

Crown Shyness by King Llanza

Tethered at the roots nestled deep in soil,
I am beside you. All that matters now are
my branches tessellating this overcast sky
the way jazz rhythms refuse to settle on
the breaths and fingers of a trumpeter

Through the stomata in every single leaf,
the tips of each branch sway side to side
a waltz of respiration.

I am not a vane the wind simply swivels. I extend
in praise of light that passes through gaps—

mosaic on ground projected by shifting
shadows. A roof of altostratus clouds
cannot stop me!

These arms want to touch you.
Underground, intertwined, we share a drink of water.
Perhaps we are made to be subterranean.

Migratory birds will come after wet season.
They will chirp in tongues we cannot comprehend

but it will be the same gospel,
the wind, a needed push.