

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
rusted wheelbarrow, whose
faded and rusty speckles are
the only lasting image of
those times forgotten: children, running
and screaming laughingly with
barrow in hand.
Inside its basin,
though the wood handle eaten away,
a shovel spade, once used for playing,
clearly snapped off.
And the last relic,
the iron bands of a rain barrel,
worn to nothing
by the very essence
it carried.
All around this decay is the song of nature:
the innocent chirps,
reassuring rustle of the breeze,
and the empty silence.