

Summer 7-15-1966

In Samarang / The Last Song Sung in Lórien

Jerome Z. Litt

Robert Foster

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In Samarang / The Last Song Sung in Lórien

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 SONG 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.

