

## **Into the Light**

Woods left behind,  
Emerald City just there,  
yellow road leading  
to journey's end,  
they begin to run,  
she and the others,  
dog scampering at  
her dangerous red heels.

Fear and longing  
have kept her moving.  
Now, the terror over,  
home but for a wizard's word,  
she is suddenly spent,  
collapses in the witch's poppies.

Dreams of flying monkeys.

Cerise

Inspiration: *Still She Dreams* by Sheryl Budnik