**“Blood and Bone”**

by Will Varley copyright 2013

Chorus:

Men are made from blood and bone like metal’s made from dust

Men are bound to die alone like metal’s bound to rust

Late, late, late night on the hill

The poet came ‘a’ knockin’ on the Shaman’s windowsill.

“Help me, my words don’t visit anymore.”

The Shaman laughed and picked a mouse up of the floor.

They sat there in the dark while a mooty was prepared

from the blood of the mouse and an eagle’s head.

“Drink this,” said the Shaman, “it’ll calm your mind

“I promise words will flow from you like the rain from the sky.”

The poet he drank until the glass was bare

While outside a nightingale sang in the air.

“Thank you,” said the poet, ”may the gods bless your soul.”

He Shook the old man’s hand, walked out into the cold.

Early next morning as the sun began to rise

screams rang out across the old diamond mines.

‘My lover, my lover, my lover he’s dead!’

Next to his wife lay the poet in his bead.

Chorus

After many years had past and gone, many tears cried

Still no on could console the poor old poet’s bride.

For, in this life or in the next, still she implored that

one of these days she would see her love once more.

Then one day in the winter while the famines took a hold

into a tavern walked a stranger from the cold.

He said “I’m lookin’ for my woman; I’ve been away for many years.”

The poet’s widow was summoned from her tears.

“If it’s you,” said the widow, “then where have you been?”

“The demon,” said the stranger, “they took me from my sleep.

“They locked me in the caves, put nails through my skull.

“I escaped with the help of this lonesome nightingale.”

“If it’s you,” said the widow, “then spin me a line.”

The stranger cleared his throat and looked deep into her eyes

said, Chorus

They drank and they danced late into the night

but the poet’s father was not so satisfied.

Next morning the stranger was awoken with a fight

as the police came to take samples of his blood.

And as the results of the test came in

the poet’s father screamed, “I knew it wasn’t him!”

A lonely executioner sharpened his blade.

From doing God’s work, a living he made.

And just before he raised his axe up to the birds

he asked the stranger “do you have any last words?”

And the Shaman, he smiled up on the hill.

His promise to the poet was fulfilled.

And the widow cried to the moon

And the nightingale sung her last tune.

Chorus