

Battle of Trees

Tori Amos

Our language of love
The Battle of Trees
We fought side by side
No one had more

Sharper consonants than you, love
And my vowels, well, were trusted

First comes the Birch
Rowan followed by the Ash
Then through the Alder she forms
And merges with Willow

The Hawthorne blossoms
As the Oak guards the door
She is the hinge on which the year swings
He courts the lightning flash and her

Summoning the spirits
Through incantations
You said the Thunder God seems to have
And our enemies are the Reed
But we knew the Furies held the Holly sacred

We were insulated
In a circle of words we'd drawn
With wisdom sent from nine Hazels
A Rowan fire and a Willow rod

At ten comes the vine
That generates bramble wine
The constant change of the night sun
A song in the blood of the white bull

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From Ivy leaves is an ale that can unveil
The hidden meanings and serpents
Only revealed through visions
Yes vowels could insert
"A" was for the Silver Fir

The Firs of course
Then came next
With Heather at her most
Passionate

The White Poplar's gift to the souls of the dead
A promise that it was not the end
But for the vine the "U", it's coffer

Vowels and consonants

The power of trees
The power they hold
The power of prose

So when the church
Began to twist the old myths
They built their own Tower of Babel
From Ulster to Munster

The Reed gave way then
To the Elder
The Earth turns her will
So that night follows day

From dawn to dawn
From Winter to Winter
At day the Ash had power over the Alder

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We fought side by side
Then he said to me:
"I've dodged bullets and even poisoned arrows
Only to be foiled by the blade of a vowel"