

I walked one day,
in the forests far away.
A forgotten, but,
not forgetful place.
I stumbled past the winding routes,
of a hawthorn who traveled west.
Caught still. In motion.
It looked a rushing one,
though,
in some slower time than mine.
I thought.
As I left.
The forests far away.

“Did ye catch that?”

Said the tall dark pine
to the slender dancing birch.

“I caught the deepening
of the colors in the sky!”

She said,
with arms reached up,
and swaying hips.

“What caught ye?”

“I thought I felt something...
Flitting by....”

Said the pine.

“A color....
Perhaps,
or,
some ever changing form?
On some,
hasty,
errand of its own.
But it was gone.
By the time.
I saw it.”

He breathed deep,
and let his heavy pine coned branches,
rise and fall.
Leaving droplets.
Where I stood.

A long long time ago.

And when I ventured back again,
to that forgotten, but,
not forgetful place.
I saw the dark pine
still standing tall.
I saw the hawthorn,
heading west.
Had it got a little further?
With time it's hard to tell,
the roots still coiling,
a little more worn perhaps?
Though,
with time,
its hard to tell.

“Ah yes, I feel it now.”

Said the birch to the pine.

“That fleeting form.
you spoke of,
a moment ago.”
Or...
was it a color,
which darted past my trunk?”

“I felt a touch which,
would have turned my bark to silk.
If it had stayed a little longer.”

Said an oak nearby.

“But ah... it was on some,
hasty,
errand of its own.
No time to stay.
And talk.
With us a while.”

“Perhaps someone,
whose ever changing form,
just makes it hurry on?”

Chipped in the hawthorn,
whose roots had now spread,
like many mushrooming.
Ever coiling.
Twisting.
Threads.
And whose trunk had.

Changed direction.