

Galadriel, A Horned Man

A horned man, a blazing helmet
With a cooper and brassy shine
In reflections of rays in the moonlight
He danced faster and faster
Blaze of Embelishments and arms
Pride and Solitude - grief and Delight

Crying dark is all what's left
In an astray silver light
His cloak waved around
wings, as he was a Raven
... the horned man ...

And then a scream came out
A cry unbounded, a cry so wild
Like a calling of a Bird
But different - too long and Deep
He ran the forest in Night
Through ancient crowns of trees

And the forest has been filled
With his laughs and Dance

He jumped into wooden sky
Through leaves - through their green tenderness
He whirled in twilight
Filled his palms with the clay