The Path

Running through a valley,

A snow-coated dip

Between gorse-covered slopes,

There is a path. It snakes

Between yellow-painted houses.

Ants crawl along the half-worn path

Over the muddy bank,

As the path winds

Like coiled plastic.

The children wear the valley,

Flattening the gorse.

Trees overhang it, and the

Path seems full of promises

But it ends when the wood ends.

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