

Dark Purple Woods

We are going into the dark purple woods

And we are never coming out.

We are going with the nightmares

That stroll silent

Beneath the dark canopy.

They are free and secretive,

And feed on flimsy pink fungi.

Across the sky the yellow winds

Blow like a plague.

The trees hold them out.

On the treetops perch

The giant white bears

Looking down with

Drowsy eyes, a glint of vigilance

In them.