

A Wonderful World

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Map by JWR Emmett

*Hearken to whispers and clues; seek
lost places; uncover old memories.*

The Poems of Arressa

Being the first part of

A Wonderful World



Innocent waters
wash on the shores of the earth
touching virgin sand

Cool misty forest
elegant trees and wet grass
heart's sanctuary

Long may I venture
in the hills of unending
nighttime mystery

Autumn haunts the trees
whereas some remain a green
among the dying

A golden forest
adorns the rocky hillside
by a dark streamlet

The ruby isle
looks upon white shores afar
a land before time

The clouds descend to
the scarlet forest of the
endless hill country

Giant steps gently
over hills and homes of men
quietly questing

Primeval water
reflects the emerald hues
of majestic peaks

The stalking thunder
roams the forgotten country
feasting on the weak

Fog turns the mountains
light blue and veils their forests
in a white shadow

The creek at sunset
winds and wanders among hills
of enchanted hue

Graceful desert hills
before the rusty mountains
are a dry hot sea

Peaceful glen at dawn
a little snow on the hill
by the silver lake

Upon the mountain
I'm wandering the winding
and bent path: straight home

A perilous spell
said unwell may change me to
a frog or a bell

The fortress ahead
haunts the storm like a specter
of malice at night

As living mountains
or the walking hills are worms
gurgling and guggling

Ruins by the sea
in a grey wasted landscape
dragon's misty hearth

The fae who are fair
are remembered forever
yet rarely men see

A dead hill rests in
a solitude of empty
barren dry landscape

A purple mist is
approaching the hills and trees
so we may be lost

The sands continue
to fill the empty footprints
no steps will remain

In a lonely place
a stream preceding dunes has
curious wavelets

In the hazy fog
bitter cold in the dark wood
a river is heard

Elven song heard far
and wide beneath the lit sky
ennobles the soul

The Dwarven jewel
from mud to silver set on
a hand of esteem

They hunt the many
on the solitary plains
in the dawn of time

Insurmountable
is this desert before us
except to the wind

Here mountains cusp
and descend from snowy peaks
in slopes of rich grass

An unknown meadow
bordered by the mountain pines
waits discovery

The forest of elves
conceals the cold rivers like
whispering secrets

The pegasi glide
in the storm over the sea
as lightning crashes

Orange and purple
are the mountains around the
many colored lake

The innocent field
is a place for a joyous
long contemplation

A dignified peak
has the character of a
strict authority

Dunes in the forest
reflect the sun and catch the
shadows of the trees

Fair meadows in spring
without a single shadow
unseen save by one

Of emerald leaves
the forest has a treasure
claimed by the fair elves

By the rocky creek
shallow and mossy at the
craggy steep hillside

In the valley cleft
one may see the haunted shades
in gathering dusk

Pristine lake reflects
the pines gathered around its
tranquil pool of clouds

On one side golden
on the other emerald
a full river flows

Beyond the mountains
resides the heir of the first
king of the world

A full river runs
before the secluded wood
under purple sky

Water descends from
the silver mountains into
the lush elf valley

A sheer silver cliff
guards the elven glade in their
time of enjoyment

The lake is still and
totally silent are the
hills of earthy hue

The elven wisdom
is a whisper of the heart
from time far away

The fading sky is
softly caressing the hill
before the darkness

Lone by the river
of solitary forest
I hear singing near

Near the hill tower
resides the last king of the
forgotten lost realm

From a hill tower
the goblins creep to the path
she walks in the night

The gilded leaves fall
from mighty charcoal branches
like dying embers

The desert is clean
and pure and the past is kind
for it is over

In the mountain hides
the singing mines and tinkling
caverns lit by cheer

Between the mountains
travel the journeying clouds
darkening the land

Low flowing river
in the frosty winter dawn
disappears ahead

Hearken to the flow
of the cool autumn river
in the breezy heat

A bloody scroll reads
of battle soon to end and
men about to die

Icy sorcery
will wreck the unwary ship
upon the black rock

The snow descending
drapes the weary and cold world
in a purity

Wizards may travel
all the roads unnatural
in the pale moonlight

Lone in a high place
the soft morning light reveals
a hidden valley

Within the shale hills
is a valley hidden to
the questing of men

Rays of golden light
illuminate the enchanted mist
gracing the fresh hills

By dripping candle
a parchment writ in silver
a sorcerer reads

Hills of every
hue roam a country of grass
scarce of any tree

High in the pine hills
a glistening sacred lake
the porch of heaven

Colored like gemstone
are the mysteriously
hued hills of fairy

Let us dive naked
into the waters untouched
by any mortal

Dunes touch the forest
they issue from the mountain
near the sea arrive

Recall the isle
of the undisturbed sleep of
angels under stars

Red leaves rest on the
mossy boulder in the slow
flowing rivulet

A secret valley
blooms all year for the few of
private privilege

At the lonely vale
a crisp wind carries the scent
of approaching rain

At last light is a
distance covered as in gold
bordered by the pines

Tiny waterfall
pouring from the lit woodland
into fairy pool

A cold lake ahead
may soothe us as we are tired
and weary of feet

A rickety bridge
in the mountains of yellow
sways under our feet

The dry river vale
is a place between places
a rift of mountains

Glimpses of Arressa

Being the second part of
A Wonderful World



Behold mountains of
mist and shade and evergreen
in the gentle rain

Among charcoal trees
are dying leaves lingering
in the wind and rain

The cliff ascends to
the clouds near the short trees in
its looming shadow

A loch reflects the
trees in wind by the sloping
hill in elf kingdom

She hikes in frosty
thicket of crunchy leaves in
a gentle rainfall

The mirror lake is
touched by occasional leaf
in frosty autumn

Stars above desert
and the gilded clouds between
a memory dear

Castle upon high
casts its gaze across the hills
difficult to climb

Bathing in elven
water she feels the wind from
a sapphire sky

A ray of light in
the forsaken lands lumines
the haunted castle

And its steps beckon
like a kindly welcoming
into the darkness

The river parts the
distance between the forests
flowing beyond sight

The glacier pours from
the sky in wondrous flows of
primeval waters

Refreshing lake in
the craggy hills at coming
of an evening rain

Between the pines see
a forest of mystery
and perhaps danger

In barren brown land
the promontory rises
to exalted heights

Brooding cloudy sky
over sheer drop on lower
autumnal country

How at peace is the
shady grove this quiet hour
before the world wakes

Sun through the mist shines
upon the morning hills near
the unseen mountains

Of one shady hue
the still lake by pine mountains
quiet in morning

The pale mystery
in the dark heavens is a
curiosity

A ray of rainbow
rises from a bare meadow
as I journey home

The field stretches long
before the woods in grass of
brightness and shadow

A solitude of
a clear horizon of grass
by the lonely tree

The angels visit
lighting up the woods with their
divine radiance

Valley of hues of
dark evergreen and shadow
under rolling clouds

A field ready for
planting by the short apple
trees in a neat row

Glittering jewels
inspire labor in darkness
beauty from the dust

There upon the cliff
is a solitary tree
by the misty drop

Trees sway in wind as
reflected in the loch by
golden elven gates

Forest in shadow
guards the lonely peak as we
travel near in haste

Fire in the sky shines
upon the frosty forest
by smooth dark river

Crystal clear lake at
the wintery hillside is
a place of delight

A split rock watches
the clouds pass the snowy peaks
by the deep valley

Ruins of the lost
city blend into the hills
dusty and barren

Abundant water
flows from the mountains into
a tranquil clear pool

Silver lake and a
silver mountain of water
falling from heaven

A ray of light on
the falling water glows as
though a melted gold

Sorcery in the
sky of stars enchants the high
mountain from above

Find me among the
rugged grassland of short pines
in the stormy dell

Bountiful hills of
flourishing green lay under
purple majesty

A tree grasps the sun
between its branches reaching
from the misty field

Wispy clouds hover
above the glowing mountain
by slick shiny lake

Illumined forest
misty sunlight on the path
through the enchantment

The steamy swamp has
broken branches dipping in
its musty water

Cold bright hills descend
from the snow in a rich grass
by a flower field

Bluest lake as could
ever be found in the heights
icy and cloudy

Clouds gather at the
elven mansion on the bright
hill at forest edge

A shower falls from
silvery clouds upon the
yonder countryside

Warm light shines through clouds
gilding the cliff and melting
the frosty pine trees

A fiery sunset
above the calm clearing of
the trees in shadow

Dying alone is
the tree by forgotten wall
in the dry country

In the welcome light
of the elven forest is
a honey lit stream

Sunny mist in the
hidden wood as shadow casts
on the ochre hill

Auburn clouds in sky
hang above the bare trees and
wet grass far below

In the frosty wood
the lonely pinnacle is
gilded among clouds

Let's listen to the
melted water flowing from
peaks beyond the woods

The gilded leaves are
gathered among the birches
of thin ivory

The pink flowers near
the snowy mountains remind
the wizard of home

A precipice of
ivory in the misty
winter glade of elves

Sight from above the
mountains reveals horizon
of mountains beyond

After the grey wall
of mountains are the roaming
dragons of the waste

Fall season by the
yonder wintery peaks of
icy countenance

We rest in the field
by shadowy forest at
silvery sunset

You'll find the bluest
lake as could possibly be
in hills hereabout

Crowded forest of
trees yearning for water as
the storm approaches

Impressive forest
evergreen in cold mountains
swift icy river

Near the sky there is
an untouchable pool of
a pristine water

A fallen tree rests
among the white spires of the
birches rising high

A tiny valley
with a path to the sea of
tranquil horizon

The sloping hillside
misty in the morning light
solitary trees

The forest is red
and every other color
under sunset sky

The manor resides
among carefully tended
fields of endless green

The silken green hills
like emerald carpet of
rolling majesty

Trees in silhouette
stand before a cloud hiding
a mountain behind

Approaching the white
mountain through the woods of the
fields of yellow gold

Very orange trees
in the last light of stormy
weather in the woods

Youthful colors of
the hills near this mountain by
primeval water

The hidden canyon
is lit by glowing color
home of the divine

The beasts graze near the
sloping earthy hill of dust
towering above

The angels may see
a mountain crowned in clouds and
draped in icy white

A Walk in Arressa

Being the third part of

A Wonderful World



Winding Merilmar
traces to the sea from the
snowy mountain's peak

On shores of Valjeel
a babe arrives into the
land of Arressa

Fiery sky of
grandeur over the river
of cool quickening

Isle Iskanur
is a sharp icy tooth of
the dark mouth of Nur

The mountain Tenkot
shares its shade upon the plains
near river Ulan

In forest Vanesk
the leaves are brighter than the
forest of Vema

Hills in endless dark
layers stretch unto the lit
sky of fiery light

The fen at forest
near the icy mountains is
still and reflective

Behind the cloud the
rays of light pierce the darkness
as the sun wearies

Welcome to Lehi
where in the shady forest
the river whispers

A sapphire lake in
cloudy and snowy mountains
must be very cold

Algae covered rocks
may be slipped upon as we
hike to the forest

The tower of Teer
is the last outpost of elves
or any peoples

In the highlands the
warriors meet to fulfill
plans by drumming beat

The Kesyngeem is
a mighty flow from the far
green land of Dahre

Feentas river flows
from bubbling springs in the Bald
Mountains of the West

Drink of Gelmen and
remember the elves kindly
in your after days

On the Tyynn is the
swift current of enchanted
elven wonderment

In the dark elm woods
they watch from the shadows of
no evil intent

Pure is the winter
in the dark forest as the
river wanders through

Minohros Caves
echo of elven laughter
through the centuries

The temple of birch
of golden roof and soft floor
of grass and blossom

River Nekormarn
passes the mountain ruins
to begin its way

Lehtosiennan

a river no one knows for
elves guard its secret

In the Ives forest
she seeks a pegasus to
tame for a journey

Lake by moonlight is
touched by grace and silvery
illumination

Streak of gold in the
dark and misty hills as the
darkness shrouds the day

In the Mallun woods
we may discover any
remaining solace

Gardens of Arhin
in city of waterfalls
rose of Arressa

The Kihtel tower
inhabited by goblins
tainting the river

Murray by the sea
in rainy and in snowy
weather enduring

Among the aspen
she dances in the open
in the winter wind

Dwarven Uukar of
the cavernous Grenoble
Mountains deeply delved

Autumnal river
by the misty hill of the
mysterious woods

Taisa of the sea
all know you hold the keys to
the land Arressa

The tall mount of Vool
a summit of sorcery
spying from afar

The mighty Oaknook
empty in the night yet for
fair maiden fleeing

October in the
woods smells of dead leaves and wet
grass in setting sun

A blue twilight on
the icy river of the
shadowy thicket

Holladay city
by the endless Eellee of
the sylvan Vedyir

Lost Avalahrel
was a realm of the Queen named
Lady Bethariel

Rivulet whispers
between the rocky hills of
pines and fallen stones

Inongilmes may not
be drank lest a spell befall
the unwary fool

In the midlands of
Arressa is the elven
palace of Logan

Gold Kasalihros

many paths may lead to thee

city of virtue

Ships blow across the
misty water as the birds
ascend in sunset

A wizened king sits
in a hall of high windows
in castle Teentyl

A rusty forest
by the creek under sky of
clouds swiftly passing

Representing all
colors the forest reflects
in beautiful lake

A figure on the
hill stands before a cliff sheer
and dark and snowy

From the Grenoble
Mountains flows the Hesilmeen
ending at sea frost

Fair meadows await
her pegasus journey to
the holy isle

Quiet in the marsh
nothing in stillness creeps yet
hungry flies may meet

The Ikerlon has
gem dust in its swift current
sparkling in the sun

The young Mikeer hills
roll distantly into the
morning's sunny mist

Sweet Onelana
where one may find the caves
of Ken and its art

Auburn cloud hovers
above rugged mountains as
the river descends

On mount Ralas the
scaly winged creatures watch the
Kolmarval landscape

The ancient birch woods
where the maiden whose name was
Lusensa was lost

Misty gold mirror
is the lake under naked
frosty trees gazing

The rushing water
before the falls has cut through
the layers of rock

Snow on the blossoms
a chilly beauty of soft
delicate touch

Isle of Angels
is a cloud in the sea called
Isle Lirangiel

She walks by the dead
trying to be quiet lest
they may somehow wake

A sacred pool of
rich blue water by flowers
of similar hue

In wild mountains is
and resides darkness no one
dares to trespass

River Ruul wanders
from the Copper hills toward
the rusty beaches

September forest
so alive and bountiful
under the scarce clouds

A bench under the
golden roof of leaves invites
to rest the weary

So many stars shine
like sparkling sand in the sky
of endless darkness

The frozen forest
hangs in draping branches as
though weary of cold

Journey to Provo
a long road of adventure
to a far off place

In the land of Mu
the dragon's step is thunder
in starry darkness

The city of Tut
is home of the setting sun
and the foggy coast

Yonder the forest
of Talmuikon guards the edge
of the wild wasteland

The coastline Marnee
stretches for hundreds of miles
of the rising sun

Arvos protects the
plains of the Sokson kingdom
in the dawn of time

Neehree has conjured
storms to trouble the fair and
innocent country

So red are these trees
like the blood of nature by
the still silent lake

The rumor is that
the hidden vale Olmaren was
once home of angels

Vema is her name
a spirit of the elven
emerald forest

