bright  
As the hero began his quest.  
The village was still and quiet,  
As he faced his final test.

He faced travel far and wide;  
The sea was a stormy gray.  
All aboard were still and quiet,  
For death could come that day.

When they finally arrived,  
The land was quite a sight;  
And then he saw it—  
A creature of great might.

It was as tall as a mountain—  
It was quite a wild beast.  
The sailors were terrified  
To say the very least.

The hero knew what to do:  
He headed for its lair;  
He knew what he had to do  
To become the ultimate slayer.

As he approached the cave,  
He smelled the rank odor of death.  
Then something crossed his mind:  
This might be his last breath!

As a raging battle ensued,  
The sailors heard a death cry;  
And then the hero appeared,  
Holding the creature's eye.

The hero was triumphant,  
The sailors cavorted and danced—  
Suddenly, it was over  
And the boy awoke from his trance.