

## **In The Woods... "Basement Corridors"**

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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 basement

She'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 corridor

You peeled the fruit but threw away  
The stones  
did it taste sweet?

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