

# Silvan Silverware

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I don't really know, just random ramblings, haha



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# Silvan Silverware

When I saw the fork in the road, in the forest  
I knew it belonged not alone  
And I saw in it  
Potential.  
Fear.  
Hope.

The fork sprouted both eastward and west  
Away from the North, I'd been happily bound  
But where was the dish,  
Who'd made off with the spoon?

And the knife,  
Did it linger  
Down one of those paths?  
And if so, down which?

I knew I'd be better  
To meet with the couple  
Than to reach the sharp knife,  
Lonely and fierce.

Which path to choose?  
The one less traveled?  
But why, I did ask,  
Was it travel'd so less?

So I chose the same way  
As many before me  
For fear that the knife  
Lay beyond the fork's finger  
That was trodden on less,  
Because its traveler's never returned by it

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