

Poetry Porch: Poetry

From Beneath My Oak Tree in a Dark Wood

By Chard deNiord

You all must have gotten to know me well enough when I was with you to know I'm not fully aware of who I am or just how great is the disparity between who I think I am and who I actually am. So, as of today, I'm leaving it up to those who really know me in a disinterested, brutally honest way to keep that knowledge to themselves until I have no say in the matter, that is, until my end, when I can take it lying down. Ha! Or to put it a better way perhaps, until I have no say in the matter at all. In the meantime, please just give me subtle hints from which I can extrapolate and please forgive me, if you can, for my myriad trespasses and oversights and insults and forgetfulness and lisp and grandiosity and confusion and presumptions and prejudice and foolishness. I'm in a dark wood here, I know, in need of so much forgiveness. How grateful I've become for the pile of leaves beneath the giant oak tree where I live with a bear who sleeps beside me with no knowledge of the dangerous creature I really am simply because I feed him berries and talk to him in growls. I've learned that I mean everything to him. I know I've begun to smell like him, but it's a small price to pay for the love and warmth he gives me so selflessly in return. He makes me so much more human in the end, for which I'm grateful, if still very sad about all the terrible things I've done.