Aster the Wanderer and the Eyes of Othinn

He had sent them to spy me.

Black grace dancing through clouds on the pale Moon’s night.

Feathery, leathery wings, eyes beady in thought and memory.

Watching and diving as I cast my magic unto reality; something from nothing.

I wander the forests of the Olde Gods, dense and unwelcoming.

I hear the wild hunts ensue. Mortals gifted or dying.

I beware the faerie hills, the homes of the Sidhe.

These dark angels follow, like Sköll chasing the Sun over Her horizon, watching and diving.

No flash of thunder, crack of lightning, born from a bottle, battle or windswept cave would deny them.

I went where none could follow;

The Lands of the Dead, crowds of the lifeless, souls unwelcome and unworthy in Valholl.

The Peaks of Maradi, demons and dark-ones, hollow teeth and long, my blood sings in my veins.

The all-consuming Blodbylgje, the Nine Daughters; Blodghadda, Bylgja, Drofn, Dufra, Heivring, Himinglaeva, Hronn, Koltga, Unrn.

Yet still they followed, watching and diving, watching and diving.

I travelled to the Cavern of Al’Cathere, the Cailleach Mother, birthplace of witches of rock and sea and air and green, fire bright in our wild eyes.

Yet still, they watched and dived.

So, me and my sisters raised our wands and voices,

Struck their feather with our swords as we did our bells.

We tied a knot to bind them in stone and water, flowing and unmoving.

Now I run and dance from Gungnr’s might, never watched nor dived.

Are you satisfied yet, Allfather?