

# The Kudzo Patch

There are creatures hiding near the road's end  
 In the kudzo patch, amongst the thick leaves.  
 Perhaps, one day, if the leaves were to fall  
 You could see these secret wonders of earth  
 Hidden from any man's wandering eye.  
 They can only be seen by the eyes of a child.

Something unique is lost when childhood leaves:  
 The joy at the color display of Fall,  
 The unending questions about this earth,  
 Interest in all that catches the eye,  
 And the dreams that only come from a child.  
 Why must the fantastical joys of childhood end?

Perhaps it is due to the cursed Fall  
 Of man, the corruption of God's good Earth.  
 Perhaps it is because an adult mind's eye  
 Shuts over time. Or is it the young child  
 Who is more close-minded? Blind to the end  
 Of the bliss of ignorance that a grown man leaves

Behind to seek his fortune in this earth.  
 Only desire for success fills his eye.  
 He no longer sees the things that a child

Sees hiding in the green by the road's end.  
The giants clothed and hidden by the leaves  
Of the kudzo until the start of Fall.

Then, they run and live far from you and I,  
In a fairy land filled with the dreams of a child.  
But when the harsh winter comes to an end,  
They return to frolick in the new leaves.  
Along with all that were banished by Fall,  
They come, bringing joy to all that see them on Earth.

It is like a story told to a child.  
But, like all stories, it comes to an end.  
Because a child's imagination leaves  
As he grows, the creatures begin to fall  
From view, even from the dreamers of earth.  
However, I can still see them with my mind's eye.

I suppose I have the eye of a child  
To see the mysteries of earth fall from  
Their homes amongst the leaves near the road's end.

-Maggie Barnard