

## Desolation

by rayn Sunday, Jun 4 2017, 3:27pm

international / poetry / post

across the parched land  
barely visible, a solitary tree  
survives where no tree should survive

its gnarled leafless branches  
and scarred trunk tell of its plight  
after the rains all but ceased

drawn to its fight to survive  
i approached, not fully cognisant why until  
i was in very close proximity --  
poor desolate tree among dead, fallen trunks,  
trees that gave up trying as the effort would end  
in the certainty of death tho this tree  
would not surrender easily

the closer i approached the more it visually spoke to me

now before it,  
it seemed strangely familiar though i was aware  
that trees like leaves of grass are unique;  
two lower branches had taken on the appearance  
of outstretched arms,  
a knot in its trunk  
positioned symmetrically above its lower branches  
questioned why?  
there was an answer,  
climate, and the interference of men tho that understanding  
was beyond man's immediate understanding

as if beckoning in desperation i drew closer until  
i could embrace it, i did not  
instead i turned, leaned my back against its trunk  
and outstretched my arms, my head resting in the knot

for how long i stood synchronised i do not know tho night  
had overtaken day and me forgetting to prepare for the night

captured by desperation and sheer desolation i saw  
what no human should be able to see  
and feel what no human or animal is able to feel

my head tilted to the side  
my diaphragm relaxed  
i could barely breathe, which  
heightened the odd sensation

drifting into lands that were before the rain ceased  
teeming with life, grasses and wildflowers in season  
this tree was ancient and in its patterns it recorded  
everything from the inception to 'finality,'  
which i realised had occurred while i assumed  
the sympathetic connection

the next day before the dawn sun appeared  
i wept spontaneously, the tree and i had something in common  
we were the last that persevered to the end

few are aware that the rabbi was crucified on a tree  
not a cross, which unusual tree endows man with eternal life  
after temporal death has overtaken him  
the galactic fruits of this tree ripen only in spinning vortices of light,  
and those lights are the living lights of men  
which never dim or extinguish

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2688.html>