Nature’s Beauty

Pillars of smoke crest over the rows of trees, traces of shadows

Creeping into the emerald leaves. The repressed sun dances

Through pockets in the sky;

Glimmers of warmth make contact with the fresh dew

Cushioned by grass. Rough growls of motors prowl

Through the maze of weathered trunks,

Accompanied by the slight hum of the wind

Ringing through the air.

The metallic tang of oil

Clashes with the earthiness of pine.

Traces of the human world slither into a poet’s nature,

Rearranging the punctuation, repositioning the lines,

Tainting it

With a melancholic beauty.