

Bism

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Chronicles of Narnia: A poem about Prince Rilian's longing to visit Bism near the end of The Silver Chair.

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Chapter 0 - Bism

2

0 - Bism

One glimpse has burned my spirit
Like a song in the ears of my soul—
A land of fire flowing,
And bejeweled trees a-growing,
And creatures joyful calling
To the place which makes them whole. A place of beauty and mystery
Is their home as mine is hills of green
And skies of blue, and the sea on the shore
Where my castle, my father, are waiting for me.
And, oh! How my heart was torn
Between new adventure and the place I was born,
Between overland and a challenge
Which I never again shall see.
But home, it called and said
"Come up to me." I could not tarry there,
So far from Narnia's good, clean air.
Yet to this day my heart is branded
With what I once did see—
A land which lingers still
Below blue sky, green hill
Half-grasped by the fingers of my dreams.