Where I belong

In the middle of the city

on a cool spring day

an apartment dwelling citizen

was logistically displaced

A call to the wild

ran through his heart

of this middle-class society

he could not take part

So he fell him some trees

and stacked up the wood

among the roses and ivory just so

and he tried to keep quiet

as dusk came around

and to sleep with a sigh he would go

He stoked up the fire

which burned all night long

warming the skin as much as the heart

The soft little sizzle

and occasional spark

gave a light in the midst of the dark

He sat back and smiled

as he surveyed his work

which told him just where he belonged

In the sweet-smelling scent

of the evergreen tree

and the sound of the woodpecker's song