

Return to Arressa

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Map by JWR Emmett

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

Arressa

Poem

Apart,
A slave's heart,
In the morning light,
Laboring long,
Sung a song,
In the land Arressa.

Yet master old—
A wizard cold—
Saw in steamy light
As he knew
The boy's days are few
In the land Arressa.

So, when his worth
Was gone henceforth,
A light struck—
"Since," his master said,
"Your service is spent—
Say farewell to Arressa."

"Beyond the mist
Of the hills
And the Sea of Light,
I will come back,"
The boy replied—
"To Arressa!"

Lirangiel

Poem

In the beginning,
Was the isle of the angels,
A place of dreams we may not guess
Named Lirangiel;
And these angels held the intention
To transmit their will.

I was young and the world was
young,

Near the isle of the angels,

Their will was more than good—

To us—

With a will the angels of heaven

Alone could have.

And this was the reason, then,
Near the isle of the angels,
A wind blew from there, cooling
Of the angels.
So that Arressa came to be
A place apart
To enjoy in health
Near the isle of the angels.

The angels, restless in heaven,

Came to desire Lirangiel—

Indeed—that was the reason (as men
knew,

Near the isle of the angels)

The wind blew from there,

A healing Grace.

Our life was more potent than the life
Of those who came after—
Of many less naive than we—
And not the jealous in heaven
Nor the evils under
Can sunder us from the will
Of the angels of Lirangiel;

For as the sky fades, it brings the
blessing

Of the angels;

And as the horizon dims, we feel the
watch

Of the angels;

And so, all this time, men lay near the
isle

Of the blessed angels—so blessed,

In their rest—

On their cloud in the sea.

Poems

The sun blazes bright
in the winter lake witnessed
by the skinny pines

He sails beyond the
land of his birth toward an
endless horizon

On the silver roof
of Logan's palace: the stars
of Spring reflecting

A stony walkway
through the fiery foliage of fall
by the shiny pool

Soft rays of light shine
upon the subtle country
blending with heaven

Thin aspen crowned in
gilded foliage among
shady evergreens

In the meadow by
shrouded dark forest I hear
a disturbance near

A flawless woodland
by a brook and soft hill yet
light beyond beckons

Her white Pegasus
washes in the waterfall
in Lusensa's wood

Shady fields of soft
grasses and dark forest by
sculpted heights in sun

A maiden sings of
the sacred beach of crystal
waves by forest hills

The pegasus runs
upon the sea toward the
dreamy horizon

Beyond the white bridge
is autumn in the light and
path continuing

Elegant frosty
pines of snow and aspen's gold
by silver waters

Snowy ochre heights
among the delicate clouds
cool to my relief

In autumnal hills
the elven mansion slumbers
by a misty lake

Mist descends from the
higher trees toward this calm
and silvery pool

Rivulet whispers
upon the roots of trees and
through the fallen leaves

She lingers in her
ancestral realm in ruin called
fair Avalahrel

Solitary Vool

waits for a storm in the mist

in winter's silence

Pure blue waters near
the elven forest of the
tall grey pinnacles

Lovely mist rises
from the Grenoble Mountains
in forest Vanesk

A sanctuary
of birch and gardens of the
grassy path in light

Climbing the stately
steps in the darkness I see
by strike of lightning

Gentle rolling hills
green grasses tinged with yellow
under wispy cloud

In the early mist
the trees disappear whereas
we hear the elves laugh

Aspens are the last
trees of leaves in the mountain's
lonely surroundings

Canopy of a
fiery foliage as she
arrives through the mist

Perfect lake reflects
the cloudy sky above the
green and white mountains

Rushing waterfalls
escape under the bridge as
they cascade through woods

A light is on this
path in the peaceful forest
surely we'll arrive

The summer hills glow
by the Grenoble heights of
soaring majesty

Grasses of the hills
of Mikeer shine with silken
emerald luster

Cooling winds brush the
mountain lake as it reflects
a graceful sunrise

Smell the mist among
pines of shadow and coolness
here on this mountain

October manor
where resides the noble blood
guarding the elf land

Aqua waters flow
silently by violet
fairy blessed leaves

She stands on rocks by
a lake in Dahreland of
the untamed country

Glassy river through
the rough forest at the edge
of the wild country

Take the winding path
on mountain's top through the pines
and return refreshed

Forest of the mist
wherein the elves are hiding
by grey mountainside

Ochre October
woodland in the wet hills and
moon of twilit sky

Dewy dead grass by
withered trees in the morning
by the highland lake

She leads barefoot the
pegasus across lonely
shallow grey waters

My heart is kindled
by lit leaves among rusty
leaves and wetted leaves

Nestled in the glade
in the forest primeval
mostly dark at dawn

In the enchanted
hills of elven influence
resides a manor

She travels along
the gold coast of the burning
light by pegasus

Burning lava steams
as it meets the sea in the
smoky setting sun

Ascending the stair
I smell the gardens of the
peerless elven race

There stands the Darkness
in the form of a man—he
on the summit is

Wild Talmuikon
though you escape its spell yet
peril waits beyond

Foggy shrouded hill
journeying in the highlands
by icy streamlet

A circle of elves
chants and sings in the mountains
secluded in Ron

A winter land with
leaves of gold in between the
stark white evergreens

Isolated in
the autumn garden I walk
in healing silence

Heaven remembers
the rolling green hills graced with
its glorious light

Angels of Lirangiel

Names

Taral, Noro, Aclacion, Veblico, Ibra,
Ectino, Viopro, Yemablo, Yuiner,
Soreblo, Tiquo, Sija, Gliora, Tenilo,
Ayo, Ameda, Zara, Ezeso, Ancuca,
Iora, Nedicla, Riaglo, Pinya, Cresovo,
Vanefra, Anencia, Megra, Nioc,
Meupra, Drebijo, Fraraca, Giebro,
Sliaro, Diframir, Metura, Ziama,
Ancieca, Avacion, Ostiono, Oslubra,
Taflogo, Lerago, Zoislo, Detrico

