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## *Elven-Song*

John W. Thomas

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# Mythopoeic Society's Online Midwinter Seminar 2024

17th–18th February 2024: Something Mighty Queer

Submission Deadline: November 30, 2023

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2024.htm>

**Something  
Mighty Queer**  
ONLINE MIDWINTER SEMINAR 2024



## *Elven-Song*

### **Abstract**

I wake at dawn in golden light That sifts through veil of green.

### **Keywords**

Mythril; Mythopoeic; Poetry; Elven-Song; John W. Thomas

# ELVEN-SONG

by John W. Thomas

I wake at dawn in golden light  
That sifts through veil of green.  
Around my bed the leaves unite,  
And cast a rainbow sheen.

A bough bestows upon my palm  
A drop of moistened gold.  
I taste the fragrant linden balm,  
And feel my mind unfold.

A warbler sings unto her mate  
A song that fills the air.  
She sings because she knows no hate  
Can dwell in land so fair.

I rise and glance below and see  
A fawn by forest pool.  
Within this wood she's ever free  
To drink the water cool.

Below that pool the water falls,  
And forms a crystal stream.  
The rushing, dancing current calls,  
And draws me into dream.

My mind floats back into a time  
When laughter filled the glen.  
An Elven-maid through love sublime,  
Fulfilled Lothlorien.

Each morn her serenade would swell,  
And fill the canopy;  
And all who heard fair Nimrodel  
Were lost in reverie.

My love for her was born in spring,  
And then in rapture grew.  
Her touch would cause my heart to sing  
Of what life held as true.

Each day would bring a joy that filled  
Enchanted Lorien.  
At eve 'neath silver stars we thrilled  
To love not known by men.

Our time was short and yet complete;  
Life gave to us her all.  
We shared a happiness replete,  
And then she heard a call.

It came through ancient Elven-ken,  
From far beyond the sea.  
She knew her life in Lorien  
Could nevermore be free.

Oh Nimrodel, my Nimrodel,  
Why does it have to end?  
Loathe sorrow in my heart shall dwell;  
My spirit shall descend.

No explanation could she give,  
But deep within her eyes,  
There shone a peace that would outlive  
The universal skies.

I knew for her would come new sight,  
While I as blind would tread;  
For when she left I lost the light  
That through the darkness led.

The winter of my soul was gray,  
The cold was bitter blue.  
I wanted not another day  
To bring the sun anew.

But then one morn I woke to hear  
A melody sublime.  
It pierced the veil of doubt and fear,  
And bells began to chime.

My heart arose and sang along;  
My eyes poured joyful tears.  
No longer did my mind belong  
To thoughts of empty years.

The spirit of fair Nimrodel  
Had come to set me free.  
I heard her gentle voice foretell  
Eternal harmony.

Her song unveiled before my soul  
A realm of endless sight;  
Where we would live a life made whole  
By love's fulfilling light.

I wake again to present morn  
With happiness replete.  
The joy I knew has been reborn;  
My essence is complete.

I know the time has come to say  
Farewell to Lorien;  
And 'tho departure brings dismay,  
Love's peace is mine again.

I feel the touch of life divine  
Reach out across the sea;  
And as her spirit melts with mine,  
I find eternity.

In his epic fantasy trilogy, THE LORD OF THE RINGS, J. R. R. Tolkien created a realm that has become a real and meaningful part of my mind's life. That realm is Middle Earth and I know of no one who has journeyed there and remained unaffected by its enchantment. Within Middle Earth lies the Elven-forest of Lothlorien, and it is there that the inspiration for ELVEN-SONG was born. The basic idea, the setting and the names are Professor Tolkien's, but the feelings and experiences of this particular story are mine. I remain eternally grateful to Professor Tolkien for providing the essence of those feelings and experiences.