**The Shortest Story**

*Maggie Beckett*

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In this everlasting short oh story,

Where my legs don't walk no more,

As I step the leaves in the ocean of the Berry,

Confused, I decline to climb the shore,

Will I make this my sin or my glory?

And still, through dark and light paths I travel,

Wondering there must be a game to play,

Two different trees with one single root,

Shall I discover

What truly was the cause to bite the fruit?

One question; many answers;

But only one ear to hear the truth and yes,

Show me whether you are gentle or a brute,

Give me reasons to oppress my soul or to confess,

For there's just a button that at midnight I shall press:

Let there be us or just two strangers without aim and no address!