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Dyad for Finrod

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DYAD FOR FINROD

I. Lament

O friend of every child of Eru,
Who would raise hand in hate against thee,
Or slay the shining son of Finarfin?

Not the Eldar, O Finwë's offspring,
Sun-crowned scion of Ingwë's sister,
Eärwen's child and Elwë's kinsman:

Nor yet the Naugrim, Nargothrond's shapers,
The delving Dwarves in deep halls dwelling,
With Felagund ever firm in friendship:

Or shall Mortal Men in malice hold thee,
O sweet-voiced weaver of songs of wisdom,
Who life and lordship for love hath given?

Only the Enemy, envious Evil,
Mightiest minion of iron-crowned Morgoth,
Would deal thee death by the jaws of darkness.

Green shall thy grave be in ground new-cleansed;
Eldar and Edain and Aulë's children,
Long shall lament the loss of thy brightness.

II. A Dream

From shore to ship he leaps
As lithe as a boy,
To greet the new-arrived
With wonder and joy.

He clasps his sister fair
In a warm embrace,
Then goes down on one knee
To speak face to face
With the Little Folk, who stare,
And blush, and smile
At the golden stranger-friend
Of the Elven-isle.

I have seen the Straight Road's end
And the haven white;
I have seen the grey ship glide
Toward the rising light,
And a figure standing tall
On the end of the quay,
His hair blown sunlit-gold
In the wind from the sea.

One hand is upraised high,
A clear voice hails,
As the swan-prowed vessel alights
In a flutter of sails;

Margaret R. Purdy
December 1, 1981