



McKees for / Pa.



THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

The universe is a grand woods.
We are lost in the woods.

As we wander on our way
to grandmother's house
we see Dick, see Jane,
we see Spot bark.

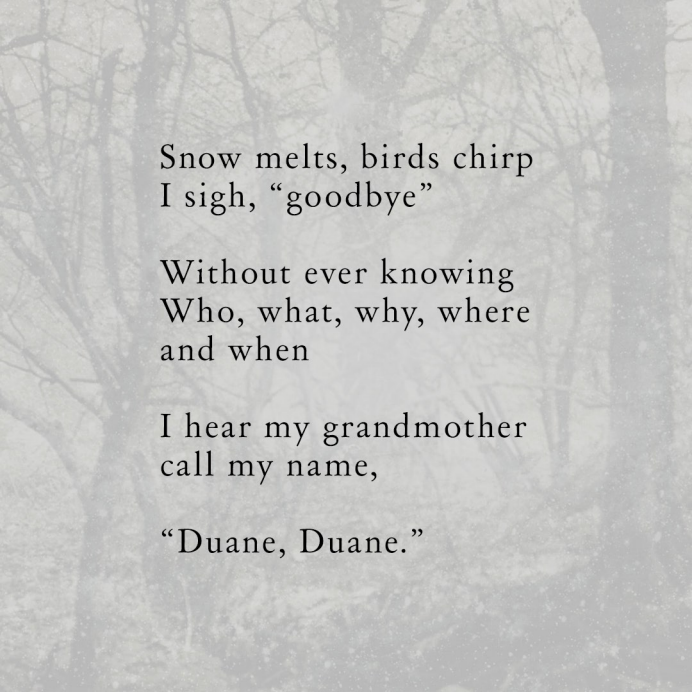
I grew up on a dirt street
and it ended up the hill
in a mysterious woods
full of robin's eggs
hallow logs
croaking frogs.

When I wandered into the woods
I was home,
wild and mysterious.
As I wander through the universe
I am home,
wild and mysterious

Did you hear that?
Did you see that?
What was that?

If you know let me know
I am becoming a long shadow.

As the sun sets
I miss the mystery
It blossoms in spring
Flowers in summer
And withers in winter.



Snow melts, birds chirp
I sigh, “goodbye”

Without ever knowing
Who, what, why, where
and when

I hear my grandmother
call my name,

“Duane, Duane.”



THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

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Edge of the Woods
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THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

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