

Permaculture

Prince

A Dartmoor fable

By Nick Viney

**I**n a time when almost all **Hope** was lost  
something began to shimmer amidst  
Dartmoor's

**GraniteSonofQuartz**

## **Princetown**

Shrouded for many years by low cloud  
A village in fog  
Isolated by moorland  
Cut off by bog

**Sun** her warmth rarely felt

**Sun.** her light not clearly seen

Feuds were commonplace across this common  
land

**Fire** raged often

Angered

He scorched **Land** for her brittleness

**Man** and **Land** lost faith in one another's  
ability to **Grow**

Mistrust Failure on many fronts

**Climate** grew tricky, erratic

Worst, exposed to brutality of **Elements**

Carrying open wounds

of Industry

of Erosion

Tightened over igneous skeleton

Without the elasticity of her younger years

Dartmoor's fragile skin shrank

**Land's** commitment to **Water**

no longer possible to uphold

Keystone allies long exterminated

**Trees** but memories in Peat

Acceptance that Hope too had been lost in  
mist

**Sadness** seeded more clouds

**And floods began**

# Far Far away

on the other side of the Queendom  
McGow launched the last pair of Turtle  
Doves.

Day and night they flew

No sign of Land

McGow

Man

Message

His Majesty

Day and night more

Day and night and then The Moor!

**T**iring

Respective branches

Tiring

The same leafless tree

The pair alighted **Air**

The pair paused, ... perched Purrs of  
passion

Content with progress

Shattered by effort

Twisting  
Snapping

**BOOM**

.....nothing

All at once

Ailing Ash branch gave way

She bird plummeted

He bird hovered

Present, mindful, a moment suspended

His life force vaporised in a puff of dusky  
feathers

Exploded by a lead shot

Mistaken for Wood Pigeon and vision of pie.

Falling she spread powder pink plumage

The very moment he collided with **Land**

Clearly .....dearly departed

No backward glance

Heading set for Palace

She Focus on THE message.

Breaking His fast in the Orangery  
Prince lifted the silver server  
Laid  
lying  
Gasping  
she spoke

“**Land** is where our responsibility to the  
world is enacted”

She drew breath

“**Land** is where our responsibility to the  
world is enacted”

she repeated

The last Turtle Dove on **Earth** locked eyes  
with Prince

And Faded

To Join her beloved.

**It is long in tradition**

That birds bring ideas

Buried in the shade of Crab Apple

Never to be forgotten the plaque reads

“**Land** is where our responsibility to the world is enacted”

Prince repeated this over over

Exactly three sleeps later

Prince knew exactly what was to be done

**“Permaculture Princetown.**

**Build Regenerative Dartmoor”**

The order was given

**Hope** was sown

AND That's the story  
Of how good fortune came to the catchments  
of Devonshire  
The story of how a small village on Dartmoor  
with the highest rainfall  
and the lowest clouds  
began to flourish

Because with every molecule of water  
that passed that way  
which was all Water  
Dartmoor added her sparkle

Princetown was a bustle once more  
The Old Hotel in Duchy Square made over  
Honouring the creativity of Conan Doyle  
Visitors from as far as Japan flocked to the  
immersive 'Sherlock' experience.

The Duchy Square Centre for Creativity  
boomed  
Prince's offices moved in upstairs  
The ground floor the central hub for



# 'Brand Dartmoor'

A mark of excellence

All **BrandDartmoor** produce was the result of **Regenerative farming** practice

Customers knew that buying

**BrandDartmoor**

Helped heal **Land**

Helped restore the health of her precious **soil**

Health of her plants her animals

Health of her **Man**

Brand Dartmoor Helped bring back

**Nature** to **Land**

Her Majesties Dartmoor Prison was reimagined

**Appropriate Technology** was applied

Truly Renewly Energy

In damp dank darkness

They bloomed

Fungi & Man

Man & Fungi

Food

To furniture

The breaking down pollutants

To the building up of house bricks and  
insulation

Teaming with the Fungi guaranteed success

They expanded Man's vision

They gifted Man hope

Freedom and Regeneration

Through the prism of a Prison

A startling transformation

Even visible from space

H.M Prison Farm.

An eruption of production

**Permaculture & Holistic Management**

were blended

**Regenerative Agricultural** principles adopted

**Restoration began**

With Soil health returned

**Land** Quickly recovered

**Land** and **Water** duetted

**Land** fed **Man**

Floated as far Burrator

Just South West of the Princetown village

McGow released the burgeoning Ark

**Land** & **Water** balanced

And because all **Water** is one **Water**

and because all **Water** wants to do is join

back up to the main body of **Water**

All **Water** passed through

Dartmoor's immense carbo sponge

So the sparkle of prosperity

and natural capital could flow off

Dartmoor

Down through Devon

And across the world

**New Beginning began**