

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

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