

In Euphoria

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The trees in the meadow

wake up

and spread their

chlorophyll consensus

as I inhale

the freshness of dawn

The lights are out of sight

Only the silent nod

of stars hidden

in an evanescent sky

greet the myriads

who have eyes and ears

to listen strainfully

Attached to the soil

in bloom

and green xenon

with a wooden king

on their root

The silence is somewhat disturbed

Could it be a bird not astray
navigating by the inner
radar-like intelligence
and consumed by the oxygen
that lingers after the trees have fallen
asleep no
but in slumber
only watching

The seal and the sign
A covenant
I will go
and maybe come back