

The Past Rewound...

...as on a spool, back and back again to the days when Druid eyes looked out through tree boles at a world where legends were written in the tapestry of the sky and in the pages of weald and wood. When trees could be read like books, their secrets unearthed, each page like a butterfly's wing, the ringed trceries inscribed on the parchment of Time itself. Eternity's signature revealed to eyes that knew how to fathom the hieroglyphics that once fell like magnetic dust from the mountains of the Moon into the waiting vaults of timber and sap, the silver scriptures of the arboreal world. In their numberless ranks, the arks of memory dreaming of Carboniferous seas where ancestral trunks once subsided, the bodies of fossilized antecedents trapped in stone and amber. The long song-lines of the Age of Trees when their conclaves rivalled those of the painted stars on their ebon canvass. The granaries of silence in the chambers of every tree, echoing with the sound of horses hooves as armoured emissaries set out to find the grail of grails, the madrigals of their quest recorded in books whose covers were made of bark, the words written in blood as much as in ink. The stories that were once told beneath spires of oak and ash. The true towers of Camelot now long fallen to ruin, their sunken roots all that remain of the sacred quest. Few are the trees that now speak of such a time, long ago.