

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower **"Alias: The Beekeeper"**

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The fields have been emptied
The trees are naked weeping for spring
The sun is sleeping longer as last of the green tries on
it's winter clothes
The rustle of ever leaf
Whispers summer secrets behind her back
"This is where they walk together this is where she said
She loved him and swore the distance would not break
their bond"
Songs of season cling to clay memories
Summer flings fingerprints all over them
Like a grain of sand on a beach of false hope
Swept away into an ocean of everyday life
[spoken part taken from "The Road Less Traveled" by
Robert Frost]

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