

WILLOWS

By Matter

Once again blow the wind the willows
Once again gorge the leaves on the sun

After winter so long
I forgot every song
All of them save for just one

On the bank of a river
In the heart of a wood
On the edge of a town called derry

Lives a man all alone
With the trees as his home
But he couldn't be farther from scary

Each day he blows glass into raindrops
Each night he spins gold into thread

His left eye is blue
And the other can do
Things better off seen than just read

If I know anything about magic or men
I'll tell you this one is the highest

He has fairy wings and all manner of things
But greater than all
He's unbiased