

Canto I: Greeting to Grim

Old friend, I write thee from my resting place to which you guided me so long ago. As a thousand lifetimes have passed, I've aged not in this timeless river down which I so spiritedly sail; my body is anew and my legs carry me once again. Oh, how intoxicatingly doth the perfume of Elysian air rest in my nostrils, for the fragrance of ocean waves hath guided my soul through the white sands of evermore, far unlike any other hath my journey here endeavored. Life anew my soul in which does eternally embrace, for no longer do I yearn for that which I had not but am now ever grateful for the warming air of hope which rests gently on my shoulder here. My mind, so richly cleansed of the memories of youth doth lie in rest, and while my soul does sorrow in knowing the living years I'll ne'er repose, it forever rejoices in the hope that those whom I shared love with on earth do carry on the memory of me even after death. For this, my spirit knows peace.

Canto II: First Morn in Elysia

In the morn following the evening we did part, I stood before the sea to gaze upon the maple sunrise as it so slowly colored the crashing ocean waters, bringing forth a reminiscent light for the souls who joined me in my journey. Echoing across the sea sounded the song of birds and whispers of a breeze from the northern sky. Many wonders were I to behold as the eve came.

Canto III: The Golden Beast/The Form

Never shall words of mortals be fit to recount the divine beauty which bore from the sun on that first eve in our resting place. Through distant clouds, I beheld the wings of a great golden dragon soaring o'er the sea, having spotless wool as a lamb, and the shining scales of a serpent. Around his neck hung a thousand clocks, all ticking to a different hour, and the light of the sunset draped about his feet. His size and glory rivaled only by the great serpent Jormungandr, but bearing four glowing wings which did give the ocean its tide. I cried out to the great beast, for to understand his being in this new home. He turned to face me, but uttered not a roar, nor spit coals of fire as I had read in legends. Alas, he did descend in what an ever graceful bound, dropping below to perch on the land before me. As he approached my stead, with sand quivering beneath his feet, blinded were my eyes by his unspeakable foreign beauty; never in my mortal years, nor in the hours which I did rest in the middle, had I e'er beheld such a beast whose shadow did so wholly encompass me. I beckoned of the great dragon his name, and with a bellowing voice, as deep as the stones which sleep on the ocean floor; he did answer, but he uttered not a word I understood. He spoke not in any tongue my ears e'er had learned. His voice echoed as the wind which blows the snow from the mountains, as the fire which devours the heavens, the waters that fill the seas, the earth that opens to swallow the clouds. Stretching his wings as wide as the ocean's shore, he turned to the sky and gaped his mouth as light poured from it in a beam that pierced the heavens, his eyes burning with a flame brighter than before. I looked on in wonder as his forked tongue lapped up the ocean's waters, as he turned his scarred face to look to me again. He recounted to me the story of time and light, his scales reflecting the shine of the sun onto the sand. With each word his face grew brighter, as a smile began to shine across his teeth. I asked him of 4 of the earth's wonders; answered he all, but one he could not. Goodbye I bid him as he spread his golden wings to ascend once again to the sunburnt sky. By the light of the southern stars, I beheld the form of a greater beast in stature, but refrain to tell the tale until our next letter, old friend.

Canto IV: Eternal Peace/The Great Longing

In dying, alas I found tranquility; a final peace in which my soul shall rest for every drop in the hourglass of ages. Though our paths have crossed not in a thousand lifetimes, I know that one day, as thou dost guide a fading soul to our resting place here in the middle, at a sunset just as the one we beheld so long ago; I'll greet you once again as the old friend I hold so dear. We'll share once more a smile before the sea, and watch the sunset slowly fall beneath the endless ocean as she cries her turquoise tears. Finally, I'll know the privilege of thanking you for guiding my departed soul to this place called eternity, and leading me to a land of peace everlasting, this land of good hope. But I know we shan't share this time forever, for I know in time you must guide another soul to these shores as you've done since the dawn of the earth's air. I'll cherish the time we'll walk together and will once again rest on the smooth sands of eternal bliss after we part again.

Canto V: Soliloquy

Alas, I dream, for I know not when I'll greet you again, old friend. So shall I wait until the eve comes where we'll shake hands once again. So, I'll sit in exquisite wonder to behold the sky; and as the ocean waves wrap their tender arms around the sun's burning flame, and the stars so freely dance together above the white crest clouds, I'll remember my old friend, and shut my eyes to rest. Until we meet again, dear Torvameessor, salve.