

NOTES FROM THE DISTURBED EDGE



Chapter 5

"Well... Once, upon a morning dreary, I walked with something on my head and though I sought to ignore the source, I wound up talking to the bird instead, I chatted with the fowl who fouled my head.

There, upon that humid morning, standing at the shallow shore
Came a raven, droop-seed dropping, defecating on the forest floor
Seeds were dropping, seedlings popping, falling to the forest floor
Sternly, I addressed the raven: Drop those seeds here nevermore!
Poop not upon this forest floor!

But lo, he looked at me and laughed – cawed, guffawed and queried me
'Dare you command us creatures who, led by hunger, take our succor
of a tree that you abhor?
I must do what I must do, and so I feast and fill my crop,
and when digested, I must drop, droppings to the forest floor.
No harm intending, just a meal ending. The seeds fall to the forest floor'

But I rebuffed him – 'Nevermore!
'This tree that feeds you and the seeds you, uh, deposit on the forest floor
do not belong here, they are wrong here,
they take the place of trees of yore...'

The Raven only laughed once more, and croaked these words:
'You men dishevel nature and expect me to ignore?
This fruit is sweet and I must eat. I'll eat the fruits that I adore.
It's you must yank them evermore. It's you must plant them nevermore...'

He dropped this scat upon my hat
and then flew off to eat some more...

So I stand here, hat in hand, a crappy-hatted soggy man,
and although the raven I implored, that bird will listen never more.
The answer's clear, the seed is here, the raven spreads it ever more.
It's time for man the truth to see - that only we can stop that tree..."

"Number 46?"

"Yep, that's me" – he stepped forward and picked up his tray, tipping his encrusted cap to the wide-eyed boy behind the counter.

She coughed insistently, and he turned to listen. "Thank you for that very complete and ever-so-artistic response," she muttered through clenched teeth. "Now, would you please go outside and scrape that off your hat?"

Sheepishly, he grinned and complied. No doubt, the surrounding patrons (inching towards the door) would never see a carrotwood tree or a water-bound crow in the same way. She stepped forward to retrieve her lunch off the counter, and thought "What a wonderful fool that mortal be..."

- J.A.

An excerpt from "The Adventures of Hack Garlon and his buxom sidekick Squirt."