

(The original poem: Do not go down to the woods today by Ursula Sagar.)

A rejoinder to Sagar

*Do not go down to the woods today,
Although they're lovely, dark and deep.
You know exactly what lies that way
And you have promises to keep
And other, safer games to play
And other arms to charm your sleep.*

*Do not jump into the rabbit hole
Or wander through the wardrobe door.
You're far too old for the title role
And anyway, the plot's a bore:
The queen of hearts is off her head,
The dormouse just goes back to bed,
The lion reigns – the witch is dead,
The children sleep at home once more
And all is as it was before.*

*Do not go gentle into that
good night; don't follow the moonlit stream,
For when the day comes, harsh and bright,
The potion's spent – it's not a dream.
Then every elf and fairy sprite
And every flower of delight
Will fade like fireflies out of sight.
Don't rage against that dying light;
You'll know at once what's wrong, what's right,
In morning's fiercer, braver beam.*

I shall go down to the woods today;
Trees grow, seasons run, changing the way,
And I have promises to keep:
As, when I took the title role,
Not to forsake the forest games,
Not to forget the faery dreams,
And anyway, I write the plot,
And all is mine to change, or not.
To struggle with what's wrong, what's right
Truth's found as much in dark as light.

*Reuben Thomas
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