

I head to the woods ...

I head to the woods to remind me I am small
I smell the end of summer
The scent is strong
I hear the woodpecker knocking
I answer "come in"
Blue jays squawk a welcome to me

The wind blows as she walks with me
The train whistle echoes in the hole in my heart
The wind blows harder I feel her hugging me
The dark clouds threaten but don't stay

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