

COLD SALAD

In a cold winter thought
I grabbed the earth by its head of trees
and ripped upward to free the firmament
beneath.

No earthworms or other secrets.

Human figures entwined
in angered roots.
Limbs reeling from the intimacy of my seeing -
hands clutched fast
tools of the last human epoch:
greed, violence and blindness.

In this new Anthropocene,
I sip tea by my digital thinking machine,
powered by sun, wind and water.

My fingertips are flesh in this cyber-soliloquy,
which strains me from my past
and shakes the trees
so holy,

the old and many me
fall from their roots into a waiting colander.

I plan to rinse them,
and lay them down in a bed of greens.