

Public Carnation



Blessings of the Land: A Tribute to the Farmers of the World

To the farmers who toil beneath sky's wide dome,

In fields of the earth, they make their hearts home.

With hands in the soil, they labor in grace,

Seeking the harvest, life's steady embrace.

May wealth in your fields, like rain, always fall,

And blessings of harvest answer your call.

Your toil is the root of a world standing tall.

I'r ffermwyr sy'n gweithio dan dom eang y nefoedd,

Yn y maes y ddaear, maen nhw'n gwneud eu calon yn gartref.

Gyda dwylo yn y pridd, maen nhw'n gweithio'n llon,

Yn chwilio am y cynhaeaf, a'r gafael mewn bywyd.

Boed i gyfoeth yn eich meysydd, fel glaw, ffrwydro'n uchel,

A bendithion y cynhaeaf yn ateb eich galwad.

Eich ymdrechion yw'r gwreiddiau o fyd sy'n sefyll yn uchel.

Introduction to Public Carnation

The humble acorn, once abundant under the great oaks of England, played a quiet yet pivotal role in the shaping of rural life. While often overlooked in the annals of history, these small seeds were vital to the agrarian societies of old. Acorns, though not commonly consumed by people, served an essential purpose in the practice of pannage—where pigs were set loose in the woodlands to feed on the bounty of fallen acorns and beech mast. This custom, deeply rooted in the cycles of nature, sustained communities by ensuring livestock were fattened during the colder months, ready to provide nourishment in a time of need. The oak forests thus became a shared space of sustenance, a bridge between nature's bounty and human survival.

In this tradition of farming, we see a reflection of England's broader history—of a nation dependent on the land, of cycles of death and rebirth, and of a life shaped by the seasons. Just as the acorn was used to renew life through the pigs that fed upon them, the idea of reincarnation and transformation is deeply embedded in the cycles of life that farmers knew so well.

In *Public Carnation*, these themes are revisited, not in the fields of England but in the fields of the spirit. The word "public" alludes to the works done not for the self but for the greater good, in the open, where all may witness the transformation. "Carnation," a symbol of reincarnation or renewal, ties to the essence of life

cycling through death into new beginnings, just as the acorn transforms from seed to tree or, in the story, as spirits move from darkness to light.

At the heart of the tale is a moment of profound change, mirrored in the ancient tradition of acorns feeding pigs, which in turn nourish the community. The story of the demons cast into the pigs parallels this process of consumption and transformation. The pigs perish, yet their remains feed the fish, who, in turn, pass on the spirit of possession. What begins in darkness evolves into something new, embodying the idea of reincarnation—a spirit reborn not for destruction but for public works and healing.

In *Public Carnation*, this spirit, once fallen, finds its way into the hands of a young woman. Through her, the spirit, now transformed, embarks on a mission of renewal, seeking to build a better world by guiding the young, the lost, and the overlooked. The acorn, like the spirit, moves through cycles of growth, decay, and rebirth—public in its impact, yet deeply personal in its journey. This tale invites readers to consider how renewal, even from darkness, can lead to works of light, transforming the future for generations to come.

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I.

In the stillness of dawn, where the hills meet the waters,

A man walked the shore, with winds in his heart,

Unseen, untold, his power unspoken,

Yet the wild world knew him, and trembled apart.

For beasts and the breathless both whispered his name,

But men in their blindness could not see the flame.

Upon the cliffside, with demons in thrall,

He spoke but a word, and they began to fall—

Out from the body, into the herd,

Where swine on the hillside obeyed the unheard.

They rushed to the sea, driven by madness,

And sank in the deep with untold sadness.

Fish of the fathoms, in silence, they fed,

Upon the flesh where unclean spirits had bled.

II.

Years like a river, unending, did pass,

The tale of the swine lost in the grass,

But in the deep, where the shadows play,

One spirit lingered, never to stray.

Bound by the waters, by the fish it was borne,

Until the moon rose on a night freshly shorn.

A young woman stood by the river's wide bend,

Casting her line where the stars descend,

The fish took her bait, its mouth full of woe,

Yet hidden within was an ancient foe.

She ate of its flesh, in hunger, in grace,

Unknowing the spirit that took now its place.

III.

The moon watched in silence, the trees leaned low,

As the ancient spirit began to grow.

But unlike the madness that once ruled its form,

A calm took its mind like the dawn after storm.

For the spirit had glimpsed a place beyond,

Where mercy, not torment, forged the bond.

Through the woman's limbs it sought to be free,

Not to destroy, but to help men see.

To the children it went, to the lost and the small,

To those who knew nothing of glory's tall wall.

She walked among them with a voice full of grace,

Speaking of wonders that time could not erase.

IV.

Her hands, once empty, now labored for good,

In fields of the young where the wildflowers stood.

To those who were broken, to those cast aside,

She showed them a truth no shadows could hide.

The spirit within her no longer defiled,

Now preached of a kingdom where none were reviled.

And children did gather to hear her speak,

Of power in kindness, of strength in the meek.

She taught them to see what the world had made blind,

That in every soul, the divine one could find.

V.

Years again passed, as seasons entwined,

And the spirit of darkness had grown pure of mind.

No longer in torment, no longer in fear,

It walked with the woman, its purpose made clear.

To shape a new world, where futures could shine,

Where each child was told, "Your potential is mine."

And thus, through the ages, her works remained,

The woman and spirit, their mission unstained.

From the madness of pigs to the light of the youth,

The spirit once fallen had returned to the truth.

Outro Dedication

To the unsung heroes in public service,

Whose hearts beat for the youngest among us,

You walk tirelessly through the halls of hope,

Guiding, teaching, and nurturing each fragile dream.

To those who work with challenged children,

Your patience, your understanding, your boundless grace—

You show us that challenge is not a barrier, but a bridge,

A way to see the strength in what others might overlook.

For even in the greatest minds, there are challenges—

The unknowns of tomorrow, the fragility of life.

Yet you stand steadfast, knowing that your presence today

Can be the light in a world that too often remains dim.

A special tribute to those who are often the only constant

In the life of a child who faces unseen battles—

You are the unwavering hand that holds, the heart that cares,

The steady presence when the world falters.

May your dedication never go unnoticed,

For in the lives you touch, you shape a better future,

One filled with the promise of understanding,

And a tomorrow where every child, no matter the challenge,

Can walk with the strength you've helped them find.

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