

They Live Like Trees

They live like trees but not any we know. One bough touches the wet sod earth at all times, discouraging the heady lip sip of dreaming and travel without propulsion. They hang from

stiff garnets of breeze and wave down passing walkers for talk and touch – one tooth pointing forward in preparation for the disintegration of loose-atomed carbon. Leaves shaved

bright, rubbed raw by aphid sex, swim in loneliness; theirs are lives untainted or, more kindly, abandoned. Friends do not seek the comfort of trees nor recognise the wisdom found

in roots grown so old the earth can not contain their lunges for air and light. They are playgrounds of sainted ghosts too old for dancing and young at the roots of their hair.

Lara S Williams