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## *Yet to be Revealed*

Katherine Dubke

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August 5-6, 2023: Fantasy Goes to Hell: Depictions of Hell in Modern Fantasy Texts

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### *Yet to be Revealed*

#### **Abstract**

Rest beside this mound of stones As sun descends from clouded throne.

#### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Katherine Dubke

“The boy. Where did they take him?”

“To Malkin, I suppose,” Lithe sobbed.

“No, I mean where was he standing when they took him? Where was he when he saved you?”

“There,” she said, pointing, “right there next to where you’re standing.”

The Sprite looked down. The ground was still wavering like the surface of a windblown lake. Rather than stoop, the creature remained standing and sank into the earth until her arms were able to reach the grass. With one motion she yanked a handful of turf and held it tightly in her hand. Then she slowly began to sink even farther down, chanting as she went.

*Deep devotion, ancient wine,  
Is there Magic Deep as thine?  
None can match, oh wondrous thought,  
Salvation sacrifice has bought.*

# A Poem by Katherine Dubke

## Yet to be Revealed

*After J. R. R. Tolkien*

Rest beside this mound of stones  
As sun descends from clouded throne.  
See his silken threads of gold,  
Diffuse the light he ever holds;  
Royal robes worn by his grace  
Adorned by train of rose and lace.  
Sky attends the sun’s advance  
Until he sets from the expanse.  
Speak, while clouds are grey and still  
and as we linger on this hill.  
What is it from life you seek?  
The glory of the sun is weak  
Compared to what I see in you:

A fire of prismatic hue

Smolders in your steady eyes;  
Unlike the sun, it never dies.

Reveal to me your solemn vows.  
The stones and I bear witness now.