

"The Edge of the Wood"  
Loon Hitchens



Woods -  
contain you the spell that is spelled  
at your edge looking in?  
Is your magic without?  
Is your trail to the lake paradise,  
Or, as the twists of the vine,  
The wounds of its wind?  
Are your shades just a snare for the eyes?  
  
Dares one to enter the wood?  
yea, if the path guides the heart.  
Nay, if intrusion reveals,  
For aggression repels,  
and the lure of the claim,  
as a parting that's cast from its charge,  
Means the search - though it's lost.  
But love forms the bond  
That all partings forbid.  
  
Dares one to enter the wood?  
yea.