

The Shortest Story

Maggie Beckett

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!