

the subtle voice whispering
the satin temptation of the wind
while our civilization lies in ruin
we answer the call of the wilderness

the ominous skies resembling
blood soaked battle fields
in the shelter of the forest
a reprieve from our ordeal

the laughter of the wind
the weeping of the rain
THE THUNDER GOD'S HAMMER COMING DOWN
as we return to the wild again

...the interegnum has ended...

where will we go in this strange land we should have
called home?
the elusive ghosts of the native ancestral spirit no
longer vacant from its
throne
we must learn to live with out comfort, to be fed we must
learn to grow.