

I smelt smoke
On the wheezing of the wind when I awoke
A pyre of memory
Some fly-tipped treasury
Out there burning slow
Dark-soaked fields
And the snuffling wet noses at my heels
Suddenly hackles raise
At the crackling of the blaze
Out there burning slow

And sometimes I catch him
With his axe in
The shadow
So secretive and private
But I'm breathing in his life when
He's out there burning slow

What a hoard
It should be wild, it should be where wanderers walk
That hidden wood of green
The lake that he gatekeeps
Yet I know not what for

I would tread
Build a fire and make the forest floor my bed
I would forage for my meal
And in doing start to heal
But instead
All the time I covet
What he covers
By the hedgerow
So secretive and private
But I'm breathing in his life when
He's out there burning slow

And sometimes I catch him
With his axe in
The shadow
So secretive and private
But I'm breathing in his life when
He's out there burning slow