



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,  
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

---

Volume 9  
Number 1

Article 3

---

4-15-1982

## Balin Hunting

Robert Boenig

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore>

---

### Recommended Citation

Boenig, Robert (1982) "Balin Hunting," *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature*: Vol. 9 : No. 1 , Article 3.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore/vol9/iss1/3>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:  
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>

SWOSU<sup>TM</sup>

---

## Online Winter Seminar

February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)

<https://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/ows-2022.htm>

---

## Online Winter Seminar



### Online Winter Seminar

The Inklings and Horror: Fantasy's Dark Corners

February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)

Via Zoom and Discord

## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

## *Balin Hunting*

With squinteyes and forced breath  
he hefts twin swords  
and lowers a look towards nothing.

Nothing speaks:  
"Fool: any man wishing  
the divinity of abstraction  
blasphemes. Wrath you are not;  
Balin you remain."

Stars cloud. He closes  
one eye, drops one  
sword, empties both  
lungs, fills them, speaks:  
"Madman, arm yourself."

But Garlon is gone.  
And from the black hole within,  
twin to the empty valley  
echoing feet,  
a thought takes shape:

Somewhere there is a land to lay waste,  
a king to maim.

Robert Boenig