

AFRICAN SYNOPSIS, THE BAOBAB TREE
(Baobab: "upside down tree" in Swahili)

Morning:

An inkblot on the sun
erupts hundreds of finches like a geyser
against crazed sky.
Zigzag in slow motion
a black quill
returns to tangled branches of calligraphy.
Wayward roots that grew bark
and aspired to heaven,
lurch upward to await the twilight embrace
of winged exclamation points who won it.

Afternoon:

Twisted lines on sheets of glare,
an ancient narrative
of heathen heat blanches the horizon.
Bias shade accents last night's lion prints
punctuated by commas of fallen twigs.

Evening:

Reunited on the moon's page
birds and boughs compose
cryptic verses of quiet
rising above
the voices of the veldt howling hunger.