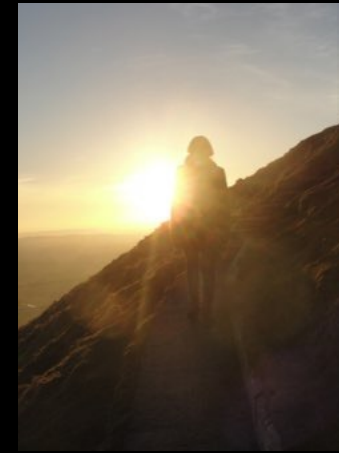


# A Song of Albion

REFLECTIONS ON GEOFFREY ASH'S TALK TO THE BLACK SOCIETY ON 'BLAKE & ALBION'



A cliff-white carriage carried the questers to the land of Avalon, past the fearful grottoes of Middle England Earth where the knowledge had been taken, past the depot at Yeovil and the Battle of Yodel, till by the craft of numbers the wisdom was released, and to the gates of Mary and the Chapel Perlious, where each of us was granted one question. What would you ask?



We rose like Albion upon the sleeping hills of Camelot, we felt the breath of Arthur, heard the shake of spurs and armoury, the thud of distant hooves, were we dreaming Albion or was he dreaming us?

Then to the Tor, which so many apples bore, and many laid to sleep by the spells of Nature's keep. But some went through -



- some saw not with but Through the eye, a portal to another realm, within, divine, human, alive.  
see You inside.