

I saw her with my own two eyes,
She fought a giant thrice her size,
And dealt him wounds with flashing blade,
But on his feet the giant stayed.

She poked and stabbed and slashed and spun,
And through his heart her blade had run,
With sweat a'pouring from her brow,
I saw that she still fought, but how?

She screamed and cursed and cried and swore,
And bid him leave forever more,
But the giant still sought bones to grind,
So the battlefield's still hers to mind.

I saw her with a seer's sight,
But *she cannot see that foe she fights*,
Though she battles against time and tide,
She thinks it's all just in her mind.