

Skycamefalling

"The Disenchanted Forest"

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[The Farm Hand's Ghost:]

"My kin and I had laboured hard
To reap the yearly harvest.
Lain weary on our gathered sheaves we
Cracked a vat of ale. Poured a toast;
Began to boast of who could sup the hardest.
Slumped in drunken slumber
At the height of wild wassail....

I woke to find my brothers gone
That Autumn eve so balmy.
Yet gazed in wide-eyed terror
To the barley fields nearby.
Struck dumb I swore;
Stood before a mighty woad-duabed army.
Believed my wits deceived me
'til I heard their battle-cry."

[The Lord Of The Trees:]

"Smash the axe and sow the seed;
Don't cause the Oaken Heart to bleed!"

[The Farm Hands Ghost:]

"When he that led this heathen horde
Cast-off his ivy mantle;
Cohorts raised honed halberds
Flying pennants of leaf-green.
From below approached the foe;
A fierce scythe-bearing hantle.
Captains sat triumphant
Upon coughing, steel machines."

[The Forces Of Progress:]

"Break the bough and strip all of it.
Fell this forest, make a profit!"

[The Farm Hands Ghost:]

"Opposing forces clashed
Beneath a red sky cracked by thunder.
Entrenched beneath the hedge-row
I'd observed it quite unseen.

One side stood to save the wood:
T'other planned it's plunder,
I chose to fight for Nature's right;
Grabbed a fallen skean.

All who would one flower destroy,
Must first cut down this Didycoy!

We fought until the last that day
To gain a hard-won victory,
Sucked in by the thirsty earth
I watched my life-blood ebb.
Though I died at least
I'd tried to play some part in history;
A momentary trembling
On the threads of Wyrd's web."

[The Lord Of The Trees:]
"Are there more so brave and honest;
Who would die to save my forest?"

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