

The Mesolithic

Spring brings new shoots, releasing decay that generates new-life, new-existence.

Outside is cold.

The Summer calls us in new directions,

Frost - creeps along the walls. For months, cold gripped us together.

as the newly dead take our place.

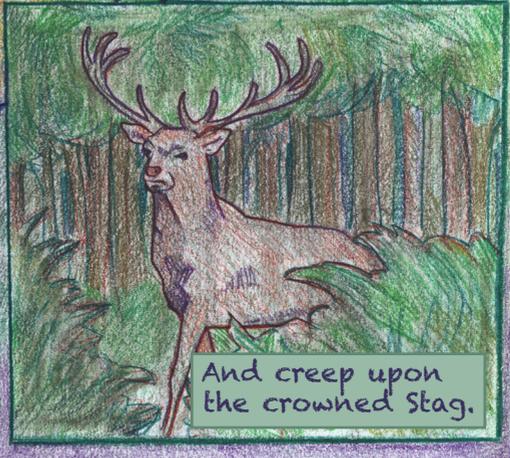
We have played our part - taken part.

This is my part.

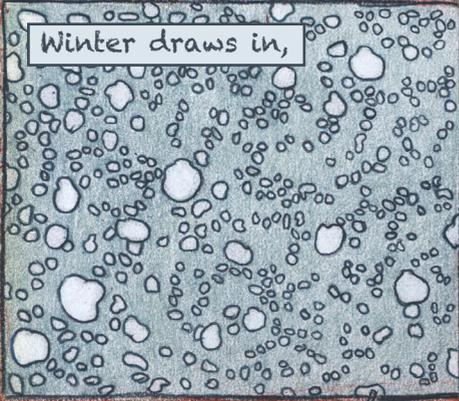
I travel onward in the company of others.

In Autumn we gather hazelnuts,

And creep upon the crowned Stag.



Winter draws in,

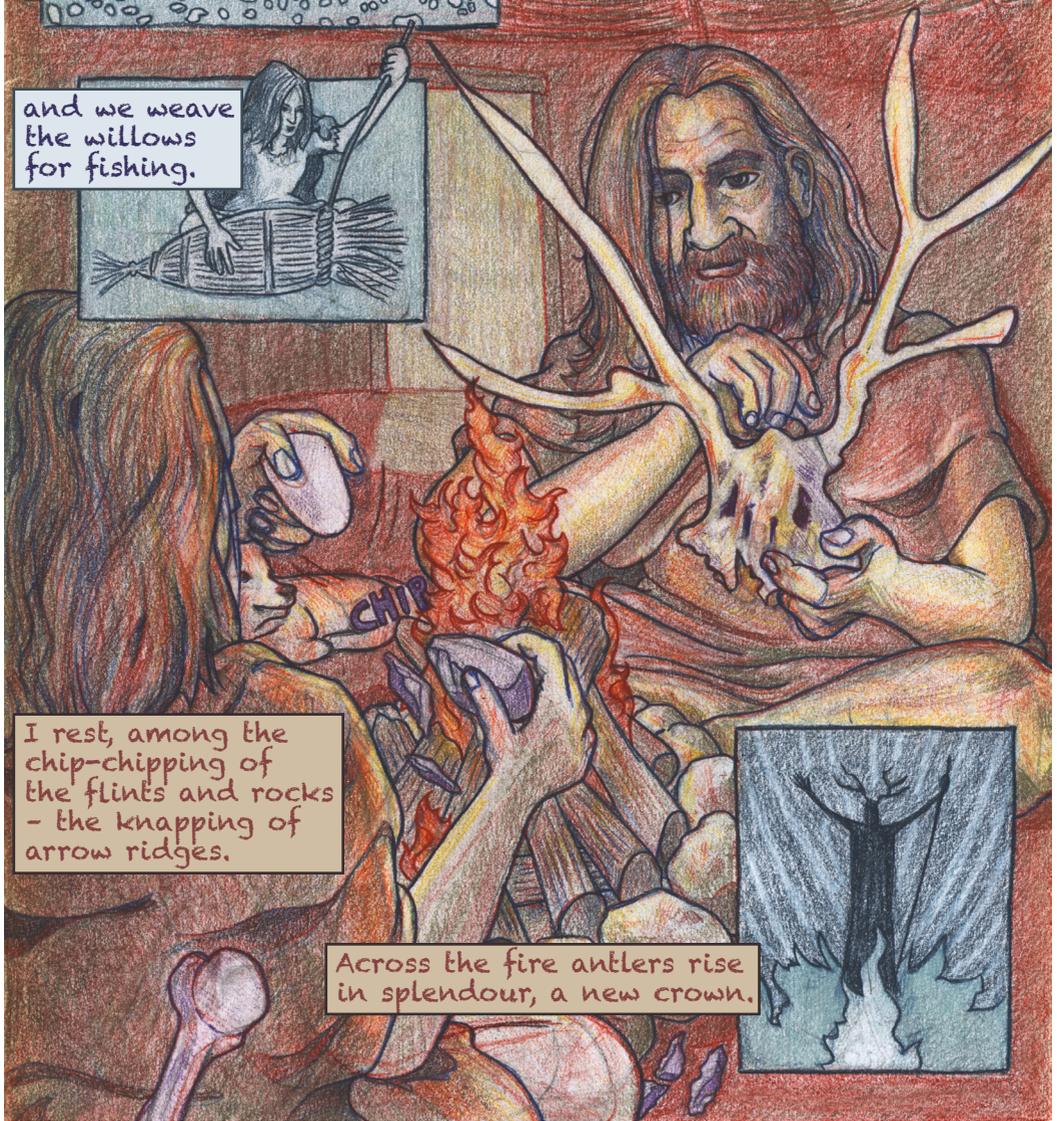


and we weave  
the willows  
for fishing.

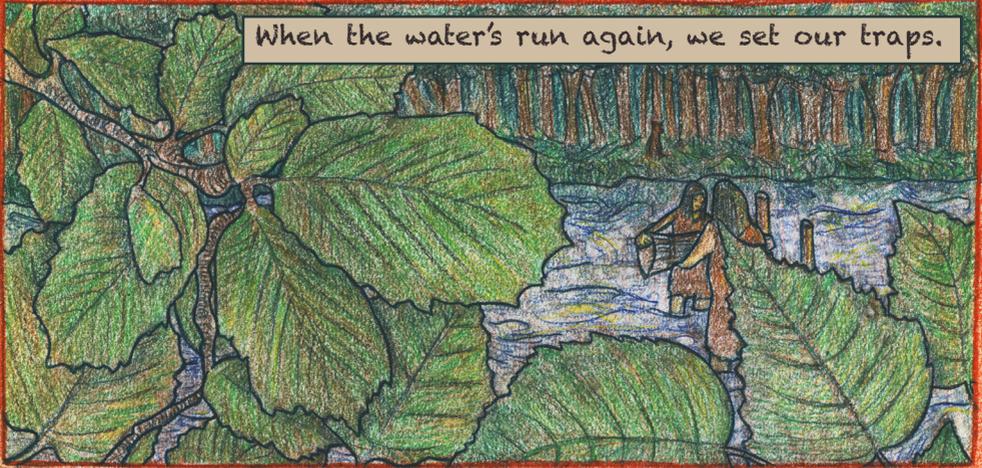


I rest, among the  
chip-chipping of  
the flints and rocks  
- the knapping of  
arrow ridges.

Across the fire antlers rise  
in splendour, a new crown.



When the water's run again, we set our traps.



Whilst, thick  
in the forest,



Stags  
shed  
their  
antlers,  
ready  
for  
new  
growth.

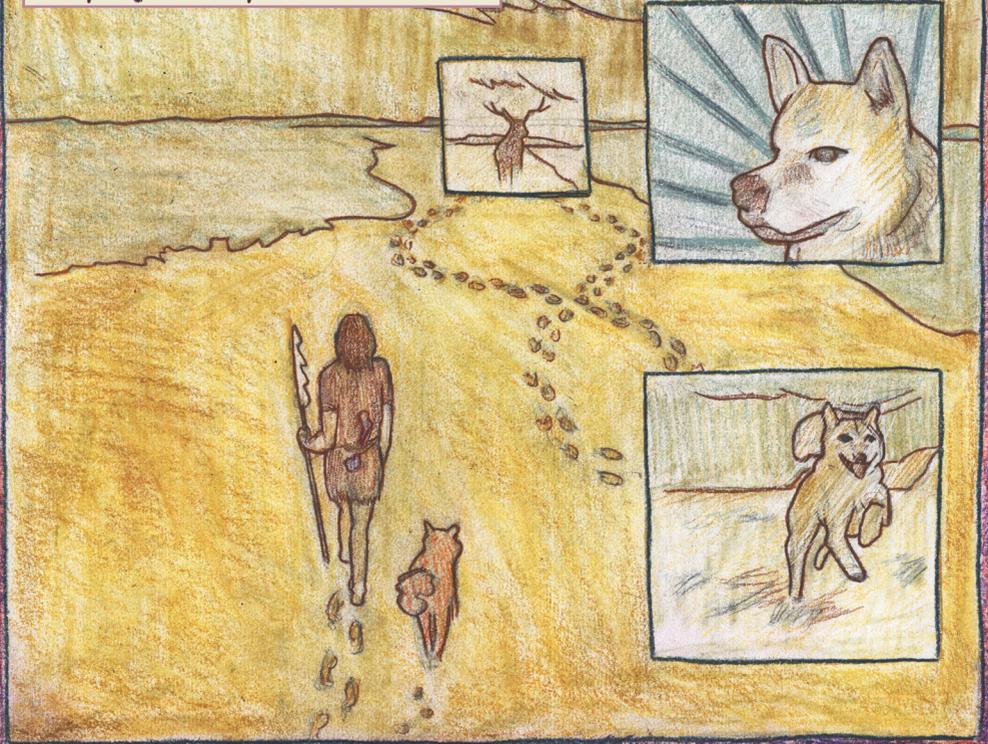


Precious tools  
for us to find,



And re-birth,

To play their part in the hunt.



Till this life, too, is done.



another tale begins.

And, through the mirror water,