

“Far, far away” by Zeus Zimm Lyon, Berwyn

“Far far away”

Far far away,
there is rich soil.
Mountain peaks and caves.
There's a mountain town.
There's tea leaves galore,
the shadows of skyscrapers,
open meadows with dandelions,
mist on the volcanoes.
There are smoking ash red flags bursting out.
There are tree houses,
waffles and wild mushrooms.
On the snow days there are snow angels
and on the happy days there are yellow-brick roads
and nuts and bolts.

[paint-chip found poetry]