

## The Forest Cycle

by Peter Barber and Sam Mahanes

### I. Lush

Peace lay over a lush land,  
A bed of tranquility.  
The undergrowth of green and yellow  
Exposed to gentle touch of sunlight.  
Precious moss lay flat along the ground,  
While the towering pines stand watch for their children below.  
Sweet serenity encompasses the spirited woodland.

### II. Inferno

A fire is lit.  
The flame sweeps across the weald,  
Devouring the undergrowth.  
The trees stand as the silent, stoic witnesses  
To their kin being engulfed.  
Ash, smoking and whirling and black  
As far as the eye can see.  
Yet, the canopy remains intact overhead.  
The lifeless land dwells upon memories of a time before death.

### III. Revival

The blazing devastation renders hope for life null.  
Yet, out of sheer destruction comes fresh growth.  
Sprouts of grass and moss cover the landscape  
In a mat of far deeper green than before the raging inferno.  
The sheer vitality of the land is staggering,  
In the same irrational way a child seems more alive than an adult.  
Like a phoenix from the ashes,  
The forest is reborn stronger and more beautiful.  
Peace has returned.