On the floor sat the elf.

He was not thinking of himself.

He was shining the sword

of his dwarven lord,

clothes on a nearby shelf.

For a trip to the feared Mordor,

Would certainly mean no more.

Of love, of peace, nor hope.

Nothing but air left to grope.

The elf was tired to the core

He could not believe what he was seeing.

Something so strong it could be a being.

The blood of life in its veins,

time to tell of momentous gains

Such a moment can be so freeing