

## Speak, Marauder!

Cinema Strange

Pay no heed to the fool in the field so far and gray...  
with spies like the serpents underfoot and rodents.  
Legs of wood... burlap, canvas, belt and hood and  
screams like freezing rusty nails and stitches running  
through his neck.

There's straw in his brain and his clothing is stained  
with mice, small newts, and the perfectly maimed! Don't  
look under his hood in the place where he stood or  
you'll find yourself running from the rook in the wood!

Wind and leaves are rustling, turning, naked branches  
reaching, reaching... Taunted vigil, weeping on his  
stick... now he's bleeding. He can hear the pest and  
when it's gnawing through! Rope and rowan cast him when  
the raven flew! He can be the darkness in the trees and  
feel the hollow and then frighten children far too  
young for this winter. He can live and breathe and die  
and talk again! Always in the glade where dark and  
chill begin!

He stalks the patch at night and scratch... and fly!  
Stepping lightly, tries so hard to stain... underneath!  
And then crawls the dampened earth like fog... tasting  
blades!  
And then falling back until he sleeps... screaming  
softly!

Brained and stained and perfectly maimed... under the  
hood where he stood in the wood... brained and stained  
and perfectly maimed... under the hood where he stood  
in the wood...