

Battle of Trees

Tori Amos

Our language of love
The Battle of Trees
We fought side by side
No one had more Sharper consonants than you, love
And my vowels, well, were trusted First comes the Birch
Rowan followed by the Ash
Then through the Alder she forms
And merges with Willow The Hawthorne blossoms
As the Oak guards the door
She is the hinge on which the year swings
He courts the lightning flash and her Summoning the spirits
Through incantations
You said the Thunder God seems to have
And our enemies are the Reed
But we knew the Furies held the Holly sacred We were insulated
In a circle of words we'd drawn
With wisdom sent from nine Hazels
A Rowan fire and a Willow rod At ten comes the vine
That generates bramble wine
The constant change of the night sun
A song in the blood of the white bull Our language of love
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No one had more
Sharper consonants than you, love
And my vowels, well, were trusted From Ivy leaves is an ale that can unveil
The hidden meanings and serpents
Only revealed through visions
Yes vowels could insert
"A" was for the Silver Fir The Firs of course
Then came next
With Heather at her most
Passionate The White Poplar's gift to the souls of the dead
A promise that it was not the end
But for the vine the "U", it's coffer Vowels and consonants
The power of trees
The power they hold
The power of prose So when the church
Began to twist the old myths

They built their own Tower of Babel
From Ulster to MunsterThe Reed gave way then
To the Elder
The Earth turns her will
So that night follows dayFrom dawn to dawn
Fom Winter to Winter
At day the Ash had power over the AlderOur language of love
The Battle of Trees
We fought side by side
Then he said to me:
"I've dodged bullets and even poisoned arrows
Only to be foiled by the blade of a vowel"

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