

Pinus Aristata

Pinus Aristata. Fifty centuries!
Trees that can live and thrive for 5000 years.
Standing still to the music of the spheres.

I am of Aristata lineage.
Standing my ground with a silent sublime,
in the lost art of a healing bloodline.

Like S. Coleridge on the London Eye,
I am determined to divine my edge.
Scrabble-ouiji! Peripheral telepathy!

Because I live to wish intentionally,
I have learned to redefine relevancy.

I know what I want. I know who I am.
Shams Elan! Küssen Brust, Mund und Augen.
My back against the planet. Hair full of dragon.

L. Cohen moaning through his lonesome teeth.
A man screaming to himself in the street.
(It's nice to see how some things never change.)

We, inheritors of the romantic,
experiment with time and solitaire,
memorizing the serenity prayer.

Like the wrong foot joining the other foot's shoe,
sometimes, one must simply feel what they have to.