

She Arboreal

Thrawsunblat

She radiates across the skyline.
I have swept through her oak, maple, and pine
as a spirit released from corporeal ways,
or a man who is still from the kill ablaze.

And though I've seen her aflame in the sun,
just as I have in the gloom of the rain,
and as I have in dead winter days,
her beauty abides in all her shades.

A thousand times and
she's never lived at all.
She, arboreal.

The silence stills the morning air so clean
as if she's holding her breath in waiting.
She beckons through her cascading greens;
in susurrations she speaks my name.

A thousand times and
she's never lived at all.
She, arboreal.