

Damnation: A Plantation
a Ghazal by Raven Yoder

Solid, gnarled knowledge endures: The Tree.
She grovels at His Majesty, sees Tree.

Thinks: *Forget 'we,' humanity, this is a 'me' tree.*
“Knowledge looms and leaps to thee,” decrees Tree.

“Worship me, then waltz with your wildest wishes,” guarantees Tree.
“Sacrifice sanctity to satisfy my savory sweet, sweet,” breathes Tree.

Eve mused, “True knowledge is never free, Tree.”
“With Your knowledge, from the higher one I’ll flee, Tree.”

Yet Eve chose the wrong key: Tree.
An endless cycle. She ate and knew only one eternal trickery: tree.