Sounds of the City
Dena Jones

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.