

Sycamore Fig

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Today's path
 edged in santolina
 lined with worn terracotta fragments
 sends dusty, conversational heat waves
 to the noonday sun
 brings me to the old sycamore fig
 the patient bulk, uncompromising bark
 the soft exhalation of cool leaf breath
 settling from the dark reaches
 of branches and berry-speckled foliage
 It is silent about Who might have passed
 or paused in its shade

I come close, hoping for an answer
 and because of What lies beyond
 with the next step am incorporated into the living wood
 My head enters the trunk where the grain sways to the right
 before continuing upward
 I bend and conform
 to a record of growth in dense matter
 to an intrinsic logic
 shaped by circumstance, to be sure
 but not by choice

And doing so I understand that
 burning slowly in my chest
 are inner logics
 I should and can choose to express
 Realization comes like a deep intake
 of tree-sweetened air