The Disenchanted Forest

Skyclad

[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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