

Cabin in the Woods

Joe Bruner

The panes are gone, the door-
like the rest of the cabin-
rotted through.
In the floor, between the cracks
grow the gangly ferns.
The dank, moist darkness
of decaying wood wafts
between the trees.
Sunlight streams through
the crumbling roof.
Outside, leaning is a
red rusted wheelbarrow, whose
faded and rusty speckles are
the only lasting image of what
is long forgotten.
Inside the barrow's basin,
snapped off from the handle rests
a rusty shovel spade.
No doubt, the handle well-polished
by the years of use lies half-sunk
in the loamy dirt. And the last relic,
the iron bands of a rain barrel,
worn to nothing
by the very essence
it carried.
All around is the song of nature:
the innocent chirps,
reassuring rustle of the breeze,
and the empty silence.