

Episode 8

Dancing

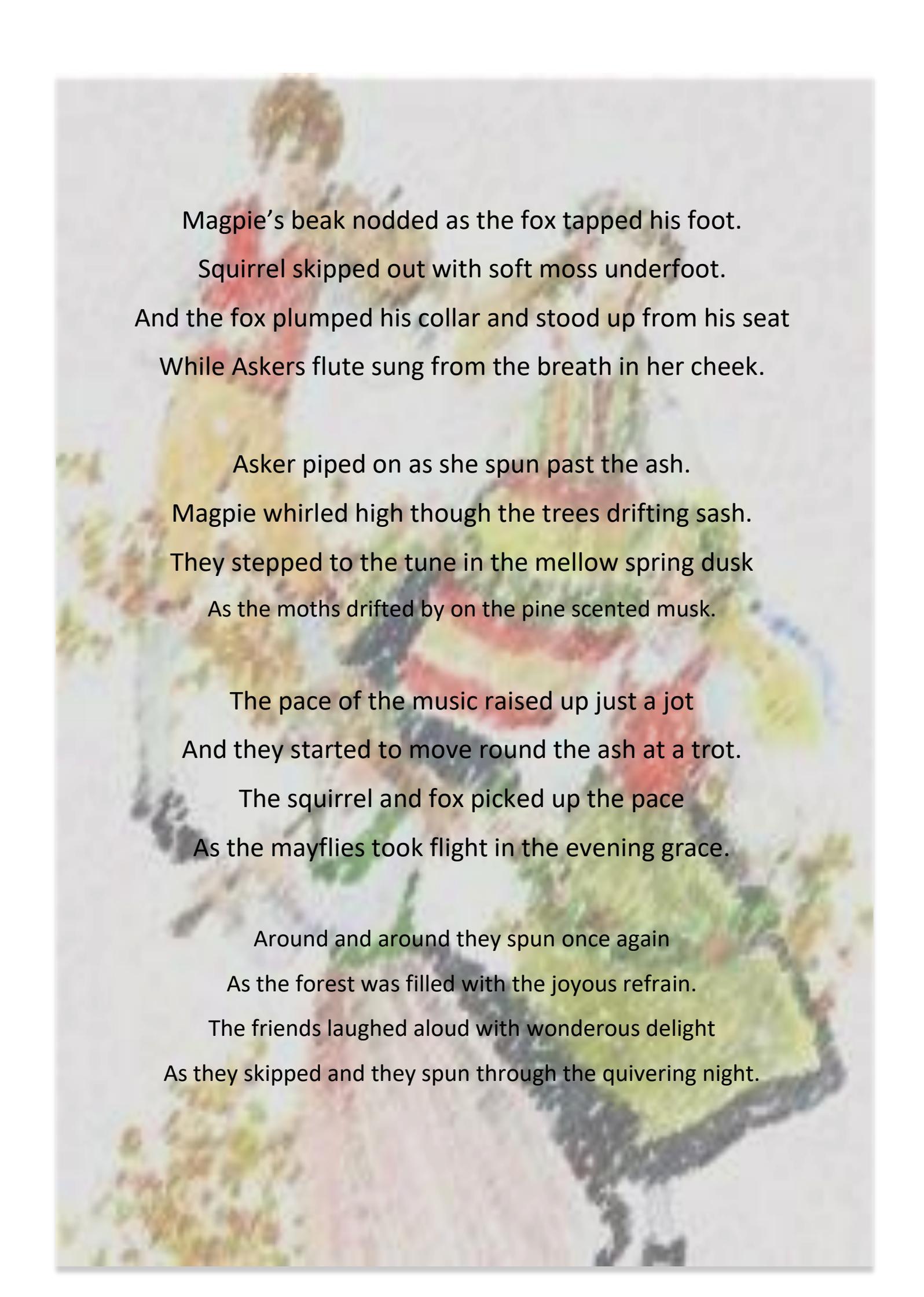
As day crept to evening and spring neared its end,
And summer sat quietly just past the bend,
Our four friends stepped out from the ash's soft sway
To share their time at the end of the day.

Asker raised up her small wooden flute,
The wind plucked the leaf and the earth tugged the root,
And a tune whispered forth from the mouth of the glade
As the late sun hummed from the warmth of the shade.

The ash plumped his boughs with the brush of the breeze
And joined in the tune with his feathering leaves.

He shook out a rhythm and Asker played on,
And the wonders of nature grew fresh in their song.

The crickets chirruped on with the rise of a tune
And the sun passed his light to the following moon,
As the pine and the birch bowed low to the ash
And the fireflies soared with shimmering flash.



Magpie's beak nodded as the fox tapped his foot.
Squirrel skipped out with soft moss underfoot.
And the fox plumped his collar and stood up from his seat
While Askers flute sung from the breath in her cheek.

Asker piped on as she spun past the ash.
Magpie whirled high though the trees drifting sash.
They stepped to the tune in the mellow spring dusk
As the moths drifted by on the pine scented musk.

The pace of the music raised up just a jot
And they started to move round the ash at a trot.

The squirrel and fox picked up the pace
As the mayflies took flight in the evening grace.

Around and around they spun once again
As the forest was filled with the joyous refrain.

The friends laughed aloud with wonderous delight
As they skipped and they spun through the quivering night.