

Summoning

"HITE MARBLE EYES"

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How countless they congregate
O'er our tumultuous snow
Which flows in shapes as tall as trees
When wintry winds do blow
As if with keenness for our 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
Upon this star I fixed my eye
All over the wide land
My horse moved on, hoof after hoof
He raised and never stopped
When down behind the cottage roof
At once the planet dropped

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