

Woods

cover the sky with branches
embrace me in your stretched out roots
fingers tangled
in the earth

carve my skin like bark
make fossils of
the worn bones
buried deep in your soil
and mud

cut me a new pair of
wooden lungs
beating to the pulse of sap
running through
wooden veins

shroud me in wet moss
let me rest;
make it so that i can never
go back
ever
again

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