

A Woodland Tapestry

“...we sometimes no longer seem to be part of a human continuum of the living and the dead, taking sustenance from the trials and tribulations of those who have gone before us.” ~Robert Kaplan; *The Wall Street Journal*
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Detouring back through evocative times
when mystic dryads, quite conceivably,
may've taken their leave from their assigned trees
and taking with them, every innate trace
which gave their boughs distinctive shapes and shades,
their vivid, autumnal values made
soft-muted in their hues: diminishing
the scarlet oak's proud, ostentatious show;
transforming long-established maple groves
into patina-burnished heirloom gold;
or muted, palmate leaves' apricot tints
and those more like ripe damson plums in gums
becoming russet waves, which too, succumb

In this time warp, such transformations viewed—
constrained, subdued— I can't explain, but I,
prefer them, somehow, to their brighter shades.
Though faded now by consequential days,
I've seen them displayed from Ireland to Gaul,
embellishing the bafflings hung from high,
traverse truss-beams which link stout-buttressed
walls
to vaulted roofs of vaunted Gothic halls;
in yarn-dyed, historic commemoratives—
although, no longer vivid— woven through
and through with mortal deeds, depicting scenes
that are of timeless and immortal scope.

Draw near and contemplate this tapestry.
It ought remind us all to husband well
our days between what was and is to be.
Note each event's advent and end. Such may
inspire our flesh-bound souls to flights into
those realms where aches and insights coincide
with valued, timeless themes, very much like
a familiar feeling time's not erased,
which, though dormant abide until evoked:
such as a deep, reflexive mood or hope,
which freely blending in with reason might.