

Eucalyptus

And they rise up
enormous
and majestic
as only natural things can be.

Peerless
above the huddled houses,
the cacophonous chaos of cars
roads, tar and aced concrete,
anathema to living things,
to be circumvented by root.

Gnarled massive arms
reach for air, light
and knowledge of
each other.

And in their mirror life of darkness below,
language is spoken in filaments
touching moistlike loving fingertips
gentle urgings in the dirt.

I claim them daily
taking solace,
this unbuilt church,
seeking substance
in a spinning world
that rushes under my feet
while they stand stoic,
weathering the buffet and sway,
the triviality of humanity.

In the wind
a universe of shivering leaves
shushes like the sea
pausing all other talk.

Their pale summer trunks
are smooth and heavy to touch
as you'd imagine a planet to be.

And I lean in to one, listening
ear to outer bark
through phloem and cambium,
sapwood to heartwood,
for the secret that time built
inside.