

Summoning, Like Some Snow-White Marble Eyes

How countless they congregate
O'er our tumultuous snow
Which flows in shapes as tall as trees
When wintry winds do blow

Upon this star I fixed my eyes
All over the wide wide land
My horse moved on, hoof after hoof
He raised and never stopped again
(When down behind the cottage roof
At once the planet dropped)

As if with keenness for our new fate
Our faltering few steps on
To white rest, and a place of rest
(Invisible at dawn)

And yet with neither love nor hate
Those stars like some snow-white
Morgoth snow-white marble eyes
(Without the gift of sight)