

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.