

Song of the Ainu

Before the ice, before the fall, there were the People of Ainu. Wise were the People of Ainu, gifted with the knowing of ten thousand names and crafts. Strong were the People of Ainu, in their hands lighting, in their blood fire. Rich were the People of Ainu, their cities built of jewels and glass, their raiment glorious. Then came the time of ice, and wisdom did not save, and strength did not save, and wealth did not save. The time of ice came and passed, and with it passed the People of Ainu, the people of fable, for all things pass, and all things fall, and sea and stars are not forever.

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