

Dorothy's Little Bed

Dorothy's little bed another corner, from which a ladder in its path.

Timidly up to the door, how are we to get away, or next day, maybe.

Patiently reading a book is where they entangled again.

Out of a long conversation: stick to the task.

The reader understands the magnitude of the enveloping story.

A child's vision in contact with mythical forces, departure times, melancholy caterpillars.

We need some elephants shiny ones.

I don't care a great deal never mind louder.

Silence in a moment more people in the garden.

Oh, of course, that sounds amazing.

Under the leaves, just like me.

Nothing, she said nothing, I think I will go and meet her.

No more insects while walking in the opposite direction.

What kind of insects, very large ones that talk.

A goat in white so young and gentle so unsuspecting with luggage.

A gnat, as if nothing bad has ever happened.

An agony of haste, crawling branch above your head.

And now who am I and what exactly do I call myself?