



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

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

Volume 11
Number 1

Article 27

Summer 7-15-1984

Dwellers in the Land of Dreams

Marthe Benedict

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



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Benedict, Marthe (1984) "Dwellers in the Land of Dreams," *Mythlore: A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature*: Vol. 11: No. 1, Article 27.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythlore/vol11/iss1/27>

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.

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

SWOSUTM

Online Summer Seminar 2023

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

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2023.htm>



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

