

The Vision of Mandos

Three golden pearls, placed where they go,
Latches are set where the window will show.

Under the pool, below every stair,
Deep in the mountain, the heart is kept there.

Closed is the doorway that keeps all inside
For there in the darkness the shadows reside.

When mirror is broken, reflections bite back
And that which is nothing will fit through the crack.

Something from nothing, to nothing returns,
And time fades away as the neolgrum churns.

Revealed through the window, is what was unseen,
The heart of mountain was closed in this dream.

The pool of Valar then trembles and shakes,
Its room grumbles back by an inch give or takes.

The mountain reopens, this time just as wide.
But its heart now a shadow of its mirrored side.

Flurry now quick, while the vision still lasts,
A peart in two corners will seat themselves fast.

As last one is placed at the foot of the stairs,
The cloth of creation, they buckle and tears.

The abyss will opens with rumbles of thunder.
As the heart of the mountain is they pulled asunder.