A poem inspired by The Path by Edward Thomas.

There I stood waiting, waiting,

Did I dare? Did I dare?

Would I walk through the cursed wood?

Or would I stay safe and warm, at home where there was no danger?

I stood at the start of the path, watching, watching,

As the young boy made his choice,

I wanted to scream, shout, tell him NO,

But I no longer have a voice.

Bravely I ventured in,

The purple mist consuming me as I went,

It seemed to be watching me,

I should have turned back there and then instead of walking on,

Slowly I felt more and more hopeless,

But I knew there was no turning back.

I held my head in my hands,

Oh what had the boy done,

He had already sealed his fate,

No longer was he free to choose

Instead he had to carry on.

Step by step, minute by minute, hour by hour

Till he reached the fabled place

We like to call The Devil’s Gate.

As I penetrated deeper and deeper,

I began to notice odd looking trees.

They seemed to move every time I blinked

Their witch like hands ready to grab me

I knew they were watching me

I couldn’t bear to look as the boy walked on,

He was now just a puppet,

In the witch’s evil game.

Her spies, the trees, knew he was doomed,

But of course they let it happen

In the forest, every second seemed to bring a new surprise,

I just knew that everything had eyes,

I was no longer safe

Oh why, oh why did I enter this place?!

It was all too much,

He had slowly begun to realise his fate,

But the worst was yet to come…

He might not reach the Devil’s gate.

Finally I was clear of the trees

Hope began to rise in me,

Maybe, just maybe,

I could make it out of this wood

The path twisted and turned

Like a road you never wanted to follow

I watched and waited,

Only I knew his hopes would be dashed

No-one ever made it out of this accursed wood.

Jessica