

Something
has gotten into
Snorri's horse.
His horse has developed
a sixth gait,
a subtle alteration
in timing.
It is more subtle than Snorri.
He cannot follow it,
cannot feel his way
into the altered hitch
and swing.
It is a rogue meter,
one of the old skaldic meters
he disturbed
when he was showing off
for the Norwegians.
He is deeply unsettled.
It is a warning.
He has overreached himself,
again.

Snorri Loses Sleep

He wasn't a bit like Yeats,
but I imagine him
at the end,
alone
with his heart,
saying goodbye
to his circus animals,
all of his beautiful
circus animals.
Entire mythologies.
Ragnarok
in the final room.
A finished man
among his enemies.

Snorri, Cornered

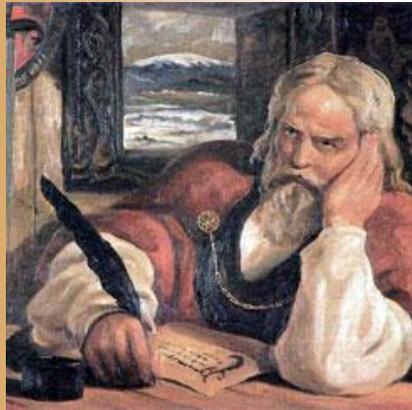
enter collective
memory
as Don't Cut! Don't Cut!
His enemies
broke into his story,
told it their own way.

Snorri's Last Words

They're generations
apart,
but already
it feels
as if something
has been torn.
He extends his lament,
with the sad prescience
of his kin,
towards Snorri,
towards Reykholft,
where Snorri
has fallen
without servicable words.

Egil's Lament

SNORRI
A LAMENT



NANCY JASPER

Snorri Learns The World Is Wide

Snorri's journey toward wisdom
began
when a woman offered to cut away
his father's eye,
a gesture
towards an old story.
His father kept the eye,
traded the threat
for a transaction.
his youngest son,
brokered
into a world of influence and learning.
Snorri was three years old.
He left his father's home.
He would learn to love libraries,
and to scheme east,
across the water.
He would learn the world is wide
and its coasts,
deeply indented.

The Old Poems

He loves
the difficult
tradition
of the old poems.
He loves
their stealth
and indirection.
A lost honey
enters his blood.

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SNORRI
A LAMENT
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Snorri Sturluson was the Icelandic writer
who preserved the stories of earlier
Norse mythology. He was also a
politician. His enemies murdered him
in 1241.

- Nancy Jasper

Donations Greatly Appreciated