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Dwellers in the Land of Dreams

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Dwellers in the Land of Dreams

Dwellers in the land of dreams
Go drifting by on silver streams
Or riding by on mighty steeds,
The doers of the valiant deeds.
They split the skies on Falcon's wings,
They're carried by in chairs like kings,
Or, bearing lanterns through the night
Go chanting to a secret rite.
They gallop, race, they amble past.
It matters not, for at the last
When they in panoply of bright,
Full-colored, otherworldly light
Wend on their way; when they are gone
And dreams are vanished in the dawn,
'Tis we who smile and turn away.
We are the faithless ones, not they.
Impervious, immutable,
Implacable and beautiful,
They live within their storied rhyme,
Untarnished and untouched by time.
But we are born, we live, we die -
The faintest breath, a wistful sigh,
A little joy, a little pain
And we are gone. But they remain,
Oh, Frodo will live on - he must,
Long after you and I are dust.

- Marthe Benedict

