PARADISE SANDS

LEVI PINFOLD

WALKER STUDIO

White roses we follow, towards Teller's Hollow

Dead earth to a spring, the house of a King

A sip from the chalice, we enter his palace

Break bread for the Keeper now we descend deeper

Washed clean in his pool we fall under his rule

Away from what is, we all are now his

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A STORY OF ENCHANTMENT

LEVI PINFOLD

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IT WAS DRY AND DUSTY and it was Bill driving, Danny in the passenger seat, and Bob beside me in the back.

"We should take flowers. Mum would like flowers," I said.

"White roses we follow, towards Teller's Hollow," sang Bill, laughing. "Remember?"

"That nonsense," I said, "is nonsense."

And that was how we left the road.