

The Symphony Of The Woods

by Violetta Suvini

The florid arpeggios of a nightingale singing to it's heart content,
Midst the gurgling of a stream, pushing its way wilfully through the jagged rocks.

The filigree of fairy laughter like a sparkling glissando and little humming birds: dotted rests poised poetically on the air,
Catkins like the tails of lambs that dance in the wind and rustle amongst the other trees.

Light sifting through the fingers of the willows,
As they gracefully, imperceptibly conduct their own lullaby.
The silver birch leaves hum in time and smile contentedly.

A fresh tapping noise as rain falls, quick as quavers on the evergreen leaves,
Crunching sounds as rabbits and foxes dash to their dens,
Amongst the crisp autumn leaves.

Suddenly the ear-piercing sound of a wailing chain saw,
As gnarled and ancient trees are ruthlessly felled.

The symphony of the woods is choked and silenced by a man's harsh invasion.

Petrified squirrels leap and scramble from tree to tree.

One by one they disappear and I am left alone.....

The only sound is the robin's lament bewailing the nest now gone.