

Noise of the wood

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Noise of the wood
A clink with a spoon
Skies in its colors
Mahogany to quartz
And into it too
Like pillars of salt yet
Rested on sand

A dinosaur.

Bark cut-ting to glass
Sharding jewels, city towers
Their speckled roofs of different heights
Grooves and floor to ceiling heights

Helicopter pads, too.

Just

Jurassic tenacity with teeth mazes, maps needed
With Latitudes and Longitudes
The stump
Now that's its hemisphere

For these crystals of a crystal of time
Now polished and chromed over
Drilled into bits for a hose
Then gutted and fitted
And set in a corner

A sheltered space
Protected from the meteors that first
Turned this tree to rock
And
Left forever to be ignored
Or set next to the garden gnome
\$284.