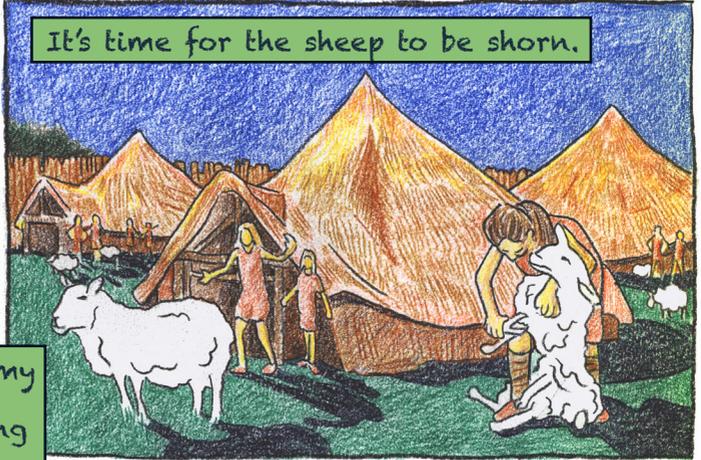


Iron Age



I raise my head to the Spring sun.

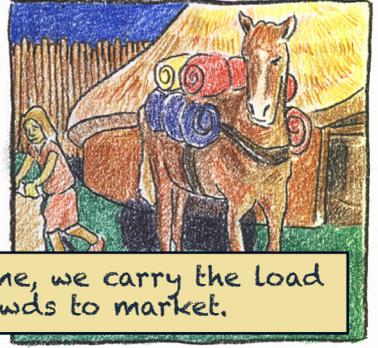
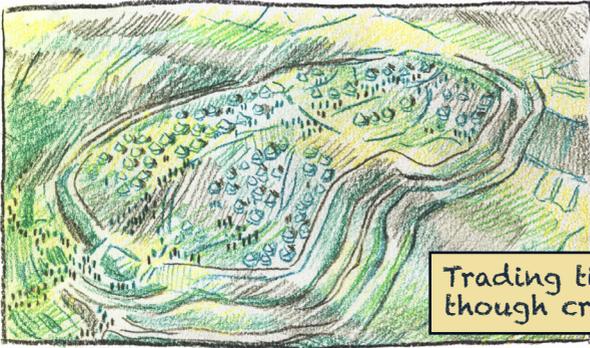
It's time for the sheep to be shorn.



The village is busy, readying for the Summer, when we meet to sell our cloth...



...with all this work, tempers fray like threads.



Trading time, we carry the load though crowds to market.



The people knock and barge,



Splitting us up.



and zag



till we come together.



Mother stares down the buyer

till we get what we came for.



The forge calls us, red and hot.

Payment made -
bronze given, the
smith begins,

trapping the flames
and bronze through
strength of arm and
will.

At last the mirror is delivered.



The treasure passes.



Hand to hand,
generation to
generation,



carrying my protection
across the years.



Till the metal returns
to where it came from.



But the earth and I
remember,

and I will run a little longer.