



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

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

Volume 14
Number 2

Article 15

Winter 12-15-1987

The Lion Behind The Wardrobe

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Recommended Citation

Cochran, Dixie (1987) "The Lion Behind The Wardrobe," *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature*: Vol. 14 : No. 2 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore/vol14/iss2/15>

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The Lion Behind The Wardrobe

A door opening into dreamtime; grey heather and afternoon tea giving way to
black trees, solid in the flickering firelight, their dryads slipping
silent into the bonfire circle: Kings and queens,
survivors of too many life-and-death battles, gaily laughing
as they toast their health;

Star-watching centaurs, with eyes focused on the millenia;
Beavers and badgers; Talking Mice who'll challenge anyone, whether he be
giant or lion or marshwiggie;

Fauns, eager to be up and trampling down the grass of the Dancing Lawn;
And sullen dwarves who would shut their eyes to Aslan if he came
to see them personally, but believe quite earnestly
in the leg of roast at hand.

A place where grain-speckled gold brushes against a setting sunblue sea
welcoming the lion-cloaked sailors home, home to feast at Cair Paravel
celebrating their safe return: From the East, where the stars go to slumber;
From Calormene, a desert land, where freedom's bought
at the cost of iced sherbert;

And from Terebinthia, and all the other countries the red lion flies over
in rustling, commanding dignity.

And the door swings open again: One last look at nighttime and Narnia,
stars shining over the tower of Miraz's castle, lords and ladies all
patiently treading the great dance
until Aslan comes to banish the age.

Dixie Cochran

