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A Walk In The Woods

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A Walk in the Woods

Donel Arrington

I.

The dust of boots on earth
clouds the path ahead
like morning mist
rising off the lake—

Sun warming
and I wrestle thoughts
of humanity's destruction

winded,
 I rest
on stump,
 drink water

wondering if I
 wonder too much—
am I getting neurotic
in age that moves
too much?
 faster
 and
 faster

past the hour at fern falls,
all's well in love and war
and look where we are:
all alone,
 in the world no more—

II.

We eat and drink
ourselves into the ground
beat ourselves—

tears drip, us yearning—
you not here,
me not there
and then it's gone.

Just like that,

trip over root, but land
on my feet, thoughts
are in the trees—
seasons break moods and melodies
into moonlight,
sleep tight only to wake
with crick in spine
headaches and I shake
for fear of planet wrought with
disease, people getting off for rape,
getting shot for being Black—
fuck your flag!—

It's like that.

Tradition, struggle on
cornbread, and collard greens,
breakdancing, beat breaking, freestyling,
blowin them horns, slappin that bass,
yeah, we keep making it—

Like that.