

An Old Blue Oak

Not as old as the Civil War, but close.
The Blue Oak spreads its twisted arms
around a hospitable sky,
arms decayed from the senseless violations
of humans
with their digging machines that sever roots
and trucks that belch forth concrete.

Arms that care in spite of it all
and fight for the life bestowed.
Arms that push forth a canopy of green
that shades the heads of the guilty.
Arms that also reach the ground,
embracing it, palms up,
with lichen covered fingers
and stalks of nascent grass
that rush to take them in.

Bicycle Chain

When running as it should,
dirt from miles around
hops on for the exalting ride.
Those little overlapping plates
their black beards
hugging pins at their junctures
travel round a spinning Ferris wheel
serving an expedient pair of feet.
A thousand moving parts
squalidly pressing and squeezing
precisely against one another
to give birth to the motion
that feeds on a clean blue horizon.

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