

Ages of Empires

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A little free form poetry that tells the story of what happened to me last night. A friend and I played Age of Empires, and came out with this result.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Uncle_TWA/20506/Ages-of-Empires

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1 - Ages of Empires

Ages of Empires Ages of Empires

Raging battles engage again and again,
Unceasing and undaunted by the march of time.
What started with simple movements of infantry
Has erupted into all out war.
Castles hastened to defend their land
Fall before they're finished, their defenders
Slaughtered en masse.
Before a blocking force can come,
The enemy takes hold of the grounds.
Cavalry charge in, hooves thund'ring down the line,
Hoping to stem the tide of the rising foe.
Militia comes at the enemy from behind, trying their patience,
As the kingdom's weak defense forms a front-line.

Infantry falls in line, rank-and-file,
The guns of conquistadores to their north,
Hoping to keep the people safe
And their land their own.
Upon the field, in purple and white,
The enemy's paladins advance.
To the south of them, their cannons and guns
Ready to break the futile defense.
The first assault, the cavalry charge,
So noble and hopeful,
Having fought hard to the last man,
Lay strewn across the field.

If we were to talk in numbers,
And so we shall for now,
The defenders tally over 80 lost,
The attackers at least 60.
However, none of that matters right now,
Nobody spares a thought.
Personal survival is all that is thought,
And all that counts right now.
As the industries of the kingdom, behind their fortified walls,
Continues on as planned,
The army falls in their readiness.

The attackers charge their cavalry straight into a blaze of guns.

The conquistadores defend bravely, but they are closed and beaten back.
The skirmishers defending the South move up West and North
But get few shots in.
Their lives cut down like all the rest,
Destroyed by the crash of cannonade.
More militia pull forward, from all corners of the land.
Their one goal, to keep the keep out of their
Enemy's forceful grasp.
Like a tumbling, growing, ever rising
Wave from the sea,
Hundreds of people,
Most armed with nothing,
Come to the defense of their land.

Once again numbers
Appear upon the field.
Where once a proud armed force stood,
Lays now a ruin of pain.
On the defense, now, there fell at least
300 souls dispelled.
However, there was a shortcoming
In the enemy's assault;
The heavy cavalry lost in the second bout.
This leaves the adversary,
Who began with 400+,
Only a few divisions of gunmen, and a handful
Of falt'ring knights.

The battle that follows has been lost
To the centuries, its fighters fallen in time.
However, my friend, I can tell you this,
It ended in a draw.
After the defense of the fortress had failed,
The inhabitants and citizens all slaughtered like lambs,
The triumphant army, only 27 soldiers strong,
Paraded into the plaza.
But from the rooftops and towers that were not felled,
A barrage of arrows fell
Upon the men.

Again with the numbers,
(The last time, I swear!)
It all broke even with zero.
With the soldiers in the towers forever stuck within,
And no citizens to rebuild,
The defense was defeated.

But the offense had conscripted every citizen,
Those who refused were killed.
Their population also at zero, their resources all exhausted,
There was no coming back!

It was now that we called a truce.
For it was time for me to leave.
So we saved the game, for
Posterity's sake,
And I returned to my den.

Now... I am all the wiser,
With my knowledge expanded.
I know I CAN beat my friend at Age of Empires,
And that, next time, I'll be ready...