



Spring 2013

# Loki and Sigyn

Edward M. Lisovicz  
*Gettysburg College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student\\_scholarship](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship)

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

**Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.**

---

Lisovicz, Edward M., "Loki and Sigyn" (2013). *Student Publications*. 75.  
[https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student\\_scholarship/75](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship/75)

This is the author's version of the work. This publication appears in Gettysburg College's institutional repository by permission of the copyright owner for personal use, not for redistribution. Cupola permanent link: [https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student\\_scholarship/75](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship/75)

This open access creative writing is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact [cupola@gettysburg.edu](mailto:cupola@gettysburg.edu).

---

# Loki and Sigyn

**Abstract**

*Loki and Sigyn* discusses love, pain, and dependency in the Norse myth of Loki's Binding.

**Keywords**

Mythology, Loki, Poetry

**Disciplines**

Creative Writing | Poetry

Edward Lisovicz

Loki and Sigyn

“He was bound with the bowels of his son Vali, but his son Narfi was changed to a wolf. Skathi took a poison-snake and fastened it up over Loki's face, and the poison dropped thereon. Sigyn, Loki's wife, sat there and held a shell under the poison, but when the shell was full she bore away the poison, and meanwhile the poison dropped on Loki. Then he struggled so hard that the whole earth shook therewith; and now that is called an earthquake.” – *Poetic Edda*

Sigyn, will you sit here      awhile with me, while I  
Lay, bound to a boulder      by frigid black fetters,  
Wounded beneath the world?      This dark cavern, crawling  
Under the earth like a      serpent, envelops us  
In its dark womb. Worry      not, Sigyn, though the snake  
Drips poison, powerful      venom to wrack me; wroth  
Were the gods who gave this      sentence to me, Sigyn.

You did not ask for this;      the burden mine to bear,  
This anguish like an ague      that saw me splintering,  
Quivering and quaking      against the bonds, buried  
By sorrow. Sigyn, you      descended with me, down  
To this abyss, laid by      me, stroked my hair, whispered  
To me in the dark: “Dear      are you to me, my heart;  
Even in the black vault      beneath the world I will  
Stay, standing beside you.”      With your bowl, you bought me  
Relief from the rain of      gall; the gods could not know  
You would shield me: sugar      to the bitter bile I  
swallow. I sweat beneath      the serpent's dribbling fang.  
  
Do not leave me, my love.      I am hoarse with howling,

Each moment torment when you empty your bowl, full  
Of venom meant for me. I chafe against the chains,  
Writhing, wracked and weeping, my own mind against me  
Like a black serpent, coiled and dripping corrosion;  
Sigyn, the seconds you turn aside and toss your  
Cup of toxins, trembling to hear my teeth clenching,  
Are interminable. Beneath the world, we are  
Both burdened: me by bile, my Sigyn, then, by me.