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Forsynthia Tunnels

Court Cathers

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FORSYNTHIA TUNNELS

Court Cathers

For Sweetie

Spring.
Until today,
I did not know their name.
Merely a faint recollection
Of tiny yellow flora.
Forsythia.

~

Summer.
The flowers rained down,
Leaving tunnels barren and spiky.
Wood, dirt and bugs,
Thorns, weeds and roots
Filled the tunnels.
Musky, wet and muddy,
Blue sky only through slits.
Slime and jewel lined walls,
Swords and spikes threaten to fall.
Tiny creatures question our presence.
A fat cat of brown and tan,
Roams this forbidden space.
Imagining fantastical tales
Of slaying beasts,
I'd follow her to evil places.
A tiny furry dragon.

Fall.
Tunnels cold and rotting,

Death threatens to claim us.
Spikes and swords get sharper,
Hooking onto our clothes,
Trying to keep us here forever.
Companions following my moves,
We wiggle and twist.
Ripping cloth and skin,
Drawing blood and danger,
Traps and spikes behind us.
Dragon tail in front.
Weapons out and at the ready,
Thrusting and slashing,
Claws cutting through air,
Fire exploding and burning flesh,
One good stab to the chest,
Wounded she runs.
Demon hurt and gone,
Slowly we escape our prison.
Free at last we roam these tunnels,
Searching and questing for sky,
Lost in this labyrinth.

Winter.
Bursting through rubble,
We have found our escape.
Ground white and frozen,
We shiver in our tattered clothing,
Looking back to our cage,
Only Forsythia Tunnels.