

First Awake

The morning air is taut with anticipation,
awaiting the sliver of a zip to slice through.

A double helix of smoke glides upwards, twisting and reinventing itself,
scoffing at the rigidity of the timber it has broken free from.

Your view creeps across the site, sliding off leaf litter, bouncing off GoreTex,
eventually meeting the gaze of a gnarled bloodwood.

He asks you questions that he already has the answers to,
allows his philosophies to radiate through you.

You break eye contact first but it doesn't hinder his reach,
branches sprouting towards you as subterranean roots surge from your brain stem.

Around you, wuji feast as lords of this land,
accepting the humble offerings from tired worshippers with vigor,
granting sap filled vision and aching trunks in return.
Tent poles shiver with subdued requirements,
whilst fourbies have already begun their migration to familiar pavements.

Leaves sprout as neurons, blooming with intent
as bloodwood knowledge sidles alongside your own,
heuristics are realigned and circuits are repaired.

ShrrroooooP "hey, how'd you sleep?"

A millennium of knowledge is severed, finally the bloodwood averts its gaze.