

Mother Earth

In moments of reflection,
I often recall a rather fat oak
with jagged, exaggerated branches
whose chalky black limbs stretched
beyond the widened pupils
of my naïve youth.

I had a revelation there one day,
sitting on Mother Earth's quilt of spent leaves.

Life is an abstract,
with jagged, exaggerated branches
whose chalky black limbs stretch
beyond the narrowed pupils
of our naïve existence.

—*Michael Pracht*