**Old Tree Breathe With Me**

O bright child placenta dug under crumb to feed this seedling ye
Coast pines swung and broken
Clawing cliffside over glittersea's blighting brine
Whereunder slither tendril through my father's ashes
And arch in springtime reverie or swing in shore gales cackling—

Up through brittling air strain branches strain arms
In the space between finger and twig snag wisps of ghosts
We breathe each other
Have ever breathed
Through alveoli and stomata
Leaves and skin co-evolved to vein the star

We oxygen breathers we external lungs of our ancient kin
You one-legged gods who rise over us strong of phloem and bast
Who sleep bowed in hibernal ice
Only to erupt again in seas of verdant foliage
Your cycle of rebirth modeled for us religion
All mothers coil back to you we peel over skin your bark

Sun flare in leaf and palm
Unfurl to receive star-heat
Redwing flood in pilgrimage
Starling and flutterhawk
Chlorophyll boiling in the mammals' loins
To make life from drops of sun
All it is is oxygen

Mother-molded matrices
And whirling helices
Mammals but a side role in the drama beyond our reckoning
You old ones sing your story brushing canopy against canopy
Trail we ghosts mother I raise my eyewaters glimmering on the sky
Old tree breathe with me we're here a while yet

Ocean
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