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A Tongue in Trees

for my father Sharanappa Dinne

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Silence in the court of Tower
of yellow rocks and trees for-ever
it ever alive as a tongue in trees-
words over woods, and trees
tongues as rock over cliff;
steady trunk tremble not
until worm-wood in texture,
 and war between men, worm in the tree;
 war creates worms, worm men,
tree tongues men in blue-
are Peace and Prosperity

my forefather caved and carved,
but father worded in a wooden-
slate shaped and ramped
to head, and said *long-legged bird* danger
 but words are trees and rocks,
 lines streams and rivers, rings
in the domain of Things

My son is now latest in fast-
food is but given up like wooden-slate,
lab and tab access, but not clearer
as streams and trees
tongue makes-up,

woods lift-up
 over peace plants
 Green the earth
 Green the tongue
 of trees is peace in the planet

A Woodlouse

A bulky wood-
 louse goes in the tree-
 blowing it away like the Bloomers-
 words between silence and species, lift
 being let alive
 asleep besides your darkhope,
 alive but add-just with woods
 □ *and deep and dark*, lovely deism
 gag for joy of woodlouse,
 joy for the lovely dark, not
 of a bulky wood-
 louse goes in the tree
 gives tongue the world
 and greened the lives
 of seasons and streams to rise
 over the breast of Earth
 milked the most of species;
 space unarbitrated place of worms
 like man, but one among;
 Let soul of season float in trees
 that sicked words are the sharpen axe
 of Marx, the father of all worms
 hold on to you
 hold it for rest, be it in air, not
 as a bulky wood-
 wormman goes between the dark,

And I go in the trees
 loudly laugh better than men;
 lovely births better than womber;

but be on about patience master
That beside the Giver,
no inimical trees to world
enemy is in Home
a bulky wood-
wormman goes between the lives
and yet tongues of trees tired