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## *In Samarang / The Last Song Sung in Lórien*

Jerome Z. Litt

Robert Foster

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**Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien**  
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IN SAMARANG

by Jerome Z. Litt, M.D.

In Samarang beneath a Frond,  
Where bobs the pink adelphic Glebe,  
Amid the asteroidal Sonde  
There dwells a lone Ephebe.

In frenzied firth disports he with  
The selted Gleeper and his chyme,  
While Argyles in their acrolith  
Join in the ballinyme.

One furbish day in Amaranth  
As Pilor mal-immured a Grebe,  
A timbrillated Perianth  
Reviled this lone Ephebe.

Then thru the coriander gates,  
Beyond the ragged Umba-tree,  
A limpid Amphimixis prates  
In hebdomadal glee.



THE LAST SONG SUNG IN LÓRIEN  
by Robert Foster

Gone is Tirith's mithril door;  
Gwaihir's flight is far from here;  
And on Cerin Amroth now no more  
Blooms the yellow elanor.

And yet I stay and yet I sing,  
In this little forest all alone,  
Of Frodo Nine-finger and the mighty Doom-Ring  
And the return of Elessar, the last noble King.