

Beginnings and Endings

The lands of space and plenty
The beauty and music that went with them
The language, waiting to re-merge in its new forms
A fusion of sounds and colours and movements.

In a game of show and tell, buy and sell.
Displaced, playing with lives not theirs.
Then there was no-one, free
The wind howling through the trees and empty ruins,
A song of the dead and departed,
Being elsewhere, gone, and left their past behind.

Through pestilence and famine and war.
Power, envy, greed and devastation
The consequences to the perpetrators yet untold,
To unfold, in the darkness of their art.

Those gone but not forgotten
In the music it still plays.