

The Forest

Somewhere off the path,
beyond the stream,
through the ferns,
across the clearing,
under the oaks,
beneath the leaves,
between the roots,
is a hole.

And in that hole,
if your arm is long enough,
if your nerve is steel enough,
if your belief is clear enough
a fingertip
may brush
the shine of a scale
of the great dragon's hide.

For the great dragon hides
beneath the land,
curled and sleeping,

ancient and dreaming.
rockbound and steaming.
greening the springtime
with fire unfolding,

upward seeping,
through earthworm
and tap-root,
each time she rolls
and breaths out
in her eon-long slumber.

And your pointing finger
touching this secret,
the heartbeat below,
the shine of the scale,
will be renewed –
the tip smoother,
 the print scrambled,
 the nail quicker.

Look close at the fingers
of people you meet
and from time to time
you'll spot the same secret.

Say nothing, but nod,
say nothing, but smile,
say nothing, but know
you're not alone
knowing
what you know.

A.F. HARROLD

View from On High

Those tiny humans are busy again.
Ant-like they scuttle
How we laugh at their squeakings,
their sudden shriekings, their fears, their tiny tears.
They cry – and creep. Quite sweet! I beam.
Then my laughter booms across the skies
and makes them tremble.
I watch them drift around. From time to time I stir them up –
poking at them to see what they will do.
I can grow fond of them. Pets. I grant gifts and treats. I try to train them.
They grow to love me and depend,
but they slip from my mind, in the end.
And so they disappear.
I hardly notice.
They are so small.

Michaela Morgan