

The Rainforest

One more footstep to pass through the veil.
One footstep within the bounds of the rainforest,
and your foot sinks into decay.

A malicious sweetness envelops you, lulling you towards the forest floor, resist,
Or relinquish control, as saprobes clamber through your blood vessels,
bursting through tight orifices to release their famished offspring.

Before you know it, wisteria hooks its tendrils into your flesh and begins the climb
upwards, rooting your rotting limbs lest they contemplate escape.
These hooks take root, pumping chlorophyll into yielding muscle tissue,
life ebbs and then flows as red hues give way to shades of
castleton and hunter greens,
interlacing tendrils and tendons pulsing and withering.

This novel autotrophic system floods your organs with chemical energy,
teetering down the slope in the midst of death you have never felt such life
coursing through you. Inevitably,
knees splinter and these grabbing branches are helpless to arrest your journey,
with a final echoing shriek you tumble forwards.

Your crown is the first impact, shattering into matchsticks
that spray the tangled foliage, leaves shivering as hidden creatures flee
the shower of splinters.

Your trunk never gets to return to the soil, instead each winter it is hollowed
further as its occupant family grows in number. The phalanges in your roots are
reduced to nutrients, eventually buried beneath leaf litter and left undisturbed.

Until one day, a footstep ventures beyond the veil.

Hands reach down through ferns, gator straps are yanked and the feet continue
onwards.
Deeper into the decay.