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We know
books

the
lost
spells

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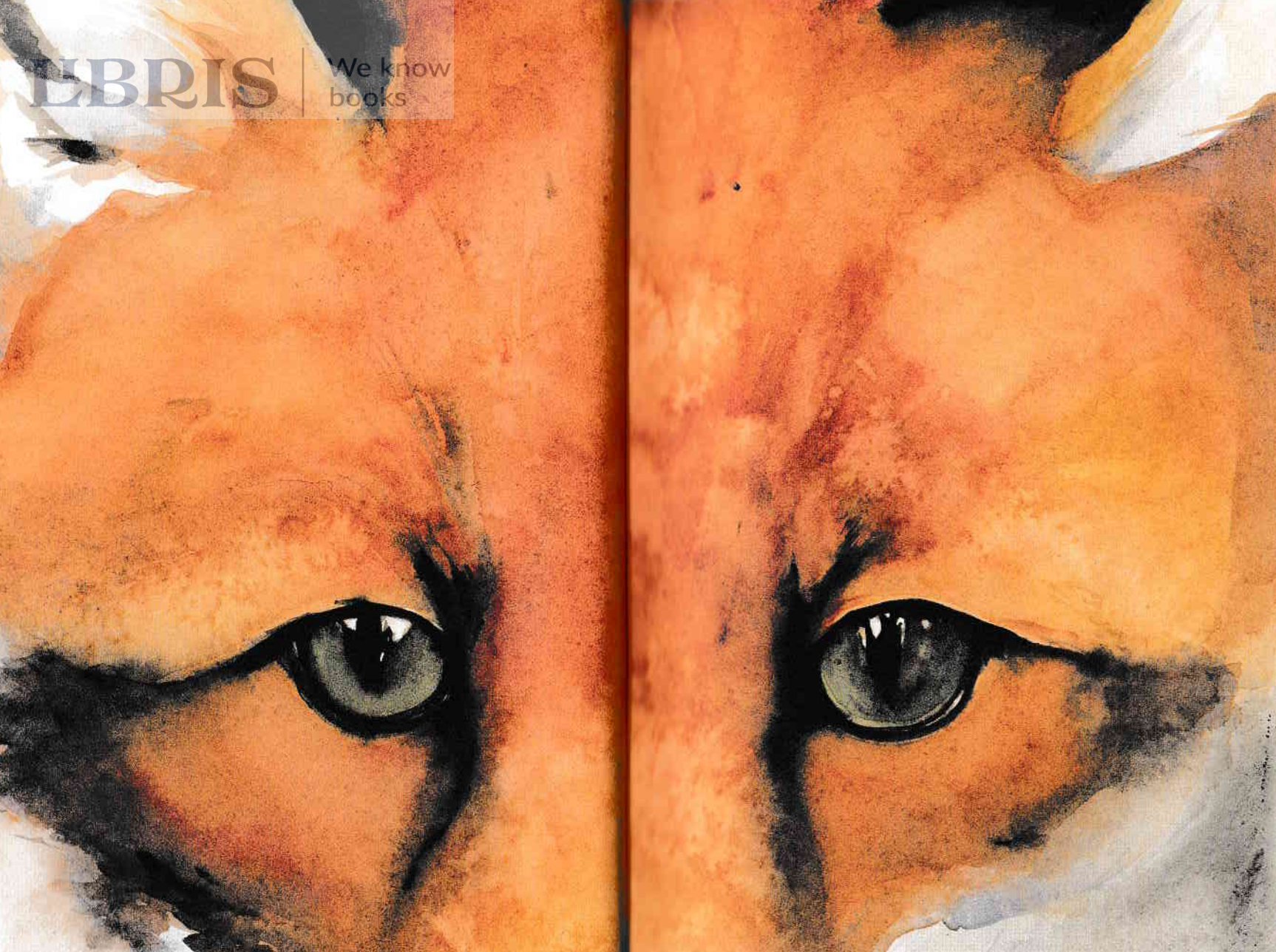


This is a book of spells to be spoken aloud. It tells its stories and sings its songs in paint and word. Here you will find incantations and summoning charms, spells that protect and spells that protest, tongue-twisters, blessings, lullabies and psalms. Here you might swoop with a swallow, follow a seal through the sea or sky-race with swifts. Here you can listen with owl ears and watch with the eyes of an oak. Here a fox might witch into your mind, or flocks of moths may lift from the page to fill the air.

Loss is the tune of our age, hard to miss and hard to bear. Creatures, places and words disappear, day after day, year on year. But there has always been singing in dark times – and wonder is needed now more than ever. ‘To enchant’ means both to make magic and to sing out. So let these spells ring far and wide; speak their words and seek their art, let the wild world into your eyes, your voice, your heart.

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red fox

I am **Red Fox** – how do you see me?

A bloom of rust

at your vision's edge,

The shadow that slips

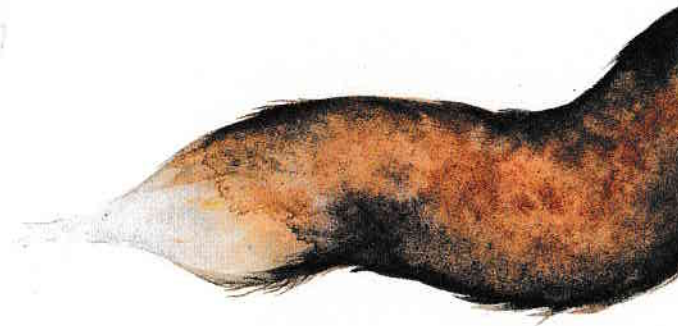
through a hole in the hedge,

My two green eyes

in your headlights' rush,

A scatter of feathers,

the tip of a brush.



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I am **Red Fox** – when do you hear me?

A scream in the night
that stops you dead;
Dark torn from dark,
a bolt through the head,
My sorrowful love-song
howled to my lover,
My trash-can clatter
from twilight's cover.



I am **Red Fox** – where do you find me?

In copse and spinney,
ginnel and alley,
For I haunt city
as I haunt valley,
Climbing the fell-side,
crossing the pass,
Walking the high street,
bold as brass.

I am **Red Fox** – what do you call me?

Shifter of shapes
and garbage-raider,
Bearer of fire
and space-invader,
Taker of risks
and riddle-maker,
Messenger, trickster,
curfew-breaker.

