

## **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*