Country House Waits

Faun Fables

The country house sat quiet and empty for twenty years
White, ghostly peaceful for twenty years
Waiting for children to make their rounds
across its grounds once more
The country house was quiet and empty for twenty years
The country house waitsThe country house was still and forgotten for twenty years
Only stars and coyotes broke the silence here
What quiet days to learn motherhood ways
Come and stay
(What tall tree canopy from the kitchen i see)
The country house was still and forgotten for twenty years
The country house waitsThe country
The country house
The country
The country house
The country house waits for usOvergrown fruit trees, fragments of gates
A dried-up creek, coiled up snakes
Whispering tall trees all around you hear
What do you fear?
A doorway through cobwebs and blackberry vines
that brings forth and tends another
Beginning a time of land and sky
of learning to walk as a mother
learning to walk as a mother
The first time of birth-time, a primal time
is made for a quiet land
To be held by a house, waiting to hold
a family by the hand
Let's sweep out the cobwebs, pull back the vines
Growing through the place entwined
Bring forth children, it's our duty
to wake up this sleeping beauty
to wake up this sleeping beauty
Country house waits

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