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The Phoenix (unfinished)

We stand amidst a forgotten lore
That reveals to us secrets and opens the door
To the portal of knowledge and power
It leads to a castle and opens upon its tower

For here the mightiest creature sleeps
The knowledge of ages it protectively keeps
This creature awakens every five hundred years
To consume all knowledge, all hopes, and all fears

Its name is the phoenix – the bird engulfed in fire
Yet in its awakening rage there is one desire
To free itself of the torment of destruction
And to pass its knowledge to one capable of love's construction

For knowledge has placed a burden upon this fiery bird
A sense of despair and frustration that before was unheard
For the phoenix wants to sleep and end its torment
To no longer ravage with fire and pestilence

To the phoenix's chamber an armor clad youth appears
Shouting to the phoenix in a tongue that is quite clear
"I have come to slay you, harbinger of doom
So that future generations will not be consumed"

"Brave knight" said the phoenix with resound
"I welcome death and hope to be freed from these chains that bound
but mortal weapons are useless here, for my masters made it so
so attempt to kill me if you must, otherwise please go"

"I am Holdwind from the citadel Lucentia" said the knight
"and your words strike me with concern over your plight
your tone does not speak of a willing minion of the dark
and your desire to end you own destruction has truly made its mark"

The phoenix replied "I know a tale of ages past
About an orb that can break all spells that last
It resides in a lair beneath the Superlean sea
Try and find it in order to end the destruction that is me

"Brave knight I implore you be careful in this task
For the darkness that controls me will reveal his mask

And try to stop you in your quest
But hurry for in one year my fire will no longer rest”
Holdwind traveled through the burning wood
To places told only in stories from his childhood
And finally he arrived at the edge of the sea
And he entered the water at the base of the mangrove tree

Down he dove until he saw an entrance in the stone
Shaking off the coldness that chilled him to the bone
He surfaced in a room that looked quite surreal
He sat upon the ground allowing his tiredness to heal

Holdwin hurried on knowing he did not have much time
For his village depended on him stopping this evil crime
For the phoenix was just an instrument in some diabolical plan
Of destroying the cities and homes built by man

This evil destroyed all the culture and wealth
And brought fire and destruction to such supple health
So Holdwind ventured on to find the device
That would destroy the evil and give the phoenix life

As he walked into this cavern of dark
No animal stirred, not even a lark
He chose his path carefully, not wanting to fall
When he came upon an ancient inscription carved in a wall

The inscription was written in an ancient tongue
And Holdwin read it three times before he was done
It posed to him a riddle and a way to get past this stone
These words and the cave made him feel most alone

The inscription said this as simple as it may seem
“Strength is given only to those who desire to dream
And if you think yourself worthy you will be confounded
For only those who do not want in will be inside bounded”

The complexity is obvious for Holdwin wanted to save his home
Yet how do you get in to this impervious seeming dome
So he sat and thought and then slept
And allowed his dreams to carry him to places where he wept

And in these dreams of sadness and despair
Came a face that was most fiery, beautiful and fair
It told him to give up his quest and that all would be fine
The face told him to just rest and let go of time

And as he slept and dreamt he became more at peace
And he saw the door that was in front of him to the east
His dream self began to go towards the door
And as he got closer, his body began to lift off the floor

Holdwin knew that something was not right
And as his dream body approached the door the day turned to night
The vision of this beautiful girl was replaced with the fiery bird
And Holdwin remembered himself and pushed away from where he was lured

His desire to get away broke the spell he was under
And as he awoke the wall and inscription were torn asunder
He passed the first trap placed by this evil man
By not following this fiery woman and her plan

Holdwin rushed through the hole now created in the wall
And found a forest with trees wide and tall
This forest spread as far as the eye could see
And again Holdwin asked the gods of yore, "why me"?

He entered into this forest not knowing the secrets it held
Yet as he walked on body and nature began to meld
His own thoughts and desires began to be lost
He tried to fight this corruption at all cost

The farther he walked less he became of himself
He kept on afraid to turn back and loose his health
Abruptly the spell was turned as he came into a clearing
And a beautiful stag was singing a tune just inside his hearing

The closer that Holdwin came to the stag
The more that time seemed to lag
The peace of this place Holdwin did not want to leave
And he sat down by the stag and began to grieve

He feared he could not complete his quest
So he just lay down and began to rest
He told the stag the story of his life
About his family, his children, and his strife

He tells of his fear of the phoenix's fire
And his desire to destroy the madman's ire
The stag listens while he continues to sing his song
Then the song stops and the forest begins to feel wrong

The stag says "I must continue to sing or evil will devour"
"But listen to what I say for I will help you in your quest this hour.
Walk towards the setting sun for two days and you will find
The base of a mountain taller than any that resides in your mind

Walk to the top of the mountain and you will see
The most magnificent golden acorn tree
Take an acorn and bring it back to me
And I will give you directions to the orb you seek"

Then the stag started his melodious singing
About the trees, the stars, and the birds winging
Holdwin thanked the stag and began his trek towards the setting sun
Hoping to find the golden acorn and the orb before his time was done

The trek was hard and grueling though beautiful and serene
And the rivers that passed through the forest had a lustrous gleam
Yet the task at hand made Holdwin not notice the beauty
And he kept on hiking as was his calling, his duty

As Holdwin approached the mountain most high