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Untitled Poem

James C. Walker

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Bombadil loved the river man's daughter.
He chimed and danced for the shine he found there.
The lilies of the field were the color of the water
And the honeybees were jealous of the sweetness he sought there.

Boating and floating past images on water;
With sweeping motions he gathered a flower.
To her he presented a touching spring shower.
Down by the water shed Bombadil caught her.

While watering flowers and feeding the fauna
She was surprised by the collision of him and the woodland.
She saw herself not a pawn, but a
Mover of waters, the grower of ponds.
He looked into her eyes, the mirror of lilies,
Seeing the sun on the river behind
He saw flower and life outlined
She had caught him, not he her;
Life does not follow amenities.

-James C. Walker