

AMBUSH Ellen B. Ochs c 1988

Bluebell and columbine, shady grove, five-needled pine,
Catnip and cedar resin simmer in the sun.
Stony hill and cloudless skies, careful silence, watching eyes...
Bluejay says someone's coming. Will he be the one?

CHORUS: No hand can turn the tide, no hand can stop the storm,
 Bring back a love that's died, make a cold heart warm!

2) Petal white, blackberry vine, give me back what once was mine!
Sunlight on cobweb glistens, web is nearly spun.
Stinging nettle, berry thorn, better he had not been born
Than look for peace or pardon for the harm he's done.

3) Tangled wire and tumbled stone, when he met her here alone
Bear witness, she, his quarry, had no chance to run.
Screaming hawk and cowering game, let him feel the victim's shame!
Footsteps are coming closer - now he'll meet a gun.