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Fabricated Wonderland

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FABRICATED WONDERLAND

Jessica Curlett

Maybe if Alice

was not so lost

It'd be easier to make decisions;

Like why is a raven like a writing desk?

Was this reality or had she gone mad?

Still she was eager to venture further down the rabbit hole.

What was there to be offered in this hole?

It's mysteries still unknown to Alice.

The people she met thus far were so mad,

all she wanted was answers; after all she was lost.

And why is a raven like a writing desk?

But that answer was the least of her decisions.

This way, that way, so many decisions.

She was regretting getting herself in this hole.

Still the thought of the raven and the writing desk,

but that was still nonsense to Alice.

Maybe she wouldn't be so lost

if her family hadn't made her so mad.

Unfortunately what truly made her so mad
was that she hadn't made smarter decisions.
Perhaps she wouldn't be so lost,
if she hadn't spitefully fallen down that hole.
She was close, but poor, silly little Alice
was haunted by the question of the raven and the writing desk.

That infuriating raven and that writing desk.
She could feel herself going mad.
Eat this, go there, do that Alice
others were still making her decisions.
People were the same inside and outside this hole.
She finally realized why she was lost.

Alice let others think for her; no wonder she'd gotten so lost.
Confusion was the raven and the writing desk.
Following others is what got her into this hole.
She realized being herself didn't make her mad;
it was her turn to make the decisions.
Finally out of the rabbit hole came Alice.