



Whispers of Wonderland

I walk through a dark forest alone,
A sneaky grin pops up like a stone.
Green eyes flash, then fade away,
Gone fast into the night's gray.

Wonderland mixes sleep and real,
Weird shapes I can almost feel.
Are they just in my head, I guess,
Or something more, I can't confess?

The Cheshire Cat floats in the wind,
A smile stays, though he's thinned.
A mystery I can't figure out,
Strong even when storms shout.

The storm stops, but shadows creep,
A quiet chill makes me leap.
Is this place a dream I see,
Or does Wonderland live past me?