

O, realm-seed!

An enchanted vegetable thought extinct.

Final ingredient of a healing salve for the king.

But vegetable slices now tumbled about in the stomach of a fainted wizard. He'd stolen the vegetable, triumphantly gobbling it up before it stupefied his brain with blue lightning.

The palace gardener made a last-ditch planting decision. Rune-protected knights buried the comatose wizard alive.

Rains, days—
Sprouts.

Rains, months—
Verdant trellis. Gleaming vegetables.

In verse, the court jester chronicled the king's recovery:

Accursed spear,

shattering

within the ribcage

giving off light incarnadine,

shuddering breath.

Draw these shards

out of him,

O, with your song,

O, realm-seed!