

The haunting of a past that was once good

The calls from the trees were so beautiful that day

When there were still calls to be heard

Leashed dogs were a common sight to see

Now those leashes once full of life lay flat, with no occupant near

Water was so full of life

These days, trash overpopulate the fish

The past had bright colors in the trees and a woodsy smell to the land

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The past was once good, but may never be the same

