

## 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