The Bolted Door

Staring at that hinged wooden wall,

I locked every padlock, all.

Now safe inside our cave,

I stared across the natural nave.

And in its heart laid a fire,

Standing tall like a spire.

But just as we raised the spit,

It sounded like the door got hit.

We just stood strong and tall

for I had locked every padlock, all.

Then it smashed apart the door,

then came it’s footfalls across the floor.

And from my belt I drew a sword,

seven curses I then roared.

From the tip came bolts of red,

and so at last that beast was dead.

Fixing the door made an awful din,

but we did it before anything got in.

And so we sat beside the fire,

listening to the lyre.

But then we heard two growls,

followed by a lot of howls.

And when we were about to leave,

we saw what you wouldn’t believe.

By Max King