

Land of the Dead

Summoning

Where forest stream went through the wood
And silent all the stens there stood
Of tall trees, moveless, hanging dark
With mottled shadows on on their bark

As faint as deepest sleeper's breath
An echo came as cold as death
Long are the paths, of shadow made
Where no foot's print is ever laid

No moon is there, no voice, no sound
Of beating heart; a sigh profound

Once in each age as each age dies
Alone is heard. Far, far it lies,

The Land of Waiting where the Dead sit,
In their thought's shadow, by no moon lit

Upon the plain, there rushed forth and high
Shadows at the dead of night and mirrored in the skies

Far far away beyond might of day
And there lay the land of dead of mortal cold decay