

Alphabet of War

A berserker charges,
Dagger eager for glory.
Heated iron
Jabs keenly,
Lacerating muscle.
Pillaging.
No one
Prays quietly.
Shrieks tear upward.
Villagers wiled xiphe,
Yelling zealously

(poem written in abecedarian style, with each following word beginning with the next letter of the alphabet)

Feathers, Fleeing, Freed

A fledgling fowl

takes flight *fast*,

yet *lands*

firm

in furrowed fields

where life begins;

Feathers

feathered,

feathering flight –

we rise

through youth's first light

and shadowed night.

I see the *sea*

of thought's sway,

sow seeds of learning

where shadowed currents play;

To *sow*,

to *sew*,

to *see*,

to *sea* –

air carries

all it wills

to be.

The wind *winds*

along its winding way;

its whispered words

both frail

yet *weigh*.

I, a soul

with *sole* intent,

pare with the pair

the world has sent.

Fleeing, fairly,

free yet bound,

my *feet* root firm

upon the ground;

A fowl's life mirrors all life,

a fleeting song –

wholly whole,

and *wholly* sung.

The Pleasant Trees

I gathered pleasantries,
Seasoned leaves upon the tongue –
Fair for a morning,
Gone by the mourning
Of another dawn.

Then I came
To the Pleasant Trees.
My greetings arrived before I did;
Their welcome traveled
By root instead of route.

One tree
Wore all its rings,
Not forged in silver,
But earned by standing sole
Bearing every passing year.

Its bark
Had never barked.
It stood against no grain,

Content to weather

Every whether.

Toward evening
Someone rested beneath
The Pleasant Tree.
Whether they found shade,
Or simply stayed, I could not tell.

Long after
The pleasantries had passed,
The Pleasant Trees
Remained.