The Road

There was once a road through the woods

Underneath the sparkling trees,

Where the bees would buzz around.

The bright sky was blinding,

The bark smelt like fresh honey

And hares hopped from hedge to hedge.

Yet, at night, the road would glint

Like the strangest eyes

Under the tall trees that

Glared in the moonlight.

The bees slept, but instead

Hares scampered hurriedly,

Wide-eyed with worry,

Foxes would screech in the

Dead of night, with a touch of

Fear in their voice.

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