

Wrenching Free

By Firiell

Submitted: November 11, 2012

Updated: November 11, 2012

Poem: A dryad's point of view on the destruction in the forests in The Chronicles of Narnia: The Last Battle.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Firiell/59799/Wrenching-Free>

Chapter 0 - Wrenching Free

2

0 - Wrenching Free

Wrenching free from the soil.
Majesty, they're coming.
The axe is in his hand.
Trees across the land
Are listening for the sound.
Roots are frantic in the ground,
But I will make it through.
I will come to you.
Tooth of steel, frenzied mouth—
Greed coming from the south.
Traitors say that my God
Has given them His rod
And this land is their spoil.
My land. My seeds. My toil.
But I will escape.
While they slice my sisters down
I will be
Wrenching free.