

The Eternal Glade

Have you heard the wind,
Slipping through cracks in the wall
Telling a tale of a place
Where the end is always tomorrow
And the beginning was always yesterday
A place untouched by time

Have you heard the whispers,
Of the Eternal Glade,
Mentioned in hushed tones
For to say its name will leave a shiver in your spine
And a sense of something forgotten
A memory never to be known again

Have you heard the stars,
As they pass over the skies
They do not pass over the glade
For to go there is to be trapped
Where you are forever on the verge of destruction
And forever a child, new and unknowing

Have you heard the trees,
That branch around the glade
They form a guard and tell travelers
“Do not go this way,
If you value your past.”
These trees that know no future

Have you heard Time
Weeping for the daughter she lost
This child who was afraid
And fled from anything that might hurt
She cannot trust anything
This broken soul who cut out the world

Have you heard the Glade
She lures the broken to her
“I will erase the pain” she says
“You need not think of tomorrow,
And yesterday will be gone from your mind.
You will be forever at peace.”

Have you heard the broken souls,
Who smile listlessly
They have forgotten what made them sad
And they have forgotten what made them happy
The Glade holds them close
So they may never be hurt again