

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 and moldy sweet
darkness of decaying wood
wafts between the trees.

Sunlight streams through
the crumbling roof.

Children once ran around
the cabin, in and out through
the front door. The echo
of children's laughter still lingers,
in the hollow halls.

Off to the side,
a shovel used for uncovering
hidden treasures, lies buried
under a bed of ferns.

Beside the shovel a decrepit barrel one stood,
now in shambles. Its wooden slats wrenched
and torn from their rusted rim.

Behind the barrel, under the vacant
window sill lies the rusted
wheel barrow. The axle is broke,
and that useless hunk of metal
lies on its side, rusting and withering
away.

All around this decay the song of nature
continues:

the innocent chirps,
reassuring rustle of the breeze,
and the empty silence.