

# A Pilgrim's Path

Out Mileth's Gates the Aisling came,  
An oath sworn and soul aflame.  
They sought to find a god to serve,  
A path of meaning, faith, and verve.



At Glioca's home, the bells were light,  
Her priestess dressed in robes of white.  
She spoke of love and mercy's place,  
Of healing hearts and scars with grace.

"But love is not your deepest fire,"  
She said with soft and faint desire.  
"You care, but not with faithful stride—  
Go now, there is a world outside."



A sudden clash! A rigid spine!

The Aisling found a blood-soaked shrine,  
A Ceannlaidir priest gave out a cry,  
“Give in to rage! Defend! Defy!”

And though the Aisling watched in awe,  
Their hands withdrew from fury’s draw.  
Their heart, not tempered into steel,  
Turned from bloodshed’s thundered zeal.



The next regaled in jewels and gold?  
Fiosachd, alone, would be so bold.  
His finger pressed and tipped a scale,  
“Desire is pure. All else is frail.”

He offered wealth and whispered schemes,  
Of treasure born from god-blessed dreams.  
But coin and gamble stirred no thrill,  
The Aisling’s heart stayed strangely still.



Perhaps Luathas in their scroll-lined home,  
Where old beards pray on ancient tomes.  
“Come seek the stars, and bend the mind—  
In logic’s forge, all truth you’ll find.”

A thousand scrolls in twilight burned,  
But none could feel. No passions learned.  
The Aisling blinked through ink and dust—  
And left with heart, not quill, in trust.



Next came roots both thick and thin,  
Nature sang through Cail’s din.  
A priest in moss said, soft and slow,  
“Come live in balance, like rivers flow.”

But earthly churn is slow to play,  
And balance asks no sides to stray.  
The Aisling yearned for more than rest—  
They left the green, their heart unblessed.



In Loures there clad in blue and steel,  
A Gramailian priest stood firm in seal.  
They spoke with calm and steady air,  
Of ties that bind and truths laid bare.

“The law is light, the law is breath—  
It stays the hand, or grants the death.”  
The Aisling thought, their mind a storm,  
But their wild heart could not conform.



Beneath the soil, in ash and bone,  
A gnarled priest spoke in a deathly tone.  
“For all things end,” they calmly said,  
“And all is peace when all is dead.”

An old scar throbbed, an aching bane—  
The Aisling felt their life’s blood drain.  
But though all lives must someday fall—  
Their heart won’t kneel to nothing’s call.



In Blackstar's hush through wind and rain,  
A shrine stands tall—half grief, half grain.  
For she is gone, her spark long fled—  
Our Lumins glow with blood she shed.

A mundane priest tends this vigil,  
In quiet care and hallowed sigil.  
The Aisling stood in quiet prayer—  
But knew no heart could worship there.



Past the edge of earth and mind,  
A Conix altar lurks, malign.  
A priest half-mad, one hollow eye,  
“Truth is rot — and all gods die.”

“Corrupt! Reject! Destroy! Defile!  
Let nothing stand. Let all go vile.”  
Terror surged—the Aisling fled,  
Before the priest dared speak again.



At last, through snow and crag and climb,  
Where darkness fell in sun lost time,  
There is a temple carved from flame,  
A place of time, of spark, and name.

A formless father stands there still,  
Just beyond the shadow's spill.  
With eyes of ancient loss enshrined.  
He speaks with warmth of all our kind.

"You've come to meet them all," he said,  
"The loved, the damned, to each you led.  
But somehow you still yearned to roam,  
And thus your road led to my home."

"For I, Deoch, was once like you,  
Searching, lost, for things anew.  
My love, exchanged to fate's cruel trade,  
In passion's strike, all sparks I made."

The Aisling knew and knelt in place,  
Their restless heart had found its brace.  
Thus dark flames grew in grand repose,  
And in flame-licked stone, a priest arose.



The new priest strode out of the shrine,  
As dawn gave life to the Suomi vines.  
And thereupon a hill did chart,  
Nine figures framed with two apart.

Each priest they'd met along the way—  
Divinely stood in full array.  
For a pilgrim's path does not demand—  
The heart knows first, and then the hand.



*Reias, Master Rogue & Archer*

I was guiding a new spark who had decided to take the path of priesthood across Temuair. I took them to each temple, and they spoke with many priests. They had much indecision, but also a great deal of passion.

Not to spoil the outcome, but as a follower of Deoch, myself, I couldn't help but be thrilled by their final choice and felt inspired by their journey.