

The Glistening Feathers of the Fern

words by Cheryl Leah

In the forest of the peaceful rain,

The light poured in through veins of green

And the bark surrounding the trees was like a silken case.

There were bouquets of mushrooms by the carven roots

And the ground was lit by the glistening feathers of the fern.

Nothing could wither, and nothing could burn

In the forest of the peaceful rain...