

Preview
Story of Enchantment

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Chapter 1

Introduction

Weaving a song for searching hearts.
For the lives of lovers is more than the sum of the parts.
It's searching the soul and searing the same.
It's not always fun, it's never a game.

The tale I am about to tell,
Is deep as a pit and dark as a well,
But take from its waters and drink from its pail,
And raise your glass to love a hail!

There's a need in this tale for a maiden young,
Of whose beauty the birds have faraway sung.
Fairer should there not ever have been,
More lovely than she has never been seen!

And also a suitor, for thus is our need.
Handsome is he, and pure is his breed.
His background we are yet to learn,
But for his love our maiden will yearn.

Now characters minor are also a must,
For they are the things that form the crust.
We'll meet all of them later, but just you take care,
For they are those, who cause despair.

Emotions too will come out to play.
We'll give each of these a room to stay.

They're very important to have in our tale.
Each one is a friend, each leaves a trail.

Now make yourself comfy with something to drink,
And turn the page and forget to think.
Just read and remember what all might have been,
If into these people's lives could be seen.

Introducing the Lady

This is the maiden, a star in the story.
Radiant flower of beauty and glory.
Singing her song as she opens the door.
Soft is her touch as she floats on the floor.

Seeming divine is her silken smooth voice.
A gossamer dress is her garment of choice.
Fluent her movements and fragrant her hair.
Catching the world in a bright – eyed stare.

Her friendly smile plays in her eyes.
For company does her spirit rise.
Not often is she seen alone.
For friendly conversation she is very prone.

Her laughter in the hall runs free.
It's joined by the birds in the old oak tree.
She's warm and she's cool and she's all full of life.
For some young man she'll be a good wife.

But this we shall see was all in her past.
For now an adventure is holding her fast.
We will see some wonders as we read her tale.
We know it will be on the grandest of scale!

Introducing the Suitor

Now ladies like the one I have shown,
Do not stay unnoticed for long, or alone.
No, many young men from near and from far,
Will come to visit this bright young star.

Now it came to be that a young man of yonder,
Had taken a walk in the woods to ponder,

To sit by the brook and to think on his life,
Should he travel the world, or settle down with a wife?

He was young and restless with this choice to make,
It was a difficult one and it brought him an ache,
It plagued his mind and was most unkind,
This question's answer he just couldn't find.

Now this young man was a handsome measure,
In whom any lady would find a rich treasure,
If only he could decide by which path,
His immediate future should cut a swath.

He knew the bow and he knew the sword,
He knew the church and he knew the Lord,
He knew the wise sayings his father had taught,
From his mother he'd also a few hints caught.

So he sat by the stream to decide his fate,
Should he search for a wife or should married life wait,
Was travel or settle the one to choose,
Where would he win, where would he lose?

The Vision

Now as he sat on the rock by the stream,
He thought he was having a most vivid dream,
For from the trees where the old path was shady,
There emerged the singing form of a lady.

Her hair spread down in cascading tiers,
While her voice floated up to enchant his ears,
The angels, he thought, must be holding her hands,
For her feet seemed not to be touching the sands.

He sat as still as the stone upon which he was sprawled,
Enchanted by her beauty his thoughts had stalled.
Yet inside his soul a feeling had woken,
The chains of his heart and his mind had been broken.

She came to the stream and kneeled on the bank,
And from the sweet waters with her hands she drank.
Then she stood and turned and went back in the shade,
And soon the sound of her singing did fade.

Then the young man slowly climbed from the rock,
For the answer had come as a cold hand of shock.
He wanted to marry and marry he would,
And he wanted to travel, and travel he should.

But how to do both, and both to do well,
This was not such an easy answer to tell.
He needed more time, and a good plan to match,
But first he had her name to catch.

Enchanted Forest

What a strange quiet place a forest can be.
The wonders of beauty in its folds we can see.
Patches of shade and pools of light,
Dark oaken bark and green leaves bright.
Sky overhead where trees intertwine,
Black underfoot where small insects dine.
By the quiet stream was born a dream,
When the young man had the beauty seen.
The enchanted forest had enchanted him too,
Cupid's arrow had run him through.
Maybe the angels sung his grace,
When he lifted his feet and left that place.
And the wind in the trees was singing a song.
Both his love and journey would begin before long.

The Young Suitor

Apologies dear reader, I've not introduced by name,
Either the suitor or the beautiful dame!
Yet as time will tell and the story unfold,
There's many a secret a name may hold.

By many a title may a man be called,
Yet by few of these might his feet be stalled,
But call him by one word and his heart becomes tame,
For friends more than strangers will know his name.

So let me introduce to thee,
The young man who we've come to see.
His name is John, he's the son of a smith,
A forger of metal and a man of myth.

Now John had learned by his father's hand,
How to shape metal on an anvil stand.
To shoe a horse and hammer a hoe,
And turn a sword to a farmer's plow.

And all the faeries in the land had fear,
For in the dead of night the smithy rang clear.
And the ringing hammers barred their stride,
And sent them to the ground to hide.

But work and toil had made John strong.
His shoulders were broad and his stride was long.
And that together with his broad friendly smile.
Had endeared him to all for many a mile.

Inquiring after her Name

Now from the forest our hero came striding,
Moving so fast he was running and gliding,
For his spirits was lifted and floating with hope,
He almost seemed to glide from the slope,
Down to the town and straight to the square,
Where the traders of gossip their goods would share.

Seeking to find the name of the girl,
Surely she was from the house of an earl!
He wondered why he'd not seen her before,
Not at the market and not at the store.
She'd not been at the fairs, or at the feasts,
And not at the churches, the domain of the priests.

Therefore he thought she must be high – born,
And might for a mere smith's son hold scorn.
But his soul was young and his heart was strong,
And in asking her name, how could he go wrong?

In the market he stopped by any and all,
By the bread baker's oven and the fishmonger's stall.
And he asked and begged and pleaded and bought,
But of this girl he'd seen the people knew naught.
He tried the barber and tavern and inn,
And told of her hair and her voice and her skin,
But the answer they gave was always the same,
They knew not who she was, nor whence she came.

Then as dusk crept in and he had to head home,
He thought again of his plans to roam.

But how could he leave when such beauty was near,
He would search for and find that beautiful dear.

Under one moon

One night, one moon amid stars shining bright,
Two hearts apart, one heavy, one light,
One lying awake and one sleeping sound,
One on a soft bed and one on the ground.

Who is who under the sky?
While the one gives a sigh the other will cry.
The one has a future and the other a past.
Over both souls a shadow is cast.
One reaching forward and one reaching back.
Soon they will merge and entwine on the track.

On faraway mountains the snow glitters bright,
While closer to home the old owl takes flight,
Down in the bracken a fox may be hunting,
Amid old tree roots the boar will be grunting,
But under one sky and under one moon,
Two young hearts will be meeting quite soon.

Leaving Home

Believe that his dreams in that night was most vexed,
By the beautiful lady of the stream they were hexed,
He could not forget her even in sleep,
In the soft rest of his mind her shadow did creep,
He saw once again as she drank from the stream,
And longed for her beauty in his whispering dream,
Then she stood and she turned but this time caught his eyes,
And raised her voice in a sweet surprise.

‘Come follow me now through the forest young man,
Now try to catch me, we’ll see if you can,
Follow my footsteps to where I may rest,
Try if you wish, but do try your best.’

Now the young man from his sleep did wake,
And still her memory he could not shake,
Thus he slipped from the bed and onto the floor,

And quickly got dressed and left by the door,
He grabbed but a bite from the kitchen to eat,
Some bread and a cheese and some good cured meat,
From the wall he took his bow and his knife,
With these and his arrows he could well keep to life.
He wrote a short note in his slow steady hand,
Telling his father of the search that he planned,
He had mentioned the girl at the table last night,
And his parents new of his lonely heart's plight.
Then with a last glance about and around,
He left for the forest's old misty surround,
Came morning's light his father would know,
His son had left to follow the crow.

While his mind was singing and his feet were winging,
His inner eye to her memory strongly was clinging,
He would find again that most fortunate place,
Where her beauty upon him had bestowed her grace.
He would follow her trail for he knew how to track,
And before he had found her he would not grow slack,
The image he carried would give him the strength,
To search the earth to all known length.
And so he came to the place she had been,
Where first he had her beauty seen.

Starting His Search

What monstrous a thing young love can be,
To shake a young man from his foundation free.
And set him after young girls chasing,
With his heart a – flutter and his mind a – racing!

Now John our hero was soon on the trail,
Of the girl in the woods to whom he sang hail,
His heart sang a song and his head went along,
While his love for the yet unknown angel grew strong.
Already his hand was touching her cheek,
He could see them picnicking down by the creek,
And riding the wind on a sailing ship's deck,
Forever the world side – by – side they would trek.

Chased by these thoughts he quickened his pace,
Yet still took care her path to trace,
In every footstep and mark she had made,
And the small stone cairn where surely she'd prayed.
At the broken – off stem where she'd picked a wild flower,

By the small mountain stream she'd perhaps had a shower,
Here she had sat on the moss to rest,
Most surely the wind had her face caressed,
On and on she had moved about and along,
In her eyes a smile and on her lips a song.

How he dreamed as he searched through the trees,
As he woke the birds and the plants and the bees,
His mind entwined and his hopes running free,
Hoping that soon the young girl he would see.

The Gypsy Girl

On a hard wooden bed in the gypsy camp,
Lay a beautiful girl and dreamed of a lamp.
The lamp she'd had by the bed in the room,
That chased the shadows and lit the gloom.
That room had been in her father's estate,
Before it fell to a terrible fate.

Invading hordes had conquered the land,
Seizing the throne and taking a stand.
Thus the girl's father had sent her away,
Until the end of the war by her aunts to stay,
With a maid by her side she'd started to travel,
But soon the plan had begun to unravel.
The maid had died from a serpent's bite,
Leaving the girl on her own to fight.
Left alone in the woods she had almost perished,
But surely the angels her beauty had cherished.
For they'd sent the band of wandering souls,
Made up of dwarfs and freaks and strange ghouls,
To take her in as one of their own,
And in return the gypsies much mercy was shown.

Now the way of the gypsy is always to wander,
Through valleys with vistas apart and asunder,
Tricking and trading and masquerading,
One morning coming, the next day fading.
Thus on this day before first light,
They moved from the camp where they'd slept the night,
And the beautiful girl who was part of their show,
Was once again just part of their flow.

Through the valleys and over the hills,
Over wooden bridges by hard – working mills.

The leader knew the roads like the back of his hand,
And over these he was leading his traveling band.
Left at the fork and then right at the bend,
Where sky and forest and mountains blend.
Until at last as night was nearing,
They reached a village and camped in a clearing.