

Damnation: A Plantation (FINAL DRAFT):

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. She knew only one eternal trickery: tree.

Damnation: A Plantation (FIRST DRAFT):

Can one carve happiness from a tree?

A “trunk tall as time with no sway” tree?

With wood damp from endless eons,

A “limbs that bulge but don’t break” tree.

Can happiness be stolen from something old and wise?

Can you sneak like a hunter upon this prey tree?

And rip the light out from its fortress limbs,

To fill the lantern’s soulless light with a betrayed tree?

Will she beg the earth to give

Its past life from the very dirt that makes trees?