

Pinus Timbre

by Johnsienoel

Ancient erections loom aloft
ringed by decades
centuries for some
in gnarled scabs of pine.

Resinous scents bid
Aphids come hither
the honeydew laden sirens
lull the Apini tribe.

Thistle tops bristle
signaling the approaching front
painting bone on palest saffron
across the Siberian sky.

Shudder though they will
never a quiver felt below
rooted in the taiga
brooding pines soon to be felled.

Oestrus season has begun
the virgin's blanket lying still
upon the feet.
Limbs creak in hushed
anticipation.

Noted length and girth
prized in the jacker's eyes
the greening complete and most
ambrosial he takes the shaft
in hand and mounts.

Hewing ax in sculptor's hands
at first penetration cries out
the timbre of the moment
silences the standing crowd.

As arctic kisses gusting down
he wields the decisive stroke.
One climactic call heralds in
felling of the wood.

Debased and deflowered
laid on somber ground
the lowly pine mourns its loss
of roots upon which stood.

