

Poem to Ratatosk when calling him as Gatkeeper for Grove's chaos ritual

Ode to the Great Squirrely One

Oh Great Squirrely One!
How you run up and down that tree,
From its serpent infested roots
To the crown adorned with feathers.
How do you not tire,
On this endless journey?

Oh great communicator of Yggdrasil!
You share the words of the wurm, Níðhöggr;
You share the words of eagle on high.
Insults are hurled between the two.
You keep the order of the worlds
through the insults that you hurl.

Ratatosk, Great Squirrely One!
We call on you to be our communicator:
Spread our words throughout the worlds
From the crown above to the roots below.
Ride that great horse Ygg,
On your path between the worlds!