

Crooked

by jules via rayn - Inverse Times *Sunday, Apr 28 2019, 8:06pm*

international / poetry / post

the screaming wind gnarls trees
clinging twisted/contorted on the cliff since sprouting,
green leaves snap and slap each other,
on gnarled branches -- victims of the wind

a man crazed by the constant roaring, hissing, whistling
balances on the edge
defying the wind and death
gambling a maverick gust doesn't
push him over

raising his arms like the gnarled branches
he pushes against its force
twisting his body on the edge

he looks back at his temporary lover
who is wondering why she bothered
but wind-blown minds do as the trees
though not secure in their grounding --

they fight against inevitability, insanity, loss

in day and night trees and leaves
continue screaming for the
misshapen people in the village
where crooked minds and spines
lure them constantly
to the windy cliffs
high above the sea

in the salty tidal pools below spiked red sea urchins
walk on needles feeding on the dead

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-593.html>