

Cajolery of the Tree

By Sterling Maffe

In the midst of the woods,
The moss-covered trees seem to glow.
Sunlight shines silently in rays of golden light,
Falling gently to the twig-riddled forest floor.

From emerald patches of grass,
Small yellow and white flowers grow.
Petals sparkling with sweet dew,
Left over from the early morning mist.

The fresh air smells of pine and honeysuckle,
And every particle shines with elaborate brilliance.

Between a few of the tall trees,
A winding, crystal-clear stream flows.
Soft splashes sound, as its water rolls over round rocks.

Occasionally, a bird chirps in the distance,
Or a squirrel's pattering paws crunch the leaves of its path.

In the middle of the clearing,
A lone tree stands.
Warm, auburn bark stretches,
From its dark roots to the fog-hazed sky above.

Rich, green leaves captivate the eye,
Mind gently perplexed by architectural wooden hands.
Bright white buds on its branches hang,
Promising the splendor of a flowering spring.

A soft baritone ambience radiates from its foundation.
A tree: neither mightier, nor more magnificent than the rest.

The tree conveys a sixth sense.
Describing this feeling is an impossible demand.
Its beauty a cajolery for touch entirely irresistible.

Upon approach, the ground vibrates softly,
A phenomenon more intense as distance diminishes.

Correct conscience cautions continuation,
Creating complete caveats of conceivable consequences.
But the mesmerized mind does not heed.

And while wisdom will warn,
No wish awakens which would want to wander elsewhere.
From this enchantment, there is no desire to be freed.

Then...a touch.

On the bark,
Sponge-like moss massages the fingers.
The body feels a tingling wave of joy.

From the branches,
A warm spirit floods into the bones.
The gentle trembling sensation augments.

Through the roots,
Then arises unexpected discomfort,
As mild heat turns to fever.

Blinding daggers of pain stab the eyes.
Deafening blades of agony pierce the ears.
The earth rumbles and the sky grows dark.

Blasts of invisible horns overpower the aural piercing ring.
Force of the terrible fanfare throws all anatomy to the ground.

After a few seconds,
Suffering slowly subsides.
The woodland restored to its former beauty,
Denial of the nightmare's occurrence is not an arduous task.

Then...a light.

From the tree,
Luminous and scintillant.
All pleasure of the touch is now eclipsed.

Encompassing reality,
The cerulean aurorae dance.
The tree, all the while, silently betwixt.

It's true nature manifest:
Perfection impeccable.
Clear now; its essence is wholly untouchable.

Lights quietly fade, but awe still lingers.
Regret of trespassing binds with felicity of what followed,
Braiding together misery and bliss into deep reverence.

Just as before, the thicket sings to the eyes.
Even so, the tree calls,
Still approached by unwise.
Unless the next contradicts status quo,
Soon, without warning, cajolery will show.

From men, only One can break the tree's spell.
His name, from above, will save all from its Hell.