

Burning Bush

Not a tree so much as shrub,
Affixéd in a wetless mud;
The one uncommon feature found
To bare and brittle earth, baked brown.

And to the occident, a wall,
Affecting as a stony pall;
A barrier between this plain
And deadened field of men's remains.

Though flat and dead on either side
(With earth on left and man on right),
With roots embedded in a lake
Of insubstantial dusty flake,
He'd somehow strained to find some means
By which vitality was gleaned.

And while men wither, wilt away,
Mere vegetation finds a way
To grasp onto some little thing
And from it, up through dead soil spring.

The nature of a fated man,
Accepting death as long-loved friend,
Is comfort to the wizened mind
But perhaps some meaning he should find
In sheer tenacity of will
Contained within a bush, half-wilt.
For peril lies just up ahead—
So wait you not till even death
To strengthen friendly bonds and kind
And stretch their roots far, deep within
The soil, so when the moisture dries,
You'll still have love until you die.

And even far beyond that gate,
A million other roots stand wait,
To seize you up and feed you soul,
The blessing of a life immortal.