

## Tree Fall

As I plant each footfall on the forest path, the presence of clouds blunts the sun, and my eyes sense how every botanical absorbs life: the waxy leaves of madrones, the starry and prickly new growth of blackberries, and the oh, so, slow and soft moss

And absorbed in my own thoughts, I continue on until I hear myself wonder aloud,  
How the man tricked the elders,  
Mobilized the angered,  
And fueled us all with fear?

And shocked by this seepage, my own turning inside out  
I seat myself on you log, and run my palm over your cracked surface, and through the carved void where once there was wood, and now exists absentness  
shaped like a human body

And noting your cleanly severed planes, I wonder, how were you felled?  
With help of axe, chainsaw or wind?  
Or was it simply the beetles and their collective work?

And as you tipped, did you anticipate how you would land and spend the part of your life that begins once you have fallen?  
Once you have been given over to the undeniable fact of gravity?

And from your place on the ground, once you have fallen,  
will you come to see those who landed before you?

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