

OVERCAST

Lindsay Brassell

stood small,
adjacent to the mossy branches
of greens to oranges,
and oranges to reds
of hundreds of years,
mixed with our puny lives
then peering upwards
as the needles, leaves,
residue sticks to my eyes and
let it stay there,
burning my retinas and
blurring my vision and
for a moment, you look away
and the tree
loses its leaves,
its branches are bare,
it smokes the cigarettes
of our pilings of trash
and fillers of tanks
it buries me in
the pining of solace,
my knees land the mud
that wet the skin and
the tree looks down

