

Becoming A Tree

First it takes stillness, the mark of conviction.
Glimpse imperative. Stick with it, able, innate
as a root. Lift limbs. The silhouette's firm.
Yours is an island, a watercourse way.

What a network! A sluice!
Its clasp is a religious thing, holds up the horizon.
Thus, earth-pitted, I'm attracted to light.
The darkest depths of extremities send energy as phloem.
God, how forthright is the gentle flow & its core.
If boats could be launched here, they'd sail
by pure lightning.

This trunk bares a rock's weight.
The marked bark, a fissure.

Toughness cracks open.
Everything stems, ripens green.

Just so I am useful,
housing a chair, a ship, a piano's potential,
and even fire I love, the dangerous paradox,
kindling, kindling.

Tender tongues thrust me up.
I'm hot iron, a melting loin.
Scoop, carve the shape.
I can be what's desired, still
possessing the wind's ease though you believe
I am frozen.

Now busy with bird chatter,
their rickety jazz congregating,
I am propelled further in.

Bright knowingness goes glowing.
Radiance geysers wet,
the thirsting creek's intuition.
Leaves bud. Ivy sprigs.
Moss clings, strands of dew...

If you dream of sky you can reach me,
enter the deep river.
There I rocket, though without commotion.
Close your lids, touch my skin,
press your ears to my arms so you too can then whir,
possess the stirring of ages.

**As for me, I plunge on, exploring, a pillar
sunk in the capsule of time.**