



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

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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.