

## A Long, Winding Path

The past illuminates the present which bursts open the future.  
Stationary, no exertion from us, the current second moves  
through us and the future becomes then, rather than later.  
Ahead of us at this spot is the past maintaining its glory.  
Each living flora testifies to time primeval, from root, branch,  
previous fruit, seed, growth of replicas of all these things.  
Fauna comes later, but has its unique timeline, variety, birth.

Joyce Kilmer is the poet we think of when its trees. He  
Said he would not see anything as beautiful as one.  
Died he did in the trenches of war in the woods of 1918 France.  
Perhaps because of this the trees abide with us down this dirt path.  
They wave their arms about us, our eyes drawn up to the top fingers.  
Leaves fall windblown swirling in circles, since the ancient of days,  
Unlike Kilmer of only 34 years; yet leaving behind his treasure.

Robert Frost stopped at one of these, different in type; given a moment  
Pondered whether his lifelong mainly unconscious choices were  
What transformed him from others, a different and special life; joy.  
Yet the two it turned to be one path, not so different the one from the other.  
He took the one less traveled by. Did it really make a difference?  
Was the choice enough for him to be able to live a life of poet fame  
To continue his work. Still ahead there were more bumps, holes, fallen trees,  
Continued to live a farmer's life in all its grandeur on rocky New Hampshire soil.

We poets tenaciously testify to what we can see and hear which others may not.  
Why would so few believe our linguistic vision and prophecy?  
People's paths run through woods older and newer; each tree majestic, brilliance.  
Despite our grandest thoughts, there comes a time when board wood is needed.  
The mighty oak comes down in the hurricane, the sapling so carefully tended  
grows no roots. Like parents of children who have named all the farm animals prior to  
Slaughter, we at times take down that beauteous tree. No one stops the woodman.

For now, let us accept nature's sacrifices, for the world has decreed it.