

## From Alice

All in a golden afternoon,  
Under the skies of cloudless blue.  
I look up to see clouds like balloons  
And baboons.

Oh what a silly thing life is  
All meetings and living to work.  
Why,  
I want to work so I can live  
Or just not work at all!

What a sad thing life could be  
If I wasn't a child forever.  
I will be, you see  
Because I willed myself to just stop!  
Stop growing up.

The clouds stay moving but I am frozen.  
The sun continues to shine  
But I am still a girl in a tree  
And I always will be.

