

## **Crooked Oaks**

My gnarly friends reach me every day  
searching in sure sight  
like satellites.  
I wish for a comfortable conversation  
however they group in staring silence.

When great winds appear  
they sprinkle leaves and  
small brown balls, missing my head.  
Clinging moss colors the moment  
with anger at its loss.

Can we use you  
for our affinity to all nature?  
I hear a brushing loud - No!  
Are you to be waste?  
Let us deny the reality of it.  
Do we have too much?

Do our human purposes lead us  
or not – for what uncontrollable ways?  
They scream – as the near wind  
picks up volume.

I sleep in oakish splendor  
comfortable with their nodding heads.