

If my people could only see:  
None are nearer heaven than we.

Past Sands Behind Stars' sugared dunes  
Would we dance under full new moons.

A new den where we've never been—  
We fall short of Love and Eighteen.

The Disk waits, ready to be Hurl'd,  
But lies still 'til we love our World.

Azurah wrought us Sixteen, made  
To walk Nirni's harsh sand and glade.

Ja-Kha'jay aligned, Riddle'thar  
Shown: blest Seventeenth, Mane guides far.

Overcoming challenge every  
We must wake from our reverie.

Cherished furstocks 'neath Jone and Jode,  
Yet unfulfilled our souls' abode.

The Dro-m'Athra outcast, our selves  
And shadows are trapp'd in Dark delves.

Great Namiira holds the broken,  
Who exist on the fringe in dun.

Without requirement she meets;  
Her broken whirl to Heart beats.

Lorkhaj the Lost Runt failed to teach:  
We may without war rapture reach.

Society perfect is fair  
Found, this we know, always Elsweyr.

Accepting many save the Bent,  
Our paradise lost—culture rent.

Moons Twin and Third, beautific shine,  
Yet, rejecting Fourth, wane supine.

To embrace most cats but not all  
Ensures we will not rise, but fall.

Hands outstretched meet hands extended,  
Dark Mane and Bright—unity splendid.

Dream, Eighteen: a new World hatch'd and won,  
Where the many live in Love as One.

Acknowledgements: The author extends his thanks to Michael Zeigler and Todd Damrath, who each helped make this piece possible.