

Trees gather along the edge of the world
Between the academic and the fantastical
Oranges, reds, yellow branches waving in the air
Inviting you to take a look

Slide down the slippery rock path
And walk among her hidden treasures
Golden blossoms bouncing tall green stalks

Fine fair folk frolic before the divide
Crackling, crunching under quick boots
Sensitive snouts sniffing in scarves

They see the issue, that humans
want to deny - the Earth might die
Here the last haven before the veil

Their tiny cabin, big enough
to house the adventurers who dare
to seek the ways humans abandoned

Join with the fair folk, dancing gayly
Merry mouths singing their incantation-
Raining down 'round the autumn ground.

Mist in the air, the tiniest of storms
Kicking up leaves, swirling
Fireflies dodging, lighting little warnings

Once you see how They live
You won't desire a return trip
You won't mind what you find

Fae live through nature
Always replacing what they take
Magic flowing through their air

Silver branches woven into a bridge
Standing as the gate of Fae's Great Realm
Hopeful at the promise of peace.