



In the Hall of Fire

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Prince of Unobserved Royalty

From a forest now under shadow,
that once was fair and good,
steps Legolas Greenleaf,
Prince of a land now called Mirkwood
Known throughout his kingdom,
as King Thranduil's son,
He leaves behind his title,
for the journey he's just begun,
Sent by his father as a messenger,
to the stately Imladris - Rivendell,
one of the last Elven bastions,
and home of Elrond Peredhel,
After his part in the Council of the Ring,
he joins The Walkers of the Company,
Only nine on a mission to destroy the One,
and set Middle-earth free from a Dark Tyranny,
The Prince, not boasting his lineage,
proves himself with his keen eyes,
sharp ears and precise aim over distance,
when crebain or orcs or Nazgul he spires,
Once introduced to Lady Galadriel,
in the golden haven of Lothlorien,
he keeps his royal birth silent,
he is introduced merely as Northern kin,
But he is granted a great longbow,
a gift from that ethereal Lady of Light,
with which he slays scores of orcs,
and shoots down a Nazgul in the night,
With great skill and endurance,
he hunts down his orc-stolen friends
running many long leagues without rest,
until, in good fortune, his tracking ends,
He goes to the Halls of two Kings,
yet he keeps silent of his noble birth,
Through his deeds, valor, and might,

he chooses to show his true worth,
At Helm's Deep and Minas Tirith he fights,
and his score of kills is just a game,
between him and his best friend who both know,
that the truth lies behind rank and name,
He meets a Prince who has some Elven blood,
yet still presents himself only as Legolas,
in a world where ancestors and name define one,
he discreetly lets the honors due him pass,
He rides off to the hopeless Final Battle,
for his cause he is bravely ready to die,
But the Ring is destroyed and so the Enemy too,
Eagles rescue all the heroes from the ruin of the Eye,
An age ends and the Fellowship receives honors,
The Bearers are most lauded for the end of the Ring,
All is well in the lands of Gondor and Arnor,
as Aragorn is wed and crowned their king,
Legolas returns to his newly freed home -
once again called Greenwood the Great,
rejoicing not in his title or remarkable deeds,
rather that he helped change his homeland's fate.

Sarah Deckard

For Beren

Night is the same. . .
Stars pick where and when to shine
Horror stalks the dreams of the cursed
Lovers love, and those who can sleep do
Night is the same. . .
But Finrod suffers in Tol-in-Gaurhoth
Day is the same. . .
War sings appreciative odes to hatred
Laborers labor, and those who can laugh do
Day is the same. . .
But Finrod fights in Tol-in-Gaurhoth
Dream is the same. . .
With bloodied hands hope hangs on
Clinging to the jagged edges of broken hearts
Wish still staggers out on clear nights
Need makes its usual faith-filled appearance
Dream is the same. . .
But Felagund dies in Tol-in-Gaurhoth
Nothing is the same. . . Nothing is the same.

S. Liberty-Rose Tepes

The Lure of the Road

The Hobbit
knew
that once he
opened his door
and set out
on the road
things would change
A stable, prosperous
sort
he had no need
for adventure
Yet adventure found
him
Yes, adventure found its way
to Bag End
in the form of a wizard and thirteen
dwarves
Bilbo was chosen
and despite his love
for a calm, ordered existence
he ventured forth into
the Wild
The Road
led him to places he
had heard of only in hushed whispers
Once you step out onto the Road
there's no telling
what will happen
Terrors and beauties await!
So be forewarned!
The world outside
your door
awaits your step
Cast off your fears!
Adventure beckons

Matthew Anish