



© Aaron M. Ellison (2016)

Double Vision

Trees of War

They march up hill and into the meadow
like a herd of Daleks¹ bent on extermination.

Those remorseless invaders
must be stopped dead in their tracks
whatever the cost
lest our rare,
our precious,
our beautiful,
fragile blossoms are trampled
and the wide open spaces
vanish once again
beneath the canopy
of dark,
brooding,
close stands of trees.

In a Field of Weeds

It takes decades for our fragile, precious seedlings to
take root among the little weeds—

daisies,
paint brushes,
lilies,
and licorice-root—
escape the jaws of mule-deer,
and finally feel the sun on their heads.

And it takes centuries
for our needles to accumulate
and transform the soil
to such a degree that
those selfsame weeds
can no longer thwart
our manifest destiny.

12 July 2016