

Under the Spruce Tree

Dew soaking our socks, we slip away
To the park after the rain

We see the weeping willows' silvery sheen,
The glow of the sky's smoky light.
A family of ducks slides
Across the chilly water.

Evading the bench puddles,
Under a spruce tree we venture
And find our haven

Walls of drooping branches,
Where diamonds of raindrops
Balance on needles,
Suspended in time.

A ceiling of spiky, scaly limbs
Like spokes on a wheel,
Mushrooms like lampposts
Cradle shallow pools in their curves.

We lay our jackets
On the prickly floor.
Cicada shells cling to the fleece,
Hollow and fragile.

Spiders tiptoe up our elbows,
Mud envelops our knees,
Traffic hums in the distance,
But nothing like that matters.