

## **A Fallen Oak**

A giant of Albion has fallen,  
She stood in this wood for four hundred years,  
Her roots dug deep, now sodden and rotten,  
Drenched in the sweet sap of memories tears.  
Just a sapling in the days of the bard,  
She had survived the felling of forests,  
Ship builders tearing her elders apart,  
The first losses in the untold horrors,  
Sea bound carcasses cut from the shire,  
Shape the death carriage of an empire.

But she stayed here and grew in English soil,  
Claiming her place by her burgeoning industry,  
Climbing and striving through winters and toil,  
Fighting her way to the top of the canopy.  
She prospered in this age of sacred property,  
With lands enclosed and peasants evicted,  
Satanic mills manufacturing poverty,  
The natural world being ever constricted.  
Crowned for her resistance in a halo of green,  
Proud in her insistence, majestic and serene.

But her veteran days are now done,  
Her mighty form has come tumbling down,  
Clearing a patch of the woods for the sun,  
Razing all life in her fall to the ground.  
Buried in leaf litter and destruction,  
But wonder rises from this eruption,  
Maggots, rodents, clouds of tiny wings,  
Butterflies, birds of prey and buzzing things.  
Life lives in death, the song of succession  
Sung in the woods by the tree of heaven.