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The Enchanted Wood

The enchanted wood is like a book, which takes me away from the reality outside the weedy brick fence. Its wooden paneling like the trunk of an Ent, frames a diamond shaped window, which is often kissed by the setting sun. After a long hard day my peculiarly shaped chess piece unlocks the world of the enchanted wood. I’m sure if my enchanted wood could speak, it would speak of wisdom and kindness after all, it knows me like the back of its lustrous padlock. The enchanted wood is like a hungry owl watching me. It has observed me saying my first babbling word and taking my first faulting step and yet it has no eyes. But like a book, the enchanted wood has an exterior, another world worth exploring. It all lies behind the enchanted wood.