

~~THE~~ The Ash Tree. Written after a meeting, in 1953.

I am what ye think me to be
 I am what ye consider of thyself.
 I am myself, and thou as thou art
 And will be... time come.
 I am Robin, and more of that with less.
 I am that without form
 I am that without force
 Yet form and force I be
 I am the loved and beloved
 I am the lover and his mate
 I am the whole and the part.
 I am compassion healing pain
 I am diamond cutting stone hearts.
 I am a mirror without reflection.
 I am the well without water
 From which all must drink.
 I am words, love and words
 Yea, but never speak.
 I am pain, grief, sorrow and tears
 The rack.. the noose... the stake.
 The flayer and the flayed.
 The hunter and the hunted
 I am the head without a body
 I am the body without a head
 Yea! All this and still I am whole.
 I am night and sleepless fear
 I am Fear
 Thou must conquer me to release thy soul.
 I am peace, compassion now if ye understand
 I am turned about, then turned again
 Three times, three time Thirteen I turn
 Then still more.. and more
 For the hare escapes me not.
 I am the dead, the living dead, the dead that walk
 I am the born, the unborn, the completed cycle.
 I am a root, a leaf, a tree
 I grow upon memory of past present and future.
 All things are mould for me
 My tap vests in eternity.
 I am the breast of infant suckling,
 My loves kind embrace
 Constant, ever demanding
 Yet I be fickle withal
 For all know me and have laid upon my breasts
 Yet few have had me, and they are dead.
 Secret I be, secret am, secret I am for evermore.
 Yea, but a plated host marcheth at my skirts
 For I am mighty as the berserkers knew me
 My nostrils are full of the scent of blood.

For the dead are heaped to honour my rage.
 I am weak as woman knows me.
 In that is the fulness of my strength
 I am desire
 I am love.
 I am the first created
 The first of all sins.
 Behold I am Shal

Roy Bowers