The Lay of Maedhros by Aidan Minton

An extract

Please note: I did not come up with the story. It is based on one of the many tales of J.R.R Tolkien’s Silmarillion. I decided to create this small extract because Tolkien seems to (for some reason) neglected to compose a poem about this story unlike The Tale Of Beren And Luthien from the same book. The creation of the poem is an imitation of his writing style and prose. For example he used eight syllables consistently with seven syllables thrown in occasionally to make his poems easier to read/sing. Additionally every line rhymes similarly to his other poems and the language is designed to sound similar. Finally “Fëanor” is three syllables (fea-an-or). Thank you for reading my poem.

There was in the days of the Eldar
From days hence few remember
A great elf-smith, most renowned-
An Ebony mane, his head was crowned
The Elf Fëanor the proud.

Great metal wonders crafted thee
By hands the god Aulë gave he,
By the god’s gift of his sharp mind
He chose his love of his heart’s kind.
“Not a fair maiden” fools shall tell
But no fool is she, Nerdanel.
Unmatched was she as a sculptor
Adviser she, to Fëanor
And in the elder days of yore
Seven children, hath she bore-
Behold, sons of Fëanor.

The Youngest and of them, the less
The twins, Amrod and Amras
Whose Scarlet manes, their heads did bore
But seldom mentioned in elf-lore
Are they, sons of Fëanor
Third youngest of Fëanor’s kin
The sly Trickster, Curufin.
He was alike to his father
In that he was a great crafter,
His great bold frame, was much the same,
And in both their souls burned a flame
Unquenchable, all the same.
His descendancy he did bore
A great elf-smith, Celebrimbor
Who forged the three Elven Rings
Untouched by Sauron’s corrupt stings;
In Aman they shine Everlasting
Protected from all evil things.
But Cruel is the soul, Curufin
If indeed one lies within.
His Rotten, devious heart’s core
Has birthed twisted deeds o’er and o’er
As a son of Fëanor.

Caranthir, as the middle child
Was called “the dark”, for he was vile-
And for his mane, which was that shade
And for the quick anger of thy blade.
His rash wrath was his wont he bore;
The wont of having friends no more
Except as a cruel warrior
With The Sons of Fëanor.

The Third son of Nerdanel born
The great woodsmen Celegorm
Who with great patience on his prey
Could kill with deadly shot far away
Like the swift god Oromë.
Yet he would follow every whim
Of his young brother Curufin
Who would lead him to greedy sin.
When their plans eventually tore
He hath gashed the great title sore,
“Woodsmen, son of Fëanor”

The second son Nerdanel bore,
The shy bard they will call Maeglor;
Who, with thy fine harp, would compose
Soliloquy, ballad, and prose.
Least liked by his father, Fëanor
Who hath thought thee soft and unsure.
And his kin will coerce Maeglor,
Pressuring him to take up sword
With the Sons of Fëanor.

The eldest born, of all the host
The corrupted hero Maedros
His crimson mane, he was crowned
A great general, most renowned.
Great legions did he command forth
Against the black foe, Morgoth.
In the mission to redeem
His father’s Jewel’s radiant gleam
In the dark crown by light unseen.
Ere from this world he will goeth
Driven mad by thy cruel oath,
he shall slash his honor sore
And lose pureness of his heart’s core,
But he will still venture evermore
His oath, son of Fëanor.