

Sounds of the City

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As I walk down an enchanted path
laced with white blossom clover,
echoes of the city roar
hushed by tall winded cedar.

Cloaked in emerald green,
velvet arms reach out
with gentle calm,
offering silent protection

from the sounds of the city.

Daydream terrors of
bloody screams, reeling sirens, drunken sidewalks.
My head like a spinning top
whirls from blurred visions as I awaken

startled by the sounds of the city.

Entering the deep wood,
pine and cedar mix their magic potion
stroked by soft fingered fern,
my heavy head falls on cushioned moss.

Tranquilized by nature's tonic,
I drift to a place where
nymphs and elves cast their spells,
dancing from leaf to leaf

easing the pain of the city.