

## "I remember... Bââât I had forgotten."

There was once a mare with wings  
Who incarnated creativity and all things.  
Light as the wind, free as the air,  
She moved with the speed of a lightning flare.  
Because she knew no boundary  
She was called ETERNITY.  
But one day man organized society.  
Established his order and made his law.  
He grounded the winged mare,  
And her wings wasted away.  
He forbade her from galloping,  
And her legs shortened.  
He prohibited her from working for herself,  
And her woolly hair was exploited.  
THE WINGED MARE HAD BECOME A SHEEP.

A black sheep,  
Which had accepted to trade  
Her wool for security.  
Soon she was to see  
That the shearing was increased  
And the food was decreased.  
In great disarray,  
She went to see Mother Nature  
not far away  
Who reminded the black sheep:  
"Remember that in times gone by  
You were a winged mare  
Soaring high  
Independent and resolute.  
That nobody could refute".

The black sheep replied:  
"I remember".



She returned to the sheepfold  
And said to the other sheep:  
"We've allowed ourselves  
to be fleeced far too long!  
The time has come  
to set ourselves free!"  
The black sheep set off,  
Offering her wool to one and all.  
She began to walk so proudly  
That her legs grew longer.  
She bounded so high  
That her wings grew back.  
THE SHEEP THAT WAS BLACK HAD  
TURNED BACK INTO A WINGED MARE.  
The poets got back their inspiration,  
And the sheep, their creation.

**FAREWELL SECURITY  
LONG LIVE LIBERTY!**