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## Mêdu

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# Mêdu

Naomi Thompson

I went to the house of Lorked, my son, I went down to the depths of my soul.  
I listened to the howl of the Mêdu, my son, and it shattered the depths of my bones.  
I stayed course with feet walking, knees bending, a song of death in my head.  
I did not falter in trembling nor waver in wanting, not once, nor twice in my tread.  
Though my heart beat its wings and my soul did scream  
I did not let my energy fade.  
Descent into darkness the depths of demise  
I did not let my energy fade.

I came to the Hall of Ašid, my son, I came to the hall of my dread.  
I listened to the howl of the Mêdu, my son, and I felt the fingers of death.  
My spleen did leave and my throat was seized  
I did not let my energy fade.  
I crept in the depths of the House of Lorked  
I did not let my energy fade.  
In sight was the monster Creator of Self I had hunted and now turned my gaze.  
My soul collapsed and my eyes were cast  
On the soulless and deadless Mêdu.

His mouth erupted in snarls, my son, his tongue was covered in bile.  
Coated in filth his debasement was vile.  
He was chained to the wall in iron bands and anchored down with lead  
His limbs were swollen and bruised, my son, the Mêdu could not raise his head.  
I met with my eyes a fathomless black, this Creature, this soulless Medu.  
Without end – without thought, a swirling abyss that is fraught  
With hard rock and thick steel, his legs bent half-kneel  
His eyes were comfortless sacks.

I beheld the Creature of Ašid, my son, I saw him and mourned for his life.  
My soul was his grave and my limbs were his sighs,  
I keened for the Creature below.  
I tended his wounds – not once did I swoon  
I did not let my energy fade.  
Warm water was drawn from the depths of Ašid and our hands were cleansed as one.  
Thick herbs from the Orchard were placed to bring health – pungent and heady the smell.  
I tended the Creature Mêdu, my son, and not once did my energy fade.

For nine months, sixteen days, I stayed and fed the Mêdu.  
I thickened his blood with my own without fear  
I gave up my own essence of self.

With pity and terror I fed him with love, the creature the soulless Mèdu.  
I sat by his side and together we cried in voice and in agony tuned.  
I cried in the Hall of Ašid my son, I screamed and we healed of our wounds.  
His strength returned in his limbs and his mind  
His energy deep, was Renewed.  
Life sang in the Halls of Ašid, my son, life sang at what was made new.

Mèdu then raised his head, my son, and spake aloud in the gloom:  
“You have bought me freedom of life and breath  
Now give me sweet freedom of death.”  
The words were spears hurled against my chest and arrows stuck deep in my thighs.  
The words were a sword to my neck, my son, a dagger to my heaving sides.  
“But why?” I asked with trembling of lips and dark terror in my eyes.  
“Through death, through death, is the only path for one as soulless as I  
To take, to take and hope to die Redeemed enough to fly  
Through ether and depth – to feather and rest – Beyond the Eternity’s eye.”  
So spake the creature Mèdu, my son, and then did my energy fade

I begged and touched him soft, my son, in love built of agonized screams.  
I pulled at the wretched locks and stays, but alas was kept at bay.  
The steel too strong, the iron too thick, the bands like lead still lay.  
There was only but one Release, my son, but one way to Release.  
Through death, through death, and not through life,  
A debt none could repay, belonged to Mèdu that day.  
Despite all pleading, nothing was needing, but dying that awful day

With my poisoned herbs and tainted drink I gave and did not think.  
I brought the draught up to his lips and watched his eyes begin to twitch.  
His beating chest did pause and sink in death –  
In death! I cried alarm and wept at all, at all I’d done.  
Alas! Alas! Let the House of Lorked  
Know the Halls of Ašid  
Hold soulless Mèdu no more – no longer he lives in this land.  
The creature of Ašid was undone, my son, untied with my very own hands.

Then – Oh then! – A shift descend, a stir of old Wythe too.  
Mèdu he trembled and dust became and became eternal Renewed  
His face it shone. Limb and bone and healed spleen too –  
He was lithe, and strong, and wholly new.  
He laughed aloud and then he crowed, that impossible dead Mèdu  
He whispered to my ear, my son, “Your soul you vitiate. And now become my own.”

A trick! A terror – a horror – I knew  
I was fooled by the Creature Mèdu, my son, I was deceived by the soulless Mèdu.  
The chains were mine, the steel, the lead  
The bowing of my feeble head.

Bruises branded against my skin, my arms and on my legs.  
Cuts were drawn upon my wrists; my fingers were wooden pegs.  
Prisoner of the Hall of Ašid I was, now and prisoner still.  
He took all the creature Mèdu, my son, he took all that was close to my heart.  
My essence was his, my soul slipped away, deep down there in the dark.  
And I was the Creature Mèdu, my son, I became the creature Mèdu.