

Roots

How unanswerable roots are,
at least in the physical –
when? why? where?
I like them jumbled together
or laid stretched out alone,
holding them and letting them fall,
swooshing through the air
making shapes but always
in an unexpected descent.
The hairy ones, I shy away from;
the very gnarled shapes
welcome a curiosity,
spread along in different planes
that create their own mosaics.
In their secrecy lies the future,
dependent on biology, genetics –
I am entranced by what they are,
will become, a final disappearance,
mystical.