

## Come Home You Are Missed

Thou

Alone in a forest pitted and rotted  
Arborean pillars rising knuckled and grey  
To neck-cramping heights

So much happens at once

Bark hanging like sack-  
cloth from sweeps of bone, like empty flesh  
Alone in a forest pitted and rotted  
Branches shorn, stripped of greenery, stripped of dignity

So much happens at once

The naked ground pestled barren  
Unearthed roots strewn and dying

Privacy is priceless to me