

Mario Petrucci

## Oak

If I were there – right in  
under it, there might be  
creakings. The whining of a child.

Within the canopy of boughs  
I'd glimpse, perhaps,  
a new perspective of dark.

Look closely. See  
the broken member – its right  
angle a clutch of splinters.

Here, a twig that failed  
to green. There, an empty chalice.  
No sign of the acorn.

Sap rises in the brain-stem  
the bark of thought  
peels –

and if I close my eyes  
breathe deep through nostrils  
I could be

an ancient forest.

From *Bosco*, Mario Petrucci, *Hearing Eye*, 2001