

The Spirit of Place

Richard Brown

A poem for four voices

Here is just the beginning of a **horror story**. Where will it end?

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| <p>1 1: There was a sea
 2: a blue sea
 3: a secret blue sea
 4: and in this sea
 1: there was an island
 2: a spiky island
 3: a spiky green island
 4: and in this island
 1: there was a valley
 2: a deep valley
 3: a hot deep valley
 4: and in this valley</p> <p>13 1: there was a tree
 2: a vast tree
 3: a vast ancient tree
 4: and in the roots of this tree
 1: there was an egg
 2: a historic egg
 3: a prehistoric egg
 4: and in this egg
 1: there was a creature
 2: a live creature
 3: a creature so wild
 4: so full of energy
 All: <i>the old tree trembled.</i></p> | <p>26 1: And in a hurricane
 2: a tearing hurricane
 3: a fierce tearing hurricane
 4: that tree cracked
 All: <i>cracked to the roots.</i>
 1: And out of those roots
 2: those shattered roots
 3: roots laid bare in the howl
 4: climbed the creature
 1: the wild creature
 2: so full of energy
 3: so full of destruction
 4: it shrieked for escape.</p> <p>39 1: There was a sea
 2: a blue sea
 3: a boiling blue sea
 4: and in this sea
 1: there was an island
 2: a spiky island
 3: an island in turmoil
 4: it was ready to plunge
 1: plunge into the sea
 2: the boiling sea
 3: and swim, swim, swim
 All: <i>towards us all.</i></p> |
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