

Moon of the berries is waning to clay
Bavol the wind leap on the whale's way
Sing for Veshengro, oak ash and may
I will not flash the day glance on the strong
king's shield
Nor yet the moon glance on the frightened man
Bring her sweet peace ere she rests on the
breast of God
With the nutrnegs and oak-apples of her rosary
That counts the praying sand
Who cradles earth and water in the hollow of her hand

I was a wasp on a nettled hill
Ten thousand brothers in a nest of fungus paper
And every sopping apple held its cider sweet for my thin tongue

I was a swineherd at the court of Fionn
I wore the coat of patches with Jalal beneath the stars
Sang at the black court of Ain
I baked sweet pastries for the Quenn of Spain
I hid my alchemy beneath the stone of lies
Burned at the post my boiling brain
Made craters of my eyes

The mystery of history it is not revealed
We hear not clear but only with hope and fear
And the pomp of crime, and the pride of the time

I was a monk repelled by a woman's smell
I sailed in Darwin's ship, a mouse that gnawed the grain
Trapped by the cook on one dark day
I have spoken with the Thames in much sweeter times
And with the Medway where she rolls her waves

The snake-weed is hissing the wind of the morn
The mountains are mouthing where Albion is born
The light rays are gathering where Horus is shown
Sing for Veshengro. oak ash and thorn.