

Twenty-One Lines of Tree

A fecund soil-seed makes explosive blossom
In the dankness of the womby underearth,
Assimilates the healthness rain and chemistrates it
Steadily into an ever-growing stem and
Pop, one day,
Pop.

The embryo gives itself rude birth in dirt.
A green grapple begins:
Growth against the grave inexorable final-falling force.
The yearly climb proceeds.
Atom mounts photosynthetic atom, clings and lives.

Cold unfeeling freeze-trees breezes wind
Around a thickened frozen trunk,
And warm moist licking balms blow teasingly
Into unfurling sun-retaining leaves.

Its life of cycling seasons lingers on
Until arrives the fatal year:
The tree dies--that is all, just dies and falls.

The rotting wood and roots return their loan
And merge into the ground again until

A second soil-seed makes explosive blossom.