

## The Drowning Tree

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At the end of the path  
stands a tree immersed in dusk  
when November is parted from the branches  
the nearby ground is flecked  
with yellowish auburn eyes  
that blink wistfully amidst the bleakness  
for the sun is pulling up its drawbridge  
while waves of grey roll into the sky

My sight is exploring in the dimness  
trying to touch the intricate lattice of grooves  
veins of impulses hardened in time on the tree trunk  
and my shoes are munching on the thick silt underneath  
as how hopes get crunched and dismay squelched  
O the imposing despair in late autumn  
such a sturdy torso with rumpled tops  
those are its bare sinewy arms that extend upwards  
bearing clouds of grief over its withered green  
questioning the darkness revived from a tomb  
that surges and tumbles towards the unreachable  
horizon wavering in weary flames

The emaciated winds wave their brushes  
drawing the low-rise buildings  
and the sparse trees around them  
drawing the grim park in wait for winter  
just then a man wearing a parka walks past me  
someone drifting onto this cold foreign place  
under the gaze of the solitary tree  
its posture slightly leaning to the left is a stub  
of impassive being anchored in stillness

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but I know its boiling blood is swirling like a vortex  
as the growth rings spin turbulently  
layer after layer fossilising the memories  
streaked with pain creaking in deadened desires  
circle after circle of fervour and yells  
stifled in years

The drowning tree is flailing its many arms  
with invisible arcs under the dome of the ocean  
its lungs are seared by grievances bubbling in the air  
while it gasps and struggles under the doleful billows  
at the moment I hear stronger tides of loss  
dashing against this desolate space  
where the sinking tree is constantly drawn  
by the present gravity  
and bound with the land of anguish