

## **Alone in the woods**

Alone in the woods:  
Art is our livelihood

Out where the darkness stood  
We escape to childhood

Heart races, fear rises  
As we take a look,  
Back behind coz were chased  
By monsters from a book

Gaze at the moon  
The darkness came too soon  
But it fills with ease  
It's not all doom and gloom.

I take glance:  
A pen and paper on the bench  
Where the fairy now sits  
Inspiration I sense

I put pen to page and start to wright  
Thoughts manifesting into the night  
Imagery created, brought to sight  
Expelling energy and bringing light.

No longer alone in the woods  
But art remains our livelihood.

*Chevonne lane*