

Ancient Things

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This happened because I asked a friend for a challenge, and he asked me to write a Shakespearean sonnet about Tom Bombadil and the Ents. So, here's my try.

Tom and the Ents belong to the great Tolkien.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Firiël/59797/Ancient-Things>

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If ever had they come upon him there—
Within his old and rotten-hearted wood—
How hasty, fickle, heedless, bare
Of ages' wisdom they would think his mood.

And yet, at second slow and steady gaze
From tow'ring height to figure darting fleet,
Those giants grim and kind of olden days
Might find in Tom's swift heart their echo-beat.

And Tom, so bright arrayed, with twinkling eye
Would look on solemn tree-men grim and old
And laughing, wond'ring, quelling voice, espy
The faces peaceful as the earth, but bold.

If these the twain should meet, the tree and man,
In one the other'd find a place to stand.