

# 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.

