Wrætlic is bes wealstan, wyrde gebræcon; burgstede burston, brost I remember what I was. I once drank sweet milk from my mother. You flayed the fat from me, stretched ældomertaut and dry fam tattooed with vour cochineals your shell gold, geleorene, heard gripe hrusan, op hund, cnea werbeoda, gewitan. Oft bæs wag gebad ræghar blo redblan rite æfter ofrum, distonden under I remember what I was what I was Nou pressed out my singing ne huætred in hringas, hygerof gebondweather, called them leaves, and I would have laughed. oppæt pæt "I lay deep in the world underground in the rock in the " Waldagas surfue funder of geoficinuses; uthick black rock in the hotedark rock in the sand in the lines in the land no crungon bergas to brusan. in the deeps in the heart of the hearth of the earth I remember I remember. You plucked me from wour the darkness and now you shine lights through me run wires through me I refract your truths your lies your lines your lives your lights through me on sylfor, on searcorinmas, on eab, on abt, on sínc. geotan ofer harne stan hate strlf he comes back to the border they will kill him like a dog. part is conclic ping] am on one island, he on the other. Brutal men hunger for his blood. Wulf, my Wulf, it is your long absences that frighten me, your far-wandering tread. I codi I is for you that I sicken. I am faint not with hunger, but yearning and fear. us. Wult is on iege, ic on oberre. I as different for us. worpen. Do you hear me, jailer? Watch me as you will, a wolf will carry our whelp to the woods. GARDER DATS ME DOM ROOMA hine seldcymas, murnende mod, nales meteliste. Gehyrest hu, Eadwacer? Uncerne earne hwelp bired W. I remember what I was store words flying hot from dark throats rewords thrilling through the air like arrows words wrapping round warmth at the fireside weaving T themselves in with the teller's yarn words spattered and sinking in and dried as sippan i blood-pacts words curving over parchments with words adorned with gold below squinting eyes and careful pens words in the lamplight words in the moonlight words in the firelight words in the light from the glowing magas ifregan buril perne gebolt, bæt he tobælden und, bæt wit gewidost in woruldrice litdon ladlicost, ond med longane Berner hat i was fr I remember, what I was I was a queen once. gemæene monnan funde, heardsæligne, But now I am betrayed, and nothing more than a prisoner. Laman bet une ne Banished to this cave beneath the boak, this dark and dusty moscine uncer. earth-scraping. I pace back and forth like a beast in its den. The summer days go on above me but do not reach this living I grave, knotted with roots, leger weardiad, bonne ic on untan ana gonger broker disteb jas eorostratu, pær it sittan mot sumorlangne dæg, pær ít wepan mæg míne prætsíbas, earfola My captors will not contain me long: an older power sleeps coiled in my care-eaten heart. I will sink deeper beneath the earth and rise again, as thorns, as snakes, as night torme behrimed, wine werigmod, wætre beflowen on dreorsele. Dreoged se min wine micle modceare; he genomeroverwydaet drydes. Fear me, O treacherous husband: I remember what I was.