

The Mirror That Springs - Acorns

once
I grew from an acorn
Unfound
But alive, tossed,
I threw in the ground
The roots
Which turmoiled as truth
In a turn.

"But where is the Day?"
as the branch trails in trunks
and the oak's lost in leaves?
It survives
Though sometimes the day
shifts as night
and the night girds as day
foregone,
and it turns.

"Then awakened the Life?"
Welled
as the kiss, benumbed,
and the bite -
which loosens the bonds
In its turn?

...
'Love'
...

"yet is there a love?"

once
as the sign of the day
Crimson, as gold in the fire,
It appeared;
Twice ...
No
It exists
as the bird springs it sung
In the birth of the snow,
through its flow
as the rustle of crystals' held hand
as the leaves
In their turn.

once
I believed in the root
Till it died
In the embers of man left for gain -
Resolved
Where's the turn?

...
'Love'
...

Immense -
Constructing the mirror that springs
Returns.