

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