

We Were Kings (These Lands Were Ours)

The sun will peak through  
Warming the grounds  
Blinding the eyes of young children  
They giggle and play  
Unaware, without heed  
That their lives will soon seem simple

Chasing dreams and jumping in puddles  
Sitting 'neath picture book clouds  
A king attends to his drollery horse  
Whilst the winds roll over the crowd

Mysteries of grown-up talk  
Bother not these innocent ones  
For they frolic amongst the lands of lotus  
And see beauty where most could not

Their fathers' eyes watch sharply, near  
Whilst their mothers' attend to the home  
Their neighbors greet them with much approbation  
Where the toy-filled yards are their own





Thanks tons again  
for letting me use  
your poetry! I hope  
you enjoy reading  
the zine!  
♡-  
Morgan

little red's 7  
writing hood issue

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