The Hole in the Woods

A dirt road

strewn with leaves,

pebbled with stones,

long tall grasses

growing up alongside it.

A mighty oak

stretches over,

draping her arms

with sculpted safety.

Look deeper:

it burrows,

like the land

makes provision,

like the grasses

weave protection,

beckoning me home,

peering through

the elongated

rabbit hole –

I see young deer

feeding, ears pinned back,

looking, listening,

in this place all their own

where magic maneuvers,

where all is at peace,

where faeries flit by,

and I stumble deeper

and deeper within,

pacing myself

from reality,

losing myself

through that portal

of nature and whimsy.