

**Cabin in the Woods**

**Joe Bruner**

There's a cabin in the woods.  
A lonely, forgotten cabin.  
The panes are gone, the door-  
like the rest of the cabin-  
rotted through.  
In the floor, between the cracks  
grow the gangly ferns.  
Smell the dank, moist darkness  
of decaying wood.  
Sunlight streams through  
the crumbling roof.  
Outside, leaning is a  
red rusted wheelbarrow. And shovel.  
A rusted out barrel frame.  
All around is the song of nature:  
the innocent chirps,  
reassuring rustle of the breeze,  
and the empty silence.  
In a forgotten, timeless corner  
of the world,  
there's a cabin in the woods.