2014

The Woodcutter

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Reflections
Raeann James

I know
Who I am with you
Better
Stronger
Than
That weak person who was here before
To trust someone with my whole heart
Was my downfall
Because of the bruises and rips
Now scars, once fresh with hurt and denial
I can never trust a man again,
But you are no man, you are mine
Each day I fight with the reflections of who I was and who man is but
Who I am and who you are erases that
That person is not here anymore
There is no room for them
It is just you and me and

The Woodcutter
McKenna Rinta

Slow and steady the woodcutter swings
His axe around in the whistling air
Splitting the sounds of countless springs
And making the autumn weather fair

His axe around in the whistling air
The woodcutter winds the forest’s clock
And making the autumn weather fair
The pendulum breaks the wooden block

The woodcutter winds the forest’s clock
Round and round he turns the wheel of time
The pendulum breaks the wooden block
And makes the cold sun climb

Round and round he turns the wheel of time
Splitting the sounds of countless springs
And makes the cold sun climb
Slow and steady the woodcutter swings