

Major Oak

In a city there is Major.
The swirls of his bones daze,
ridges, curls ensnare me.

Sways, my
understanding of substratum
that traverse our earth.

Birthed and passed on, souls,
unstable from genesis.

Feet numerous,
gargantuan,
colossal trunk,
limbs mountainous.
Moored ship in tides of time.

Anchored roots.
Earth invades my mouth,
sticks in teeth,
stodges in gum.
I trip, lounge in dirt.
His wrinkles crease;
jest at me.

Fronds and foliage,
cavort and caper.
Inhabitants quiver, deliver,
a self-protective caw
to destine my end.

Away my child.
Major has spoken,
off with your mind.