

## **The Warrior Queen** *(J. Meneely)*

In my dream, the knight did ride,  
Against the setting sun  
On a high and mighty steed  
The battle fought and won  
Helmet doffed in daylight dim  
Hair freed in the breeze  
Waves of russet ripened red  
Reveal the warrior queen

Her armor gilded and bright-wing'd  
Caught the dying light  
Stars and moon adorned her helm  
Sword as black as night  
From the sky her cloak was spun  
Fearless were her eyes  
Held she high the victor's crown  
To claim it as her prize

No dragons lay upon the field  
No foreign foe was slain  
And yet the battle long had raged  
Upon that barren plain  
She fought against her own dismay  
The furnace of her fear  
She swept the bitter coals away  
Until her path shown clear

And as the sun went burning down  
She boldly rode away  
Left misgivings on the field  
That long and brutal day  
Her victory, her hard-won crown  
Her wild and valiant fight  
The fiercer for the treasure gained:  
She galloped toward The Light.  
She galloped toward The Light.