

Loathe

Aphotic

The tall majestic oak
Immortal, unmoving
Seeing all, seething all
Loathing moves through its veins

But moving shall it never know
Reaching out its stranglehold
Squeezing the essence from its woeful foe
Which lie below

Try it shall to cascade all
The middle of the circle
My comrade encompassed
The circle I migrated to each dusk
To commence plans of treason
Unto the humans
My comrade the oak in which I trust