

It was those damned Vikings!  
Blazing down with blue eyes  
And taut armed broad shoulders  
Spoiling a perfectly good dark ages.  
Just enough unrehearsed unexpected  
Social arrowness pricking Silesia,  
Ros and down to the culture, they  
Relieved the pressure, the cure for  
The boil, at last, general contagion.

They did not even know, and we  
Couldn't even plan for them.  
As a plus they had no uplifting  
Plan, only a weird arctic paganism  
Fired by thier imagination, pneumonic  
Fits by the firelight, grotesque  
Carved gods in smoky lodges, rape  
Ceremonies; these things calling  
For sun drenched bone warmed in  
Mediterranean comfort. The brains  
Did not scramble out when Atlantis  
Sunk, but left progeny like  
Larvae and as dumbly directed,  
The residue of masterful riparian will