

Summer 7-15-1984

## *Dwellers in the Land of Dreams*

Marthe Benedict

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*Dwellers in the Land of Dreams*

# 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

