

The Great Oak

The humble Sapling,
sown unto the soil of which it knows not,
The troubles and treacheries that await

The humble Sapling,
sprouts from the ground,
Welcomed by its forest and sun,
It knows not yet of the winter to come

The Great Oak,
aged and weathered by birds nesting,
fauna fetching refuge

The Great Oak,
has seen many springs yet the bite of winter grows colder
The Great Oak,
His brother stumped at a young age, yet it is he who suffers a worse fate
Living long enough to see what man can take.

Greying wood, termites tunnel, a confident stance now subtle
Greying wood, bark softens with greying wood,
Greying wood sees a sampling sprout.

And the soft mask of a smile, conceals the last of its sorrow
A smiling face to greet the seeds of tomorrow
And then, in a muted crescendo,
The Great Oak,
Hollowed.

Man's Best Friend

In the soil may you rest
Untouched by the storm above
That calls your name throughout the valley
A valley left empty without your love

Grey tears let loose upon the emerald hills
As the sun turned her blind eye
To end your last cloudy day
Darkness consumed the sky

Summer was but yesterday
How could it have grown so cold
How can the glaring smile of the youth
Be clouded, swept away so swiftly rotted away by the old

Your final hour, With every breath of pain
The twilight in your eye shun brighter
Loving eyes not even time could tame
For your eyes were more, they were here
Your eyes worn with wrinkles of joy
Your eyes stained with the black mark of a tear

But the echo of your smile
remains a constant in my mind
An artwork that will never
be worn down by the cruelty of time

The City (Sheep Enclosed in Concrete)

The thundering light-rail cracks a whip upon
the morning sky as dark and grey sheep
move upon its peachy field.

They are welcome here.

Lonely as it is the green man and the red
man are company, they tell you when to
stop and start, some disobey in jittery arrogance
or courage but we comply for now.

The flock (now of plenty) are compact within the city trees,
the concrete trees,
the trees that we now house a house of zoo animals.

To point and mock is easy
but what is not easy is to realise
our own reflection within them.