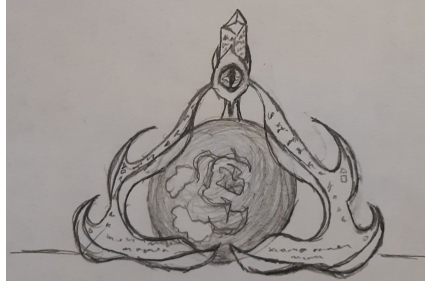


## Embrace o' de Dark Matron



The artifact aptly named as the ***Embrace o' de Dark Matron***, features a large dark sphere encircled, embraced, by three arms of deep grey metal. These twisted steel pillars, smithed in a technique lost in present day manufacturing, are inscribed with an ancient language among their lengths. They meet at a point center above the orb, and secured aloft is a crystal of thirty-one centimeters tall. Its six sides had been finely etched with letters. When the artifact is placed above a light source, its beams penetrate the smokey crystal of the polished smooth sphere, somehow missing the thread-thin mineral inclusions twisting within. Yet, it is what happens when the light strikes the crystal above that has captured sages' interest. The light reflects upon the fractured planes inside to project the inscription recorded upon it. Scholars have spent several years since the artifact had been brought to the Academy, circa. 27 ABY, trying to decipher the incantation and the writing trapped within it. This is what they found trapped upon the small crystal.

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*Darkness has stood where it began,  
Through time again and yet again.  
The key to obtain the sought for power  
Is through the generations of our blood.  
Children rise and then they fall in, chosen  
For greater change we must bring forth.*

*A grand rift brewing shall be forth—  
Coming, birthed where it had began.  
All will rise anew, flames of the chosen,  
Solely to be raised and reaped yet again.  
With soft hands nurturing our gilded blood,  
En masse then we find power.*

*Ever seeking, wanting, Power—  
Ful dreams of youth are ever Forth—  
Right attacking ideas of old Blood.  
Embracing this striking thought, I began  
Weaving the ends to an empire again  
Lead by the puissant chosen.*

*When the devoting have chosen,  
Sacrificing selves for power,  
The Force metamorphs their lifeblood. Again  
It consumes in heights of passion brought forth.  
Well beneath our feet, run til we began  
To raise our ensign in ox-blood.*

*The stars will bend to the spilt blood  
Before their knees. Our men chosen  
By Bogan himself, with blessed arms, began  
To clear way for the new brood and power.  
Sisters, link hands and with me shepard forth--  
With sons to the Dark King again.*

*His rule, his Force, Bogan, again  
Rekindled. Stone engraved with blood  
Rivers, etching past, present, future forth.  
Young and old, alien and Sith, chosen  
For consumption, to fuel the power  
From which salvation will began.*

*And now I leave you to began  
Ruminating, bow to higher power,  
Or stand boldly with those chosen.*

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The incantation poem above is in the style of a Sestina. With six stanza of six lines each and cycling through six words ending those lines. It ends with an envoi whose lines end with the last three words. While the modern Sestina does not require a syllable count, I had chosen to do one of an 8, 8, 10, 10, 10, 8 count for each stanza. The format of a Sestina is as follow:

Stanzas

1. ABCDEF
2. FAEBDC
3. CFDABE
4. ECBFAD
5. DEACFB
6. BDFECA
7. ECA

The words chosen to cycle through the stanzas' lines:

- A= began
- B= again
- C= power
- D= blood
- E= chosen
- F= forth