

In my garden
once stood a tree:
leaves, pale green, hanging
like sickly runner beans,
clinging to their climbs;
branches, brown, clawing
far and wide to
the corners of their reach;
trunk, strong and proud, soaring
into the sky,
casting its great shadow;
roots, shallow but vast, tearing
the fertile soil,
infesting the earth.

I sank in its shadow,
that decrepit tree,
shadow deep and wide,
I drowned in its darkness.
It mocked me and cursed me,
that infernal tree,
the weight of its black bough,
it crushed me.

Autumn saw leaves cling
no more.
Gasp for air.
Branches begin to wither.
The wind whistled its cold breath,
the sun began its ascent,
creeping past limbs, between fingers,
unsettling the snows of winter.
Blackened, bruised,
trunk bent,
roots retreating.
I felt new soil,
damp against skin.
The sun gleamed
against the silhouette
of the corpse.
Sorrow for my tree.
No more.
Sorrow for me.