

Cedar Dream Part II

River Whyless

Where did you go my statue friend?
When did you become a marionette?
And who would you choose
If the curtains closed and your strings were loose?

Where did you go my cedar dream?
Golden meadows, a silver stream
And where will I sleep
If the trees we felled never stand as beams?

The frame was wide and we built it truly
We shook and swore, "This will make us happy"
And man what a thrill
It's the life we've built, it's the one we'll die for