

Sonnet Scroll

In an Autumn Wood **By David Landon**

“Ruin hath taught me thus
to ruminatē” —Shakespeare, Sonnet 64

Indulge me if I speak of mystery,
of beauty, slow and sculptural demise,
invisible escape of being. Yes,
I'm standing here beside a ruined oak.

‘Dead’ isn’t the word. Let’s try ‘spectacular’:
uprooted, intricately fractured wreck,
antlered with limbs of splintered bone,
now weathered silver in the late day sun.

I came looking for evidence, of what
I’m not quite sure, some knowledge in the swirl
of wind and light and leaves. Instead I’m here,
admiring mossy crevices, and gnarls,

intent on what I cannot see: escape
of beauty’s oak tree secret into earth.