

Jungle Strings

He takes the two simple pieces of strings,

he drifts into a new world.

In his state of confusion, he is lost.

He begins to loop through the vines,

And venture his way through bunny holes

Only to continuously find himself at a dead end.

He sits upon a river, about to give up hope,

when all of a sudden a subtle touch,

A soft hand reaches down and offers hope.

Criss cross,

loop the loops,

Pull them tight,

he is now free to walk, without tripping on his shoestrings.