

Lady of Goldenwood

Dragonland

["The eldest sages of our kin say that the seeds of Val'inthor were stars that came to fall even before the birth of the sun. For one who has gazed upon the majesty of the Elder Tree, who have heard the playful laughter of our kin sounding through the open sylvan glades or seen the ivory robes that my daughter bears within these lands, such myth may readily seem as truth. For although Duviel, my beloved daughter joyfully wore the studded leather garments of elven scouts she was the queen of our kind"]Midwood in autumn moon

Dawning upon silver dew
shimmering like fireflies
and golden leaves from up high
striding up to meThe lady of goldenwood
in shrouds of pearls and palest white
though she bears the mark of the wilds

She is the queen of her kind["Among the highest branches, above the temple alcoves my youngest daughter, the elven princess Sariel, often sat and sang hymns and ballads of olden lore and was little concerned with the heavy burden bestowed upon her family. Her favourite song was that of the magical ivory flutes of Niaranden, the Naiden children - the elfkind"]Sung by flutes of ivory

notes soar round the elder tree
stairs ascending to far up high
where golden leaves kiss the skyThe lady of goldenwood
in shrouds of pearls and palest white
though she bears the mark of the wilds

She is the queen of her kindFor the longest time we expected you Ilamrion, "Islander".

Your story planted with the very seeds of Val'inthor
On our journey I answered you with only silence,
For the ever present shadow scoured the valleys and moors
Asking your name.Man will rise as one under the First-born's law,
unholy war brings to demise to elf and dwarf
Second-born from the shores beyond,
in his sacrifice a prophecy is undoneWhen night retrests,
Thousands have fallen on ivory ground
Dragon Son,
there can be only oneThe lady of goldenwood
with words of death and palest gloom
And now as I leave her behind,
She remains in my mind

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