

The Green Man

He runs through the forest, breathing life into all that he can
Whispering to the trees, he's known as the Green Man.
Passing on his vibrant energy, to all living things
Perhaps he's been near you, but you know not what you've seen.

Maybe the leaves have rustled spontaneously
But no breeze is present, chasing in and out of tree.
This will be when he talks, to his woodland friends
Who he wholeheartedly loves, protects and defends
And tells them magical stories, that make their little leaves shiver
In delight and excitement, so that they will deliver.

An abundance of new leaves, when Spring comes to the land
The time of awakening and renewal, guided by his expert hand
And if blossoms are required, on a particular tree or plant
A different song he will sing, from toadstool to ant

Then comes Summertime, a rainbow he manifests
Painting everything in his bright colours, from petals to birds in their
nests.

And in the Autumn he begins, to sign his lullabies
So that leaves will fall, and dance in the skies
Ready for Winter, when nature rests in it's slumber
And all has long since turned, to shades of dark brown and umber

A chance for the Green Man, to charge and reflect
On what new life, he will breath into next
Look beyond the surface, of the realm of the Green Man
To learn more of his work, and his fairy clan.