

SAW A LITTLE THOUGHT, KNEW IT WAS BETTER THAN A BIG ONE

Tree tells a story,  
not my story,  
but tell that to the tree.  
Experience and ideas  
the same. Laws of nature  
contradict each other  
whenever they feel like it.  
There's no reason  
they must be  
as they are.  
I think what it is that  
light on the leaves stuttered  
through dark clandestine sky,  
blue only in rumor behind clouds  
dawn deep down in the green.  
Why would You  
love me, tree,  
when my only prayer an Oh tree,  
I will do this,  
then You do that?  
Patter and aria,  
fabric and rained on,  
rural shrines scraped  
from the landscape. Tree  
You look like  
You've seen a ghost.

## DENSE

This wood shouldn't be unique.  
A bunch of trees and a clearing,  
nothing special. Leaves bag  
the sun. Which path to take  
the woods would donate.  
Used, dense with webs  
running like wires  
attached to the wind.  
Not invaded by neglect  
and its sinister cousin.  
Not silhouetted by its oncoming  
destruction. Stand  
in the middle of the woods,  
they shouldn't have to be special.  
They shouldn't have to be art.  
Who would notice?