

Episode 4:

The Ash

Asker smiles at the ash as his boughs softly creak
With the summer sun warming and stroking her cheek.
As she works, she sings songs which her father once gave her.
When she walks, she wears shoes which her father once made her.

Many years ago, with Asker first born
Her dad found a seed alone in the thorns.
He put the seed into his bag to take home,
He planted it carefully amongst the loam.

Asker and ash grew up close together
He sheltered her cot from all kinds of weather.
His branches grew strong, his frond like soft hands.
He dappled her cheeks with summer suns strands.

She learnt how to crawl through ash's brown roots,
She learnt how to walk as she clung from his shoots
But always beside her, in winds gentle sway,
He watched from his bough on that fateful day.

He watched as her father went into the wood
He tried to shout out but, alas, never could.
Now, deep in their forest, under soft dappled shade,
Our little friend Asker sits beside him each day.

She sits on the ground with that faithful old tree,
Weaves ribbons through branches and polishes leaves.
At sunset she nestles among his great roots
And plays him a tune on her little wood flute.

And the ash does his best to look after the girl
By keeping her covered and safe from the world.
As he sits by the house, on a large grassed mound,
With his hair full of twigs and his roots in the ground.