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Elegy One: About That Fateful Fall

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Forest lay
like an acorn
that lay like
six inches
from his nose; like
all of its
brothers, who
lay there rotting
around on
the ground, like
the stick clenched for
dear life in
his death-gripped
hand beneath the
broad, proud boughs
of the Oak
which laid them all
there, lying
together,
just like they were
supposed to.
Forest was
feeding his small,
greedy pail,
plopping pod
persistently
after pod
until the
ground grew bare, but
his bucket
remained half-
empty; when with
covetous
eyes he spied
some seedlings still
secure, which
bobbed about
the Oak's upper
branches, and
with one big
bounce he too hung
among twigs.

Clambering,
scrambling, he
worked his way
up towards
the top to where
the acorns
grew thick and
the limbs grew thin;
just then a
Wind blew bye,
so the old Oak
waved, which forced
poor, careless
Forest to step
back upon
solid air
where Winds cannot
care, clutching
a lifeless
limb which would not
bear the boy.
Down he dropped,
clinging to his
broken branch
through wood which
could not break his
fall, but break
he surely
would, across the
Oak's hard roots,
ribs jutting
through the Earth's cold
breast; yes, a
break he took,
that fateful fall,
from things like
tree climbing
and such, for what
seemed like for-
ever to
Forest, who did
like acorns.