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The Place in My Mind

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TYPE
POETRY

There's a place in my mind
where ideas can grow
into sprouts that turn into trees.

There's a place in my mind
where no one can go
sometimes not even me.

For there is a key
to reach that place in my mind.
Sometimes I lose it
and it's so hard to find.

But if I find that key
and turn it into the lock,
I reach that place
where ideas are in full stock.

Where the trees stand
lush and tall and green
and I can hear the birds
and feel the gentle breeze

In the place in my mind.