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Kände för att skriva något på engelska, och att hylla lite favoritförfattare...

Worlds of Fantasy

My journeys, like many others', often start
by the green hills of Hobbiton
with its round doors and pleasant sights.
But now I immerse myself in worlds and words
that lie far beyond the fields of Pelennor
and the dank dungeons of Mordor.
Now I journey to the plains of New England,
and behold the university wherein
lieth the Book of the Dead
written long ago by shepherd's son.
I see the streets of Arkham,
behold the horrors of Innsmouth
and the dreaded thing in Dunwich.
Other worlds swirl before my eyes,
I dream and enter the realms
of the ineffable Sandman:
I behold a ring of white gold
and he who wields it.
In another world a black cauldron boils,
spewing forth undead warriors -
yet I do not fear them;
in yet another a goblet of fire
is burning and deciding several fates.
I travel on beyond the river Skai,
not in search of Kadath in the cold waste,
but to other lands of phantasmagoric properties
where the Drummer still beats upon his drum
and to some the worlds and suns are echoes
of those beats. All of Pegāna remains silent
save for the drumming of Skarl.
Here and everywhere I find the fantasies
to sustain the soul; creations beyond this world
written in a book that never ends.

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Författaren Hellberg med Poeter.se id #12652 innehar upphovsrätten