

Crooked Oaks

My gnarly friends reach me every day
searching in sure sight
like satellites.
I wish for a comfortable conversation
however they group in staring silence.

When great winds appear
they sprinkle leaves and
small brown balls, missing my head.
Clinging moss colors the moment
with anger at its loss.

Can we use you
for our affinity to all nature?
I hear a brushing loud - No!
Are you to be waste?
Let us deny the reality of it.
Do we have too much?

Do our human purposes lead us
or not – for what uncontrollable ways?
They scream – as the near wind
picks up volume.

I sleep in oakish splendor
comfortable with their nodding heads.