



"I do not agree with what you have to say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it." - Voltaire

## The Drummer By: Stephanie Kgelgaard

The leaves rush forward,  
And the wind howls fast,  
My feet sprint northward,  
Fearing the past.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beating a song,  
The drummer keeps drumming,  
A tempo that's strong.

Ten years ago,  
On this same dreary night,  
The drummer had drummed,  
Before his last fight.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beating a song,  
The drummer keeps drumming,  
A tempo that's strong.

He swung from a tree,  
And the white lightning flamed,  
Finishing the job,  
In a fire, untamed.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beating a song,  
The drummer keeps drumming,  
A tempo that's strong.

The road curves 'round  
The bend this happened,  
Where the shadow still swings,  
A stump remains blackened.  
But the drummer is drumming,  
Beating a song,  
And the drummer keeps drumming,  
A tempo that's strong.

The lightning does blare,  
And the drummer's a' swing,  
He wakes for me,  
That dreadful un-being.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beating a song,  
And the drummer keeps drumming,  
Rushing along.

"I call from you,  
From beyond the past  
You are one of two  
I shall recruit at last!"  
And the drummer began drumming  
This song to me  
The drummer keeps drumming  
Rushing towards me.

His boney fingers,  
Curl around his sticks,  
Strumming and strumming,  
With quick precise flicks.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
A song for me,  
The drummer keeps drumming,  
The faster I flee,

"Run as you might  
The forest is deep,  
And the faster you run  
Oh! The benefits I reap!"  
And the drummer is drumming  
This song to me  
The drummer keeps drumming  
A tempo of glee.

Over the roots,  
Breaths coming fast,

Quick in the forest,  
Into the past,  
And the drummer is drumming,  
A song for me,  
The drummer keeps drumming,  
I want to be free!

The branches, they scratch,  
My clothes are all torn,  
My legs are failing me,  
Like a newborn's.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
The closer he comes,  
The drummer's beat quickens,  
And he strums and he drums,

"Faster, young lad!  
I'm at your heels,  
You remind me of me,  
And this does appeal.  
Let me drum on my drum  
A song for you  
And the strum of this drum  
Has a beat that is true!"

A blood-curdling laugh,  
That pales my skin,  
The drummer has come out,  
From deep within.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beating my ears,  
The drummer is drumming,  
Playing my fears.

"This drum has a mate,  
Whose rhythm is strong,  
And he wants to be with it,  
To play a new song!"  
And the drummer is drumming,  
This song goes on,  
The beating is forever,  
My fear is almost gone.

Climb up the tree,  
The shadow is here,  
Beating the silence,  
He comes nearer and near.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beneath me now,  
The drummer is drumming,  
He raises his brow!

"Hide as you wish  
Your heart beats true  
And try as you might  
But this tale is not new!"  
And the drummer's drum slowed  
Almost to a stop, I dare say  
And the drummer listened  
To the drum I didn't yet play.

The lightning does flash,  
And the spark is clear,  
The branch above,  
Flames envelope my fear.  
And the drummer is laughing,  
And drumming his song,  
The drummer is drumming,  
And drumming along.

"The tree and flame,  
Both are still here,  
Playing in my mind,

As equally clear!  
And you drum your drum,  
Though it may slow for a second,  
Drum on that drum,  
Listen to me beckon!"

My screams go unheard,  
Hurdling through night,  
Air filled with thunderous roars,  
Thick without blight.  
And the drummer is drumming,  
Beating a song,  
And the drummer keeps drumming,  
A tempo that's strong.

And breaths come quick,  
And the flame grows hot,  
The night turns red,  
And I know naught,  
But the drummer is drumming,  
And strumming his song,  
And the drummer is waiting,  
For a company that's strong.

"Oh come now, my friend,  
Only a few scratches to be told,  
Your death was manly,  
And the afterlife is gold.  
Reach for the sticks,  
Of the drum's little friend.  
Take them in your hand,  
Feel they are kin."

And I lift up my head,  
Towards the moon full and pale,  
And I take out two sticks,  
Too thin and too frail,  
But the drummer is drumming,  
Goading along,  
And the drummer is strumming,  
Here I belong.

In the forest I ran,  
To the past I behold,  
And the drummer is drumming,  
And now it's foretold,  
That two drummers are drumming,  
A beat of a song,  
And two drummers are drumming,  
A tempo that's strong.

The drummers will drum,  
And will strum and take flight,  
On those loneliest of all darkening nights,  
But the drummers will drum,  
And beat it strong,  
Until the final drummer,  
Has wandered along.

The beat will go on  
Forever and then  
When a third strummer comes  
The drum's final kin  
"Run in the forest  
Sprint as you might  
The drum chooses you  
Though you might fight.  
Stay clear of those trees  
That are blackened and charred  
The stumps hold we drummers  
All bloodied and marred."