

RSVP

Trees know [just enough] to curl their leaves [when white clouds turn to iron-gray and gather from the west].  
They reach for what they [feel] and lie in readiness for the lip-drenching [quench] in transit with the thickening, prickling atmosphere.  
They do not cheer [the wedlock] of [our exhale] with [the remnants of the rain], though it gains for them the radiant color in their verdant, herbal cheeks.  
They speak of no such thing, nor do they even wonder.

No [scratching-head bewilderment] or [flabbergasted admiration] will ever fill their heads.  
There is no peeking past the hour at hand.  
No heavy-eye-blink lingering [when most have gone to bed] to catch the latest forecast for the daunting dawn ahead.

May through Labor Day they flourish on [earth-IV] sucked up from the feast that flows well below their feet.  
They don't aspire to [remain forever just the same]; so they don't compete with trunk-wrapped saplings standing with the help of guide wires at the rural nursery.

[Unlike the Boomers, they don't slam the brakes on being older.]  
They retire when the pumpkins are pot-bellied and [the leaves heave-off and away] from their [then bare] spindling branches.  
They just expire when they do.  
They are easy in their rustic skin without [the tormenting chagrin] of [men] who wrestle with the angels in hopes of knowing [when] and [why].

But [we] breeze right by most moments, rushing past [to plan the angle] and the pattern of our shadow casting forward.

We're [onboard] with much perplexity.

For we stand at odds with [effects] arriving from [a cause] that can't be justified, explained away, or changed more to our liking.  
We fight [the inexplicable].  
And sometimes [maybe often] we wish that we could be [as inborn free from thinking] as a sappy aspen, shallow elm or empty-headed larchwood.

Case-by-case we seek relief from weak [impoverished] understanding, longing for the [affluence of believing].  
But the alga rhythms we apply [and fasten down in black upon the white board] still have [X's] in between the integers and sum of the equations.

And so our wondering never ceases.

It brings us [from our sleep] to nighttime pacing.  
In the dark, the ongoing debate over [the unseen] and [what it really means] picks up steam and kicks into its puffing, up-hill mode.  
We try [couch-talking] it out.  
And as we go so roundabout and back again, we find we're blind as cedars.

But there's a Seed that's knit into our bones and emits a [homing] beacon.

This invocation sometimes haunts [and always hunts us] with its gift of invitation to the Wellspring.

And from time-to-time we RSVP... "yes."

Then we simply leave [the guessing] to its complicated game, and lift on morning-misted wings to drift across the ocean toward the green Aegean Sea.