

## **Giddy**

I Must Not Become Too Giddy.

A strong wind arose. One could hear the russshhh through the trees.

HE expelled even fiercer blasts; some of the trees lost their balance, then their hold, falling to the hard wet earth. I was one of them.

No one knew. I lie amongst all the others in the forest. Perhaps before I returned to the immortal dust, a seed would fall into decaying remains, where another would obtain a foothold.

Failing that fantasy, where then would be the glory or the purpose? What glory is to be found in a simple decomposition; and being passed through the vermin that forage aimlessly along? Ah!, to become a seedbed!

She does not like to hear me speak this way; it reminds her of the long empty hours ahead. She knows I shall topple before her; then, the waiting will seem interminable.

I tell her that I have grown tired of maintaining my balance when the winds materialize; they always come, sometimes unexpectedly.

She frowns; she feels me slipping away in my thoughts. She feels she has lost her allure. She tries to cheer me with her smiles, then by gently touching me, then by brushing against me. She bares her breast, then her thighs, smiling, humming and caressing me.

Of course I do not turn away; I abandon those bleak thoughts; I speak not those chilling words. The wind blows; I maintain my balance. Dare I enter into a union with another; will I not become giddy?

Now I shall sleep for a while, the torment having subsided. Yes!, she is alluring, and indeed I am fortunate; and surely she does sway and swoon.

Then I awake with myself again, having forgotten. She is happy, Yes!; there is a lingering presence about her; surely that cheers me. I must not forget.

But he that would reside in me, that composite being made of several puzzles mixed together, all cut from the same mould; though when guided together, interlocked, form some crazy mosaic or crazy quilt, instead of a coherent and meaningful design; I am a crazy quilt. But is that not better than lying about in pieces that are apt to become lost altogether?

I am the composite tree. She stands beside me wanting only that for herself; and that I would notice her.

If you happen to be passing, you will be able to recognize me; I stand almost solitary, not really towering, but tall nonetheless, with a maze of short thick limbs above and heavy limbs below; I do not bend easily in the rush, but lean, flexing some. Not too distantly stands another, not quite so tall, being very slender in appearance, with shorter, sparser bows above and long elegant, drooping limbs below. It is she who sways and swoons supplely arching in the rushes to touch the other.