

## Fairy Tales: The Golden Village

Stuck in the woods a vine-covered cottage of stones  
Not far away the shore lies pristine — abandoned, it lies empty  
and not far from there sits a clustered little town with roads clogged with carts  
beyond the clump are the great green meadows with hills that roll  
and over it all sits a boy on a throne, every thread in his cape woven from gold  
and above him stretches the vast blue sky, with stars so bright they define a line

and under the sky between the castle and the towns sits a line  
it curves and maneuvers all through the roads and in between the cracks and stones  
Though the treasury of the kingdom is locked away, beyond that border lies the true gold  
among the people and in the sky, outside the castle it is anything but empty  
Over the bridges and through the tunnels the wheels of the carriages roll  
through the same veins through the heart of the kingdom go the carts

the roads are now clear and the music halts the carts  
the people stand to the sides all in a line  
Made of glass it clangs against the cobblestone while its passengers roll  
to the boy inside, life outside the castle is not made of gems, but stones  
but unknown to the boy, his life is the one that is empty  
even without the silver and diamonds, the villagers' hearts are made of gold

different from the cold metal that plates his life, what really is gold?  
does it fill the largest carts  
overflowing and heavy, but can it fill what's really empty?  
wonder, what's life like on the other side of the line?  
To feel the warmth of the sun on the stones  
To just lie in the grass by the sea and roll

And away those thoughts roll  
into the castle where it's cold, the gold  
Its dungeon caves and treasury walls all stacked with the same stones  
the surplus of sugar and silk and swords rides in on carts  
filling the halls and saluting in a line  
but it still feels empty

it is, the heavy air in the castle, Empty  
towards the only window in his room, his eyes roll  
like a magnet, he feels a pull to the dividing line  
to the warmth of the gold  
and the old wooden carts  
and the vines that wrap around the stones

Sprinting to the line in an attempt to escape what he feels, empty  
The stones of the dungeon crumble and away they roll