

Sonnet Scroll

One More Oak By David Landon

No oak is like another, yet they're oaks.
"Yes, there's an oak," we say, "another one,
and there." Most thrive, eventually die,
like us, subject to what contrives our ends.

Then there's that feeling that we sometimes get,
that in the final summing up, we'll count
for nothing, ours not names to reckon with,
as if we each were only "one more oak."

Which means it's time to visit some of them,
take time to wonder at the special way
each has of being grounded there. O yes!
the impulse is, and O, and O, and yes!

Almost as if we've found, deep down within,
the special presence of our secret oak.