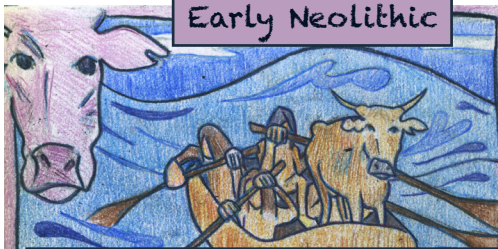


Early Neolithic

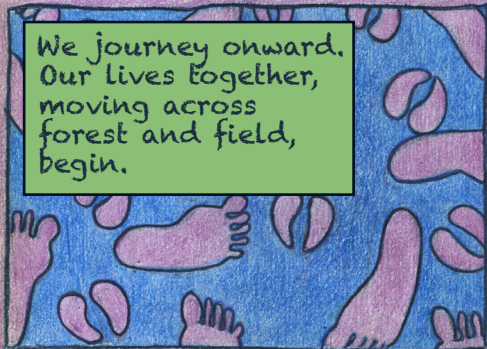


The herd had scattered. Now cramped upon the fallen trees the waves rattle my stomachs.

We stand, bewildered, till they arrive, and gather us together - a new herd in a new land.



We journey onward. Our lives together, moving across forest and field, begin.



In the forest, on the hill, the circles arise...



The people throng,



Herds mingle,



Exotic gifts are exchanged.

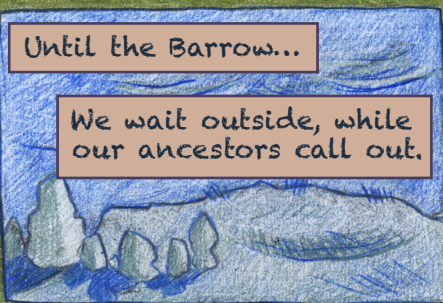


We journey onward -





The trek continues.

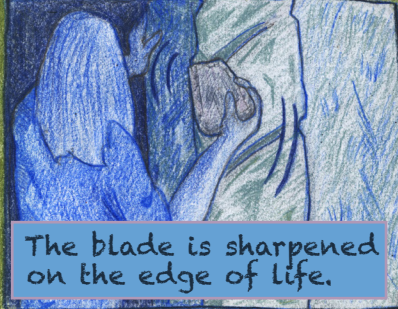


Until the Barrow...

We wait outside, while our ancestors call out.



Come in.



The blade is sharpened on the edge of life.



Seasons revolve, and the ground grows restless for new bones.

With sharpened blades,

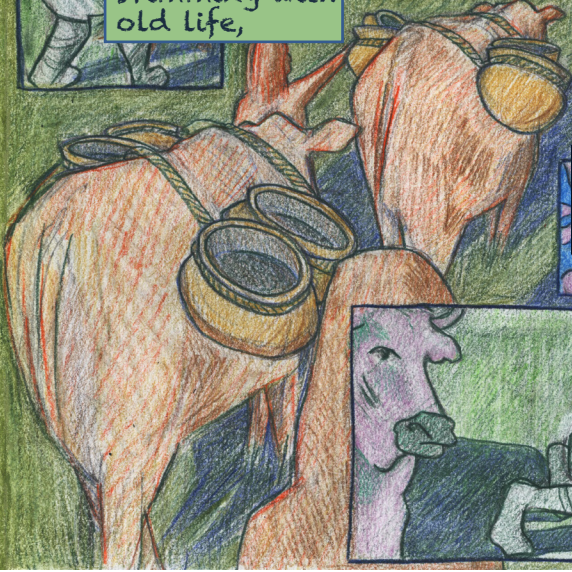
we prepare for the new,



brimming with old life,



and braced against the winter, we settle.



We journey onward - the trek twisting back and forward.



A job done - a fate fulfilled, we return rock to earth.

Later

They
come
for me.

A voyage from
homesteads -

Gathering herd

From the
homelands
of the
North.

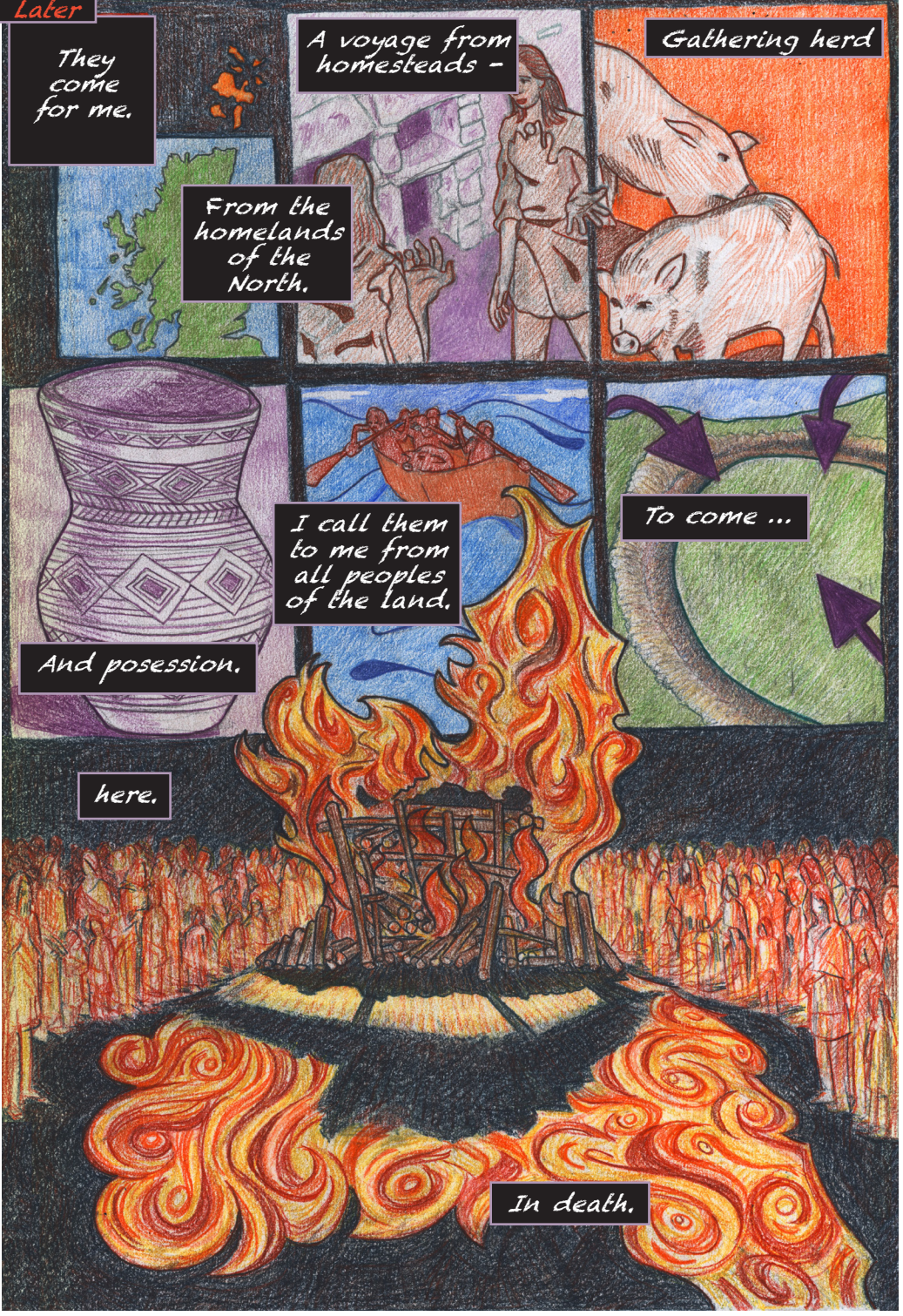
I call them
to me from
all peoples
of the land.

To come ...

And possession.

here.

In death.



In life,

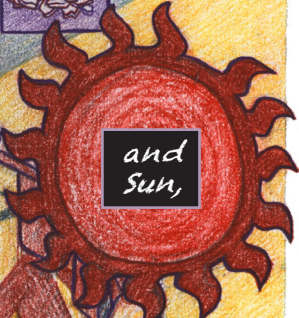


*Our time,
echoed in the
fragments -
the bits left
behind:*

*the rhythm of
the Moon,*



*and
Sun,*



*left to
open the
eyes of
others.*

