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## A Knight Known

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# A Knight Known

*Zachary Rothell*

To reap and sow through fields furrowed,  
A lonely knight hath pondered.  
To what vile end does glory play  
In a world drowned in both night and day.

To be a harbinger of what always comes,  
To do the deed that must be done.  
Oath sworn thus, bound to the end,  
Nothing can overcome.  
And to sit here, now, gazing out at the field,  
Looking at those oblivious,  
Unknown to all but themselves,  
And me.

Their happiness a stream that keeps flowing,  
Joyous and swollen in their own desire,  
Must it come to them as well?

Yesterday, the man a town over  
Two days past, the craven hidden in the woods  
And now them.

They know me not, nor ever will.  
I am neither a burden nor a concern, So that  
For where they are, I am not  
And when I am, they have gone.  
Though the journey slow,  
With all I know to come and go,  
Maybe I will find myself.