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Aragorn Gazes on Ruined Arnor

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ARAGORN GAZES ON RUINED ARMOR

*These are his kind: the last battlement
crumbling, yet valiant--the tumbled and scattered stones,
their fierce rough pride dissolved with the cement,
are worn at last to smooth, forgotten bones.
No longer desperate, the Ranger walks
the secret paths that run like dried-up veins
that once coursed with life. Silently, he stalks
through shadows, dreams that haunt these last remains
Of nations, roads, and long-decaying keeps:
abandoned, high and ancient hopes of men--
whose ghosts, still watching while the kingdom sleeps,
wait patiently, until she wakes again.*

*He crests the vantage, for a moment stands;
He sees himself reflected in these lands.*

--David Lenander



HALF THERE

*Is there a songsing flurry of voices
Making the foxfire tremble over mosses,
Ferns and ladies' slippers? I think you've heard--
You turn your dark head like a hooded bird
And listen with a falcon's ear.*

*Is it a liebeslied half remembered
Making your Saxon blue eyes both embered
And cold? I watch your contagious half-turn,
Your half-see widening into half-yearn,
Your scent turning to light.*

*And like the light arousal on mica wings,
Your half-smile flickering as your mind half-sings,
Light webs in your hair, as the moon, when full,
Bristles, fires into an arcane pool;
Voices laugh you half there.*

--Patricia E. Gunter