Basement Corridors

In the Woods...

Words can never justify
That I have never spoken
Communication broken
I try to understand
My wordless, little language
Is all you'll ever need
To reach the bottom of my basementShe'll guide you through her midnight hall
And offer you a place on the
Gallery wall
Perhaps you'll hear 'bout our history
She quotes from texts on papyrus
You gladly follow when she takes
Your hand and lead you further down
The corridorYou peeled the fruit but threw away
The stones
did it taste sweet?

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