

Wildwood

by Peter Rolls

Night wind shifting. North by West.
Grey gulls tossed in a torn sky screaming.
Dark clouds driving. Drenching. Fill-dyke..
A distant drum-beat ... *tum, tum .. .tum-tum*
Something small in the wildwood stirring.
Grey to silver. Pale shoots searching.
Green. Not yet. Almost.
Diminuendo ...

Break of day and a West wind rising.
Two new rooks in the tall trees building.
Green and gold in the dark wood glinting.
Within the wood, the piper calling.
Voices, voices. Heart-strings.
Sweet the sound of love's beginning.
Movement.
Misterioso ...

Sunrise. Bird-song. South wind warming. Gently.
Greenwood stretching. Rainbow reaching. Golden.
Feather-light clouds on a blue sky racing.
Smiles so soft that the blood flows faster.
Sweetheart, sweetheart. Touching.
Love you, love you. Holding.
Softly, softly, Spring-time. Softly ...
Accelerando ...

Above all this, the wildwood whispering
the song of Life — and the tall trees dancing.