

Dreams of Insaturation

by A. W. MacCrinnan

Behold a mutilated landscape:
Desolate acres under a dim
Sun trying to rise with a morning
Thunder rumbling far away behind
A strange and not quite white horizon.
The soil of this land is in your blood
But the roots of the trees are thirsty,
Forgotten, and there's dead or nearly
Dead grass greying in a forsaken
Field where only starving serpents crawl.
But after comes the soft night bringing
Dreams of instauration and you wake
To behold a White horizon and
You find a grander land and sky like
A gardener might on a fine day:
A day without drought or blight or gnat;
A morning with a fist of rich earth,
A noontide slumber neath a shade tree,
An early Summer evening rain
That cools your flesh and soaks the soil and
Sates the ever-reaching growing roots:
That's an autochthonous perspective.