

Adrenicide

"Of Bow & Drum"

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"far away," said the matriarch,
"i once heard from the tongue of a lark
Of golden days
Of bow and drum
And of men who chased.
Now they come in rags of greed,
No regard for our dignity."

She began to dream
And the wind did rage
And the forest cried
"run away," she told him then,
"find a place to hide from them."

Far away from behind a tree
Came a sound to defy the peace
And the son went down
Quietly in a pool of reeds

"of bow and drum"
Monday, may 6, 1996

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