

Duplici

"This Is How A Road Gets Made"

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Somebody walked on a virgin (land).
Someone else saw their tracks and followed them,
leaving a path.
It seemed as though I were looking down the hill when I
first saw it,
But, as I waled on, I realized I was going up.

Somebody whistled behind and turning round, they
seemed far below.
Then I came to where there had been a fire and was
shaded
From the sun by the trees.
Figure of eight. it's our year, it always was.

Credentials:
Made of earth,
Drinks water,
Breathes air,
Makes fire.

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