

The Clearing

Weatherbox

I woke in the snow with my face on the pavement and
icicles hanging off most of my clothes
for 10 perfect houses with green little gardens lined up
in a row

I walked past the gardens and into the trees
And I found myself rather lost
And I picked a nice clearing
I dropped to my knees
I said I will get home at any cost
But they found me in the snow
Icicles on all my clothes
Surrounded in the splinters of 10 picket fences for 10
perfect houses
There shattered and scattered all across the road
I stand and I look at the wreckage around me

I whistle and turn
I start walking home
And it's back through the gardens and through the same
trees to the clearing I passed out in before
And I threw up my hands to admit my defeat
When the chemicals erupted once more
And the clearing grew and began to bend
And all the sun light started pouring in
And you walked up, all bathed in white
And you stripped me naked
You held me tight
But they found me in the snow
Icicles on all my clothes
Surrounded in the splinters