Speak of the North I

Speak of the East! Blistering and bubbling, I gazed on a wide expanse of sun-burnt nothingness. Where the ground is cracked and bitter, a lone lizard bathes in the shear hotness of our fiery friend. Then the stars push down and the world changes. Left shivering, we sleep beneath the belt of diamonds. The sand turning hot to cold as fast as if He had flicked a switch. We dance for the sun and dream for the stars. Two worlds so different and yet in the same place. This is change, this is fire, this is the East!

*The East blisters*

*The sun fractures rocks*

*I see the cool freedom of the stars*

Speak of the Northl Frosted and feared, before me lies a barren wonderland of ice. Towers of pine and oak loom eerily above. The Mothers of the North, huge grumbling beasts, collect their food. Soon the time will come when they must slumber beneath the heather. The wild things mill about preparing. The honey bees work on, savouring the last living flowers of the autumn. Squirrels and badgers and bears violently debate their territory. And as the harsh winter draws closer, all is quiet. Ready to eat, ready to lie down under the heather and gorse, ready to slumber beneath a sliver of silver.

*The North slumbers,*

*We lie down on full bellies,*

*And are quiet*