

# what time is it really is it?

*by* strannikov

what time is it really is it?

i see the mountain through the trees.

through the trees the mountain i see.

through the mountains I see trees  
lit in late day's clouds and haze  
before or until arriving smoke  
from nearby mountains other trees.

communicable, contagious thirst  
among forests, trees, and human folk  
also claiming residency  
where trees reside and water does not.

when beholding the tree, see the forest.  
when beholding the forest, see the tree.  
when beholding forest and tree  
when beholding tree and forest,  
now also persons people see,  
now see water no more there.

through bristling trees and desiccate air  
where mountain glaciers no more drip,  
the roar of fire speaks lasting heat,  
enduring drought, channels burning dirt.  
no one wants to share parched thirsts  
with forests or with trees.

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