

Sonnet Scroll

This Mystery

By David Landon

Indulge me if I speak of mystery,
of beauty, slow and sculptural demise,
invisible escape of being. Yes,
I am a connoisseur of fallen trees.

Let's say we're here, beside this ruined oak,
catastrophe once aerial, now bone,
its ancient presence intricately cracked,
its center hollow, crumbling into muck,

yet present still, spectacular in fact,
the trunk massive and sleek, and glazed with moss,
the up-heaved roots, the limbs, like fractured antlers,
brilliantly amber in the late day sun.

I can't help wondering—do you?—where all
this beauty goes. It can't just disappear.