

Withering Strands

Be'Lakor

Far from the Sun
And that frantic dash
Billions before it,
To Earth, had crashed But in this expanse
Where huge trees unraveled
A new plant was struggling
Where light seldom traveled This small searching stem
Glimpsed dawn upon dawn,
Dwarfed by gnarled limbs
From the day it was born Hope given over
To all that is brief
Amidst the detritus,
Dead leaf upon leaf
As its withering strands
Arched back towards earth,
Above it, a movement
A death to bring birth Rays filtered, then poured
As a forefather fell
With the passing of giants,
The stem could now tell That life would come quickly,
And it did, as it gorged
Transformed by the day
As the fueling light forged Fixated above,
The sky its sole purpose,
Its oblivious growth
Led the insects to surface
And small though they were,
En masse, they had come
To gnaw at its base
As it reached for the Sun

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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