

Of
Eowyn and Aragorn,


Of
Denethelm,

and
of

Eowyn and Faramir.

Nertanel of the Noldor
Valerie Sutton

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In Theoden's Hall
Eowyn by name
Proud and high-hearted,
Honoured by all,

Stood his Sister daughter,
fair of face,
a noble lady,
but her heart yet Cold.



She looked full of Aragon grim in his purpose,
Stem faced and brooding his thought reaching ahead.
Tall heir of Kings, of great Stature and Courage,
Felt the power within him though yet it was Cloaked.

Her heart Swelled within her, in Wonder She felt it,
She yearned to be woken in his legend and life.
Offering him wine, with her eyes shining,
Showed all in her heart though in Silence she stood.

Such gifts she had to tempt a lover,
Her beauty and bearing her loyalty and strength
In wit and in wisdom by no woman rivalled.
All these she offered him needing no words.

He looked at her smiling talking the wine Cup
Then reading her face turned troubled away.
For pity alone was all he could give her,
Lilse water for wine a meagre gift.





Long years ago before the dark Shadow,
He and another had plighted their troth.
Arwen the Elf lady, daughter of Elrond,
Her fate and his were bound up together.

Long the years parted, still they were faithful,
Hope like a bright star ever before them.
Tempered like steel was their love by the waiting,
No one could break it, not the fair Elvyn.

Through the tall gateway, riding to battle,
He turned to look backward, sensing her gaze
longely she stood there, clad all in silver,
Her strong sword before her and grief in her eyes.



The last host of Rohan passed into the Westward,
Then slowly turned Eowyn to the empty Hall.
Veiling her grief she marshalled the people,
To Dunharrow she led them in the King's Stead.

Long was the battle, fierce was the fighting,
Valiant the warriors crushed by the Darkness.
Theoden King, awakened by Gandalf,
Himself led the onslaught, gainst all denying.

To Dunharrow rode Aragorn in great need and weary,
Found Eowyn heart sick, for action she yearned.
Through the paths of the Dead she begged to go with him
But he in stern pity still turned her away.

Like cold stone she stood as he left with the morning
Nor did he look back for her grief wrenched his heart.
All hope died within her, a long time she stood there,
Then slowly she turned, stumbled blindly away.

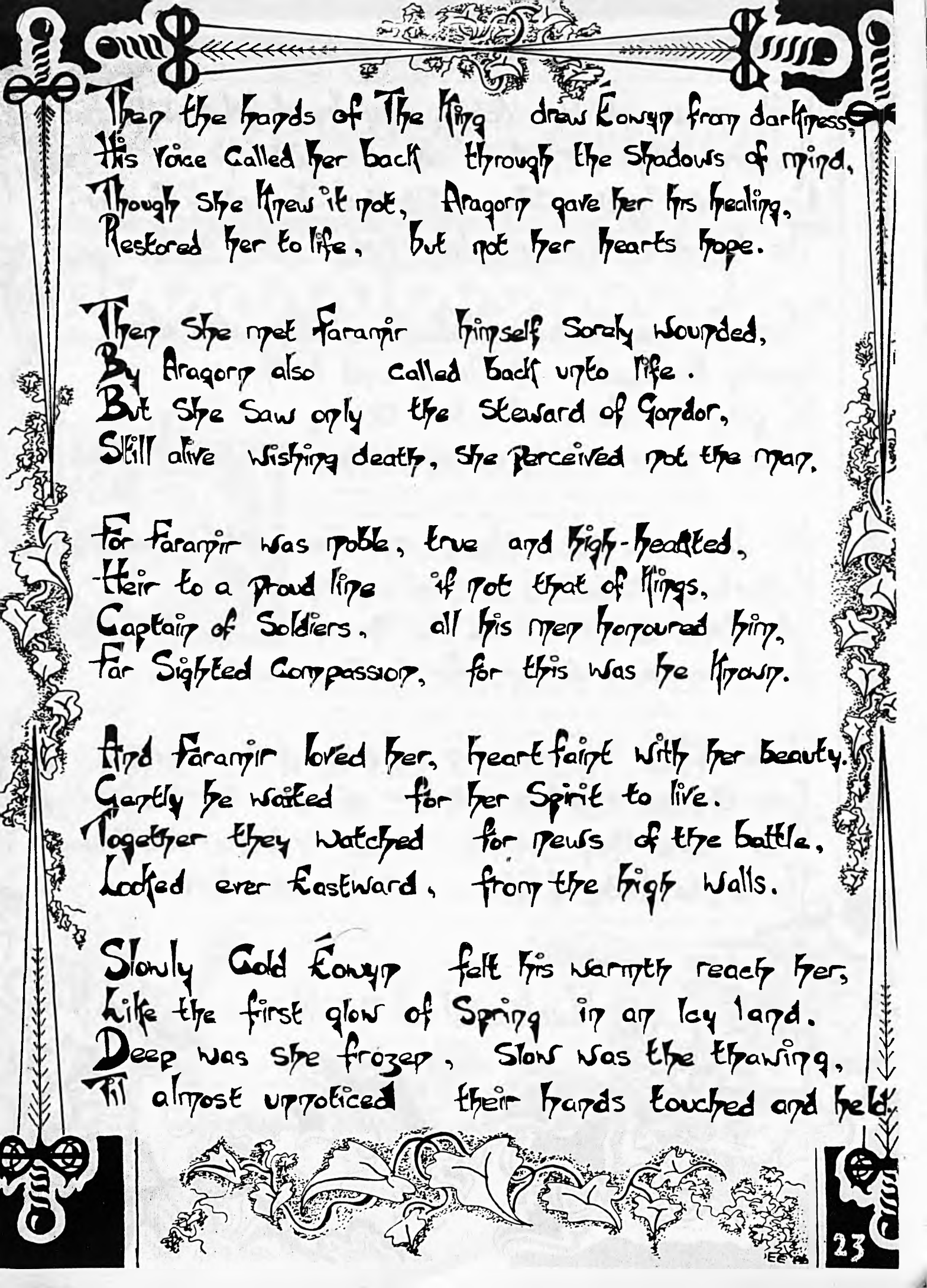
Darkly she thought of the peace found in dying.
Glory in combat all she desired.
When Theoden also purposed to leave her,
It was not to be borne or endured in this world.

Fowyn Scorped they the role of the maiden,
Waiting and Idleness not in her blood,
She put on her mail, Called herself Deryhaly,
Upbidder, unknown, She rode into war.

Dark wings of terror Swept over the battlefield,
Theoden fell, Spread abroad were his knights.
Deryhaly alone Stood before the King's body,
She Seeking death, feared not Nazgul hords.

The Captain of Nazgul no man could withstand him,
A woman it was who brought him his doom,
With help from a halfling Fowyn slew him,
But received in her turn a near mortal blow.

Her body fell senseless, her mind had its freedom,
To the Halls of Healing was she reverently borne,
And there in soul darkness she lay all unhealing,
Though anxiously tended she stayed drawn in her dream.





Then the hands of The King draw Eowyn from darkness,
His voice called her back through the shadows of mind,
Though she knew it not, Aragorn gave her his healing,
Restored her to life, but not her hearts hope.

Then she met Faramir himself sorely wounded,
By Aragorn also called back unto life.
But she saw only the steward of Gondor,
Still alive wishing death, she perceived not the man.

For Faramir was noble, true and high-headed,
Heir to a proud line if not that of Kings,
Captain of Soldiers, all his men honoured him,
For sighted compassion, for this was he known.

And Faramir loved her, heart faint with her beauty,
Gently he waited for her spirit to live.
Together they watched for news of the battle,
Looked ever eastward, from the high walls.

Slowly Gollum felt his warmth reach her,
Like the first glow of Spring in an icy land.
Deep was she frozen, slow was the thawing,
Till almost unnoticed their hands touched and held.



With news of the Victory her heart failed within her.
Fragrant Sept not, dare she yet go to him?
Or remain in the City with the Steward of Gondor?
The Shadow stole over her mind once again.

Then Faramir deemed that his waiting was over.
Gently he spoke of illusion and truth.
No pity he offered but love strong and living,
Like a warm earthly garden, spread under the Sun.

At last she saw clear, and her heart bloomed within her.
Motherless, raised by a man among men.
She had sought to be like them, and won glory in battle,
But she was a woman, for healing well made.

Doubt lifted like mist in the dawn of the morning.
Love thawed the last splinter of ice in her heart.
Thus were they married, matched in honour and lineage,
The white Lady of Rohan, and Faramir, Lord.

Nerthariel of the Noldor.

