

# Summoning, Kortirion Among The Trees

For passing where the days, my friend  
and doomed the nights,  
when flitting ghostmoths danced  
round tapers in the moveless air

And doomed already were,  
the radiant dawns,  
the odour and the noise of meads  
and all about is night

One moment now may give us more  
than fifty years of reason,  
our minds shall drink of every pore  
the spirit of the season

To her fair works did nature link  
the human souls that through me ran  
and much it grieved my heart to think  
what I can make of man

You look around on Middle-Earth  
as if she for no purpose bore you,  
as if you were her first-born birth,  
and none had lived before you

I sit upon this old grey stone,  
and dream my time away